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PICTURE-PLAY

SEPT. 1923

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PAULINE GARON

THE BEST MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

HOLLYWOOD STARTS A FOUR HUNDRED

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By ALOIS MERKE

Founder of Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York

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I know you are skeptical. I know that you have tried perhaps dozens of different remedies and treatments without results. I know that you have wasted time and money on treatments which by their very nature could NEVER restore your hair. All right. Perhaps my treatment cannot help you, either. I don't know. But I do know it will help 993 people in every thousand! I do know that it will banish falling hair and dandruff—almost instantly! I do know that it has already given thick luxuriant hair to many other bald people! And I am so downright positive that it will do the same for you that I am entirely willing to let you try it at my risk—and if it fails to restore your hair, then the test is free! In other words I absolutely GUARANTEE to banish your baldness and bring back your hair—and if I don't make good, then I don't want your money.

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What is my method? It is entirely new. It is entirely different from anything you ever heard of. There is no massaging—no singeing—no "mange cures"—no unnecessary fuss or bother of any kind. Yet results are usually noticeable even after the very few first treatments.

Through the actual results brought by my new method I have completely exploded one of the old beliefs regarding baldness—namely, that when the hair falls out and no new hair appears, the hair roots are dead.

I have disproved this completely. For I have found that in most cases of baldness, the hair roots are NOT dead, but merely dormant! Through undernourishment and other causes these starving, shrunken roots have literally gone into a state of "suspended animation." Yet even if the scalp is completely bare it is now possible in the great majority of cases to awaken these dormant roots, and stimulate an entirely new growth of healthy hair! I KNOW this to be true—because I do it every day.

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Have You a Mr. Wheeler in Your Town?

One of the sensations of the recent International Congress of Motion-Picture Arts was the attitude taken by Mr. Irwin Wheeler, a motion-picture exhibitor who controls theaters in towns near New York. Here is a man who does not believe that the public wants to be fooled—who believes that his audiences are intelligent—who insists on honest advertising even when it means a falling off at his box office.

If one exhibitor in your town—and every town—was like Mr. Wheeler, there would be more pictures made to appeal to an intelligent, sophisticated audience.

Mr. Wheeler has had some interesting experiences in defying the bunk practiced by other exhibitors and giving his audiences the best available pictures. There will be a story in next month's PICTURE-PLAY that tells of his experiences.

A New Fashion Department

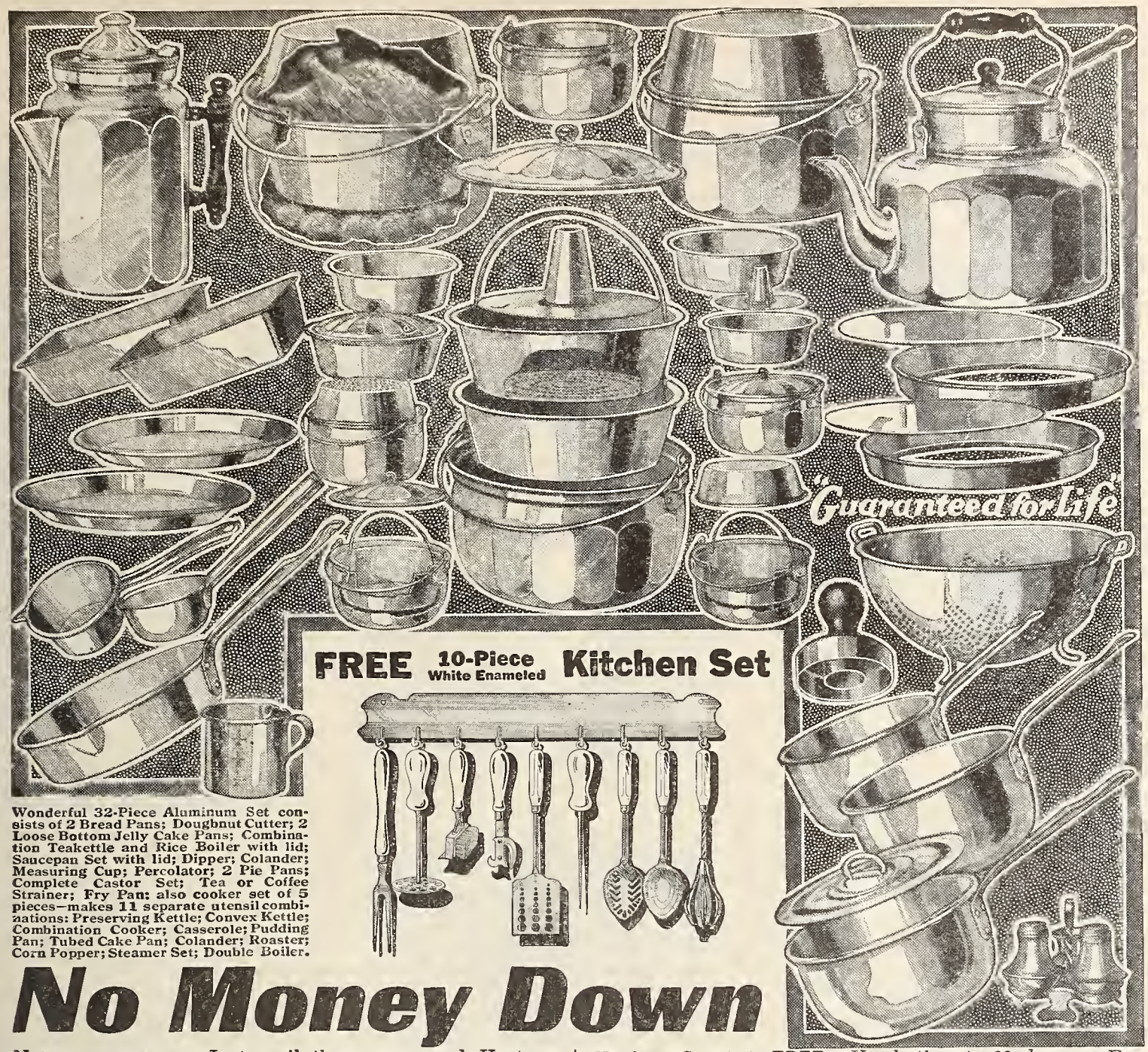
Peggy Hamilton, one of the foremost fashion authorities in the world, has joined the staff of PICTURE-PLAY and will contribute pictures illustrating the latest fashions every month. As the fashion center began to shift to the film center, Miss Hamilton took up her residence in Los Angeles, and for some time has been the fashion mentor of many of the stars there. She will use prominent stars as her fashion models for PICTURE-PLAY, and in addition to introducing to you the latest styles, will give you many valuable hints about your choice of clothes.

Actors Are Known by the Company They Keep

One of the most interesting sidelights on an actor's personality is the people he chooses as his intimate friends. Which stars are steadfast in their friendships—which ones fickle? Who are their closest friends? Gordon Gassaway will tell you next month in one of his highly entertaining articles.

Among the personality sketches there will be old friends and new. There will be an unusually frank and penetrating dissertation of his career delivered to Myrtle Gebhart by Norman Kerry; there will be a colorful story about Aileen Pringle, the interesting newcomer in the Goldwyn forces, and Barbara Bedford, who wins high honors in "The Spoilers," will be informally introduced to you. There will also be an amusing letter from Colleen Moore, out in the mountains on location, and some amusing informal pictures of several prominent stars.

Don't Miss the October Number of PICTURE-PLAY: It's Great



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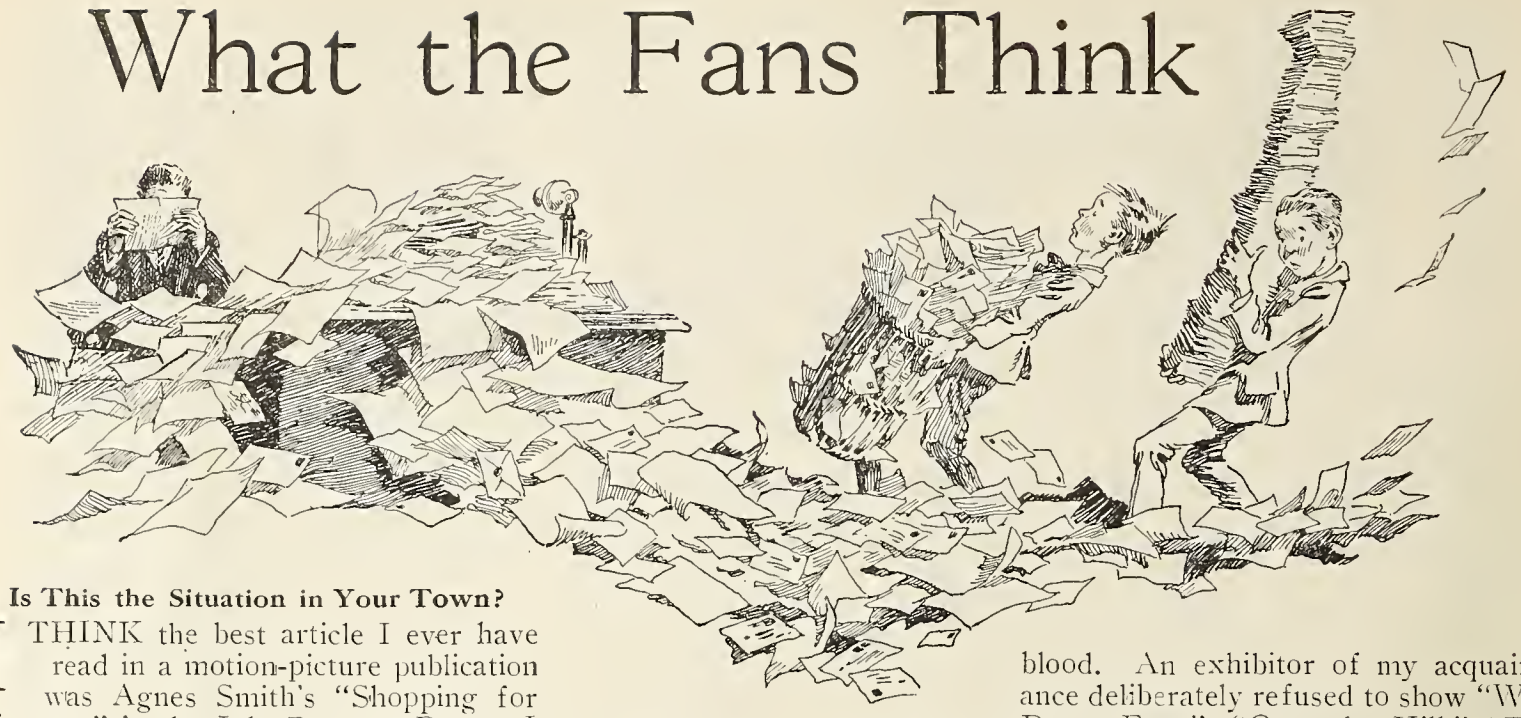
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What the Fans Think



Is This the Situation in Your Town?

I THINK the best article I ever have read in a motion-picture publication was Agnes Smith's "Shopping for Pictures," in the July PICTURE-PLAY. I honestly believe that a good many of the producers and exhibitors are giving the fans a raw deal all around.

In Chicago, conditions are deplorable; it is almost impossible for a so-called independent picture to secure a good downtown showing. Five years ago there were about a dozen small first-run theaters in the business section of the city, and we managed to see all of the worth-while features that were released.

To-day we have three great theaters of the "palatial" type, each seating several thousand, and all under absolute control of three great motion-picture corporations. One shows Paramounts exclusively; another gives preference to First Nationals and fills in with an occasional Metro or Goldwyn; while the third is a long-run house, owned by Goldwyn, and leased to a First National firm. In order to secure a showing for his picture, Carl Laemmle of Universal was forced to lease the Randolph, one of the smaller theaters. The management of the Randolph has been very fair in the way of giving an occasional independent picture a chance for its life.

The merits of pictures seem to cut no figure with the combinations in control of Chicago first runs. The adverse criticisms of the reviewers and the protests of the fans are ignored. For months such a fine picture as "Down to the Sea in Ships" has practically been barred from the best screens in Chicago, and the latest insult to the fans of this city is the forcing of Harold Lloyd's "Safety Last" into a small theater located more than a mile away from the path of downtown travel. "Doctor Jack" was treated almost as badly, being shown in a second-run Paramount theater, while the larger theaters were entertaining us with some of the most ordinary pictures I have ever looked at. Mack Sennett has always been one of Chicago's favorite producers, but since he has joined the United Artists, he has been treated just like Lloyd, Ray, and the other independents.

The neighborhood theater owners follow in the footsteps of the big downtown exhibitors. Chicago has the most wonderful neighborhood theaters in the world, but most of them are tied up with one of the big distributing firms, and fill in their remaining dates with mediocre pictures, which, I take it, is in order to offset what they may lose on some of their poor contract pictures.

The owner of the smaller theater can be reached, however, because just as soon as he sees a line-up in front of a theater a block or two away he looks over his own half-filled house and immediately begins to sweat blood. An exhibitor of my acquaintance deliberately refused to show "Way Down East," "Over the Hill," "The Three Musketeers," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and several other fine features that were current along about the same time. A wise theatrical man just one block away saw his opportunity and put a losing theater back on its feet again. The fans can apply the remedy if they wish to.

Will they do it?

JOHN D. CAHILL.

2101 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

Praise for Johnny Hines.

I have read the magazine and "What the Fans Think" in your last issue and there is one great actor which no one mentions—Johnny Hines. I think he is a wonderfully great actor and he has cute ways. The first picture I saw of him was "Burn 'Em Up Barnes," and from then until the end of the world he will be my favorite.

GRACE COWAN.

808 South Ozark, Girard, Kan.

Don't Depend on Past Successes.

Am I a fan? *Yes!*

A good movie unquestionably is more inspiring and satisfactory entertainment than the average spoken drama; mostly because of its tremendous scope and possibilities, but the pang of a *poor* one is pitiful; it's the most nerve-wracking and disconcerting thing in the world to have to sit through.

A fan "gets stung"—all apologies for slang—because he has seen certain stars in commendable plays; he has seen them really act, and he is ever hopeful that their next picture will be as good. But one can't always depend upon laurels of the past, nor will "face value" hold up long under continued scrutiny.

If you have enjoyed Norma Talmadge a few times, be thankful. If Elsie Ferguson fascinated you for a while—let it go at that. If you have laughed with Charlie Chaplin, be content, lest your laughter finally pain you and the smile sickens on your lips. You were fortunate in having seen May McAvoy's *Grizel*. Don't expect to see her in so sweet and appealing a rôle again. You'll save money on all future *Salomes*, having once squandered it on Nazimova's great effort. "When Knighthood Was in Flower" was a good investment, but don't be tempted to play that market again—it fluctuates unaccountably. Two "Robin Hoods" would be disastrous and a little of Mary Pickford goes a long way for most adults. Why punish yourself a second time by sitting through an Agnes Ayres produc-

Continued on page 12



Elizabeth Thacher

A Housewife—
who found that *she* could do it

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You may test yourself under this plan without cost or obligation. Send the coupon below. Your answers to the questions will indicate whether or not you possess the creative imagination which opens this rich field to you.

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of Pittsburgh, wrote "Judgment of the Storm," a Palmerplay, on which she receives royalties on the profits for five years, having already received an advance payment of $1000.





"Judgment of the Storm," *the first Palmerplay, will be released in August. Written directly for the screen, it presents a visual lesson in the new technique as taught in our educational department. Thousands are waiting to see this extraordinary photoplay. Watch for it!*

We hold your answers confidential, of course. If they indicate that you are endowed with this ability, you will receive additional information relative to the Palmer Course and Service, which will fit you for this work. If you are not so endowed we will tell you frankly and courteously.

The Experience of Elizabeth Thacher

NOT long ago, Elizabeth Thacher, a busy Montana housewife, little dreamed that she was different from thousands of other housewives.

Yet she took Palmer training and wrote a successful photoplay and Thomas H. Ince was glad to buy it at a handsome figure—the first she ever tried to write.

Never before had she even written for publication. And, in fact, had no desire to write, until one day she saw an advertisement like this one which told of the opportunities for new and unknown writers of ability and training to earn rich rewards.

When shortly after her enrollment she sold her first story to Thomas H. Ince, she wrote: "I feel that such success as I have had is directly due to the Palmer Course and your constructive help."

Know About Yourself

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An ALLAN DWAN production

"Lawful Larceny"

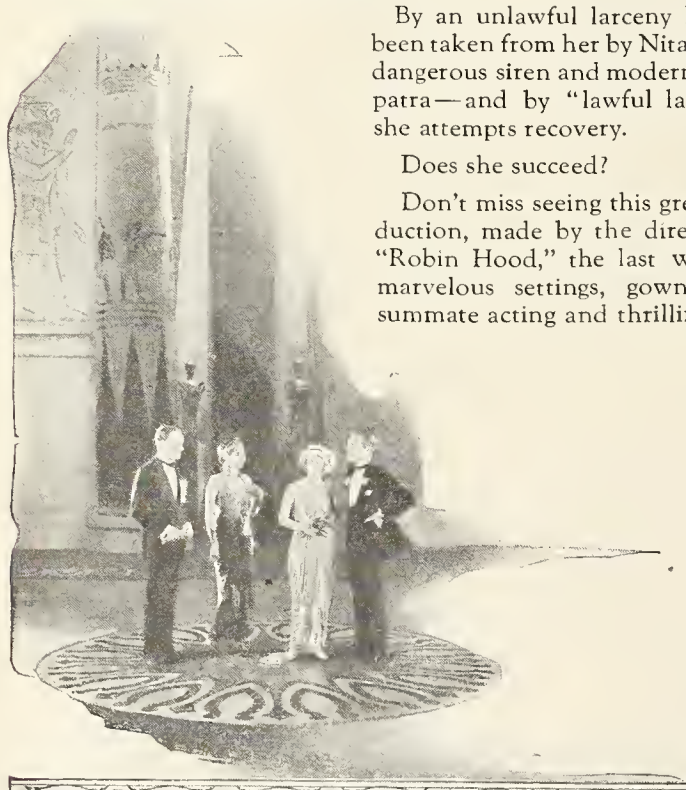
with Hope Hampton, Nita Naldi, Conrad Nagel, & Lew Cody

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Hope Hampton is the charming young wife who returns from Europe to find her husband, Conrad Nagel, snared by another.

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A few of the great Paramount Pictures of the Past Season

RODOLPH VALENTINO in "Blood and Sand." A Fred Niblo Production.

JACK HOLT in "While Satan Sleeps." A Peter B. Kyne Special

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S "Manslaughter," with Thomas Meighan, Leatrice Joy and Lois Wilson.

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD," with Theodore Roberts. A James Cruze Production.

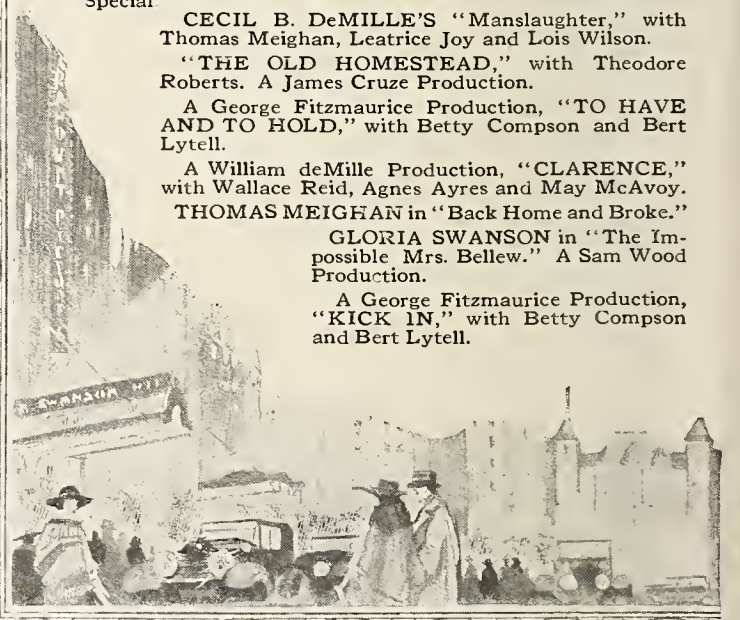
A George Fitzmaurice Production, "TO HAVE AND TO HOLD," with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell.

A William deMille Production, "CLARENCE," with Wallace Reid, Agnes Ayres and May McAvoy.

THOMAS MEIGHAN in "Back Home and Broke."

GLORIA SWANSON in "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew." A Sam Wood Production.

A George Fitzmaurice Production, "KICK IN," with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell.



Paramount

Paramount Week

[*continued*]

JACK HOLT in "Making a Man." A Peter B. Kyne Special.

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S Production, "Adam's Rib," with Milton Sills, Elliott Dexter, Theodore Kosloff, Anna Q. Nilsson and Pauline Garon.

AGNES AYRES in "Racing Hearts," with Theodore Roberts and Richard Dix.

An Allan Dwan Production, "THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON," with Bebe Daniels and Nita Naldi.

POLA NEGRI in A George Fitzmaurice Production, "BELLA DONNA." Supported by Conway Tearle, Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson.

A William deMille Production, "GRUMPY," with May McAvoy, Theodore Roberts and Conrad Nagel.

GLORIA SWANSON in "Prodigal Daughters" A Sam Wood Production.

A George Melford Production, "YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE," with Leatrice Joy, Nita Naldi, Lewis Stone and Pauline Garon.

THOMAS MEIGHAN in "The Ne'er-Do-Well."

A Herbert Brenon Production, "THE RUSTLE OF SILK," with Betty Compson and Conway Tearle.

BEBE DANIELS and Antonio Moreno in "THE EXCITERS."

AGNES AYRES in "The Heart Raider."

A William deMille Production, "ONLY 38," with Lois Wilson, May McAvoy, George Fawcett.

A Herbert Brenon Production, "THE WOMAN WITH FOUR FACES," with Betty Compson and Richard Dix.

"CHILDREN OF JAZZ," with Theodore Kosloff, Ricardo Cortez, Robert Cain and Eileen Percy.

JACK HOLT in "A Gentleman of Leisure."

DOROTHY DALTON in "The Law of the Lawless."

THOMAS MEIGHAN in "Homeward Bound."

A few of the great Paramount Pictures of the New Season

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POLA NEGRI in A George Fitzmaurice Production, "THE CHEAT," with Jack Holt, supported by Charles deRoche.

GLORIA SWANSON in A Sam Wood Production, "BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE."

"THE PURPLE HIGHWAY," with Madge Kennedy.

A William deMille Production, "SPRING MAGIC," with Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Charles deRoche, Mary Astor and Robert Agnew.

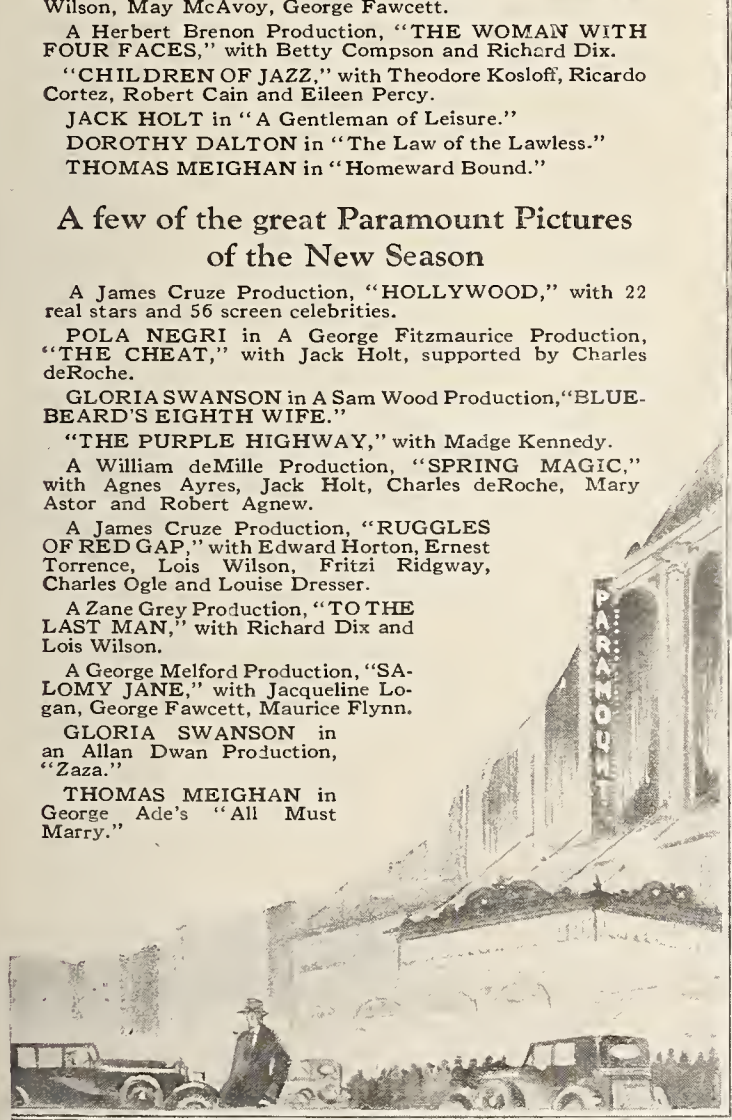
A James Cruze Production, "RUGGLES OF RED GAP," with Edward Horton, Ernest Torrence, Lois Wilson, Fritzi Ridgway, Charles Ogle and Louise Dresser.

A Zane Grey Production, "TO THE LAST MAN," with Richard Dix and Lois Wilson.

A George Melford Production, "SALOMY JANE," with Jacqueline Logan, George Fawcett, Maurice Flynn.

GLORIA SWANSON in an Allan Dwan Production, "Zaza."

THOMAS MEIGHAN in George Ade's "All Must Marry."





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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

tion? Twice a year should be often enough to see a "Gloria Fashion Show," Rudy's wisdom in refusing to continue the "bill a fare" handed him is a promising occurrence for future enjoyment. He stopped at an opportune moment. Let the girls rave on over Rudy—they hit it right once in a while.

If you are sure you have acquired perfect nerve control and that your emotions are well throttled, that you are blasé to the pathetic, then I would suggest you see all of Griffith's pulsating heart-breaking tragedies, wherein empty-headed heroines are the innocent victims; but if you prefer a pleasant evening and a restful night stay at home and play pinochle—you'll feel much better in the morning. Have you wearied of Alice Terry yet? No? Then Rex Ingram is sure to furnish you with delightful entertainment. He is the one director who seems to do the author justice.

Just what was it that started the demand for Pola? There are those who cry for "Minter Mints," "Murray Capers," "Mary Lollypops," "Connie Chewing Gum," "Bebe Jubjubs," and "Mabel Gin Fizzes"—but who called for Pola? Wasn't it *Du Barry* they wanted?

Naldi is a phase in picture development without the promise of La Marr.

Men? Oh, what's the use! They're not very interesting at their best. It's the play that makes them with, incidentally, a few brains thrown in. One of the unsolved mysteries of the century is Doug's seat atop the world. Won't some one start a campaign to find out from what class his devotées seep; it must be from the Babe Ruth stratum. Honestly now, did his smile really ever *thrill* any girl? Ayes and nays, please! ADELE G. FOSTER.

New York City.

The Movies are All Right!

I wonder how some of those poor actresses can act at all after reading some of the letters in "What the Fans Think."

If I were Gloria Swanson I think I would have left the movies behind me a long time ago and parked myself on some farm. How bitter some of the remarks are about her!

I'm either very ignorant or just different, because every time I go out of a theater after seeing a picture which a reviewer like Alison Smith has pronounced rotten and which made her "want to bite an usher," I find it to be the best I have seen in a long, long time. Then, others have said it's a shame that the star can't have any better pictures to act in. My, people must know a lot about the movies! They know enough about 'em to criticize them. *I* don't. I've attended movies ever since I was old enough to talk, but they've all been perfect to me. (Well, I did see a picture *once* entitled "Behind Masks" which made me feel sick, but that was the only one.)

People call Gloria Swanson a poor actress, yet they make a lot of noise about Gareth Hughes' ability. This young man, to my mind, is hopeless as an actor. In "Forget-Me-Not" he showed off too much; the picture was good otherwise.

I don't think there's anything wrong with Gloria Swanson. I don't think there's anything wrong with pictures or with the ones who direct them. I think they're all right! "SATISFIED."

Hebbing, Minnesota.

A Discouraged Fan.

Right now I'm discouraged about the movies as a medium of art. Perhaps it's the warm weather that makes me feel so. But there is always so much blah, blah about art, and no action—no progress. Every picture is the same: gorgeous costumes, expensive sets, beautiful women, handsome men, a punk story, and marvelous photography. I will admit progress is being made in photography.

It is almost always safe to deplore the plots and stories of pictures. Authors seem to come and go, but to no profit. Tarkington, the great story writer, loves his flavor on the screen. Ade, whom I never liked extra well, almost made me an enemy by his "Our Leading Citizen." He was better on "Back Home and Broke."

The comedies do show a tendency to improve. The "new type" as styled by PICTURE-PLAY are enjoyable. But still the stone-age type goes on. They are still put out with a chase taking up three quarters of the picture and the rest a succession of equally rusty, creaky, hoary, old gags. However, Keaton is fine and getting better and better. Chaplin, when good, is very, very good, but when he's bad, he's horrid. He was very, very good in "The Pilgrim."

Of all the Follies beauties, only Jacqueline Logan seems to be any good. I should like to see the "Follies" some time. There must be more to the girls than I see on the screen (figuratively, of course).

Despite all these objections which now occur to me, I expect I shall always be a fan. RAYMOND KEELER.

1443 Elati Street, Denver, Colorado.

Lois Wilson Defends the Movies.

As I have received from time to time many letters from fans asking me whether or not I would let my sisters enter pictures, I am taking this opportunity of answering them all at once.

Let me say before I start that it would not be a question of letting, as my mother and father are the heads of our household and none of us—there are four girls—have ever attempted to exercise any authority over the other. However, we all have the privilege of exercising our opinions, so suppose I put it this way: Would I approve of my sisters entering pictures?

My answer is most decidedly yes, and my reasons are easily given. In the first place, it is certainly a very good way in which to make one's life useful, for surely a profession that gives pleasure and happiness to others is a worthy one. Then, too, no one can deny the fact that many pictures teach very good lessons, which makes one feel their work is doubly useful.

Secondly, it is work which is always interesting. There is always something to learn, always some fresh field to conquer, and one's interest and imagination receive plenty of stimulus.

Thirdly and lastly, it has its material advantage, in that it is more remunerative in its returns than almost anything else a girl can do.

Now for the objections. What are they? The dangers of studio life? Do not those same dangers exist anywhere in the world for the girl who leaves the shelter of her home to work? Does it not depend a good deal on the girl just how many of those dangers she encounters? It seems to me I have heard just as many wild tales concerning stenographers, teachers, nurses, and girls not engaged in anything but having a good time, as I have about actresses, and—as I know a great many very fine girls who are stenographers, teachers, nurses, actresses, and girls just

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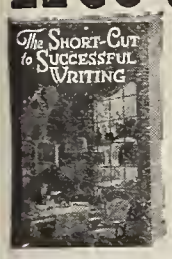
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having a good time, these tales do not worry me. I have found that girls properly brought up, with the right ideas of right and wrong and the strength of character to stand fast to these ideas, are safe anywhere.

The fact that my youngest sister is at this time playing opposite Walter Hiers, and that I am most enthusiastic about her future, is really answer enough. My other two sisters were both at one time on the screen, but both left to follow the best of all careers for a woman, that of making a home. LOIS WILSON.

More About Interviews.

I am good and mad and the cause of my trouble is *Malcolm H. Oettinger.* Just why Malcolm should think it necessary to air his private views of the actors whom he interviews through the pages of PICTURE-PLAY is more than I can fathom. I gather that his business is to interview the stars and report their conversations, views, and reactions to any question that he sees fit to pop at them. What is his idea anyway in saying in a charming aside that Bessie Blank is really a big, fat cow and her views not worth the paper it takes to write them on? It stumps me. I enjoyed his interview with Lionel Barrymore and the story on Lillian Gish and Joseph Schildkraut, but that was before he took to airing his own views. I suppose for the next six months he will bellow about what a dull piece of humanity Lila Lee is, and I do now present my condolences to the much-maligned Lew Cody. My disposition would be ruined if old Malcolm ever took a crack at me. If I were an actor I would not let him interview me.

Just why has Oettinger changed his style? Does he imagine himself another De Casseres? He isn't. I hate both of them, anyway.

Isn't Lois Wilson's sister the darlingest kid? You can't be praised enough for giving us those stories of the Hollywood flappers. It certainly makes us flapper readers happy, but I can't say that it encourages us to think of them as budding Bernhardts. Time will tell. Personally, I think there are a lot of misplaced secretaries, school teachers, and such lost on the movies. Simply because a girl is pretty and charming is no justification for her attempting a Norma Talmadge career.

And now for one more outburst—if it hadn't been for Rubye de Remer and David Powell I never could have stayed to the end of "Glimpses of the Moon." I hate these society pictures with all-star casts! That doesn't apply to "Enemies of Women" because I can stand anything if the actors are clever.

KATHRYN KIRK.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Could your interviewer have been a little annoyed with Lew Cody for continually talking about himself simply because that made it impossible for him to air his own views? There seemed to me to be an undercurrent of hurt pride in Malcolm Oettinger's story.

HORTENSE BABCOCK.

Newton, Mass.

Except in rare instances interviewing has never developed into a fine art, but it seems to me that Malcolm Oettinger comes pretty near to making his interviews works of art. If art is life seen through a personality, and that is my favorite definition, then Mr. Oettinger ranks among the artists. His chats with Bebe Daniels, Leatrice Joy, and particularly those recent

Continued on page 102



"There's One Man We're Going to Keep"

"Ed Wilson, there, is one of the most ambitious men in the plant. I notice that he never fools away his spare time. He studies his International Correspondence Schools course every chance he gets.

"It's been the making of him, too. He hasn't been here nearly so long as Tom Downey, who was laid off yesterday, but he knows ten times as much about this business.

"I'm going to give him Tom's job at a raise in salary. He's the kind of man we want around here."

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"Why Mrs. Blakely —How Do You Do!"

He had met her only once before. Some one had presented him at a reception both had attended. He had conversed with her a little, danced with her once. And now, two weeks later, he sees her approaching with a young lady whom he surmises is her daughter.

"Why, Mrs. Blakely, how do you do!" he exclaims, rushing forward impulsively. But, Mrs. Blakely, accustomed to the highest degree of courtesy at all times, returns his greeting coldly.

And, nodding briefly, she passes on—leaving the young man angry with her, but angrier at himself for blundering at the very moment he wanted most to create a favorable impression.



DO *you* know what to say to a woman when meeting her for the first time after an introduction? Do you know what to say to a woman when leaving her after an introduction? Would you say "Good-bye, I am very glad to have met you?" Or, if she said that to you, how would you answer?

It is just such little unexpected situations like these that take us off our guard and expose us to sudden embarrassments. None of us like to do the wrong thing, the incorrect thing. It condemns us as ill-bred. It makes us ill at ease when we should be well poised. It makes us self-conscious and uncomfortable when we should be calm, self-possessed, confident of ourselves.

The knowledge of what to do and say on all occasions is the greatest personal asset any man or woman can have. It protects against the humiliation of conspicuous blunders. It acts as an armor against the rudeness of others. It gives an ease of manner, a certain calm dignity and self-possession that people recognize and respect.

Do You Ever Feel That You Don't "Belong"?

Perhaps you have been to a party lately, or a dinner, or a reception of some kind. Were you entirely at ease, sure of yourself, confident that you would not do or say anything that others would recognize as ill-bred?

Or were you self-conscious, afraid of doing or saying the wrong thing, constantly on the alert—never wholly comfortable for a minute?

Many people feel "alone" in a crowd, out of place. They do not know how to make strangers like them—how to *create a good first impression.* When they are introduced they do not know how to start conversation flowing smoothly and naturally. At the dinner table they feel constrained, embarrassed. Somehow they always feel that they don't "belong."

Little Blunders That Take Us Off Our Guard

There are so many problems of conduct constantly arising. How should asparagus be eaten? How should the finger-bowl be used, the napkin, the fork and knife? Whose name should be mentioned first when making an introduction? How should invitations be worded? How should the home be decorated for a wedding? What clothes should be taken on a trip to the South?

In public, at the theatre, at the dance, on the train—wherever we go and with whomever we happen to be, we encounter problems that make it necessary for us to hold ourselves well in hand, to be prepared, to know *exactly what to do and say.*

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It is not expensive dress that counts most in social circles—but correct manner, knowledge of social form. Nor is it particularly clever speech that wins the largest audiences. If one knows the little secrets of *entertaining conversation,* if one is able to say always the right thing at the right time, one cannot help being a pleasing and ever-welcome guest.

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

Volume XIX SEPTEMBER, 1923 No. 1



Photograph by Charles Albin

THE production of "The White Sister" on which Lillian Gish worked for seven months in and near Rome, will not be released until fall. So, for consolation, PICTURE-PLAY offers in the meantime, this exquisite photograph of her in the rôle.



One hardly expects Cecil De Mille, the creator of dizzy motion-picture sets, to live in such a beautiful and restrained home as this. Only the right wing of the house is shown in the picture.

Filmdom

Hollywood's glittering pageant the players will soon have a

By Elza

WHEN I mentioned to an eminent dowager of my acquaintance that I was going to write a story on society in the films, she looked at me in sheer amazement, then burst into laughter.

"Just what do you mean, my dear?" she said, recovering her heavy gold-rimmed glasses which had flown off her nose. "Society in the C. B. DeMille pictures? That's the only society that I can imagine in the movies. You surely aren't talking seriously."

And with that she apparently dismissed the subject with a wave of her hand.

I noted, though, that she was meditating. Her unceremonious hauteur was softening a little, and after a pause, she broke out with:

"I was just thinking that there are, perhaps, a few whom you might call eligible to society, in a sense. They have money, and that nowadays is a common meeting ground for many of the younger set. I'm not in favor of it, understand. I come from Boston, where such things are regulated by traditions and blood, but I've seen a lot of the world too, and I realize that we of the old school have been, perhaps, too conservative.

"One must give place to talent, I suppose, and really"—and here she smiled rather coyly, despite her years—"I presume if any of us did have a chance to be entertained by Mary Pickford, we'd accept in a minute. I'm not sure that I wouldn't do it myself. For she *is* sweet."

And there you have it. Society is weakening. Why, even the aristocracy of the old world, the lords and dukes and duchesses—such of them as are left—are delighted to be the guests of filmdom's elect. Some of them are happy even to be playing in their pictures, since their dukedoms and earldoms and princedoms have gone tobogganing.

But what of the movies and their present society complex?

You know, of course, that ever since last fall filmdom has been caught in the glittering swirl of a social typhoon, and from all indications it has completely succumbed to its dizzying power. I mean this quite sincerely.

The impression exists, of course, that professional people don't care for conventional pleasures, and I don't say that sociability in the movie colony is in any sense conventional. But I have observed that conditions are quite different in the picture world than they are in other artistic pursuits. In a word, the life is more stabilized, and consequently there is greater opportunity for social mingling. This situation is quite unique, and on it are founded whatever superficial evidences there are that filmdom is beginning to take its dress suit and décolleté life seriously.

You've been told, of course, how the stars spend their spare time. They have a multitude of diversions



Photograph by J. C. Milligan

Charles Ray's house is a charming and simple old English home.

Dresses Up

of social activity suggests that Four Hundred of their own

Schallert

that range frrom yachting and golfing, and dining and perhaps wining, as well as dancing, to lend glamour on occasion to activities that belong purely to the general social world. They make entries in horse shows and dog shows, and often carry off the blue ribbons, too. They mingle in dance contests at the Cocoanut Grove and elsewhere with the élite of Chicago and Philadelphia, if not of New York and staid Boston. They rub elbows with portly lumber magnates from Minnesota, and the daughters of cotton kings from New Orleans, as well as the wives of czars of sugar plantations in Honolulu, and the scions of old families in Washington, Richmond and San Francisco.

They are even becoming the socially sought at some of these gatherings. You will see a celebrity sitting at the same table with three or four other people whom you may not recognize, until the hotel manager proudly informs you that they are *the* So-and-sos of Such-and-such-a-place. You will even on occasion behold some handsome leading man in tête-à-tête conversation with some young girl or widow whom, if you are familiar with the national Blue Books, you will recognize by name as a fashionable débutante, or the former wife of a noted lawyer or oil investor, and you may subsequently even read of their engagement and marriage in the papers. For the films and society are even going so far on occasion now as to unite their destinies domestically, as well as publicly.

Social careering has been star-studded with occasional brilliant parties given by and for the movie folk, and it has been high lighted by expensive premières of notable film productions, at which diamonds and ermines filled with their glamour the heavy perfumed air, and it has crystallized in certain big functions of the film world like the Hollywood Follies, the Directors' Ball, and other glittering affairs, at which the world of the films indulges in play, and society folk take part with them, and also stand on the side lines to watch the glowing pageant.

All this, to be sure, is gloriously superficial. It is spasmodic and perhaps unreal. But it represents a growing intention on the part of the stars to dress up, and indulge in pastimes that are typical of social life the world over, and peculiarly typical of the cosmopolitan center that Los Angeles has become since the birth of the picture industry, and which even before that time it was beginning to be.

It is an outgrowth at which an old-timer in the films would die of shock and surprise. The only time he ever thought of wearing a dress suit was when he went to work in a drawing-room set. He used to cultivate, and in fact, set the style in soft shirts and puttees. He used to wear these on the most formal occasions. He might even go to the opera in New York in this attire.



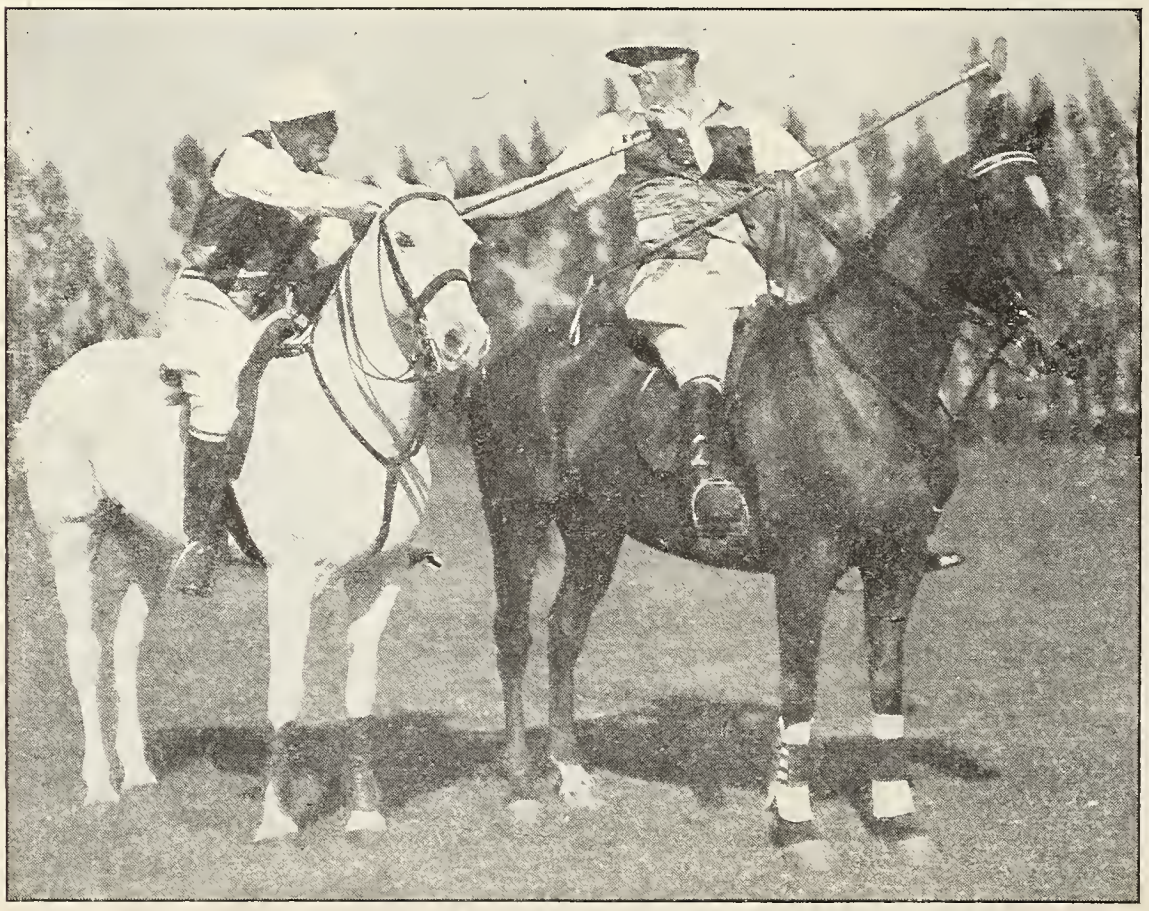
Photo by M. F. Weaver

The dining room at Pickfair makes a charming setting for dinner parties—but there are few there.

At that time, of course, the movies weren't recognized, and they had no reputation to live up to. But they have now—and more and more they have begun to feel the need of dressing to suit the party.

Most of them didn't care a hang about social activity in the beginning, and lots of them don't give a rap about the formalities connected with it now, but there are none who have not mastered the gentle art of entertaining, yea, have even set a style of entertaining that, like their dress and their coiffure, is starting to go around the world.

The dowager was right about the C. B. DeMille pictures, although she didn't know it. They are reflective of the art of entertaining, as it is occasionally offered in the film community. The minds that think up the apparently wild stunts of bathing parties in pools of wine, and flower-festooned gondolas gliding on their surface, are the same minds that influence filmdom in the character of its entertainment.



Jack Holt, on the right, has long been a player on the Midwick team.

Of course, this is a sort of entertainment that the general public knows nothing of, because they are never invited. The film people, after all, in their real social life are very exclusive. They have their own set of friends and coworkers that they enjoy and find stimulating or inspiring for one reason or another. And the nature of their work, which is taxing on the nervous system, not to mention physically exhausting, makes them, when they are ready to play, seek the companionship of people who are sympathetic, relaxing and stimulating to their minds or wits. Filmdom makes but one demand of any one



Photo by C. S. Warrington

The Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles is one of the common meeting grounds of film society and the world at large.

eligible to their set—"Are you *interesting?*" It does not ask, as was, and still is in some instances, the wont of society, peering through a lorgnette—"Who are your *ancestors?*" Filmdom is concerned with talent and brains and good-fellowship, generally stressing on the latter, rather than long pedigrees.

Cleverness is, therefore, often a dominating factor when filmdom gives parties—for example, Gloria Swanson's dazzling dinner-dansants that are reputed to cost anywhere from one to five thousand dollars. Gloria doesn't stop at serving a dinner—she offers a whole menu to her guests, beginning with anchovies and caviar and ending with six or seven different kinds of dessert. As one writer so aptly put it, she always had a suspicion Gloria's heart was a hotel, but she never realized her home was.

One Saturday night her Beverly Hills mansion may be converted into a rose bower, and the next an Italian restaurant, with red tablecloths on the boards and individual bottles of wine at each plate.

The guests at her parties are limited, as a rule, to picture people who are her friends, but occasionally she makes an exception, as she did on her birthday in April, when she extended an invitation to Pola Negri. Before this time the queen of satin and the queen of

Continued on page 90



Charles Ray and his wife are home-loving people and most of their entertaining is done there.



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

Moreno is explosive, boyish, tactless, and colorful to a degree.

Merton

Although this chiefly concerns Tony

By Malcolm

AN olive-skinned, almond-eyed brunette, draped in a costume that belied an utter disregard for drafty sets, reclined on a purple couch and waved a jeweled goblet dizzily.

"To Zukor-Lasky!" she toasted magnificently.

The property men gave three cheers, the publicity man took three "stills" and Nita Naldi was hurried into a cape by her anxious maid.

A visit to the white mosques of Paramount over on Long Island seldom goes unrewarded. Within the imposing walls one is bound to meet cellulebrities of one sort or another—rising starlets, fading stellas finishing ironclad contracts, permanent fixtures in the film firmament—stars all, with the quaint idiosyncracies that make for interesting copy.

The idea was to find out how Antonio Moreno liked the idea of breaking away from the eternal serials. Was he glad to return to the East? And, incidentally, was he a personality or just another movie actor? This last was to be an unspoken query.

Tony was one of the audience watching the publicity department direct Nita's cleopatter. Publicity "stills' are always a fairly valid excuse to wander away from your particular set to see what's going on next door. Tony and Bebe Daniels had both wandered from "The Exciters" to watch Nita do her stuff for the rotogravure sections.

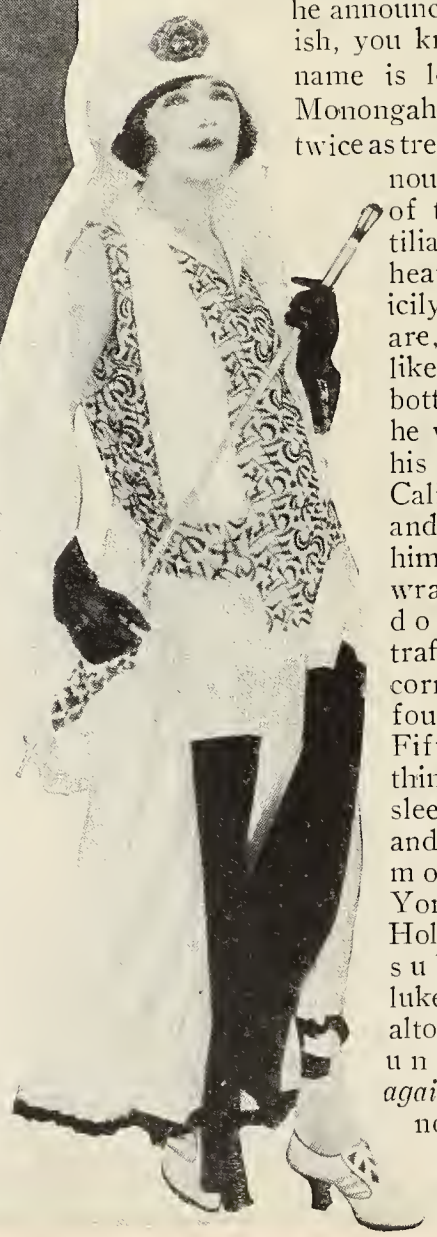
"Well," I guessed, "I guess you're pretty glad to have been rescued from the continued-in-our-nexts."

Moreno shook his shining black head vigorously.

"No! This picture makes me feel that I am still doing serials. We shoot. They chase. The police follow. They shoot. We gallop. They gain. We pick up an airplane, a motor boat, a submarine——"

"It isn't as bad as all that," laughed Bebe Daniels.

"Worse," said Tony briefly.



Moreno and Bebe Daniels played together in "The Exciters."

He is explosive, boyish, tactless, and colorful to a degree. As he announced, he is "Spanish, you know." His full name is longer than the Monongahela River and twice as treacherous to pronounce. He is one of those pure Castilians who love heatedly and hate icily. His emotions are, in other words, like a thermos bottle. One moment he was pouring out his soul in praise of California climate and the next found him calling the wrath of the gods down upon the traffic cop on the corner of Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue. He thinks it's easier to sleep in Hollywood and harder to save money in New York. So he likes Hollywood. On no subject was he lukewarm; he was altogether *for* or unreservedly *against*. Thus, while not always diplomatic, he was always entertaining.

Among the Latins

Moreno there are glimpses of La Naldi and the shyest idol.

H. Oettinger

"In Hollywood if you want fresh air you can spin around in your runabout. Here the traffic is impossible! It's dazing to drive through it. And the shops! I bought a few shirts and things on Fifth Avenue the other day and the bill was four hundred and fifty dollars. I'm not a tightwad," he said, apologetically, "but that's a lot of money for a few shirts and things, don't you think?"

We admitted that it was more than we usually spend.

But Tony was dodging the issue. Was he glad to get out of the serial world? Was he happier among the dramatic Swansons and Danielses?

Apparently not.

"This was a very good contract," he admitted. "But of course in leaving serials I left stardom temporarily. You know I was only third in the feature billing of 'Lost and Found,' that picture I made for Goldwyn. That was hard—to come down from star billing."

Here, at least, was honest confession. I remember how the very Bebe who stood near us had told me of her complete indifference to where she stood in the electric lights. It had sounded symphonic at the time, but hardly convincing. Tony's version of "third feature billing" and its effect upon the actor's ego was refreshingly sincere. Of course it's a blow to the erstwhile star to be relegated to a position below the title. He continued to explain how he felt.

"In my last pictures I've supported Gloria and Mary Minter. Now I'm cofeatured with Bebe, and soon I hope I'll be back where I was."

His next picture will go far toward determining his status in the world of Kliegs and Cooper-Hewitts, for in it he will be given the part intended for the Valentino. Here the public will be permitted to decide just how nearly the Moreno trilbies come to filling the Rodolphian brogues. Once and for all, in "Don Cæsar de Bazan"—to be known as "The Spanish Dancer"—Señor Antonio will have his chance to show up Signor Rodolph Guglielmi; the public will judge. An advance note from this bench gives Valentino the decision. Tony is a handsome cavalier and a gay caballero, but he hasn't that insinuating, fascinating suggestion of deviltry gleaming from his eye. And he admits it.

Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes





Nita Naldi confessed to having seen Glenn Hunter twice in "Merton."

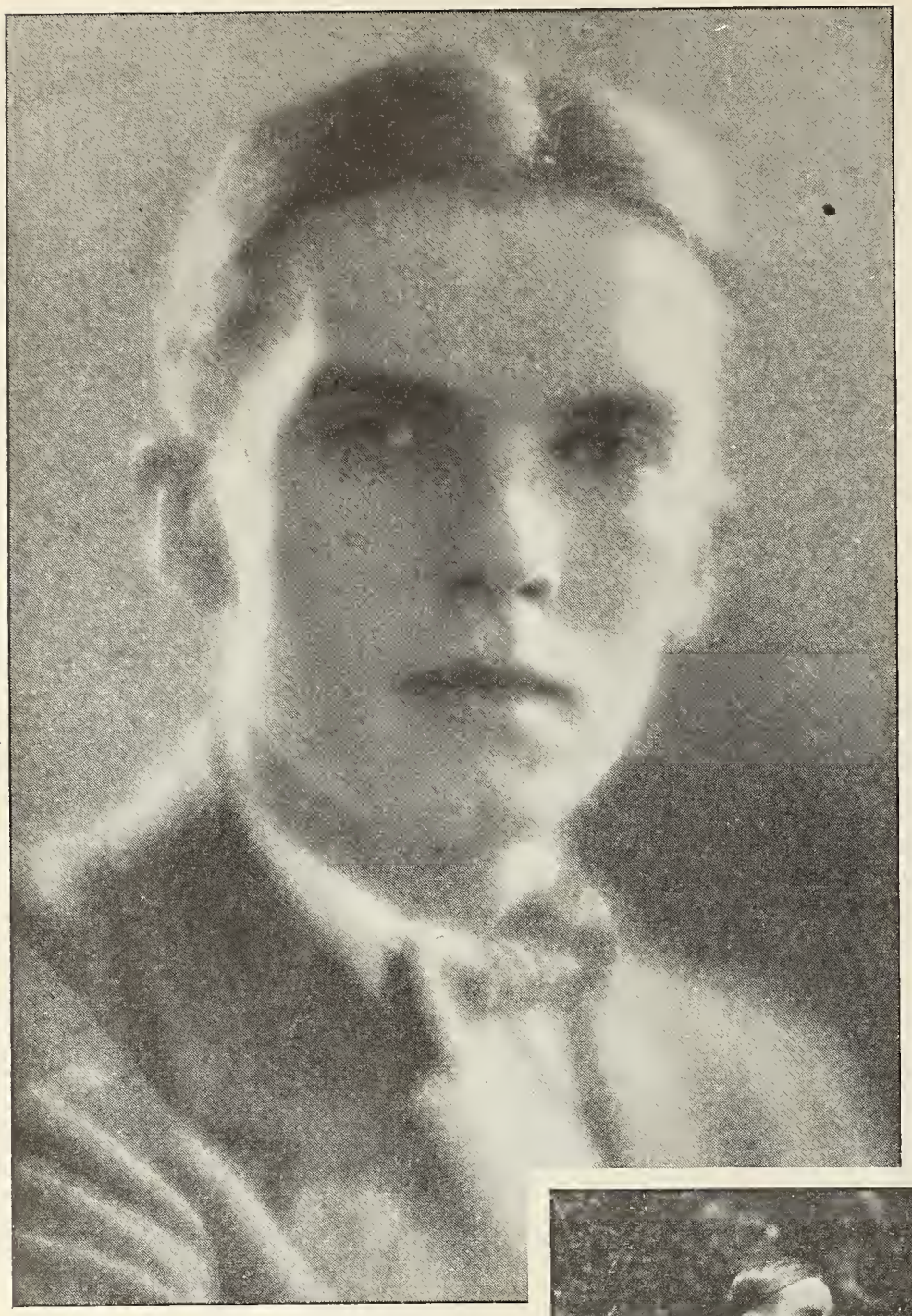
"What's the use of talking of Rudy's successors?" he asked, with a Castilian shrug. "He is Rudy, himself. He has a unique, individual personality. None of us can take his place."

Moreno's task in "The Spanish Dancer" will be rendered arduous by the presence of Pola Negri. The story originally would have starred the barnstorming heart-breaker, with Nita Naldi featured; now the glib scenarists have reversed the interest so as to throw La Negri to the fore, with Moreno more or less featured.

"Ah, there's young Glenn Hunter," said Tony suddenly.

Bebe and Nita were all attention.

Across the studio we saw a slender, self-effacing young fellow dressed in the collegiate mode of the moment, from broad-toed oxfords to rakish hat, fresh from one of the shops that had incurred Tony's displeasure.



There never was a more retiring star on stage or screen than Glenn Hunter.

"He's a wonderful kid," said Nita warmly. "Have you seen him in 'Merton?'" she asked Bebe.

Bebe had, and what was more, she was "crazy about him."

Moreno called him over. Smiling gently, timidly, he came. There was no way of knowing, from his manner, that here was the reigning matinée boy of the metropolis, *Merton* himself come to gaze upon his favorites of *Silver Screenings* at work. A casual glance would never tell you that this was the lad whose picture adorned every vanity table in every finishing school within Saturday-afternoon distance of Broadway. He was no Eugene O'Brien, no Francis X. Bushman, no gray-fedoraed nonesuch airing his person for the benefit of the world at large.

Whether his naïve, diffident manner is a cleverly adopted pose, I do not know. If it is, let it be said that it is a supremely successful one. There is a world of shyness about the boy. (He will never again see twenty-five, but you instinctively speak of him as a boy.) He is the blushing violet of the profession. In his heart he may be thinking "I am, in truth, the kitten's purr! I'm a youthful knockout! I've just signed a gilt-edged contract with Mr. Lasky and Mr. Zukor, and I'll make enough money in five years to retire, if I feel lazy. I'm Glenn Hunter. Turn on the signs!" But if he is thinking anything like that—which, after all, would be the logical, healthy thing for the suddenly famous young man to think—there is not the slightest outward indication of such interior activity. There never was a more retiring star of stage or screen. Indeed, he struck me as a masculine Lillian Gish.

On one side of him stood the darkly glowing Naldi. On the other lounged Moreno, black eyes flashing, white teeth gleaming. And there was Glenn Hunter—*Merton* among the Latins—listening appreciatively, smiling agreeably, contrasting completely the vivid lady and the volcanic gent on either side of him.

La Naldi's eyes never left Hunter's face. She gazed at him with all of the admiration that might have marked a high-school girl. (Never before or since has Nita reminded me of a high-school girl.)

"I've seen you in 'Merton' twice," she confessed. Again, as she spoke, she might have been one of the Flushing belles—with modifications. "I'm crazy about that part where you kneel and pray, 'Oh God, make me a good movie actor!' I swear you've got me doing it." She laughed. "I get down on my knees every night and pray, 'Oh Lord, make me a good movie actress.'"



In the course of the general chatter that ensued, Hunter revealed himself as the soul of tact. He is a baby Asquith, a junior edition of Chateaubriand. Moreno or I would mention some one scathingly; Glenn would offer neither a word of agreement nor complaint. The world is his friend, and, if it is in his power, he intends to keep it so. He is not destined for long in this evil sphere. The good, remember, die young.

"Who's going to direct 'This Side of Paradise' for you?"

Continued on page 92

The Girl Who Couldn't Simp

After years of futile efforts during which she watched her blond, effervescent friends win prominence on the screen, Kathleen Key who is almost as cynical as she is beautiful, is at last to have her chance in Goldwyn pictures.

By Rhoda Blair

Photographs by W. F. Seeley



THIS is the sad story of a girl who did the right thing at the wrong time, who had hard luck, disappointment, and was threatened occasionally with downright disaster. But, never mind, it has a happy ending. She now has a long contract with the Goldwyn company and she is going to play a prominent part in "In the Palace of the King." Her name is Kathleen Key.

She came into the movies at the ripe age of about fourteen by going out to the Ince studio after school and hanging around hoping to be discovered and made a star. She played extra frequently and bits now and then. But those were the days when pouts and long, blond curls were the first essential of an ingénue, when excitement, or pleasure or ingenuousness was registered by a sort of St. Vitus dance and love scenes were played with the Australian crawl.

And Kathleen had straight, black hair and a sense of humor. Good things in their way, but with no market value in the movies just then.

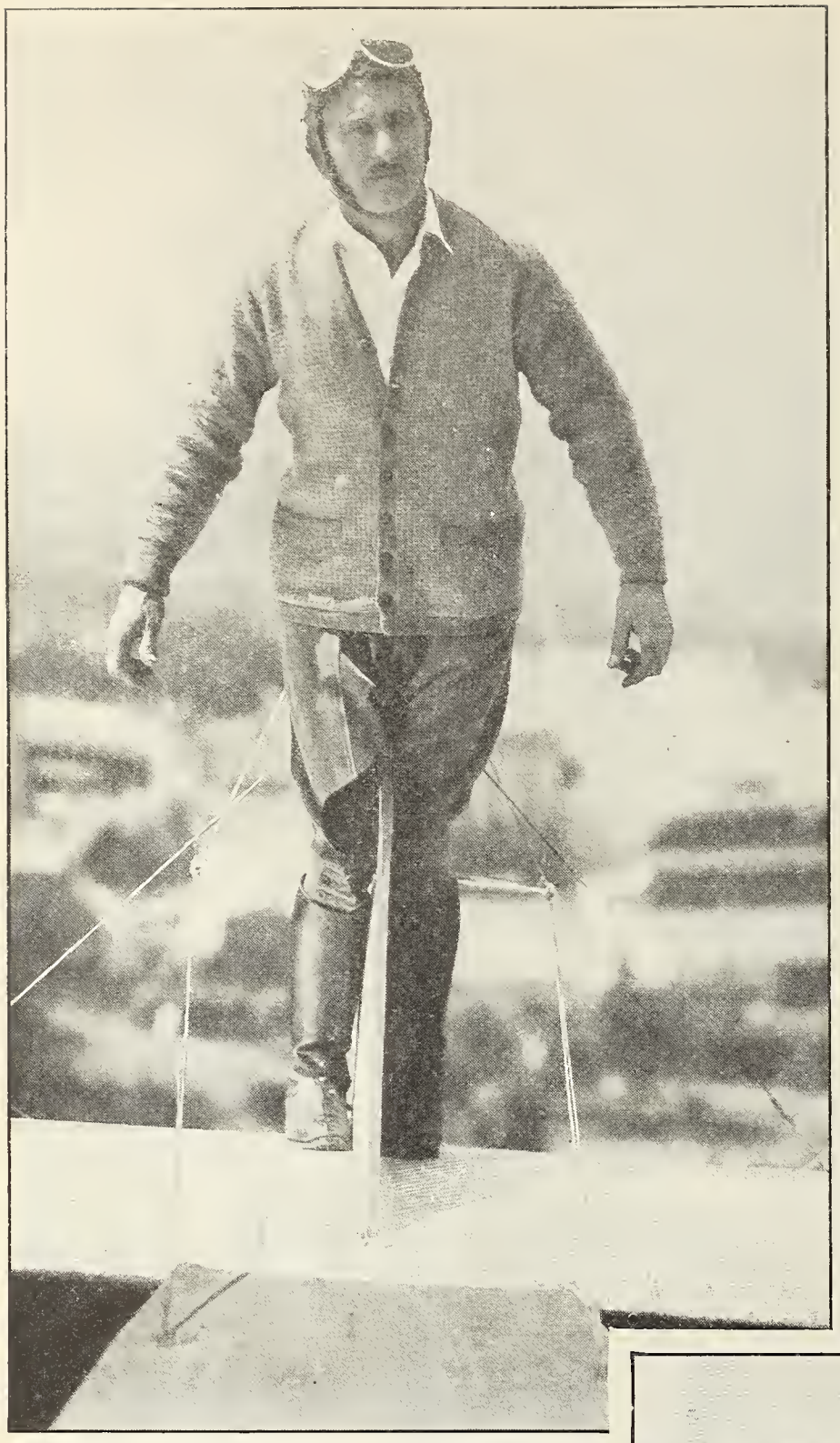
"I couldn't simp," she told me, when I asked why it had taken opportunity so long to get around to her dressing-room door.



"I can't jump up and down, and blink my eyelids and look guileless. I'm not a simp type. And yet I'm not a vampire type either. So, for a long time casting agents couldn't see where I fitted in at all. There are thousands of girls like me in real life, I figured, and eventually some scenario writer will think of putting one in a story. And when that day comes Kathleen will be waiting at the casting director's office as usual, asking if there isn't a chance for her."

About once a year ever since Kathleen started in pictures it has looked as though her big chance had come. Once she was signed up to go to Australia to be featured in a series of pictures, but the company blew up and all that contract brought her was an ocean voyage, some pleasant friends and a touch of cynicism. Later she was supposed to play opposite Snowy Baker, the Australian athletic marvel, but his pictures didn't take the country by storm, so big production plans for him were dropped. More than a year ago Ferdinand Pinney Earle selected her to play the leading rôle in his long-heralded production of "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám," and it looked as though Kathleen's jinx had finally died after a long and active life. But no. The picture, acclaimed as a thing of wondrous beauty, got tied up in a law suit and has never been released.

Continued on page 97



Al Wilson, a fearless airplane stunt performer, who put some wonderful thrills in "The Eagle's Talons," the Universal serial in which he is costarred with Fred Thompson and Ann Little.

Should An Actor

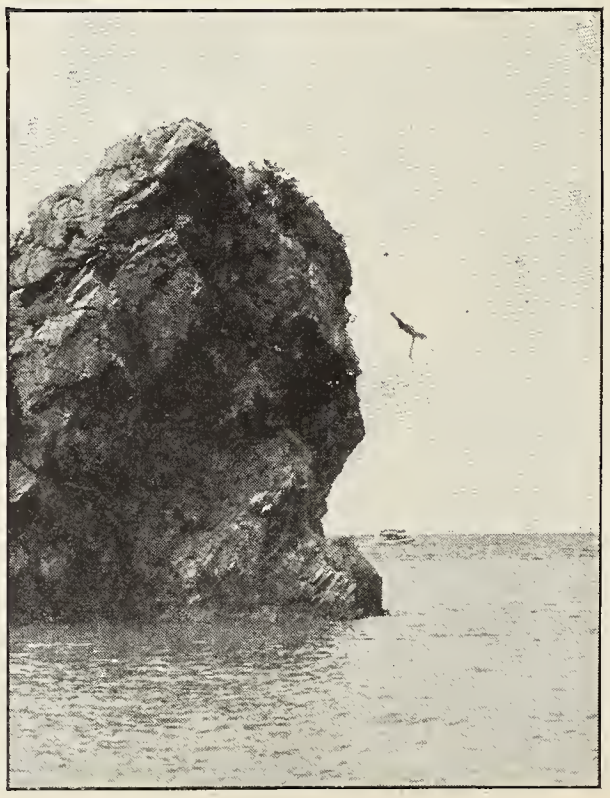
And if so, should he risk
sonally all of the most

By Myrtle

SHOULD an actor be an acrobat?

This question was propounded recently by an actress who tearfully cried, after seeing Rupert Hughes' "Souls for Sale." "That picture makes us appear on a par with trained seals. It leaves the impression that our main job is to risk our necks on trapezes. It's the use of our minds, not our bodies, that really gets us anywhere."

You have doubtlessly long been aware of the fact that the stars employ doubles to perform scenes requiring the risk of life or limb, such scenes being filmed in long shots, with the stars appearing, under safe conditions, for the close-ups. Upon occasion, I have seen stars refuse to permit others to take chances that they would not take themselves. But it is customary that stunt men, trained athletes—the majority of them having had years of acrobatic or circus work—double for them in such dangerous scenes.



Gloria, or her double? At the studio they say that Gloria actually made this dive in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

Is the practice just, you ask? In the sense of foisting a false illusion upon you, perhaps not. But from a practical standpoint, yes. A great deal of money is tied up in every production; should the star be seriously injured the producer's loss would be considerable. The star is not always a coward. I have known stars to beg permission to perform thrills, through a genuine disinclination to accept glory for something another has done.

But why should the players do such scenes? An actor upon the stage is not required to swallow real poison, or to be actually stabbed in a dueling scene.

Norma Talmadge stated recently, "In my next picture there are several scenes which call for the services of a trained acrobat. For these I shall employ a double. I am an actress, not an acrobat. If I thought that by personally perfoming these scenes I should help my acting, I would try to do them, but as I see no way in which they would help my acting, I see no reason for risking my neck. When parts call for me to leap out of buildings or ride wild horses, I'll leave it to somebody who makes that a business. Doubles need work and we need doubles." Incidentally, Norma used a double in some recent riding scenes.

Even in the case of such a gymnast and athlete as Douglas Fairbanks, it stands to reason that the risk would be too great. The thrills incidental to his last spectacular production were dangerous ones—remember the running jump where he just caught the rising drawbridge and the exciting leap onto the back of a charging horse? A million dollars was tied up in "Robin Hood" and even a broken leg or an injured arm would have delayed the picture's completion at a fearful cost.

Be An Acrobat?

**his life and limb by performing per-
hazardous feats the stories call for?**

Gebhart

I learn from authentic sources that Richard Talmadge, now being featured in his own productions, doubled for Fairbanks for a long time, at the largest salary ever paid a stunt man, five hundred dollars a week. Talmadge also doubled for Larry Semon and for other stars, one of his stunts being to swing from cables eighty feet in the air, falling to the ground.

Fairbanks, however, performs the majority of his thrilling deeds. Athletic, he has trained himself so that his muscles respond like electric wires. But even in the instances where Doug actually does the dangerous stunt, it is rehearsed before by some one else, or else the distance of the leap, say, is accurately measured and the stunt practiced on the ground first, that the risk may be reduced to a minimum.

The thrilling leap from roof to roof that occupied the screen for but a momentary flash in "The Three Musketeers," was the result of days of painstaking experimentation and rehearsal on the ground and from slight elevations. For Doug, just like you and I, regards his own life as something very necessary to have around.

Ruth Roland always has done many of her hazardous stunts and now—to quote the slim young boy who has performed some of her dangerous thrills for her, "Ever since 'Merton of the Movies' came out, Miss Roland's been doing a lot of stunts that I ought to be doing. She says her professional reputation is at stake. But so is mine. If the serial stars get it into their heads that they've got to live up to their publicity, we stunt men wont' have any reputations—or jobs—left."

Gaylord Lloyd once got himself into a hot box at the studio by confessing to an interviewer — who didn't know any more than to go and print what he said—that he doubled for brother Harold, driving the Ford through fences and buildings for "Get Out and Get Under" and doing the railroad stunts for "Now or Never." Quickly hushed up, Gaylord has since been most inconspicuous. Whether he performed those stunts, I do not know, as I did not happen to be present when they were taken and have come to the conclusion that the only record to believe is that of my very own eyes. But I do know that Harold takes as many chances with his life as any man on the screen. He threw his shoulder out of joint while making hair-raising scenes for "Safety Last."



Al Wilson making a dangerous leap in "The Eagle's Talons."



Ruth Roland about to dive from the deck of a ship. Like Irene Castle, she is a splendid swimmer, and insists on doing such stunts as this herself.

Do you recall *Quincy Adams Sawyer's* wild ride on the edge of a cliff to save the blind heroine in the picture of that name when she was cast adrift on a raft—and the spectacular leap from horseback down the cliff into the water? John Bowers played the hero—but Ray "Red" Thompson did that scene. Bowers played the close-ups.

"Red" also doubled for Bowers in the rescue scenes, where he saved the "girl"—a dummy dressed as Blanche Sweet—as the raft hung upon the brink of the falls. For the close-ups of Miss Sweet and Bowers, apparently upon the edge of the falls, the raft was first placed in a calm pool of water, then rocked by a machine beneath to give the effect of being tossed around by the

swirling waters. These close-ups were cleverly patched to the long shots of the raft, with "Red" and the girl-dummy on the actual brink of the falls.

Bowers and Miss Sweet, however, did some really dangerous work for that picture, for even the close-ups at the edge of the water were a risk, inasmuch as the rocks were slippery and the current very strong. Bowers also did the close-ups of the spectacular scene where a runaway horse hitched to a buggy, crashed into a fence, throwing the "girl"—a slim boy-double dressed in Barbara La Marr's clothes—upon the ground. The boy was injured but recovered in a week or two. Red doubled for Bowers in the scene where the hero stepped out upon the shafts, seeking to curb the runaway steed. For his work in this picture "Red" received one thousand dollars, involving several weeks' work and untold danger.

"The stunts we are most called upon to do," said this dare-devil who has played tag with death upon many occasions, "are jumping from trestles and bridges to automobiles or trains and falling horses down cliffs."

Red was the first to convince a producer it was possible to "fall" a horse without stationing some one outside the camera range to shoot it, the method used for years to cause a thrilling scene of horse and rider tumbling down a hill.

He also doubled for Bill Hart in many pictures. It is not generally known that Hart could not, with safety, because of his age, be expected to perform all the active stunts which were a part of his films, though he did many a feat that few young men would care to undertake. But, in "The Toll Gate," for example, Red, dressed in Hart's clothing, was tied and thrown from a train going twenty-five miles an hour. In "The Rear Car," recently completed, he doubled for both Johnny Walker and Jean Hersholtz, after they had finished the necessary close-ups and gone on to new rôles in other productions. He jumped from train to train and from the tops of tunnels and high banks onto the swifty moving flat cars.

Jean Perkins, called "the ace of stunt men," gave his life that Bill Desmond's name might be glorified in feats of action Bill was not to blame for the fact that the air currents interfered with the plane from which Perkins was to drop to a moving train, causing the plane to remain too long aloft. Perkins dropped one hundred and fifty feet to the ground. Bill did not lack the courage to perform the scene, but that



Al Wilson once more, snapped while doing one of his aërial stunts.

was Perkins' business; he had been trained to it. John Stevenson, another stunt man, was killed about a year ago while doubling for Pearl White in her last serial. Such a death attracts little attention. It's just another stunt man, unsung, ungrieved by the world he had amused when masquerading as another. There are many more, gay adventurers all, willing to take his place.

Do you remember the scene in "Manslaughter" when a motor cycle smashed into a roadster? Leo Nomis, doubling for the chap who played the motor cop, had timed the scene as accurately as possible, telling Mr. De Mille, "I'll have to collide while going forty-five, fast enough to catapult me over. Too slow would just mangle me with the wreckage." Leo's memento of the occasion was a fractured kneecap. For "Prodigal Daughters," he turned a plane over, with Ralph Graves and Gloria Swanson playing the close-ups at the studio, the plane being erected in a rigging affair upon a pendulum-arrangement which made it rock and pitch.

Al Wilson, the first man to change planes in mid-air without a rope ladder, is one of the most skilled stunt aviators. He hangs by his ankle from a rope suspended from a plane, stands on his head on the very edge of the wing, while the plane, four thousand feet in the air, does a tail spin. Now Al has received his reward, an acting rôle with some stunts, in the Universal serial, "The Eagle's Talons." Charles Hutchison, the former Pathé serial star, was another real acrobat who performed his own daring deeds of danger.

When Ann Little, costarring with Fred Thompson, admitted that she had used a double the day before, I nearly fell over backward.

"Why say I did something when I didn't? The public knows I'm not such a dumb-bell as to go jumping from the roofs of buildings with no net to catch me. I've got but one life and I kind of like it."

Ann, however, does all of the hard-riding scenes for her serials. And I saw Fred Thompson jump from a building into a speeding automobile. In one episode of this serial is a sequence requiring the hero's changing from motor cycle to airplane. Thompson did the scene of the actual change, with both cycle and plane going at medium speed. Then as he started to climb the ladder, the scene was cut. A double took his place for the long shots, which showed the plane soaring aloft, with the double

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Some Model Young Men in the Movies

These are old familiar faces for they have long smiled at you from advertising posters and magazine covers. Now they are in the movies.



Photo by Frank Diem

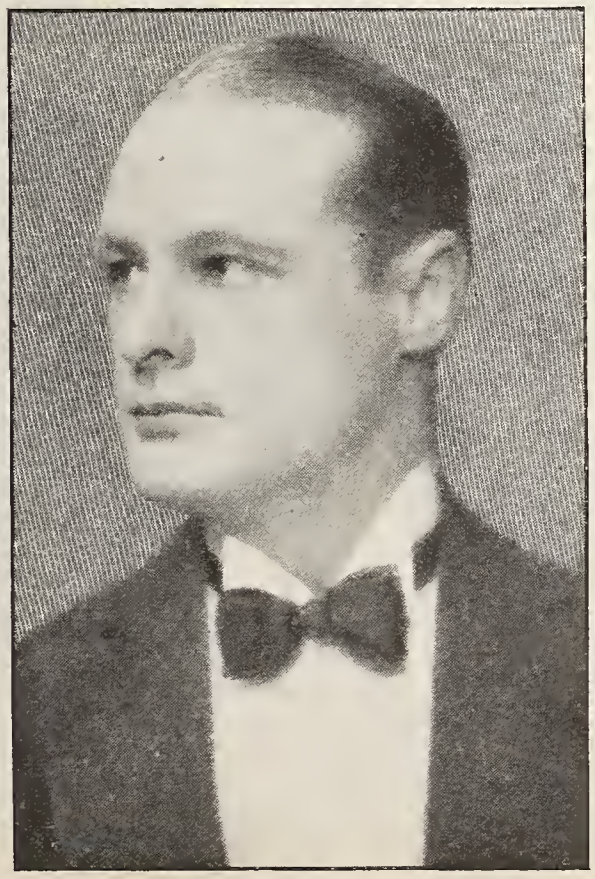
Long ago girls learned that an artist's model throne could be used to good advantage as a stepping stone into the movies, but it is only recently that young men have followed that route with notable success. Allan Simpson, below, you will recognize as the hero of many of Leyendecker's drawings. Now he is appearing in Paramount pictures, his most recent ones being "The Exciters" and "Glimpses of the Moon."



Photo by Victor Georg

Luckiest of the trio is young Neil Hamilton, whose smiles have helped to sell hats, cigarettes, and tooth paste, for D. W. Griffith himself sponsored his entry into motion pictures. He plays a prominent part in "The White Rose," and distinguishes himself for his sincerity as well as for his extreme good looks. He is an ambitious young chap, and is working hard in a Brooklyn stock company between film engagements.

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe



A big future is predicted for Reed House, the boy in the center, for he has the same sort of boyish charm that made Glenn Hunter popular. Young Mr. House was an advertising model often used by manufacturers of collars and hats, but the Thespian urge got him and he went on the stage. When Glenn Hunter left the cast of "The Intimate Strangers," Reed House played his rôle. Later he went into pictures and recently played in "High Speed Lee" and "The Broken Violin." And already he is being considered for big parts in light comedies.

THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

Some Authors Speak Their Minds

Some very interesting observations on motion pictures as they are and as they ought to be were made by various professional authors who attended the First International Congress of Motion Picture Arts which was sponsored by Adolph Zukor and held in New York under the auspices of the Authors' League of America early in June. Some of the authors were incensed at the treatment their stories had received, some nettled because their literary products had not been sought by the picture producers at all, and most of them took a pretty gloomy view of the hiatus between the producer's point of view and that of the author.

Basil King, for instance, who wrote "The Dust Flower," is through with movies. The results of his endeavors for the Goldwyn company—both financial and artistic—were far from satisfactory to him.

Other authors naïvely admitted that they thought they could go into the studios and learn the technique of building a screen story in a year or two, though it has taken Jack Cunningham, the adapter of "The Covered Wagon," and other highly intelligent authors years to begin to understand this new medium.

On the whole, however, the meeting was illuminating and inspiring and probably gave a much better understanding of motion pictures to those authors who have been inclined to dismiss the industry as wholly low-brow, money-mad and unprogressive.

Art Versus Business

One author made the following interesting observation about the movies as an art. "Literature is an art which has been trying throughout the ages to make a business of itself. The picture industry is a business which is now beginning to think it might be an art."

A Plea for Screen Epics

The most genuinely constructive remarks at this congress were made by Clayton Hamilton, who has long been one of the most discerning critics of the theater, and has in late years been identified with motion-picture production. He said, in part:

"I think the motion picture belittles itself when it merely concerns itself with such an individual matter as whether or not the hero will finally succeed in marrying the heroine, or whether or not the rich and vicious banker will finally succeed in his fell purpose of seducing the poor but virtuous stenographer. Those are individual matters. The drama can deal with those more efficiently, but the drama cannot cope with the motion picture when it comes to dealing with epic material. The finest and biggest and greatest motion picture I have seen in several seasons is a picture called 'The Covered Wagon,' and I think the greatness of this picture is inherent in that its subject is big. When I saw that picture I did not care at all whether the heroine married the hero or not. I was not very much interested in the individual struggle between the hero and the villain, but I was intensely interested in whether the thousand or more people who started out in covered wagons from Kansas City to trek across the illimitable open country would finally succeed in getting to the Pacific coast and accomplish the winning of the West. That was a communal purpose, an epic purpose, an historical purpose.

"The great moments in that picture, the real big moments, were when the whole wagon teams were swimming across the river. You lose sight of the individuals; you do not know what becomes of the hero or heroine, or any other individual. You do not know which wagon they are in. You do not care. You want those wagons to get across the river. You want them to get to Oregon. You want the West to be won. You want the frontier of the United States to be pushed to the Pacific coast.

"We still compare all subsequent motion pictures with that great picture which set the standard many years ago, 'The Birth of a Nation.' That also had an epic theme. Its great moments were epic moments. The drama cannot deal with those; the theater is not large enough. The theater cannot show a wagon train swimming across a mile-wide river. The motion picture, however, does really do something that the theater cannot do, and that the novel and short story cannot do so vividly.

"I think, then, that we should seek for material in epic and historical literature. There is plenty of it. There is plenty of it in the Public Library."

Some Pet Projects

Some of the motion pictures that Mr. Hamilton would like to see made are a film version of "The Odyssey," a picture dealing with the life of George Washington, and a picture culminating in General Wolfe's victory at Quebec.

There must be hundreds of such stories as yet untouched by the film producers. Almost every one has some pet story in mind that he would like to see filmed. What are yours? In a forthcoming issue The Observer will discuss some of the stories that have never been filmed and that correspondents would like to see.

An Absence That Was Felt

It is to be regretted that Katherine Fullerton Gerould took no active part in this conference because, more than any other distinguished essayist in America, she has taken an intelligent interest in motion pictures and maintained an unyielding attitude toward them. Her articles in the most conservative journals in America have served two splendid purposes; they have called the attention of people whose interest in motion pictures was at best dilatory to the tremendous influence pictures wield over the great mass of the people, and they have flung a gauntlet of defiance down at the feet of producers. Goaded by such brilliant critics as Mrs. Gerould, the movie-makers may yet discard some of the glaring falsities of screen sermons and high-society dramas.

Mr. Zukor Offers a Prize

One of the outstanding events of this congress was the announcement of an annual prize of ten thousand dollars to be awarded the author of the best story produced on the screen during the year. Adolph Zukor, the president of the Famous Players-Lasky corporation offers this prize.



When productions call for a scenic bit not available within easy distance of the production center, it's up to the technical department to reproduce it in miniature. This one is for Charles Ray's "The Courtship of Miles Standish." On the screen it will appear as a huge waterfall.

In and Out of the Studios

Showing some of the stars at work, and some at play.

There's one satisfaction in writing to a player who doesn't get as much fan mail as Valentino does, for there's a better chance that he will be able to read the letters, and to answer some of them, as George Hackathorne seems to be doing here. Now, don't all of you fans write to him at once!

Photo by J. P. Diamond



In and Out of the Studios

When Maurice Tourneur arrived on location for his new picture, "The Brass Bottle," he found that the actor engaged to play the part of an English lord was missing, so he played the part himself. Study the illustration at the right, and you may be able to catch sight of the great director when you see the picture.



You probably need no introduction to "The Gumps," *Andy* and *Min*, for these characters, the creations of Sidney Smith, the cartoonist, have become among the most popular of any on the comic-strip pages of the newspapers. They're being adapted as screen comedies at Universal City now, with Joe Murphy and Fay Tincher in the leading rôles.

Here's Priscilla Dean, enjoying a sun bath on the springboard of the swimming pool in the back yard of her Hollywood home.





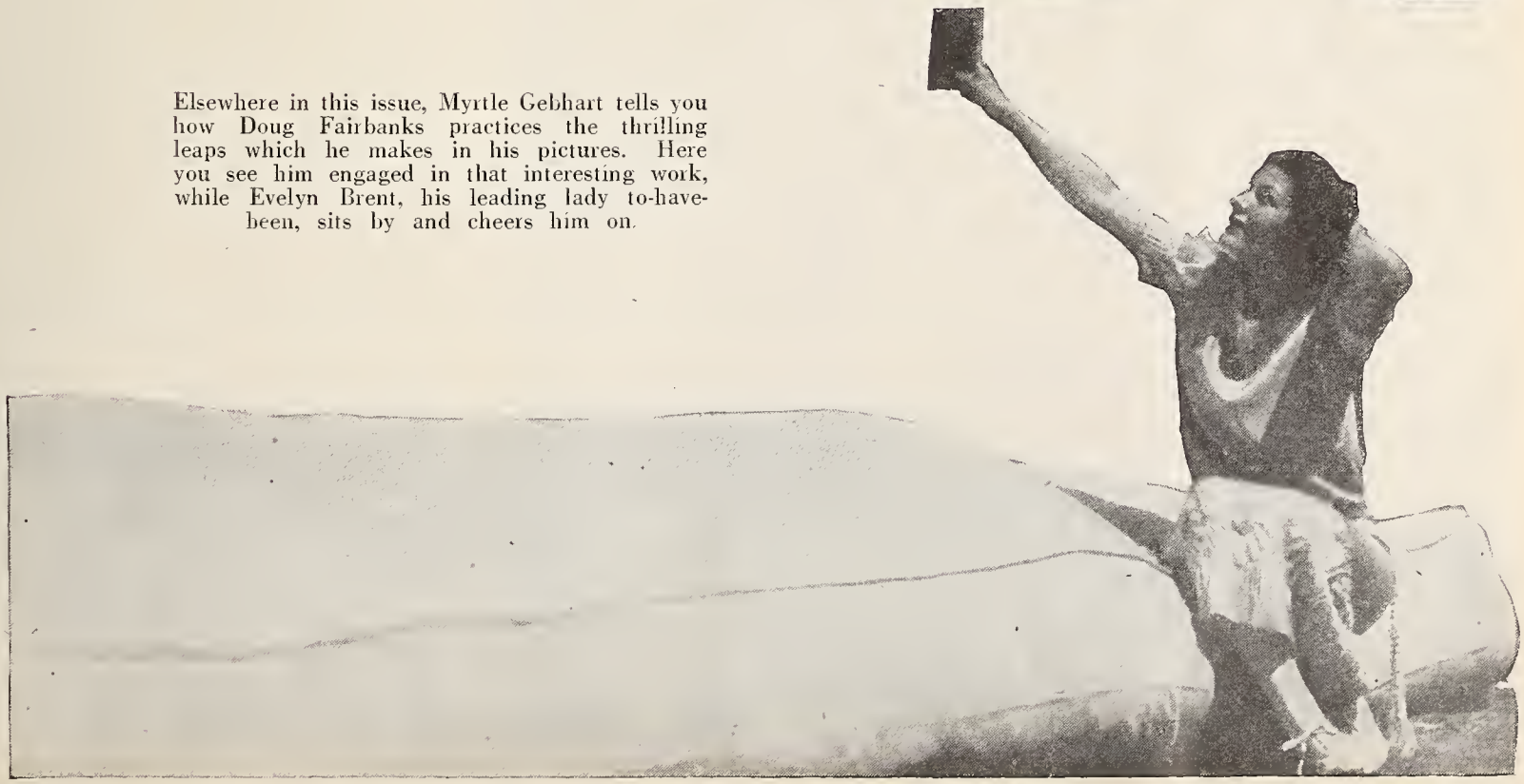
Do you remember the amusing rôle that Sid Chaplin had in Charlie's last picture, "The Pilgrim?" He is next to appear in another comedy part in Marshall Neilan's "The Rendezvous."

Jean Haskell, the Goldwyn actress, displays here a European novelty, a device intended to keep other persons from treading on one's heels while dancing.





Elsewhere in this issue, Myrtle Gebhart tells you how Doug Fairbanks practices the thrilling leaps which he makes in his pictures. Here you see him engaged in that interesting work, while Evelyn Brent, his leading lady to-have-been, sits by and cheers him on.

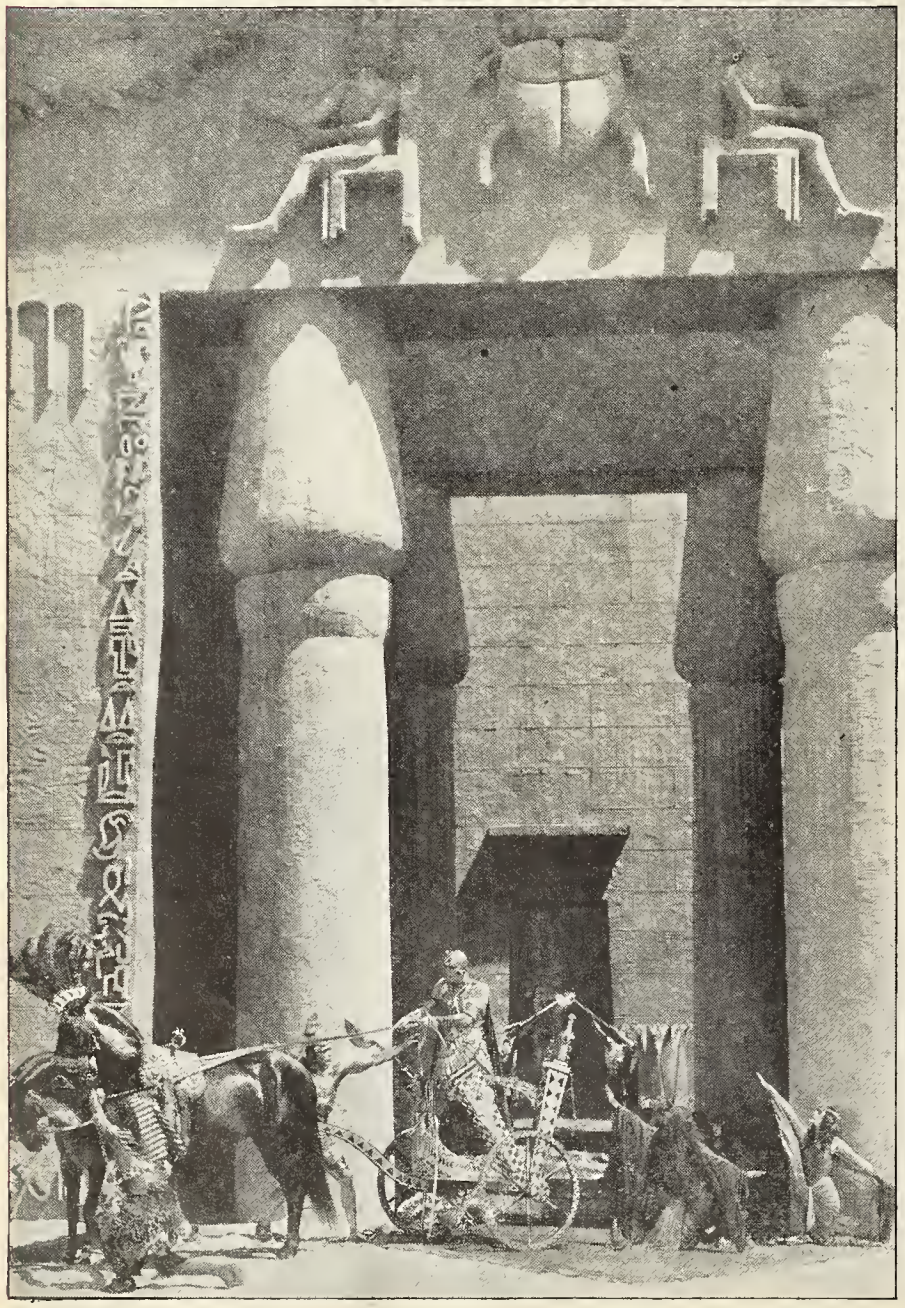




The Filming of Exodus

By Edwin Schallert
Photos by Donald Biddle Keyes

De Mille's forthcoming picture based on the Ten Commandments promises to be one of the most impressive spectacles of the coming season.



WHITE rolling sands against a gray background of the hills. . . . The fierce biting breath from an angry sea. . . . A blood-red pyramidal gateway reared against the menacing sky. . . . Cries of men and calls of frightened beasts. . . . A swaying, delirious mob. . . . Vividly, picturesquely clad people, and oxen, goats and sheep, huddled one against the other, with their eyes shot through with fear. . . .

It was the beginning of the Exodus for Cecil B. De Mille's production of "The Ten Commandments." We were on a location far from the usual haunts of the films on a once ancient floor of the ocean, on the edge of verdant fields.

At the head of a frantic, fevered throng stood a white-bearded patriarch on whose features were written the right to lead—Theodore Roberts in the rôle of lawgiver of the Children of Israel.* In his hand the tall staff of authority, on his shoulders the russet robes of peace.

He made a sweeping gesture symbolic of determined, though dignified command, and a tremor pulsed through the mighty crowd. With one accord they had responded to his sign. Slowly, steadily, sobbingly they moved forward down a long avenue of sphinxes and out into the wind-swept, fog-drenched sands.

Old songs and lamentations from the world's beginnings rose to their lips. Hymns out of the modern doxology hovered on their tongues. "Rock of Ages," "Lead, Kindly Light," *"Eli, Eli, lamma sabacthani;"* "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow."

On and on they stretched, the line forever lengthening, those in front going exultantly; others drooping wearily behind. The colors of their garb merged gradually with the landscape of gray and white. By degrees they became as indistinct shadows against the far-off horizon.

*Pictures of Mr. Roberts in this rôle will be found on page 78.





moving onward toward the sea. And now the chariots of Pharaoh. . . . By the score. . . . Lashing in the wake of the retreating host. . . . Madly, fiercely hurtling over dune and dell. . . . Horses prancing and dashing through the ocean of sand, stirring up a veritable fog of dust in their mild careening, as the drivers hung in peril to the reins, and wheels stuck hub-deep in the crunching dirt. . . .

The spectacle of this flight and the pursuit which had followed, is one that can hardly be described. Nothing like it has been done in ages of picture-making. Certainly nothing that Mr. De Mille has accomplished is its parallel. The thrill of excitement was in his Thespic eyes and in those of his assistants, who watched with bated breath the tortuous procession of the vast assemblage and the subsequent pell-mell racing of the charioteers. Camera men ground almost mechanically as they perhaps felt an untoward emotion surge in their breasts. Even hardy actors like Mr. Roberts, who are coldly impassive in all circumstances, expressed themselves deeply impressed by the sensations which they felt in being part of the inspirational retreat.

There is something, of course, about adventuresome location trips that fills men's veins with fire and rouses in their hearts an unexpected

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She Knows What We Want

Mae Murray has no illusions about "uplifting the art of the screen;" and in this she is at one with a very large following among the fans.

By Norbert Lusk

EVERY picture I make must give me a distinctly different part."

The dulcet tones were Mae Murray's, the works in question were, of course, the extravaganzas which have glorified her pleasant person, its curves and its magnetic influence on the picture-going public. She fondled the thought, a pet one of stars, and added: "In 'The Delicious Little Devil' I was a girl of the slums, 'On With the Dance' offered me a Russian rôle, and so it is with each of my pictures—a new character always."

Really, really, isn't this a little too much for some of the contributors to "What the Fans Think?"

In "Jazzmania" Miss Murray was denominated a queen, and in "Fascination" her ashen *blondeur* looked well in mantilla and colossal Spanish comb. It is all quite simple, working out these sharp differentiations of character, if the star gives the matter thought and her title-writer is obedient, tactful and knows his labels.

Without doubt, the astute Mae gives thought to everything. She is a worker who knows her job, and leaves nothing to chance. Some of her costumes, she says, are built right on her, and when she enters a theater, her slow progress down the aisle to Row A, cloaked in a variant of red, precedes dimming of the lights by the shadow of a second, and leaves few in the audience unmindful of her presence among them. She is, they tell me, invariably her screen self, even as a hostess, when her audience expands to more than two persons. Automatically she is said to throw the veil of illusion over herself, and becomes, as nearly as I can judge, that strange being she has created of pouts and poses and, for all I know, kicking heels, too. Happily she received me alone and brought another self along—interesting, admirable, wholly real. Limp black, the garment of servitude to art, amply clothed her, and pastel pink banded her pale hair as she sat with her back to the light. Fittings for "Fashion Row" had occupied her all day. She was tired, and showed it in all but her mind. Quick, responsive and poised, she voiced authority, without wasted emphasis, in all she said.

"People sometimes call my pictures trash," she remarked quite impersonally, "and ask why I don't do big things, real things. But what are big things, after all? Bigness and reality aren't found in one type of picture, and both these elements may be lacking in a film without taking away from its appeal; without, I mean, making the public like it less.

"Glamour, luxury, flaming beauty serve the purpose of taking people out of themselves and of making them forget, for a moment, real life and its cares. That, I think, is why my pictures are liked; because there's the old Cinderella legend in them all, a story most people won't ever outgrow any more than they would cease to be thrilled by riches and bizarre backgrounds. I admit I try to give them more than that, but my first thought lies in pleasing the eye."

For long this servant of the public has pleased the eye. The programs of 1906 recall Mae Murray cavorting and lifting her voice in song, the play being "Comin' Through the Rye" at the Herald Square Theater, New York, while her first hit came later, in the Ziegfeld "Follies" of 1908. It was then that the drawings of Nell Brinkley were first attracting attention, and in a singing number Miss Murray brought the artificial Brinkley Girl to the stage.

She was the first of the battalion of "Follies" beauties to be inducted into the movie studios and remains, with new arrivals, the most conspicuous—and eminent. "But," as she shrewdly puts it, in speaking of her early cinema employers, "they didn't use what they bought." This has naught to do with the auction block, but means that Mae was given conventional parts to play and her flawless undulations were quite hidden by the respectable amplitude of her dresses. I remember her in "The Plow Woman," in which she suffered cruelties from the lash of Theodore Roberts on a South African farm, and drooped through five reels in drab. Against this injustice to herself and her public, the indomitable Murray pitted her knowledge of popular taste, gained in the "Follies," and finally rose from her hodden furrows, decked in what a reader of PICTURE-PLAY declares to be "not enough to cover a small-sized canary bird," and accordingly one of the most favored stars, from the standpoint of the public, and a benediction to the mercurial box office.

To Mademoiselle Mae all this has not come easily, nor is her present position retained without effort. She works, veritably a servant of the public, and rather a humble one, I found, though her fetters be golden gossamer, and her enjoyment of toil decidedly more zestful than falls to the lot of most stars. This is because she does more, thanks to the latitude given to one who heads her own company.

"If you were not doing pictures that people sometimes called trash, what, Miss Murray, would you like to do for the good of your soul?" I inquired, hopeful of hearing that she yearned for those loftier soarings into the realms of gelatins that don't pay, but are supposed to give the artiste the pulsations of an educator, an altruist — *Melisande? Marguerite? Beatrice Cenci?* The Greek classics? What might be this lady's pleasure to spring on him whom I tried to make seem a gullible, humorless listener? But Mae was too wary. She smiled disarmingly.

"Nothing more than what my present pictures are —*if they give me a distinctly different part.* They *must* do that," she reminded me of her *idée fixe*, but without a tinge of reproach. I rather expected, at this point, the curtains to part and disclose her dearest pal and severest critic, but I dare say this extraordinary little creature is sufficient within herself, as critic, pal and goad.

Her energy and application are tremendous. Every detail of production rests on her plastic shoulders, a pretty legend too often told of stars to be always true, but in Mae Murray's case it is the pleasure of this historian to vouch for it.

She knows precisely how the scenario should be arranged, and sees to it that her wishes are carried out when it is written, she has visualized every setting, and tells the art director why his drawings must conform to the light and actions which she plans for the scene, while in the matter of costuming our Mae is no mere manikin; she knows volumes on the subject, and has a fecund imagination, as well.

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Favorite Picture Players



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

THERE are people who admire Mae Murray for her mannerisms, people who admire her for her ceaseless study and self-advancement, and yet others who marvel at her unusual business acumen. Hers is such a many-sided personality that almost any one could find something appealing about her.



Photo by W. F. Seely

ERIC VON STROHEIM always said that little Mary Philbin would make a great dramatic actress, and in "Merry Go Round" she has a chance to prove that he was right.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

VIRGINIA BROWNE FAIRE has been much in demand for Oriental rôles lately. Her latest exotic assignment is for the rôle of the slave girl in First National's "Thundergate."



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

FEW players have had to face the obstacles and disappointments that ZaSu Pitts has overcome. Now she has her big chance in the Eric von Stroheim production, "Greed."



Photo by Hoover

ELINOR FAIR made such a good impression in "Driven" that she does not find it difficult to keep busy. Metro's "The Eagle's Feather" is claiming her now.



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

ELEANOR BOARDMAN, though the least experienced of the Goldwyn featured players, continues to draw some of the most coveted rôles. Her latest is in "The Day of Faith."



Photo by W F. Seely

BY discarding her fluffy curls and ingénue expression, May Allison achieves this interesting change in her appearance. She plays in the Jane Murfin picture, "The Sign."



Photo by Kenneth Alexander

MOST fans know Seena Owen through her delightfully natural characterizations in Cosmopolitan pictures, but know little of the girl herself off screen. On the opposite page you are introduced to Seena Owen just as she is.

A Picture Puzzle

Seena Owen is filmdom's enigma, for she has succeeded in spite of her disregard of the popularity-building expedients that other players insist are necessary.

By Barbara Little

YOU have never shaken hands with Seena Owen after a personal appearance; you have never received a photograph from her in answer to a fan letter. I doubt if you have even recognized her on the street in New York or Los Angeles, or any of the places where she has been on location. With the possible exception of Lon Chaney, I know of no player who is so averse to self-exploitation as she is. Refreshing, pronounce interviewers who have sought her out with some difficulty. Bad business, is the verdict of her fellow players. Different, at least, you will have to admit.

"Any star who doesn't push herself forward and grab every bit of publicity she can," remarked a star who grabs a lot of it, "is as funny as a baseball player who is too diffident and modest to try to hit the ball."

But Seena disproves that. She is anything but funny, and she is quite successful. She is featured in pictures, but in life she likes to take a comfortable seat on the side lines.

I have never seen Seena Owen at a first-night performance, at a private showing of a picture, or in a big restaurant. In all my rambles about New York, I have caught glimpses of her only twice—that is before I knew her. Once was as she emerged from a fitting room in a modiste's and hurried out to her car, the other was in the back of a crowded church. She was smiling happily and singing a hymn with real enjoyment. A dignified young matron, I thought, on whom Fate has smiled. Her life must be as bright and smooth as her blond hair. If I were a sculptor I would have asked her to pose as a princess of peace.

And then, a few days later, I met her. We lunched together in the farthest corner of the most deserted restaurant in the Biltmore, and I struggled to fit this buoyant young girl in with any of my preconceived ideas about Thespians, successful business women or professional beauties. I am still a little puzzled.

Hers is an infectious good humor that belies her screen dignity. She comments delightedly and with impartiality on her fondness for Somerset Maugham's short stories, South Sea Island dancing, Nesselrode pudding, soft fur coats, strong cigarettes, having a crowd of girls over to spend the afternoon, reading books on child training, going to the theater without being recognized. Writing appeals to her strongly, but she thinks that scenario editors have to work much too hard. She ought to know—her sister, Lillian Hayward, was formerly scenario editor of the Richard Barthelmes company, and now does continuities for Cosmopolitan productions.

"We read together a lot," she remarked. "When I get home from the studio I am so tired that I go right to bed. After a little rest my dinner tray comes in, and then I have just enough ambition to sit up and read or talk. Sometimes Lila Lee or some other girl drops in—she has an apartment in the same building up on Central Park West, you know—and then we all talk stories. We've been reading 'On a Chinese Screen,' but there isn't anything in it we could do in pictures. Aren't you glad the legitimate stage isn't so limited by censorship? When we want realism we can shun the movies and go to the regular theater, but think of the poor people out in the wilds. Maybe they are happier just seeing the *Pollyanna* things in the movies, but I like a little wickedness and gloom once in a while."

The pink-and-whiteness of her skin and the clear blue of her eyes would have been a credit to *Pollyanna* herself.

"Twice in pictures I've been wicked and just that many times I have been happy. *Belshazzar's wife* in 'Intolerance' and 'The Woman God Changed.' After the *Woman* reformed I didn't care much for her. I'd like to make another picture like that only next time the *Woman* will manage to stay down in the South Sea Islands dancing, and flirting, and glorying in the heavy, languorous-scented moonlight. She won't ever reform."

I reminded her that it was usual for stars to murmur something about wanting to be a good influence and she chuckled at my cynicism.

"No, I'm not particularly eager to be a great moral influence—I'd rather be entertaining. My only efforts as an uplifter were spent at home—squandered, I might say." She had to be urged to explain. "When my little girl was just a baby I started reading books on child training, and decided that she should be guided properly if it was the only thing I ever did. And instead of that, she started guiding me. I hadn't been much of a churchgoer since I was a youngster, but the children—my sister has a little girl too, you know—started going to Sunday-school when they were barely big enough to walk and they were so keen about it that I got interested. Youngsters weren't like that in my day—but they make Sunday-school and church much more interesting now."

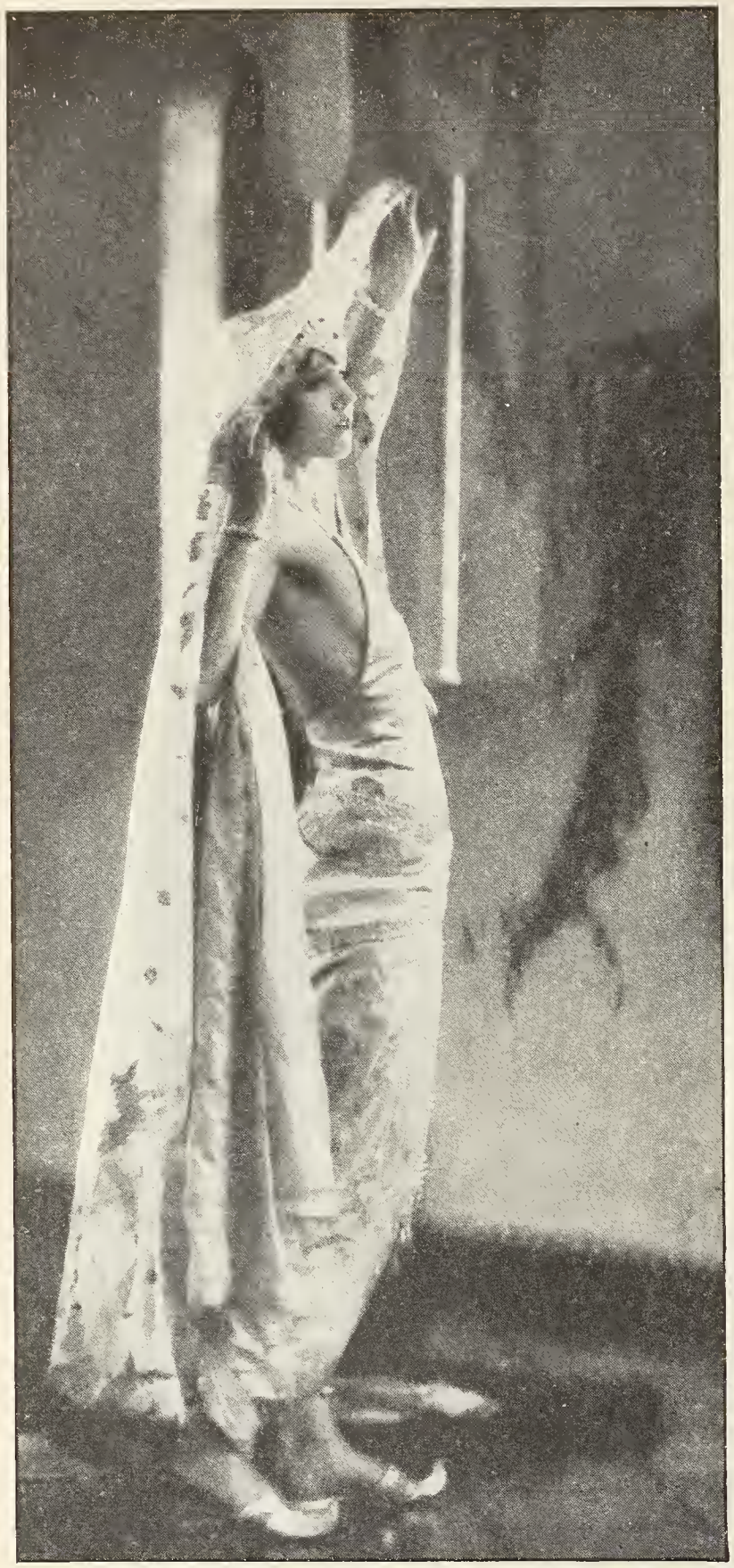
The appearance of our waiter suitably encumbered, turned our conversation to food. "I'm awfully lucky," Seena murmured over the faultless chicken à la king, "I've never had to go on a diet. I have to keep trying to put on weight. We have regular schoolgirl spreads sometimes. But I've been awfully lucky in a lot of ways—working for Mr. Griffith when I was a youngster, and having critics ignore some of the terrible pictures I've made and speak only of the one or two good opportunities I've had.

"We all have sagging spots in our careers—times when we have to take whatever is offered, and I guess I've had more of them than most players. I've played in some awful westerns and near-comedies and sob dramas, but I needed the money. A player would have to have an independent income in order to pick and choose his parts—and any one who had an independent income would never have patience and endurance enough to go on making movies."

"My dear Miss Owen," I remonstrated, "it is usual for artists to say that their art is the one thing to which their lives are dedicated. Do you mean to go against tradition and say that if you had money enough to live on you wouldn't act in pictures?"

"Not now," she came back crisply. "When I left pictures just after 'Intolerance' and was married and my baby was born, I was perfectly happy just to settle down. But when I had to come back to pictures, I got ambitious. Now I'm old enough so that the fascination of it all has me in its grip. I wouldn't give up

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Julanne Johnston, Doug's new leading lady, was selected for her proportions and her grace rather than for her understanding of conventional cinema acting.

Doug Rubs the

And the results look as if they would be quite

By Edwin Schallert

WHEN you are making out the list of cinema attractions that you want to see during the coming season, be sure to include "The Thief of Bagdad" and put after it—Douglas Fairbanks.

If you wish to perform the ceremony adequately, by all means inscribe the title in glistening gold. Mere black or green or purple will, I feel, hardly suffice to suggest the glamour of the "Arabian Nights" spectacle in which the star-producer will invade the glittering and magical city of Oriental romance. If I seem unduly prophetic, it is only because I have lately looked upon Doug's newest feature in the creation. I have heard from his own lips the story of what it is to be. I have watched the rising of the shining silver turrets that crown the fair white of his palaces of fantasy, and I have caught the whispers of that witchcraft that his cameras will resplendently ensnare.



Brandon Hurst as "The Calif."

Naught that adds iridescence and kindling beauty to scene and costume but will be embodied in the exotic pageant. Naught that has yet gone to make you gasp with astonishment, or laugh with delight at some bizarre eccentricity of pictorial motion, some photographic trick, but will be used to heighten the extravagant fascination of this new Scheherezade tale. Even now the sorcery is in progress that will give to the silver sheet strange monsters of the deep and weird denizens of the skies, and cause you to behold the flight of magic carpet and the vanishings beneath invisible helmet and cloak. If its promise is but half fulfilled "The Thief of Bagdad" will disclose a veritable fairyland wherein your imagination may fantastically rove from the depths of the sea to the heights where dwell the stars.

Naturally there is a purpose—a curious one. It is summed up in a sort of proverb—"You can steal everything except happiness." This is the guiding theme. You will see it first written by the planets on high, as a soothsayer speaks to a boy who lingers on his words of wisdom. Later, you will behold its fulfillment in the destiny of the renegade that Doug himself portrays.

In the earlier scenes of the story he is a veritable devil. He snatches purses while men wink. Old graybeards pass him as he lies snoozing in the dawn, before the muezzin's call, and have their hand bags cut off at the straps. Distracted they look around and then retrace their steps past the "sleeping beggar," who, after they are gone, wickedly opens one lustrous but mischievous eye.

Out of this morally misshapen being of rashness, rags and wrongdoing, emerges another of more splendid metal. A princess for whose hand there are many covetous suitors dawns upon the horizon of the thief. In the garden of her palace he plucks the rose of fate. He realizes that the prize is one for which he is not worthy, and that, even though more malevolent scoundrels than himself

Magic Lamp

as astonishing as when Aladdin lived.

Photos by C. S. Warrington

are his rivals, he must first purge his own soul of its dross, before he will be fit to protect the sanctity of his royal inamorata and her ivory-white domain.

And so he goes—to a valley where dwell monsters, huge and ominous, to find the talismanic gifts that will strengthen and fortify him for his victory. Swarthy and unclad, he tests his steel against the fire-breathing scaly beasts of mythical lore. He fights dragons and fierce birds like the giant roc. Onto the floor of the ocean he carries his quest, challenging the fabulous creatures of the slimy deep. On and on—until he discovers the treasured chest that contains the alchemic garments and weapons, the all-seeing crystals and the magic cloaks, that are to empower him to conquer the human forces of evil, now that he has won over those within himself.

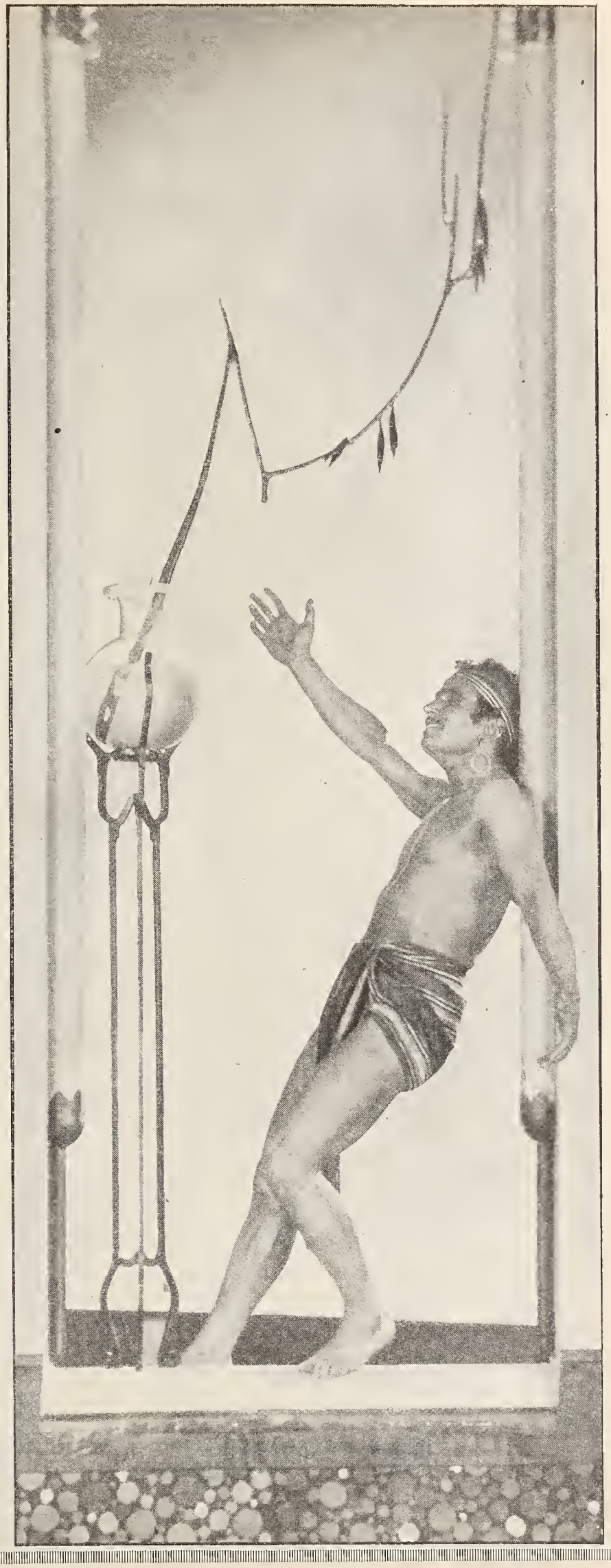
I have sought to sketch the story of this picture somewhat as it is to be told on the screen. It is impossible to give in the brief space of this article all the finer nuances with which Doug has endowed his plot and situations. Each is in its way symbolic of some high virtue, and perhaps deep vice, but each in turn radiates a drama and a fantasy that should prove absolutely enthralling for the beholder in their unadulterated enchantment.

The settings and the cast will match the rhapsodic mood. Doug has selected hardly a single person who is familiar to movie audiences. His leading woman, Julanne Johnston, was chosen not for her understanding of conventional cinema acting, but for her proportions and her grace. His sinister, double-dealing villain is a strange personality, known in the literary world as Sadakichi Hartmann, an author of treatises on art. Even more crafty-looking than the usurping *Prince John* of "Robin Hood" is this unusual intellectual, who is part German and part Japanese, and who is cast as a sneering Celestial prince.

As in "Robin Hood"' there will be a tremendous and magnificent set, around which many of the scenes will revolve. This will be a visionary reproduction of Bagdad. The drab of historical accuracy will be utterly ignored, and there will rise before you a city of alabaster and polished silver. Across a broad glistening square or courtyard, you will behold the pasteled palace of the sultan, the luminous minaret of the mosque, the sordidly splendid dens where hide the beggars and the thieves, the lily-white well and fountain where come the tired pilgrims for their libations and their rest. On one side the coruscated windows of the harem; on the other the flaring hangings of the bazaars. High up and above all, ever flashing in the sun, the domes and turrets that bespeak the Orient and its potent spell, now transcendently illumined.

Everything has been idealized, and everything made part of a shimmering harmony of light and

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On the stage Genevieve Tobin played the part of a motion-picture star so charmingly that William Fox signed her up to play the lead in "No Mother to Guide Her." Photo by Nickolas Muray

Over the

Even Fanny the Fan's flood of com landslide of resolutions, suggestions ferences and hearings in the

By The

JUST what do you make of all these conferences?" Fanny asked me and then, without giving me any chance to reply, went right on. "Over at the Waldorf the International Congress on Motion-Picture Arts is holding forth and the members of the Authors' League are protesting that the movies are too commercial and at the Astor the Metro exchange men are meeting and protesting that the movies aren't half commercial enough. It is all quite confusing.

"The writers seem to think that anything that has an unhappy ending and an un-DeMilled bathtub is art, but the exchange men think it takes lust in the title, an ingenue imprisoned in the villain's apartment, and a lot of shooting to make a good picture. The exchange men get up and shout that the author doesn't count, and the authors are trying to put over the idea that the author is nearly the whole show—or should be. The chief trouble is that the exchange men are in a hotel on Broadway and the authors on Fifth Avenue so they can't shout nearly loud enough to hear each other.

I don't see why some one didn't bring them together. I would gladly have acted as referee.

"And now the Universal salesmen are going to have a meeting. I just wish they would ask me to attend. There is nothing I love so much as a film salesman's ideas about art."

"You really ought to take the Authors' Congress more seriously," I chided her. "Eminent authors came all the way from France and England to attend it and it cost Adolph Zukor a lot of money."

"Oh, all right, then," Fanny conceded. "Let me read you this account of it by Wells Root in the Sunday *World*. He must have stayed awake through the whole thing, though goodness only knows how he did it."

Sueh a rustling of starched dresses and craning of newly washed necks as there was in the banquet room of the Waldorf when Uncle Adolph Zukor came in hippety-hop and sat down in the big armchair prepared for him by the Authors' League. For all the little authors and authoresses, with visions of much cold turkey and apple sauce, had put on their cleanest elothes and their Sunday behavior to meet him. Uncle Adolph had already anteyed up $50,000 for the party, and the little folk were pretty sure that there was more for every one if things worked out right. Round little Ellis Butler, who seemed to be the leader, got up to quiet the children and then introduced Uncle Adolph.

"Now, ehildren," began the great man, putting his hand in his poeket, "what do you think I have here?"

"A summons," eried all the children, for well they knew that the jovial old gentleman was in difficulties with the Federal Trade Commission.

Uncle Adolph was slightly vexed at this but quickly

While almost every one else swelters in the heat, Colleen Moore is freezing up in the California Mountains where she is making "The Huntress."

Teacups

ment is temporarily dammed by the and injunctions emanating from con- motion-picture industry.

Bystander

recovered his good humor and shook his head merrily.

"No, children," he said, "guess again." The little folk wrinkled their very high brows.

"A plan to bump off the censors," piped up little Elmer Rice. All laughed heartily at this sally, for it was common knowledge that Elmer has written "The Adding Machine" so sexcessfully that he couldn't possibly sell the movie rights.

"Wrong again. I suppose that I'll have to give you a hint. It's something all of you have been trying to get out of me and old Billy Fox and stout Sammy Goldfish for a long time and——"

"Money!" they all screamed in delight.

"Clever children," replied the great man, gratified at their enthusiasm. He pulled out a crisp, new $1,000,000 bill and waved it around for all to see.

"Hurrah!" they cried. "Hurrah for Uncle Adolph!" The enthusiasm grew so suddenly that the old gentleman put the bill out of sight very quickly, fearing lest some of the littler ones should be trampled.

The children were persuaded to go back to their seats with some difficulty, but soon all were quiet again.

"And now," said Uncle Adolph, "I want you to tell me just what is the matter with the movies."

You should have seen the little faces fall. Of course, all of them knew very well what



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Every one will be glad to see Ann May back on the screen in "The Fog."

was the matter with Uncle Adolph's movies, and were pretty sure that he wouldn't smile so benignly if they told him. But Ellis Butler, who saw just what was going on in their fine, artistic minds, got up and told them that Uncle Adolph was on the level if ever a movie man was. "Do you dare them to tell you?" he asked, turning to the great man.

"I double dare them," replied Uncle Adolph gravely.

Then all the little authors began talking at once, and talking so very fast that poor old Mr. Zukor really couldn't understand them at all. They were using such queer terms. They kept screaming "Art" and "To hell with the happy ending." Mr. Zukor, of course, couldn't be expected to know much about art and he was getting doubtful about the happy ending, when Allan Dwan came to the rescue.

Allan Dwan, as very few people know, is one of the nasty old directors. The directors are the people that are responsible for "the rosy-fingered dawn gilding the pinnacles of the button factory" and the enormous amount of osculation that constitutes the last reel of nearly every successful picture. Mr. Dwan leered horribly at the little folk, and they all stopped their chattering and began to look around nervously for the fire escapes.

"Gr-r-rrr," said Mr. Dwan.

"Oh-h-hhh," murmured the children apprehensively.

"We want money," snorted Mr. Dwan. "We appeal to babies. Give us entertainment. Ugh-hh. Boo."

"Oh-ooh," gasped the children again, and it was plain that some of the little ones were about to cry. You see they weren't at all used to being spoken to this way, and Mr. Dwan had just frightened them almost to pieces. But just then some of them happened to glance sidewise to where John Farrar, with complete aplomb, was telling stories to Nita Naldi in the corner. "And then who in the world should come in but the house detective," they heard Nita say, but they couldn't hear the rest of the story, because Nita and John



Florence Eldridge has long been a favorite on the stage, but she is just making her début in pictures in Fox's "Six-Cylinder Love."

Photo by Nickolas Muray



Alma Rubens is competing for the long-distance commuting championship by motoring in from location every night. Photo by Kenneth Alexander

suddenly lowered thier voices. Still, this served to break the tension.

"Don't give us sex," howled the horrid old director. "We can't do it. We should love to if the censors would let us, because it would bring us the coin."

Now sex is very near to the heart of every author with any reputation at all for serious art. After Mr. Dwan had thus taken away their newest and brightest toy they realized that they might just as well pick up the rest and go home. Elmer Rice stuck out his tongue. Somebody tittered.

"Ya-hhh, g-rrrrr," said Mr. Dwan, making faces. Several of the little people snickered. In the corner Nita Naldi burst out laughing and slapped John Farrar on the knee. Mr. Dwan began to perspire slightly.

"Don't try to elevate us," he screamed.

"We couldn't if we tried," they shouted back. By this time there was general yammering among the authors. Mr. Dwan boiled over and was taken off the stove.

Then Basil King jumped up on his chair and all the authors began to listen. Basil had been a little wild ever since his visit to Hollywood.

"I should love to strangle every movie man in California."

"Oh, goody, goody," shouted the authors. "When do we begin?"

Will Hays leaned over to Uncle Adolph and whispered, "Don't be afraid," which, of course, helped enormously. Uncle Adolph nervously fidgeted in his chair and broke in another cigar.

"This meeting is nothing but publicity for Paramount," shouted Basil, who by this time was feeling his oats; "and you have been played for fish."

"Ya-hh-h," shouted back the authors nastily, shaking their tiny fists.

Even Big Brother Hays could see by this time that the meeting was getting beyond control. He jumped to his feet and began throwing candy to the children. Now he is practically the world's champion candy thrower, and soon had the little authoresses smoothing out their muslins and sitting down.

"The movies, little dears," he began, throwing a pound of caramels to Elmer Rice to keep his jaws busy, "are very, very young. Like very, very young children, they often make embarrassing mistakes."

"Louder," shouted a voice from the back of the room. "And funnier," replied all the little authors in chorus.

"Now I want you to go home and write me some nice, clean stories that are proper for very little children. And then Uncle Adolph will send you lots of nice apple sauce."

The children were too busy eating candy to notice that Brother Will had finished—all except little Fanny Hurst, who has a tendency toward the statuesque and is dieting.

"Art," she said gravely, "is more to me than all the apple sauce in California."

There was a slight cheer or two among the authors, many of whom were getting sleepy and wondering why they had come anyway.

"If two thirds of the people there had had as keen a sense of humor as



Though she just made her début in "Java Head" little Polly Archer now has an impressive list of parts to her credit. Photo by Victor Georg

that the conference would have been laughed to death the first morning," I cut in.

"Oh that isn't nearly all he said," Fanny observed superciliously, "but I'm saving the rest to quote without giving him credit. A girl must get a reputation for brains somehow."

"I don't see why," I observed. "Even the motion-picture stars with brains get the reputation of being dumb-bells and it doesn't seem to hamper their social success any."

"But speaking of conferences," Fanny rambled on, paying little attention to me but watching the flower petals float down the miniature stream in the Ritz tea garden, "every motion-picture fan ought to attend at least one meeting of film salesmen or exhibitors and then she would know one of the best answers to 'What is wrong with the movies?'"

Fanny might have gone on in this serious vein indefinitely if the sight of a solemn-faced waiter hadn't reminded her of Bert Lytell.

"We had tea here just before he sailed to Italy to be in 'The Eternal City,'" she chuckled, "and that waiter was so impressed by serving Bert Lytell himself that he was just struck dumb. No matter what we ordered he solemnly brought us something else. He brought us enough sandwiches for a whole troupe on location. And instead of being annoyed at him, Bert was just terribly amused. When the waiter was out of sight he imitated him for me. Bert is wonderful the way he can change his whole appearance by adopting different expressions.

"He was remarking about some of the calamitous things that censorship does to pictures. In some of his pictures important scenes have been lifted out bodily. The effect, Bert says, is something like the letters he used to write to his mother

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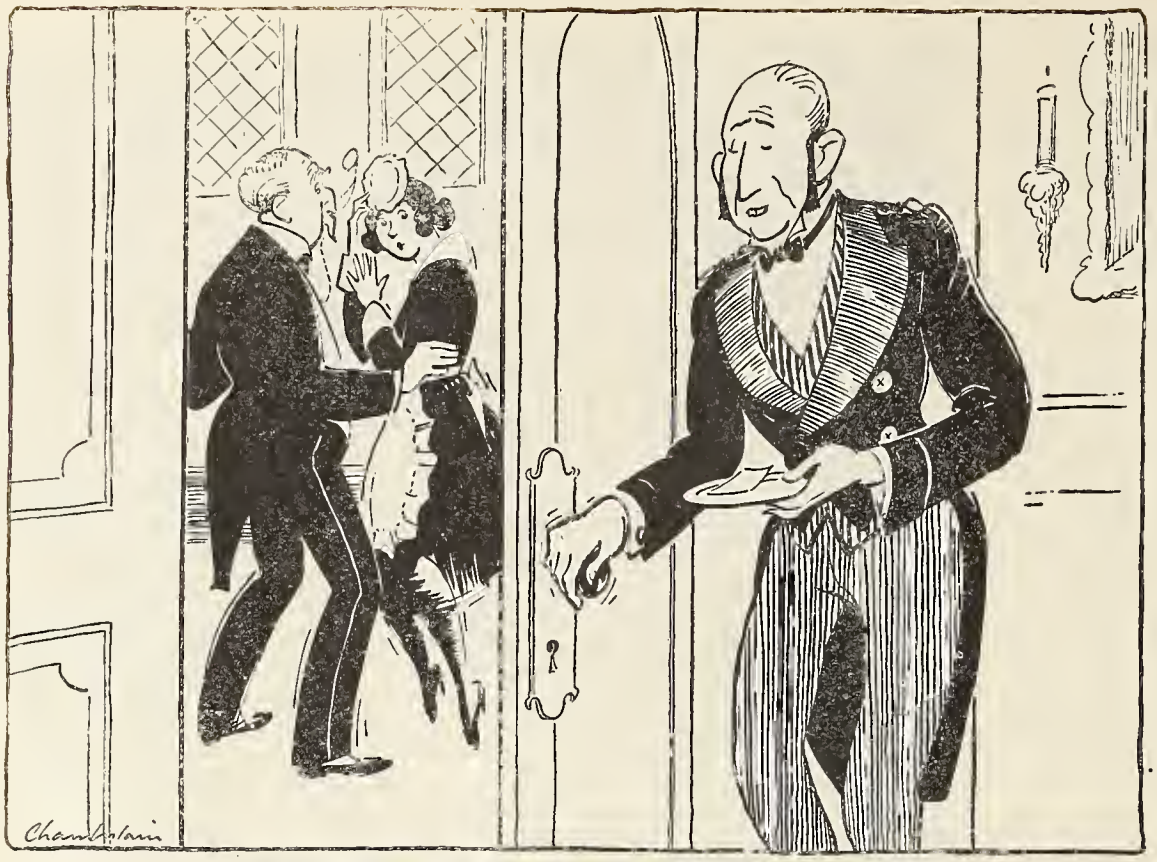
Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Neither money nor big opportunities can induce Mabel Ballin to work for any director but her husband.

Ruth Clifford is going to play in the Rockett Brothers' big picture based on Abraham Lincoln's life, but, naturally, this costume has nothing to do with it.

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser





"He should fumble the knob a bit before opening the door."

The Movies Learn Manners

And no less a person than John Holmes Howell, who has been valet to dukes and danced with queens, is the teacher.

By Don Ryan Illustrated by K. R. Chamberlain

NOT that way, my dear man," remarks John Holmes Howell.

The youth in a lackey's uniform—who looks as though he ought to be hoeing corn in the vicinity of Kansas City instead of acting on a movie lot—tries it again. He walks up to the door. He knocks diffidently.

"No, no!" cries his instructor. "You don't knock. My word! That would be 'ighly indiscreet. Just rattle the knob a bit. That's it. Then open the door and go in.

John turns to me.

"You'd be astonished," he says, "at the mistakes of the pictures. Here is a case in point. *Lord Somebody* and the *Duchess of Something* are supposed to be behind that door. They might be in some deucedly compromising position—lords and ladies are human beings, you know. If the servant knocked, why it would show that 'e suspected something of the kind.

"'E should fumble a bit at the knob—as if 'aving a little difficulty with the door, d'ye see? Then open the door and walk right in."

John looks at me questioningly. I nod to show that I understand.

"You being a writer are probably interested in such things," continues John. "We've finished on this set. If you'll come into the office I can tell you something that might interest you. You'll be surprised at the mistakes I find on every 'and."

Into his private office I follow this, the latest acquisition of the Goldwyn technical staff. And here he unburdens himself.

The movies are fortunate in acquiring John Holmes Howell. He is serving them with the same assiduity with which he formerly attended the royal 'ouse'old of H. R. H., the Duke of Connaught.

John is a figure in the films. He is a success. He makes much more than he ever earned as servitor. He has his own servants now—and the private office where he sits behind a flat-topped desk.

John is a technical expert. The producers pay well to have this former English servant tell them how servants ought to behave in pictures representing what is technically known as "swell life."

He looked after the manners of the servants—and their masters—in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" for Mary Pickford, "The Prisoner of Zenda" for Rex Ingram, and in many other big pictures.

But John isn't happy. He complains that after paying him to tell them how things ought to be done, the directors will not let them be done that way.

John would laugh—if it didn't make him feel more like crying—over the movie conception of a butler: a short, fat, bald man, who stands rigidly at attention, elbows spread out, chin away up in the air.

"Why in Lunnon, a butler who looked like that couldn't get a job as a brewer's drayman! They're always six feet 'igh and with plenty of 'air on their 'eads. In most large places footmen 'ave to powder. 'Ow could they do it on a bald 'ead, I'd like to know?"

When John becomes engrossed in conversation he drops h's right and left. This trait would place him



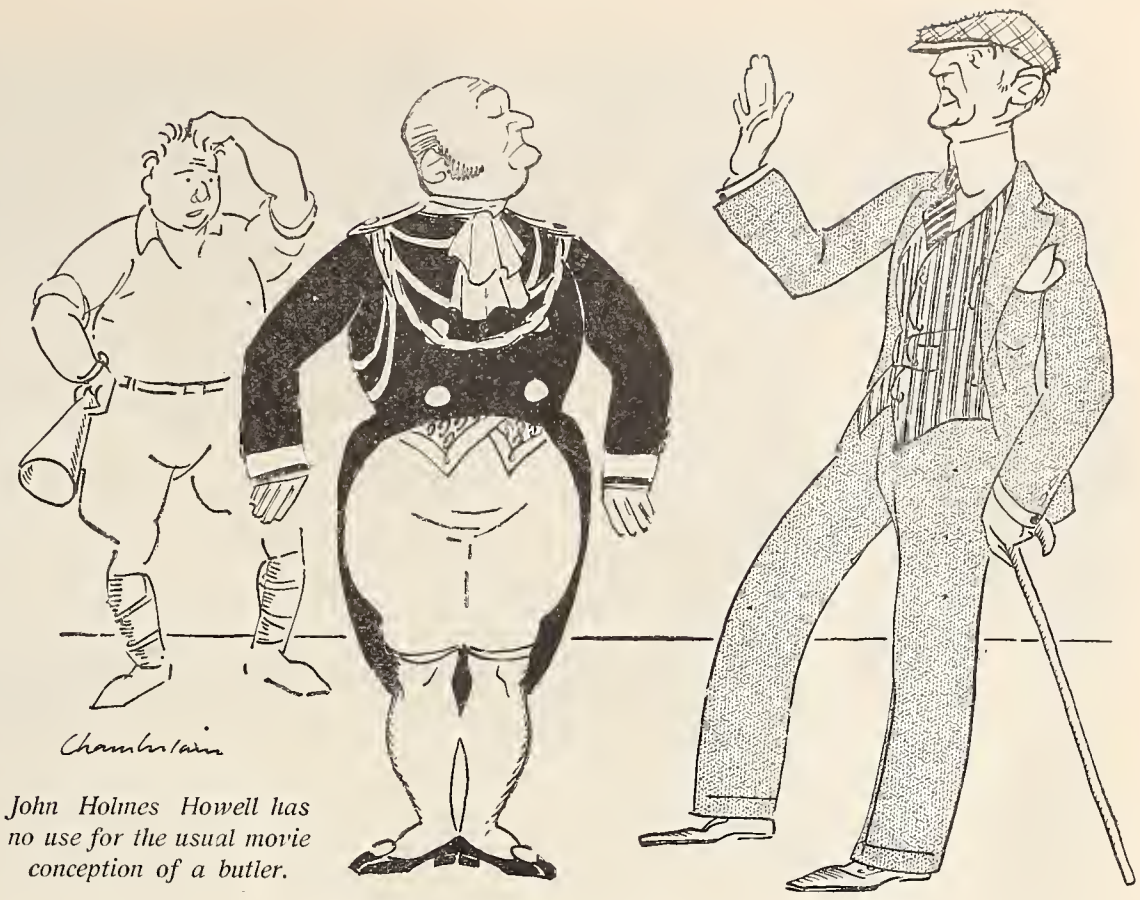
"I've seen King Edward take out his flask and hand it to his gillie."

in England—this and his ears, which stick out at a pronounced angle.

But in America he could easily pass for the Irish Prince, his own beloved Duke of Connaught, whom he served so faithfully for many years.

John is a gentleman's gentleman. A tall, austere figure, loosely dressed in gray, with the right kind of cravat. Aspiring movie actresses instinctively broaden their a's when they address him. Sitting behind his flat-topped desk, John hires and fires with grave dignity. Visitors from Iowa think he is Mr. Goldwyn.

All his life John has served the English nobility. His first job was cartridge boy to King Edward VII. at the Whitney Court shooting. He has been valet to the Earl of Dudley, Marquis of Zetland, Earl of Minto, Duke of Grafton and Duke of Portland. He has ten decorations and two war medals for service with the Duke of Connaught, whom he accompanied to the famous Durbar of 1897, when the duke represented Queen Victoria. He was present at the 'oisting of the royal standard at Khartoum after the conquest of the Soudan.



John Holmes Howell has no use for the usual movie conception of a butler.

John could tell me—but he will not—some very funny jokes on King Edward and Queen Victoria. And he has postcards which the kaiser sent his English relatives, signed "Willie!"

"A valet always accompanies his gentleman," explains John, "if 'e goes shooting—if 'e goes fishing. There are only three things a gentleman tells his servant—where he is going, how long he will be away and what he is going to do.

"At any public banquet a member of the royal family is served by his personal servant, who stands behind his chair. These large 'ouse'olds are run more or less on the regimental system. The 'ouse steward controls all the men and the 'ousekeeper the women.

"A 'ouse steward is an important man. Always dignified. 'E'll call a servant into his office and give him a severe reprimand with as much dignity as if 'e was commander of a brigade.

"I've traveled extensively in the course of my duties in Africa, India and Egypt. I had to know what my gentlemen would require in each of these countries. A servant really gets a vast experience from his own 'ouse and the other 'ouse'olds whereby 'e's a-wisiting.

"But in the movies they think a servant only opens and closes doors!"

John sighed eloquently.

"The mistakes I see! In the subtitles they'll call your duke's daughter lady and his son mister. They'll call a baronet a lord and they'll 'ang decorations on a minister as only has one neck decoration.

"Take a 'unting scene. In the pictures they always put all the guests in 'unting caps. Of course you know there are only five men who wear 'unting caps—the master of the 'ounds, the 'untsman, the two whips and the terrier man.

"But this isn't the worst. By no means. I went to see Fred Niblo's picture the other day. And do you know, they actually had the servant come in and drop some dish down on the right-hand side of Mrs. Fair. Most extraordinary thing! Of course, as you know, the only thing ever served from the right is wine. Most extraordinary!"

John sighed again.

"Their idea of a servant is the kind they keep themselves—some one who dusts their car. In England a royal servant is a personage."

John's pale eyes lighted shrewdly.

"If I'd announced myself in America—as I've known others like me to do—as John 'Olmes 'Owell, K.C.B., G.C.M.G., M.V.O.—Lud! How they'd 'ave fallen on my neck!"

The former royal servant was functioning as a social mentor to Charles Brabin, when the latter was preparing to loose Elinor Glyn's "Six Days" upon our innocent youth. But John says he couldn't persuade Mr. Brabin to do it at all like they used to do it in the royal 'ouse'old.

It was different in England. In the good days before the great war ladies and gentlemen used to stand by and cheer the cricket and football matches between servants—stables against the 'ouse—'ouse against the gardens, and so on. Those were the days of large entourages. They are gone.

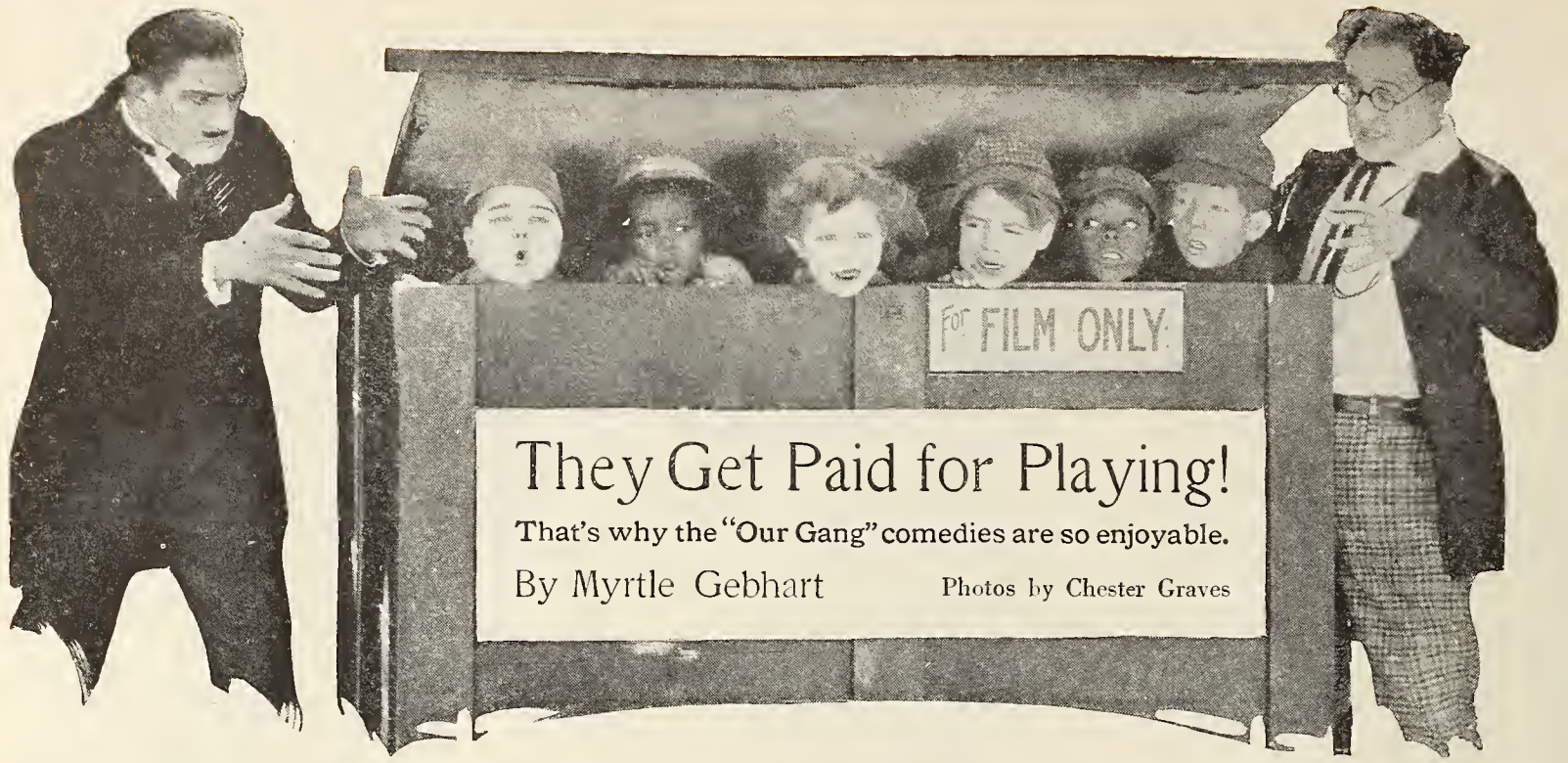
At the servants' ball in Balmoral Castle, John danced with Queen Mary, the Queen of Spain, Princess Pat. Ah, there was a sweet, royal lady! Kings danced with housekeepers, stewards with queens. Thus was the worthy servant honored by his noble master.

"I've seen King Edward take out his flask and 'and it to his gillie—gamekeeper, you know—before 'e took a drink 'isself. And it was customary for Queen Victoria to take tea frequently with the gillie's wife.

"In those days it was always 'Would you please?' and 'No, thank you.' I never hear anything like that nowadays."

John's pinkish face is earnest. His pale eyes are

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They Get Paid for Playing!

That's why the "Our Gang" comedies are so enjoyable.

By Myrtle Gebhart Photos by Chester Graves

ONE day about two years ago I noticed a group of people on a studio-set, looking so solemn I wanted to ask them what hurt. While a too-conscientious mother fussed about, the director was attempting, by cajolery and wiles, to awaken in the shallow soul of a lovely girl-child what he would call, I suppose, the dramatic sense or something of the sort. Whatever it was, he didn't get it. There was a great to-do about the lights—they must halo Ethel's golden curls *just so*. She posed, her little head at an effective angle, her primrose lips parted in prayer.

"Yes, yes, her dress is all right!" The director with difficulty restrained his opinion of the conscientious mother. "Now, Ethel dear, let's rehearse the scene again. Your daddy has gone away, leaving poor dear mamma——"

"Where'd daddy go?" came the plaintive voice of little Miss Ethel.

"To h-heaven!" The director gnashed his teeth. "And you're hungry——"

"No, I'm not." Ethel raised her voice in refutation. "Jus' had breakfas'. An' I'm goin' to luncheon with a lady that's goin' to innerview me——"

"All right, all right. Madam, the child's dress is *supposed* to be rumpled—she's a poor cast-off. Lights! What's the matter with that number three carbon? We've got to have that moonbeam through the window haloing her curls—pathos, you know. Ethel, this is a dramatic moment! You must cry—stop squirming; there!—hold that pose—your daddy isn't coming home—and you're sad. Remember, you feel terrible about something."



Mary Kornman was admitted to the "gang" only when she proved herself to be eligible under the rules.

Receiving no response from the stolid little white face that couldn't seem to quiver in pathetic longing, he took a new tack. "You can't have any ice cream, you can't have any ice cream, you can't—oh, for the Lord's sake" — in a final burst of exasperation—*"cry!"*

"But I don't see anyfing to cry about," the child said wistfully.

Fortunately for her, something went wrong with the lights again. Her mother, scenting publicity, brought her over to me.

"I'm pleased to meet you an' the public's been jus' wunnaful to me," the little thing, fumbling with her picturesque rags, recited parrotlike the stock phrases that studio mothers teach their offspring. She said: Yes, ma'am, she liked actin' an' she wanted to be very 'moshunal an' dram-attic an'——

But when I told her that my niece was celebrating her birthday and all the kids were over to our house and they'd all brought their bathing suits, like we said to, and were having a grand time, pretending it was raining with the yardman holding the hose on them—her

blue eyes opened wide, filled with tears, and her vapid little face glowed as if a light had been turned on inside it. Before she had been sullen — "difficult" was the word the director had used, as he paced the floor—but now her whole frail little body was animated.

"Mother won't let me play much with other chil'ren. Mother says I must study an' d'velop. I hafta dance an' practice music."

Stilted, poised little soul, with her childhood, at six or seven, buried behind her. Back again under the lights, posed just so, coaxed and pampered and made a fuss over, in a few moments she was again drooping, a tired, spoiled, unnatural child.



This isn't acting—it's the real thing.

A few days ago I saw a similar scene directed. But the whole atmosphere was different. It was at the Roach studio, where they make those uproarious "Our Gang" kid comedies. The lights and everything had been arranged and the little girl, Mary Kornman, was called in from the studio grounds, where she had been hunting for beetles. She had lunched on bread and jam, as evidenced by a red strawb'ry streak on her chin; every little while an exploring pink tongue would emerge, describing a wider arc with each trip from her rosebud mouth, until the streak had entirely disappeared.

"Want to play with your dolls, Mary?" they asked her.

Her blue eyes grew big with ecstatic approval of the suggestion.

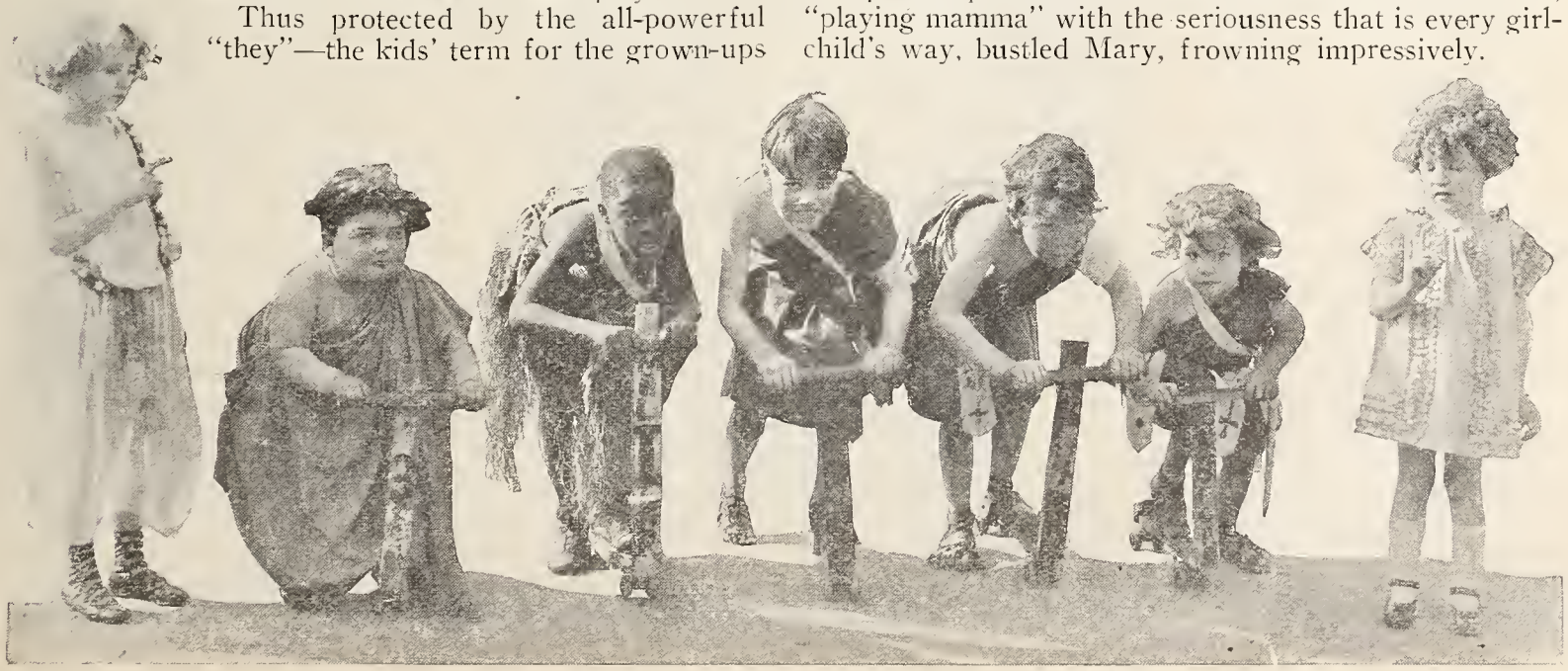
"They won't lemme." She lapsed into gloom after a moment's consideration. "Mickey, he says if I play with dolls roun' here he'll crawl down my froat an' kick my heart out, he will so."

"Never mind about Mickey," they assured her. "Go ahead and play."

Thus protected by the all-powerful "they"—the kids' term for the grown-ups —Mary, a tiny piece of bright gold fluff, bustled busily about the set. Nobody paid much attention to her. "They" were talking about whatever was going to happen in China and last night's bandit murder and apparently didn't notice Mary a single bit. There were five dolls in various states of deshabille, and Mary dressed and undressed them with a great to-do.

"My good-nuss gra-*shuss,*" she sighed, blue eyes worried. "My chil-rens jus' get worser'n-worser every sin-*gle* day. It's jus' terrible. I ache so in my back I could cry. P'raps it's th' lumbago. Lucille, will you stop 'at cryin' an' turn over an' go to sleep!" But Lucille wouldn't, not until she had been turned over and her china eyes forcibly closed. "Thank mercifus heavings to-morrar's Sunday. I got the bakin' done an' all I got to do is fry the chicken an' make th' ice cream."

One of the men clustered behind the scene raised his hand, but the hum of the grinding camera did not bother the preoccupied child. About her household duties, "playing mamma" with the seriousness that is every girl-child's way, bustled Mary, frowning impressively.



They Get Paid for Playing!



Mickey Daniels is one of the leaders of the troupe.

"Don' want no ole gurl playin' with us." Mickey Daniels, who leads the gang, took a firm stand when "they" said the rough bunch needed the refining influence of feminity. For they're all boys, even Farina, the little colored baby who usually seems in dire need of a safety pin. They just tacked that lady name on him, insists Master Allan Hoskins, two years old and as black as the shades of night, 'cause "there was awready Sammy" an' they just had to have a black baby. They won't even let him cut his hair, but make him wear it in pigtails, which Allan—excuse me, Farina — considers the height of ignominy. But Farina's too little to play real girls and she—or he—doesn't matter so awful much anyhow. So Mary was proposed.

"We'll hafta be p'lite." Mickey, the ringleader, handed up the gang's ultimatum to the "theys"—Tom McNamara and Bob McGowan, the directors. This invasion of their territory by the worrisome sex brought to a head the antagonism that smolders between little boys and little girls. "Don't wanna be p'lite to no gurls," he proclaimed loudly.

"Don't wanna be p'lite," echoed Jackie Condon, aged five, dolefully.

"It's pozzalutely orful." Jack Davis, Mildred's brother, joined the fray. "Di'n'chu know our rule, our most importantest rule? This is a biznuss orga'zashun, our gang is, an' we don't want wimmin. They giggle and," ending lamely as Mary fixed her passive blue eyes upon him, "can't do nothin' fellers can."

"I can so do what-all you can." Mary, hitherto quiet, knowing full well that little girls usually get what they want in the long run, suddenly took a stand in her own defense. "I can do *exackly* what you can, I can so."

Thereupon Mickey said triumphantly, "You can't 'ressle, you can't."

"Can too!" Mary retorted, eyes blazing, and locked her arms about Mickey in a strangle hold, while the others tittered at his discomfiture.

"Git your ole knee outa my stummick, that there ain't no way to 'ressle!" Mickey howled. "Aw-right, I guess you can 'ressle. We gotta think up somepin else for her to do, fellers. Le's make her climb the fence an' ride Dinah an'——"

Gamely, though her gleaming white legs were scratched and her gingham frock torn, Mary took her dares like a good sport.

"My daddy's importantest aroun' here an' he'll lemme in your old gang anyhow," she insisted between spasms of eating grass, standing on her head and closing her

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"Really, I don' see how I manage a-tall." She leaned wearily against the door-jamb. "My chil'rens is always hungry or else they got to have their ears washed. Jean-*ette,* will you *kinely* hush squallin'? Oh my gra-*shuss*——"

But into this scene of childhood play—a scene that had the realism conscious acting never attains—came a disturbance. Came? It bounded, poured, crashed into the studio. Shrill cries in strident, high-pitched tones—a gang of whooping, howling, scrapping kids. At the scene where the little girl paused in her doll-play, the mass gradually disintegrated itself and its component parts appeared—the arms and legs and fists and faces of half a dozen exceedingly dirty little boys.

"Hi, there, fellers!" One freckled-faced urchin opened his mouth very wide. The scene was apparently offensive to him. "Lookit whut she's doin'—playin' with them ole dolls again!" Consternation gave way to righteous fury. "She broke the rule! I ast you, fellers, are we goin' to stan' for that! Are we?"

The maternal gleam in Mary's eyes disappeared and they grew sad and bewildered.

"They tol' me to," she hedged. "I didn't wanna, but they said——"

The battery of accusing eyes focused upon the important "they" in shirt sleeves. "They" shifted uncomfortably and confessed. Mary was forgiven.

"Anyway we got a peach of a scene," one of the "theys" smiled. "That's the gang's rule; no dolls or cry-baby-stuff goes."

At first they didn't want Mary.



"The Spoilers" has been revived and the new production is very thrilling.

The Screen in Review

Critical comment on current releases.

By Agnes Smith

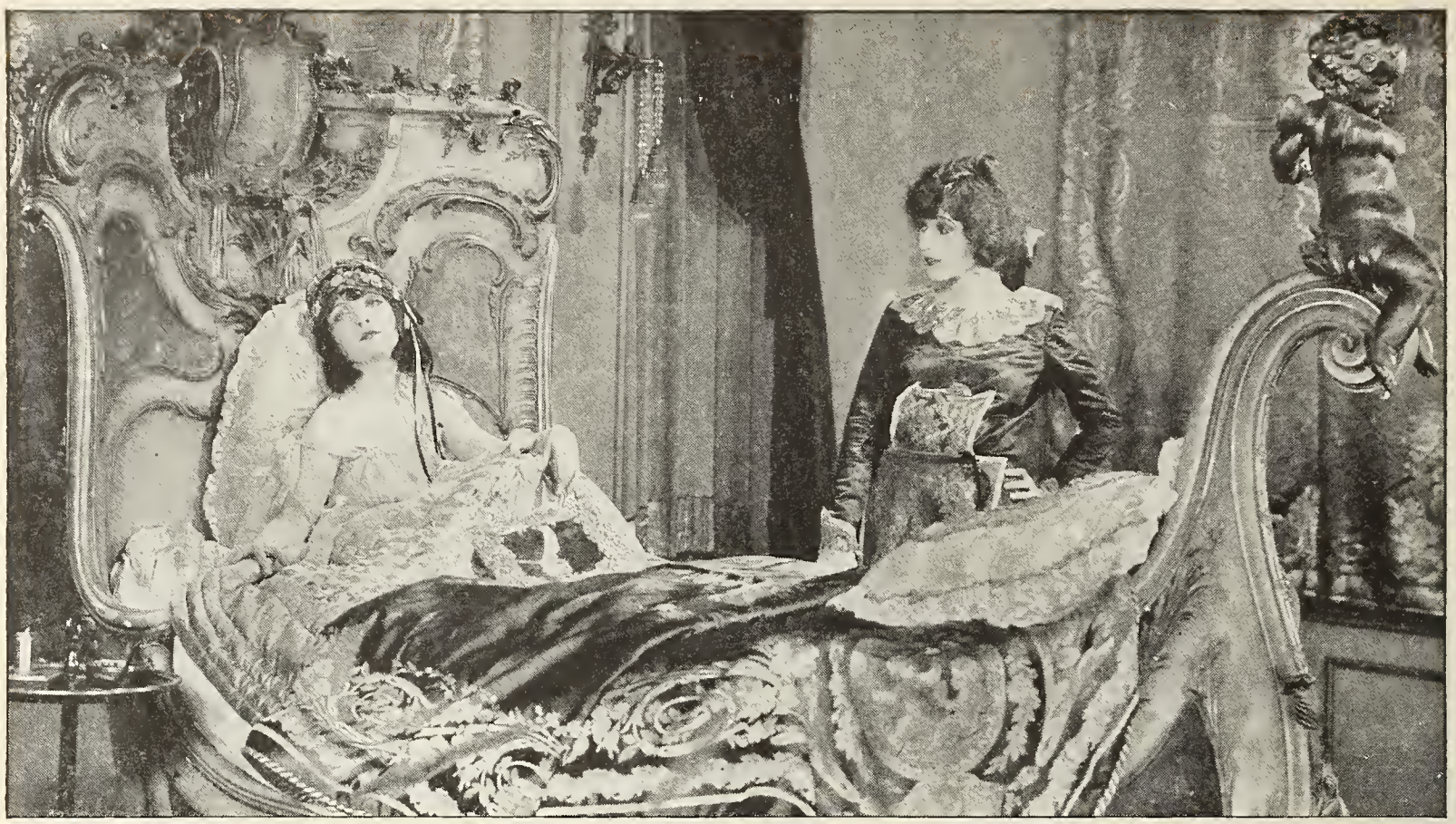
IN a month that passed without the explosion of any super-masterpieces, the outstanding event in your reviewer's life was the alleged massacre of Sinclair Lewis' brain-child, "Main Street," at the hands of the Warner Brothers. From advance reports we had an idea that the Warners, aided by Harry Beaumont, the director, and Julien Josephson, the scenario writer, had transferred the plot to the South Sea Islands with some snappy scenes at Monte Carlo for comedy relief.

When "Main Street" was shown in New York, the educated Broadway critics remarked uppishly that considerable liberties had been taken with the book. But, I ask, when are not considerable liberties taken with any book when it is transferred to the screen? And since when are Sinclair Lewis' stories more holy than Barrie, Balzac or the Bible, which, in that respect, have all fared badly at the hands of film directors? As most of my gladsome youth has been tossed away watching movies, I can no longer join the excited throngs that protest against the murder of literary masterpieces. I realize all too well that authors are only too glad to accept tainted movie gold and that they only grow outraged at the vileness of the screen when they are called upon to make speeches at literary gatherings.



Ben Turpin at last has appeared in his belated masterpiece, "The Shriek of Araby."

All this is by way of a preamble to the statement that "Main Street," as flaunted by the Warner Brothers, is no particular disgrace to civilization. In fact, it stands a good chance of being a popular hit and gathering in the much-needed coin at the box office. It was held over for a second week at the Strand, in New York, which is something that happens to few pictures. The almost intolerable dullness of the book makes itself felt at times in the picture and the ending, which is grotesquely distorted melodrama, is downright foolish. But the picture contains much good, human stuff, some shrewd bits of character drawing and a great deal of comedy. At times the Gopher Prairie atmosphere—the best stuff in the book—is reduced to conventional hick hokum, but anyway it is aimed at the understanding of the



"Rich Men's Daughters" is another picture showing how the wealthy are supposed to live. .

broadest and least subtle audience in the world, and in the main, the picture seems to be the result of a sincere attempt to get as much of the spirit of the book onto the screen as was consistent with the present limitations of movie manufacture. The only glaring fault which made us sneer outright was the introduction of an ice carnival, evidently imported straight from the New York Hippodrome.

The finest thing about the picture is the acting of Florence Vidor as *Carol Kennicott*. Now *Carol* is probably the most annoying character in all fiction and the most impossible to understand. I don't think Sinclair Lewis was any too sure of her. Miss Vidor, by reason of charm of personality and skill in acting, manages to make her both curiously sympathetic and terribly annoying. Hers is one of the most deft bits of character drawing of the year. Monte Blue, forced by the demands of the adaptation, turns *Doc. Kennicott* into something of a movie hero; that is, the *Kennicott* of the screen is far more likable and human than the *Kennicott* of the book. As *Bea Sorenson*, Louise Fazenda acts with so much wistful pathos and bouncing humor that we are almost inclined to call her the Mary Pickford of broad comedy. Alan Hale and Harry Myers are two unusually capable members of the Warner Brothers' highly competent and expensive cast. A great many persons who couldn't wade through the book will be able to get some idea of the "Main Street" atmosphere, at least, from this picture.



"The Ragged Edge" features Alfred Lunt and Mimi Palmeri.

By the way, I wonder if the critics who object so fiercely to the villainy of the Warner Brothers will shoot themselves in the lobbies of theaters when Cecil De Mille presents his version of "The Ten Commandments?"

High Art in Lowly Places.

When "The Shriek of Araby," Ben Turpin's latest blow for art, was shown at the Capitol Theater in New York, I put on my best dress, called a taxi and bought a seat in a loge. I wanted to do full honor, in my sometime humble way, to the Great Master. And when I say Great Master, I don't mean D. W. Griffith; I mean Mack Sennett.

"The Shriek of Araby" is the belated burlesque on the Valentino craze. I don't know why it was withheld so long from a starved public. I have lived patiently for a year, lured on by the promise of seeing Ben in a sheik's costume.

If I praise "The Shriek of Araby" unduly, it is because I am hopelessly prejudiced in favor of Mr. Sennett and Mr. Turpin. But I know unfortunate persons who don't think they are funny at all; persons who profess to believe that their stuff is crude and vulgar: persons who condescendingly refer to their pictures as "that horrible slapstick."

But to me, the Sennett comedies are the only truly original and one hundred per cent. entertaining pictures on the screen. Moreover, to me, they are veritable treasures of wit and wisdom. My exaggerated opinion of their worth is shared by Harry Leon Wilson, author of "Merton of the Movies," who claims the slapsticks are so subtle

and so highbrow that they can only be appreciated as fine satire by a small majority in any audience.

"The Shriek" isn't a remarkable masterpiece like "A Small-town Idol," but it shows streaks of the same fantastic imagination, the same keen sense of satire and the same fine disregard of movie bunk. When I try to tell you how Ben Turpin looks in his sheik's outfit, the tears blind my eyes and I cannot write. Kathryn McGuire, the *Agnes Ayres* of the plot, is recommended to the attention of those persons who still believe that a blonde hasn't a sense of humor.



"The Exciters" relates the adventures of the speed-mad flapper.

The Revival of the Fittest.

Years ago the big fight scene in "The Spoilers" was as much of a sensation as the Dempsey-Gibbons row. It was such a hit that it put the punch into movies and was responsible for many black eyes among the bad men of the screen. Goldwyn has revived Rex Beach's story and with Lambert Hillyer acting as referee, Milton Sills and Mitchell Lewis stage one of the cutest little fights you ever saw. It is very thrilling to see two strong men hanging chairs on each other's ears and in one big moment Milton Sills wrecks a book case that contains the complete works of the now-forgotten Eminent Authors.

As entertaining melodrama, "The Spoilers" is all to the good, as the highbrow critics say. Maybe at times you will find the plot rather complicated and maybe you'll get a little confused as to the identity of some of the characters, but when the picture breaks loose into the big climax, you'll forget these minor troubles. Milton Sills comes back to life after a long series of society dramas with Lasky and acts like a colt put out to pasture. Mitchell Lewis swings a wicked punch. Barbara Bedford is pretty but comparatively inconspicuous in the rôle created by Bessie Eyton. The richest part falls to Anna Q. Nilsson, who steps into Kathlyn Williams' old rôle of *Cherry Malotte* and makes a bewitching villainess.

The backgrounds and the mob scenes deserve special mention. Not once during the picture are you reminded that you are just watching a lot of seven-dollars-and-fifty-cents-a-day actors on location. The Alaskan scenes look like the real thing—or rather what I think the real thing ought to look like.

Middle-aged Charm.

Even though I have a taste for slapstick and he-men fights, I am also capable of enjoying a pretty story told in a refined manner. I liked William de Mille's production, "Only 38," and I realize that it belongs in the class of "better pictures." The story is thoroughly delightful. It concerns the polite romance of an agreeable professor and the rather drab little widow of a clergyman. It doesn't sound exciting, I will admit. But somehow or other, you admire the fight that the prosaic couple makes for romance and you realize that love is not a luxury reserved for flappers and sleek young leading men.

Unfortunately for the success of the picture, William de Mille's direction is rather stodgy and decidedly shabby. The college atmosphere is phony, a fact that is apt to be recognized even by a freshman at high school. And, whereas in most movies, the settings are real and the story false, in "Only 38," the story is real and the settings are false. That is to say, they look too artificial. Lois Wilson, as the widow of 38, blooms forth quite prettily, but Elliott Dexter, as the professor, looks and acts like a leading man of a One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street stock company. In other words, his work has that hammy flavor. May McAvoy and Bobby Agnew are two innocuous young persons.

Freud Without a Shock.

Thomas Dixon, who simply will not allow you to forget that he is the fellow who wrote the story of "The Birth of a Nation," has produced a picture himself. It is called "The Mark of the Beast." Mr. Dixon has produced other pictures and the memory of them

drove me to a showing of his new film filled with high hopes for another terrible insult to our beautiful eighth art.

But I apologize to Mr. Dixon. In "The Mark of the Beast" he is on the right track. He is learning to tell an interesting and engrossing story without the aid of oratorical flourishes. This particular picture has psychoanalysis for its theme. Psychoanalysis is the science that has made the writings of Doctor Freud more famous than those of Elinor Glyn. Mr. Dixon doesn't plunge into the subject too deeply, but he is fairly accurate about it. However, for the most part, he is content with setting forth a straight melodramatic story.

In spite of the fact that "The Mark of the Beast" is no masterpiece, I don't know when I have seen a picture that stays so close to the story. There isn't a scene in which the picture deviates from its straight line of action. There is nothing particularly brilliant about it but it is pretty satisfying. The acting is a little below par, except for the performance given by Helen Ware. Robert Ellis does well enough as a psych-doctor but Madelyn Clare, the leading woman, is not a particularly good film type.



In "The Snow Bride" Alice Brady puts new vitality into an old melodramatic setting.

Cold-storage Melodrama.

Alice Brady, who is making a big hit on the stage in "Zander the Great," may stage a movie comeback if she makes more pictures like "The Snow Bride." This is the first film starring Miss Brady that I have seen in a year that hasn't been a total loss so far as I was concerned. But in "The Snow Bride," Miss Brady puts new vitality into the second oldest melodrama in the world by sheer force of clever acting. The picture actually reflects something of the sharpness and clarity of her stage work.

As for the story, it is almost ruined by the fact that you know from the beginning that some one is going to make a last-minute confession and clear the poor girl from the charge of murder. Probably the story was found embalmed up in the frozen North where the picture was taken. But I loved the blinding snow storm and the jingle-bell scenery that ornamented the plot. And it was such a hot day when I saw the picture that I hoped that the avalanche of ice that fell on the poor girl's father would mercifully descend on me.

Wild and Tame Plots.

The award of last year's automobile license tag—State of Idaho—goes to Allen Holubar for "Slander the Woman." The picture is just one of those things that isn't being done this year. If I sat right down and wrote a synopsis of the plot for you, you would think I was kidding you and trying to be funny.

Perhaps Mr. Holubar, who sometimes makes good pictures, was trying to be funny. But if so, why did he make Dorothy Phillips, his wife, stand for the joke? Miss Phillips is seen as *Yvonne Demarest*, a beautiful society girl, who gets mixed up in a murder trial and leaves town in disgrace to go to the Northwest, probably looking for Indian guides. Up in God's country, she runs into a couple of murders and a few shooting frays and enjoys herself until a nice man comes along and clears her good name. It takes about six reels to save her good name and the time is practically wasted.

"Garrison's Finish," starring Jack Pickford, is one of those pictures which, after you have seen it, makes you wish you had stayed home and read a good book. When scene after scene of worn-out movie stuff passes before your weary eyes, you wonder how any one has the nerve to dish up such warmed-over film food. Some race-track scenes — yes, it is the story of a plucky jockey and old Kentucky—are supposed to lend a touch of much-needed excitement to the affair, but who can get a thrill out of a "fixed" race? All the movie races are "fixed;" you know right well who is going to win.

As for Jack Pickford, I suppose he is all right in a way but I belong to that section of the public that wishes Mary would do all the acting for the family.

A Little Jazz.

Sometimes I wonder whether Bebe Daniels is a perfect pattern of a modern girl or whether the modern girl modeled herself by watching Bebe Daniels. "The Exciters," Miss Daniels' new picture, unfolds like the flapper's dream of Paradise; it tells the most fascinating and thrilling story about a girl who has a wonderful and exciting time and who meets and marries the most adorable burglar. Antonio Moreno is the handsome burglar.

"The Exciters" is another picture like "Nice People" in that it relates some more adventures of the speed-mad flapper. It is light and frivolous but amusing, and Miss Daniels flaps very well.

More About Penrod.

I never have seen a thoroughly convincing "kid" story on the screen. And I never have seen what to me was a thoroughly satisfactory child player—not even Jackie Coogan. I suppose the only way to catch the humor of childhood on the screen would be to employ the tactics used by Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson in taking wild animal pictures: build a blind and sneak up on the children when they are unaware of the camera.

First National's latest Booth Tarkington story, "Penrod and Sam" has been produced in a mood of rich humor but occasionally the members of the cast are too much like little actors and actresses and too little

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Hollywood High Lights

Flashes from the domain where shine the stars.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

EVEN star-studded Hollywood may occasionally derive a certain thrill from the advent of a new luminary, provided there is sufficient pounding of publicity and a brass band or two can be induced to wait at the railroad station, or march up the street. These things happen rarely, however, in a season during which the entire film canopy is cluttered up with planets and meteors. The ballyhoo over the arrival of Lenore Ulric, Joseph Schildkraut and Hope Hampton, all of whom are now present, was nothing out of the ordinary. It would have been considered mild compared with demonstrations over similar débuts in the past. Personally, we could hardly work up sufficient interest to be on time for the train. If it is true that players should make their entrances quietly then these eastern recruits have certainly filled the requirements.

Mr. Schildkraut interests us the most because we have recollections of him as the somewhat dashing *Chevalier* of Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm." He came West for the first time to play in pictures for Goldwyn but gave up his part as unsuitable and went over to the United Studios to play opposite Norma Talmadge. He talks glibly and intelligently of Baudelaire and Strindberg and Oscar Wilde, whose "Picture of Dorian Gray" he once hoped to make. He is one of the highest-browed actors on a first encounter that we have met since Milton Sills, who at one time tutored in philosophy.

One of the first persons to whom Schildkraut was introduced at the studio was June Mathis, scenario editor and accredited discoverer of Rodolph Valentino, and the first thing that he did was to kiss Miss Mathis' hand four times. The performance was so different and charmingly Continental that it wouldn't surprise us if kissing of a lady's finger tips would become quite the vogue in Hollywood, especially in the cake-eater and flapper set. We predict this only after careful reflection on the wake of shiny scalps and flounced trousers that followed Valentino's performance as the bull fighter in "Blood and Sand."



So many new stars are constantly arriving in Hollywood that the arrival of Lenore Ulric caused no extraordinary flurry.

A Call for Men.

The fact that the movies are a closed shop for the newcomer was brought to our attention not long ago by a producer of pictures who has manifested more than the average scope of intelligence. He mentioned as proof that in the five or six years that he has been in the "game" the distributors have been willing to gamble on only about fifty different faces. Of course, he mentioned in extenuation of the exhibitors' attitude that the public does not want new faces, but we do not agree with him.

We are positive of this, and that is that the public *does* want to see new people, at least occasionally, and does not want to see the same old faces all the time. It is for that reason that we frequently dwell in these columns on certain particular personalities that are not well known. We have faith that there are a great many readers of PICTURE-PLAY who think that the screen is far too narrow and limited in the types that it admits to their gaze, and that just now there is a frantic need for new personalities, especially among the leading men.

For some reason or other, pictures do not seem to attract the kind of actor that the public really wants. There is a plethora of actresses, but the real he-man who is not bent on marcelling or oiling his hair, whenever he can slip away to the hairdresser's between scenes, is as rare as the courtesy of chivalry. One reason why the fight pictures in which Reginald Denny and George O'Hara appear are at present so popular is because they reflect a real manlike spirit. Denny, in particular, seems full of a healthy vitality that appeals to women as well as men.

Some of our petted matinée idols, like Kenneth Harlan, seem to be getting as far away as possible in their more recent pictures from the sort of svelte rôles in which they have sought perhaps to win the favor of the ladies, and men like Thomas Meighan, who radiate the strongest traits of manhood, have survived the deterrent of a long list of bad plays.

The Valentino vogue, we think, is rapidly passing, if it is not actually gone, and we sense in the coming productions the awakening of new forces of virility. What the screen needs, though, is more vigorous and determined male actors, and it is for the fans to insist upon their presence.

A list of red-blood eligibles among the leading men, while naturally small, might include, besides Meighan, Denny and a few others, John Bowers, Malcolm MacGregor, Monte Blue, Richard Dix, Fred Thompson (serial star of steel-blue eyes), Charles de Roche (don't judge him by "The Law of the Lawless") and sadly misplaced Jack Holt. Not all of these men, to be sure, are carrying forward the precedent founded by William S. Hart, William Farnum, Harry Carey and Tom Mix, but they nevertheless are helping to uphold the masculinity of our plays, and the fans should demand of them more stalwart rôles and better pictures, and should insist upon the presence of more of their type of players.

In the Cause of Art.

There is one director in the pictures who does not hesitate to sacrifice his time in the cause of art, and that is Charles Brabin, who is probably less known for his film attainments than as the husband of Theda Bara.

Mr. Brabin is finding a new way to spend his Sundays. He is devoting them to a series of short-reel pictures that will offer a new artistic note. The first of these to be released, we understand, will be a visualization of the Keats poem, "The Eve of St. Agnes." This will be followed later by the legend of "Pygmalian and Galatea." A group of actors have aligned themselves with Mr. Brabin in the "cause," and he is using miniatures extensively for sets. Like the Little Theater movement, of which we told you last month, his undertaking seems to be a forerunner of more esthetic influences in our ocular entertainment.

Rather Merry.

"Merry Go Round," the picture which Eric von Stroheim started and Rupert Julian finished for Universal, had a very sumptuous preview recently at the Ambassador Hotel. Nearly every one in filmland was there, and they had to have two showings to take care of all the stars. We could tell in the film exactly where Mr. Von Stroheim left off and Mr. Julian began. We're sorry for Julian because it must have been a terribly difficult thing to come in on a production engineered by the diabolical Eric. The flash of Norman Kerry eating breakfast in a bathtub intrigued us immensely. Cecil B. De Mille should really copy that, but if he does it will have to be with apologies to E. v. S. and not to R. J.

Still in a Daze

Once in a while a girl who waits months and months and months for recognition in the pictures will have a great piece of good luck, because a big producer will decide that she is just the type that he requires for a certain important part. This happens rarely, but it does happen. There are few, though, who have realized their dream as has Julanne Johnston, engaged for "The Thief of Bagdad," which Douglas Fairbanks is making.

We saw Miss Johnston just after she had signed for the rôle of an Arabian princess, and she was still in a daze. She seemed to be happy just to sit on the porch of the studio administration building, waiting for the time to begin work, and looking off into the distant clouds.

Miss Johnston is a charming and well-bred girl of the slender type that is now acquiring prominence in pictures. Her principal success heretofore has been as a dancer, and if you want a nice glimpse of her watch for her as the première danseuse in the fantastic harem sequence of "The Brass Bottle."

A Terrible Suspicion.

What is this that a little bird is whispering around Hollywood about Charlie Chaplin (in his picture, "Public Opinion") dramatizing incidents from the life of Peggy Hopkins Joyce? If this be true, then we have at last solved the perplexing riddle of why the comedian should pursue such a succession of fair enthrallers. He wants, perhaps, to draw his characters and situations from life. Wouldn't it be terrible, though, if he should dissect the souls of each and every one of the attractive ladies on the screen? Really the girls ought to do something about it.



Hope Hampton is another star who recently came out to California.

At any rate, Charlie will have material for a long time to come. Consider the list of first names. Mae and Claire, and Claire again, and Lila, Anna, Peggy, Eleanor, Pola, and perhaps—although this is not properly authenticated or denied by the lady herself—Sigrid. We suggest that for the sake of expediency, if not for Charlie's own peace of mind, that they all be combined in one plot.

Wets Win Again.

If Eric von Stroheim ever does get through with "Greed," we hope that he will consider Mae Busch for the title rôle in "The Merry Widow," if that is going to be his next picture. After she finishes playing in "The Master of Man," which the Swedish director, Victor Seastrom, is directing, Mae will have done enough sad rôles for a while. She ought to have something light and frothy and glittering, just to show that versatility that we know is hers.

In "The Master of Man," Mae has been drenched most of the time. Half the scenes seem to transpire in the rain, and so she's either standing right where the water showers down over her head and shoulders, or has just come from a dousing under the studio garden hose, looking wet and miserable.

Theda Bara visited the Pickford-Fairbanks studio shortly after her arrival in California, but no casualties were reported. We sort of hoped that Doug would give her a part in his Oriental spectacle. Maybe Theda did, too.

We're very happy now that it has been decided by Charles Ray to build a final resting place for the *Mayflower*. Charlie and a number of financiers and business men have decided to organize the Charles Ray Enterprise Corporation and have purchased two city blocks whereon they plan to erect one of the finest studios in the country, administration buildings and laboratories, et cetera, as well as a bank, large hotel and various stores and shops, all having relation to the picture-making establishment. But the most important part of the lot will be a miniature lake upon whose bosom the *Mayflower* will rock until her $60,000 worth of wood is no more.

Talks from the Shoulder.

Once in a while we meet a potential screen star whom we like very much and then we chronicle the event. Our latest find is Aileen Pringle, who plays in the production of "In the Palace of the King." We have looked upon her semblance on the screen as the East Indian girl in that old hokum picture, "The Tiger's Claw," and have also talked with her quite personally and intimately. She is the kind of girl who is more than candid and with dignity. She tells you all about her feelings concerning the movies and everything, and just what she thinks of her director and the company manager. And sometimes what she says about both of them isn't just conventional gush either, nor does she bother about labeling it as confidential.

What she hates, so she tells us, is the girls who get their parts by trying to be sweet. They go into the production manager's office and say, "Yes, sir, and no,

sir," and "That's lovely, sir," and "You're so kind to me, sir." She has coined a name for them. She calls them "gaw-gaws." So henceforth whenever we refer to anybody thusly you'll know just what we mean.

Miss Pringle was a wealthy society girl before she came into pictures, and she has the poise of fine education and social standing. She gave up her butterfly career to enter the profession, and she's already done some exceptionally good work, even, say, in the bit she had in "Souls for Sale."

Keeping Up Tradition.

Just about the time that Mr. and Mrs. Carter de Haven announced the disposal of their home and furniture and art treasures at auction, Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Washburn, not dismayed by this fateful event, made public their intention of carrying on the husband-and-wife alliance idea on the screen. They have played together in two pictures thus far—"Mine to Keep" and "The Love Trap." In the latter they are featured. They are not, however, making an obvious disclosure of their domestic relationship, for Mrs. Washburn has taken the name of Mabel Forrest. They are now about the sole survivors of the husband-and-wife combination of costars. The list has never been large.

We used to like the De Havens very well when they were making comedies a few years ago, and we hope they may come back.

Another Sartorial Orgy.

Everybody knows that feature stars are terribly expensive to gown on the screen, especially in the array of clothes that Pauline Frederick, Barbara La Marr or Gloria Swanson sometimes wear. But consider the extravagance of the serial asteroid like Ann Little, who has lately returned to the black-and-blue chapter drama. Miss Little has each of her dresses made in triplicate. One she wears to get dragged over the ground in, the second copy she has to put on when she goes in the water so that it may be appropriately ruined, and the third she uses for the normal part of the scenes and to go home in. Miss Little is provided with no less than eight villains in "The Beasts of Paradise," and that, she says brightly, means "twice as many bumps on the shins." Which might give rise to the query as to how many shins is a serial star supposed to have.

Royalty is Insistent.

The equilibrium of the Pickford-Fairbanks menage is forever being upset by the invasion of dukes and earls and barons. Every time Doug and Mary open the front gate they find one waiting. Most of the peers want jobs. Various princes and prime ministers, for instance, ex and otherwise, are credited with having volunteered to play leading rôles in Mary's Spanish film and Doug's "Arabian Nights" spectacle.

When the two stars went on a vacation recently to a secluded seaside retreat, one of the earls, who is married to an actress, accompanied. Not satisfied with that he spent the whole day of their return with them, drinking up the studio tea, and having tests made of his wife. He infringed on their time so much that everybody stood around the lot rather irritated because they wanted to have a critical preview of Mary's picture, with which plan the garrulous earl blandly but blindly interfered.



Estelle Taylor proved that she has an acute mind as well as great physical endurance while making "The Ten Commandments."

An Entertaining Surprise.

We have been fooled by Estelle Taylor! For ever so long she has given us a rather superficial impression of being an unusual screen type with acute mental limitations. But after talking six and one half hours in a steady stretch with her, we've decided that she not only has tremendous powers of physical endurance, but also is a girl of exceptional wit and a very alert and penetrative mind. She essayed the rôle of *Miriam* in the biblical sequence of "The Ten Commandments," as directed by Cecil DeMille, and it was on the return trip by train from the sand dunes of Guadalupe, where the spectacular scenes of the Egyptian episode were shot, that we met and talked for over six hours.

And that was only the half of it. She had sat up almost the whole night before, conversing with Jeanie Macpherson, scenario writer for C. B. DeMille. Any girl who can entertain on a train, not to say keep awake, two very tired people unaccustomed to plodding in sand dunes and fighting fifty-mile-per-hour sea-born gales is entitled to one or all, in fact, of the twelve ten-ton sphinxes that formed a replica in "The Ten Commandments" of an avenue in the ancient city of Rameses.

Samaniegos the Second.

Now that Ramon Novarro's brother Marianno has put in an appearance and is making his screen début in Constance Talmadge's picture, "The Dangerous Maid," it is a subject for speculation whether he will change his name as many times as Ramon did. Samaniegos is the family name, but poor Ramon was called everything by mispronouncers from San Diegos to Ham-and-egg-os that he simply had to defend the family honor by adopting one of his extra names. Novarro is a connecting link, you see, between the given and family names.

It was recently learned that Ramon's voice is the beautiful tenor that has been heard in a certain Los Angeles church for many months. As soon as the news leaked out, a large percentage of flappers suddenly became very devout, and the result is that either Ramon will have to stop singing, or the church will have to be enlarged.

In making our rounds of the studios, we often have an opportunity to size up productions, and can hazard a guess as to how they will finally look from the settings and from the scenes that we see taken. Oftentimes, too, we look at previews of these same features before they are actually released. On this advance information, we will present to you from time to time a sort of preferred list of forthcoming pictures, the first of which follows herewith:

"Rosita"—of course. Everybody will want to see this because it discloses a new vision of Mary Pickford in a gorgeous historical atmosphere.

"Why Worry?"—Harold Lloyd on a rampage in South America, with a giant and Jobyna Ralson for company. Enough said.

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When is Barbara Sincere?

The conflicting personalities of Barbara La Marr have puzzled many a motion-picture fan. Is she a poseur, or is she, perhaps, just different? Let this writer who knows her well, tell you.

By Helen Klumph

SILKEN, alluring, exotic, whose gray-green eyes are storehouses of experience. She likes to wear gingham bungalow aprons and romp around on the floor with her adopted baby.

Long, nervous tapering fingers, jewel incrusted—subjects to inspire an Andrea del Sarto. They treasure stubby little pencils and whenever there is a lull at the studio hastily scribble words, words, words.

Tired of men—cynical about love—weary of adoration. As soon as her divorce from Ben Deeley was final, she rushed off to Ventura and married handsome Jack Dougherty, hero of Westerns and serials.

Graceful, sinuous, posteresque. She wants to play homely, drab characters once in a while.

Scornful of mediocrity—sardonic critic of modern work done to keep the pot boiling—and yet she admires such box-office tricksters as Director Gasnier of "Poor Men's Wives."

This is Barbara La Marr, a fascinating study in contrasts, whose magnetism is undenied, but whose sincerity is sometimes doubted.

Now no one questions the sincerity of a dumb-bell. She never tries to plumb the meaning of life, never disconcerts people by making unusual decisions or discoveries, and so people take her at her face value—which is nothing.

It is the girl who is alive—mentally and physically alive—who inspires criticism.

If she wriggles out of the accepted mold adopted for her type there is always a crowd waiting on the side lines to cry "Poseur." If she succeeds in doing one sort of work and then shifts to another and distinguishes herself, both camps regard her as an interloper. If, in addition to all this, she is very, very beautiful and has redundant energy, is impulsive and moody and sensitive, there will always be people who will question her sincerity. Though it is conceded that it is woman's privilege to change her mind, the process invites comment when a girl in the limelight does it.

Consider this situation when you hear people say that Barbara La Marr is affected or insincere.

Most lives are the product of one environment, of one set of standards. Barbara's twenty-five years have been crammed with the reactions and experiences of a dozen ordinary lives, and almost as many different sorts of surroundings. What wonder that she is a study in contrasts!

She always reminds me of an Italian princess who has been hypnotized into living material for the literary mills of Elinor Glyn, Robert W. Chambers and Laura Jean Libbey. Wasting Barbara on some of the productions she has made is like cutting up "Manon Lescaut" to find words to subtitle "The Scorned Woman's Revenge." For she has what nine out of ten of our other stars lack—terrific experience and knowledge of varied sorts of people.

When she was seven years old and was playing in stock, people predicted a great future for her because of her wonderfully expressive voice. Later it was her beauty and her grace that distinguished her. Then for a while her career was overshadowed by unfortunate marital experiences. She went back to the stage—vaudeville this time—and trouped until she became a headliner with her own dance act on the Keith circuit. All the time she had been scribbling away at stories—and gradually this interest engulfed all the others. She wrote a novel, sold the picture rights, and after adapting that to the screen became a regular member of the Fox scenario staff. Artistically sincere as she was, she couldn't keep up the frightful gait that was expected of a scenario writer there. So she started a new career—as extra in pictures.

There are several screen vampires who would feel more sure of their future if Barbara would go back to writing. And I'm sure that the feminine half of the Authors' League prefers to have her stay in the studio. She may shame both of them next winter, for she has written a novel called "Pomp" and will star in the screen version.

She is an olive-skinned Latin and should, according to all the rules, be luxurious and lazy. But luxury seems to mean little to her and she is amazingly strong and energetic.

Writers have claimed for Barbara more charms than any bard ever credited to Cleopatra. People make her out to be as relentless as the law of gravity and about as human. There has been a severe strain on the words exotic, alluring, magnetic, impetuous, seductive, unconventional, and bizarre ever since she made her first big screen success in "The Three Musketeers." Harassed sob sisters have seized upon her as colorful material and ticketed her with ecstatic and flamboyant phrases.

After reading some impressions of her, I look on Oscar Wilde's "Sphinx" as a nice little home body. Usually after seeing Barbara herself I want to go out and slaughter the people who have made her seem distorted and fantastic.

For somehow, in spite of a life that has been more episodic and sensational than many a screen thriller—in spite of extraordinary success and constant adulation, she has managed to keep her head.

Only the other day when she was in New York on her way to Italy to film "The Eternal City," we were having tea in Sherry's when three subdebs came in. They stared and whispered and "Oh'd" and "Ah'd," wondering if it really were the great screen siren. As we hustled past them on the way out, one of them gasped, "I believe it is Barbara La Marr!" And instead of smiling a self-satisfied smirk, Barbara turned to me and laughed, "I dare you to go back and say to them, 'Well, what of it?'"

If Barbara were given the privilege of removing a few words from the language, the first ones would probably be "too beautiful." Some years ago a judge let her in for untold misery by calling her "the too-beautiful girl." She has never been able to make the public forget that label. The judge's routine had been enlivened by the case of a man who tried to marry Barbara without the formality of first getting rid of a wife and children—and he, abetted by several doctors, said that Barbara's beauty had driven the man insane.

Barbara herself thinks that she isn't really beautiful. She can find any number of faults in her features, but I'm not going to tell you what they are for fear you will go looking for them.

"Everybody is beautiful to some one," she observes

when people insist that they think she is a real beauty.

She is one of those players who look much larger on the screen than she really is. Mme. Frances, the famous designer who was commissioned to dress the women players in "The Eternal City," went to see one or two of her pictures and came back planning gowns for an amazon. She was somewhat disconcerted when Barbara, five feet three inches tall, and weighing a trifle over one hundred and twenty pounds, came to her shop. Nor was she prepared for finding Barbara so young.

When you see Barbara in "The Eternal City" you will think that you have never seen her at her best before. Gowns and gowns and gowns such as every girl dreams of and few people ever see have been created for her to wear in this. They are made of soft, lustrous satins and embroidered lavishly. There is shimmering silver cloth and exquisite bodices of lace—fans of rare feathers and robes of petallike velvet. Such clothes, in fact, as are calculated to make strong women weep.

After having them tried on for four hours without a chance to sit down and rest, Barbara was not so enthusiastic as I was.

"I'm so tired of trying on clothes for pictures I'll never bother much about getting any for myself." She was so weary that her voice broke in a sob. "I don't care much about gorgeous clothes or fashionable clothes. It seems to me much more important to have something a little individual or particularly suited to your own style. Clothes ought to be subservient to your personality.

"A few days ago a girl came to see me from a fashion magazine. She asked me what I thought of fashions. I said I hated them. 'Oh, but you mustn't,' she protested, 'I'm asking this for a fashion magazine.' I couldn't bear that girl, but I explained to her as carefully as possible that I thought personality — individuality was of the greatest importance and fashions just a minor consideration.

"I have a terrible temper and even if it is bad business, I lose it at interviewers. This same girl giggled and said that she

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Photo by Witzel

Who is Raymond Griffith?

A player who promises to become an unusual celebrity, even as he is now a rare personality.

By Edwin Schallert

IN Hollywood, just now, one of the interesting topics for talk is the rather sudden success of Raymond Griffith.

Nearly everybody is willing to concede that he has arrived with the bells lightly jingling—as befits a jester—and not a few are wondering why he did not speed ahead a lot sooner. A small intellectual minority are much given to hazarding guesses as to just how far he is going to go. All of which indicates that this particular Mr. Griffith—who, by the way, is no relation to the celebrated D. W.—is a person of some talent and a certain amount of fame.

Such an interest in a new personality in Hollywood is somewhat novel. Stars blossom and die; they come west from Pine Creek and Muskogee and go back to those places, and nobody heeds their presence or their departure, or at least, nobody becomes garrulous about it.

But the instance of Griffith is different—quite different apparently from the stellar routine. Though he has been seen in but two or three pictures, and in small parts in these, he is already *known*. And previously, though he had been in the pictures for five or six years, he was *unknown*.

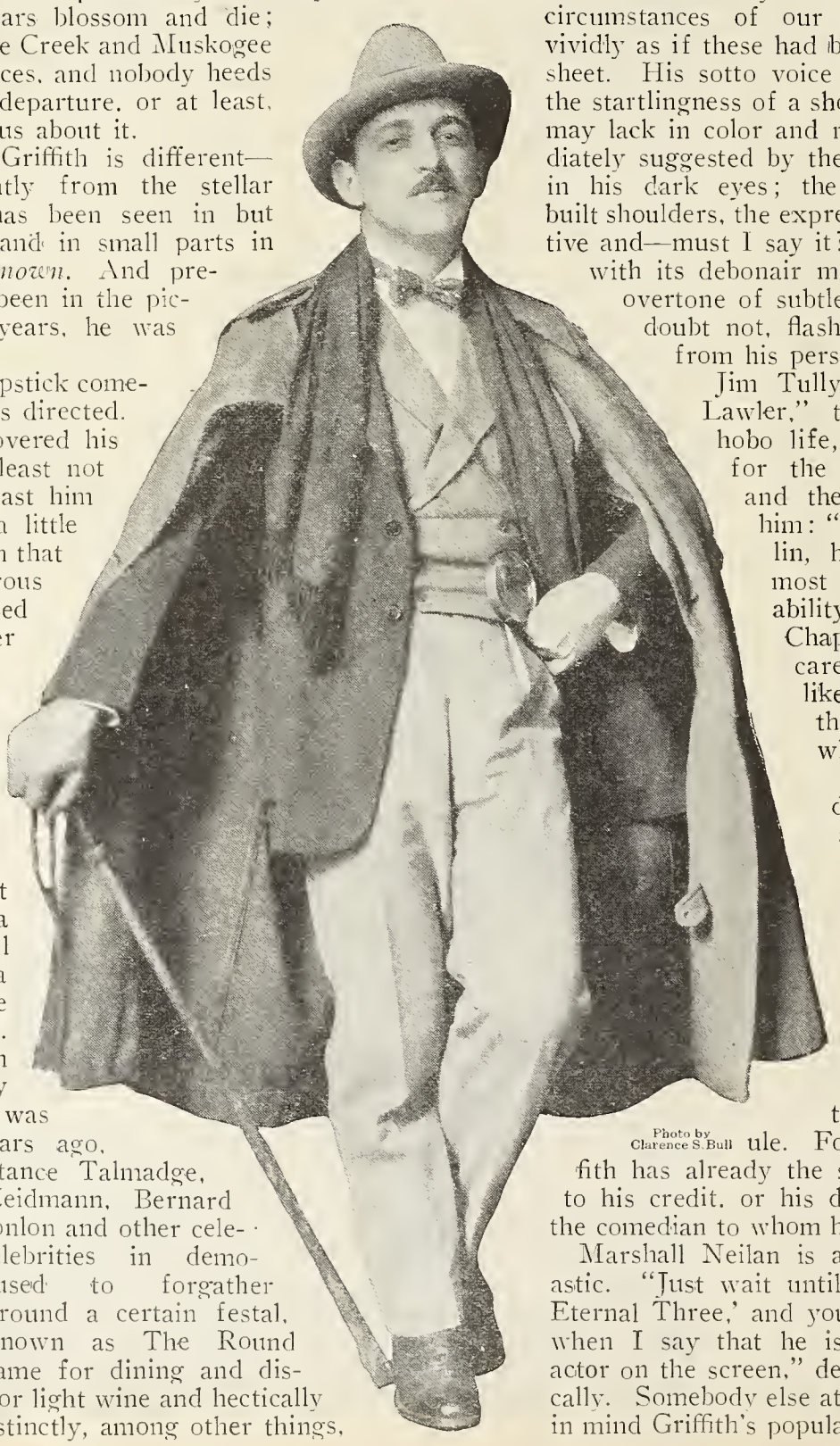


Photo by Clarence S. Bull

He was a writer of slapstick comedies, which he sometimes directed. Nobody seemingly discovered his talents as an actor, at least not until Marshall Neilan cast him in "Fools First," just a little more than a year ago. In that he played the dexterous young crook who snipped the buttons off his brother crook's coat with a knife. This was the beginning, and now, what with his light comedying in "Minnie," his consummation of a five-year contract with Goldwyn, and the realization that he is something of a mental virtuoso as well as a jester, he has of a sudden been tendered the bouquets of local praise.

I can't tell you when I first met Griffith. My impression is that it was all of five or six years ago, when Bill Hart, Constance Talmadge, Alice Lake, Bennie Zeidmann, Bernard McConville, "Scoop" Conlon and other celebrities and near celebrities in democratic assemblage used to forgather in a downtown café around a certain festal, if informal, board known as The Round Table. Thither they came for dining and dissertation. More often for light wine and hectically gay chatter. I recall distinctly, among other things, that at that time Bill Hart occasionally ate with his fingers to impress his companions with the idea that he was a real Westerner, that Connie Talmadge would come in breathless and panting from a wild race around corners in her motor car, and that Griffith was the chap who always talked in a hoarse whisper. I didn't even get his name in the introduction, but I vaguely recollected subsequently a legend that he had lost his voice while singing.

That is everybody's first clew to Griffith—his voice, or rather lack of it. The whisper is as distinctly a part of his personality as the Woolworth Building is part of New York. When I met him as a full-fledged screen actor, it immediately recalled the entire reel of circumstances of our earlier encounter, as vividly as if these had been flashed on a silver sheet. His sotto voice has the inflection and the startlingness of a shout, and what his voice may lack in color and reverberation, is immediately suggested by the keen, capricious light in his dark eyes; the shrug of his neatly built shoulders, the expression around his sensitive and—must I say it?—a bit cynical mouth, with its debonair mustache, as well as an overtone of subtle savoir-faire, which, I doubt not, flashes electrically straight from his personality to yours.

Jim Tully, author of "Emmett Lawler," the unusual story of hobo life, who is an enthusiast for the new, the interesting, and the distinctive, says of him: "Next to Charles Chaplin, he is undoubtedly the most remarkable personability in pictures. Like Chaplin, he began his career as a buffoon, and like Chaplin it is certain that he will end it in a whirl of glory."

This is a large prediction to make for a star that is just sending its gleam across the horizon. It is a very large prediction to make when you consider that the aforesaid star has really started on its way to the meridian somewhat behind the conventional schedule. For as regards age, Griffith has already the same number of years to his credit, or his debit, if you prefer, as the comedian to whom he is compared.

Marshall Neilan is almost equally enthusiastic. "Just wait until you see him in 'The Eternal Three,' and you'll know what I mean when I say that he is perhaps the greatest actor on the screen," declared Neilan emphatically. Somebody else at the studio, too, having in mind Griffith's popularity with the directors,

drolly remarked that he would soon be appearing on the screen as often as the Goldwyn lion.

Griffith has a way with him. That's certain. He exhibits it even in the trivial process of going around the studio lot. He knows everybody, passes some bright remark to everybody, calls nearly everybody by his or her first name, and tells them all where to get off at.

"Hey, Margie," as we lined up at the studio soda fountain to imbibe a lemon coke. *Phweet!* he whistled to the girl, who was at the other end of the counter, and apparently hadn't heard him. "See," he said as she hurried toward us. "She may not be able to hear my voice, but she knows my whistle.

"Where's the boss?" he asked of the girl. "Oh, there he is!" as he espied him going over his accounts. "A modern Fagin," he remarked audibly, though as if confidentially to me. "Trains his employees to take your money away from you as soon as you come in the place."

The "boss" never turned his head from his accounting books, although he smiled sententiously. He knew that Griffith was having a quip at his expense and seemed to enjoy it.

On the way across the lot Griffith told me a funny story that I haven't the space or the courage to repeat here, predicted that H. L. Mencken would eventually outshine George Jean Nathan as a critic in the eyes of the populace, and proved that Shakespeare was a greater lyricist for the morons than a philosopher for the intelligentsia, and that as Bernard Shaw had said, the job of critizing him was one for the music rather than the dramatic critic. All of which "highbrow and lowbrow confab" may mean little or nothing to you as a casual observer of screen plays that are reputed masterpieces and those which are the bunk, but which means a lot to you when you're talking to Griffith as I did.

It will be interesting to see how much of his charm, his geniality, his canny intellectualism, this young, if mature, man of thirty will be able to convey to his audiences who cannot catch his spirit in a more intimate way, as I have sought here to do. He has the training and the talent which entitle his observers to expect much of him, that's certain. He knows his camera and all that its art implies and has a background of experience outside of pictures that is curiously appropriate to his present acting career. He can, moreover, venture some intensely practical critical opinions on the present notions of the producers and public regarding the screen as a medium of artistic expression.

"I'll tell you how it is," he said eagerly. "Our troubles nearly all come from misunderstanding the language of pictures. The only way I can explain it to you is this: If I should write a story in English and somebody should translate it into French it would be like most attempts that are made to transfer a story to the screen. When I saw what I wrote in English in the French version, I wouldn't know it. I wouldn't believe that I had written it. If each separate word were translated to me as being the equivalent of what I had written, I would still say, 'That isn't my story.' Something would have been lost—perhaps the spirit, perhaps something else. Anyway, it wouldn't be mine.

"Some directors are very successful in catching the spirit of a story. They think in screen terms and don't seek to follow too literally what is on the printed page. Marshall Neilan is perhaps the most successful. He is never bound down by literary considerations. If he sees a sequence or a set of situations that bring out an idea in the story better on the screen than the story itself would, why he'll let that story go hang, and film that sequence or set of situations. The effect is always better, because Neilan's language is that of pictures and not of books. Eventually perhaps we shall have a director who won't be able to recognize a version in words of what he is trying to say on the screen, any more readily than the writer in English might see in the French translation something that he himself had striven to express."



Photo by L. Rose Russell

"Just wait until you see Raymond Griffith in 'The Eternal Three,'" says Marshall Neilan, "and you'll know what I mean when I say that he is perhaps the greatest actor on the screen."

Griffith's rather penetrating opinions on pictures may be traced to their source in his early study of pantomime. Though he was born in America—Boston, to be exact—he spent several years of his childhood abroad, and at the age of eight years was a member of a French pantomime company. Sometimes he spent as many as five hours a day learning to simulate silently the emotions of anger, pity, hate, remorse, vengeance, scorn, jealousy, wonder, bewilderment, joy, et cetera, under the guidance of a Gallic master. When the company were not on the road they made their headquarters in Monte Carlo, and the youngster Griffith would go with his master to the Casino, there to sit by the hour and watch the faces of the gamblers as they heatedly bent over the faro table.

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Photo by Walter F. Seeley

George O'Hara is doing prize-fighting stuff now but he hopes for a chance at some real character rôles some day, the sort George Hackathorne plays.

Fighting His Way to Fame

George O'Hara languished in the obscurity of comedies for a while, but now he is fighting his way into prominence.

By Myrtle Gebhart

IT was a gloomy day, I had a headache, and was a confirmed pessimist when I went to interview George O'Hara, starring in H. C. Witwer's "Fighting Blood" series.

"They won't actually fight," I mused, as my "Patsy" neatly cleaved the tail-light off a Ford. "Whoever's fisticuffing with him will 'pull his punch' so's not to hurt Georgie's face. Besides, he has a lady press-agent —and he supposed to be a prize fighter! Now isn't that too sweet?"—addressing the studio's symmetrical flower beds, as I hove to and parked my gas steed.

And then George smiled at me, an ingratiating Irish twinkle. And sent my headache into temporary retirement.

With Clara Horton sharing her chocolate-bar, Mal St. Clair, director, joshing me about my new summer lid, and a prop man sifting powdery white stuff all over us and howling that if we didn't like it "for the luvamud travel"—it didn't take me long to feel at home.

They were working on "Round One," the ninth two-reeler in the "Fighting Blood" series, but were not knocking each other out that day, for which I thanked Heaven, being one of the minority who detest such playful antics. They do say, though, that Georgie punctuates with a mean fist.

"These are not primarily fight-pictures," he assured me. "Sport-pictures would attract an undesirable element—by making me appear a tough prize fighter trying to act—while the better type of patron would stay away. I'm just an actor attempting to put on some realistic fight scenes. The fighting is incidental. Each two-reeler tells a story in the experiences of a boy who enters the ring to pay for his education, and winds up with a scrap.

"I've had to train like the dickens for this—boxing four rounds every day, all sorts of athletics. I knew little about fighting—the rôle appealed to me as a stepping-stone to something better, to make myself known. I'm not a handsome hero, you see, so it can't hurt me and may help. Never did like my face, but can't help it. You just have to have a face, couldn't get along without one at all." Not a quiver flickered over the seriousness of his brown eyes. "It's a crime, but I've had it all my life, so I might as well wear it and train it to go through some tricks."

It isn't a crime, either, in the opinion of one weak woman; it's a very nice boyish face, frankly mirroring his thoughts.

After luncheon—the whole company sat at a near-by counter and ate ham sandwiches and ice cream together—the big, cool stage bustled with activity. Everybody had a say-so about everything, neither George nor his director adopting a dominating air. There is evident about the O'Hara company a spirit of youthful zeal and coöperation. Upon my comment, George explained:

"You mustn't think we aren't working because we josh each other and have such a darn good time out of everything. I know we look like a bunch of college kids trying to put on a show. We're all in our early twenties—Mal, Clara Horton, who plays my leading lady, even the props. When they made me a star, I asked for only one thing—young folks near my own age to work with. It's hard for people of dissimilar ages to get the same slant on things.

"Being a small unit, we aren't so hidebound as are the bigger companies. Everybody sort of smiles at us, says, 'Oh, it's only that kid bunch.' But we're all doing the thing we want to do and having a great time. We talk everything over, wrangling a lot good-naturedly. Mal lets us do our scenes pretty much as we please,

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A Letter from Location

Jacqueline Logan tells of the fascinations of movie-making in the wilderness.

To Myrtle Gebhart

Ben Lommond, California.

Dear Myrtle: Here I am in northern California, making "Salomy Jane," a George Melford production for Paramount. I am playing the title rôle of *Salomy Jane Clay*, Bret Harte's fiery little mountain-girl character. We have been here nearly a month.

This is the scenic part of California, with giant redwood trees covered with moss and fern, gorges and wooded mountains and—streams filled with trout. Charles Ogle, who is playing my father, has promised to take me fishing, just like a real father.

There is a street of deserted log cabins, probably built by some early settlers in the West. We used it for the town of "Red Dog" and repeopled the old huts with cowboys, miners and a few Indians in costumes of the early settlers' period.

Speaking of costumes, wait until you see the beautiful Louise Dresser in a ragged old calico dress, leaning over a washtub with her lovely golden hair in a knot like a door-knob. In this story she is *Red Pete's* wife. Every morning, between seven and eight, we all, in our funny old costumes, assemble on the porch of this very modern and exclusive hotel, to await the cars or horses (as we choose) to take us to the location where we work. Mr. Melford and the camera-men are the only ones in modern attire.



Maurice Flynn, who is playing the male lead, looks like a real old-time cowboy and, best of all, he can ride like one. Yesterday I rode Buddy, my favorite horse, twenty-seven miles to location in the Big Basin, a government reserve. On the way we saw seven deer. They did not seem alarmed, but watched us like curious children.

The Big Basin is full of immense redwoods; twenty men could hide in the hollow of one tree. They are thousands of years old. I imagine dinosaurs or other prehistoric mammals nibbled their early branches.

In a meadow near a farmhouse, our carpenters built the *Clay* cabin, where my father and I are supposed to live. They even stocked the back yard with cows, chickens and a cat. I also acquired an old yellow mutt-dog which I call "Ambre Antique." Up to date three nondescript dogs have joined our company to partake of the leavings of our location lunches.

The first day we worked on the location a bull, with imposing horns, objected to our invasion of his pasture. He tried to charge us, the sunlight arcs or anything belonging to us. Mr. Flynn, Buddy Sterling and another cowboy, roped the bull and put him in the barn to think it over.

Our director, Mr. Melford, is quite adept with a lariat. It won't be long before I can compete with him. I've been practicing roping our trick horse, "Joker." I am going to ride him in the next picture, "North of Thirty-six," Emerson Hough's story. I am sending you a snapshot of "Joker" playing dead while Mr. Melford rehearses me in a scene.

Everything couldn't be perfect this trip. The rain started as Mr. Flynn and I were working, so they lit the Klieg lights and we finished our scene under huge umbrellas. For three days it poured. During that time two checker champions were developed, George Fawcett wore out a couple of packs of cards playing solitaire; the player-piano and victrola were relieved by Mr. Flynn on the guitar and the camera boys on ukuleles. And Mr. William Davidson wrote a beautiful song called "Salomy Jane." It is going to be published when we return to Hollywood.

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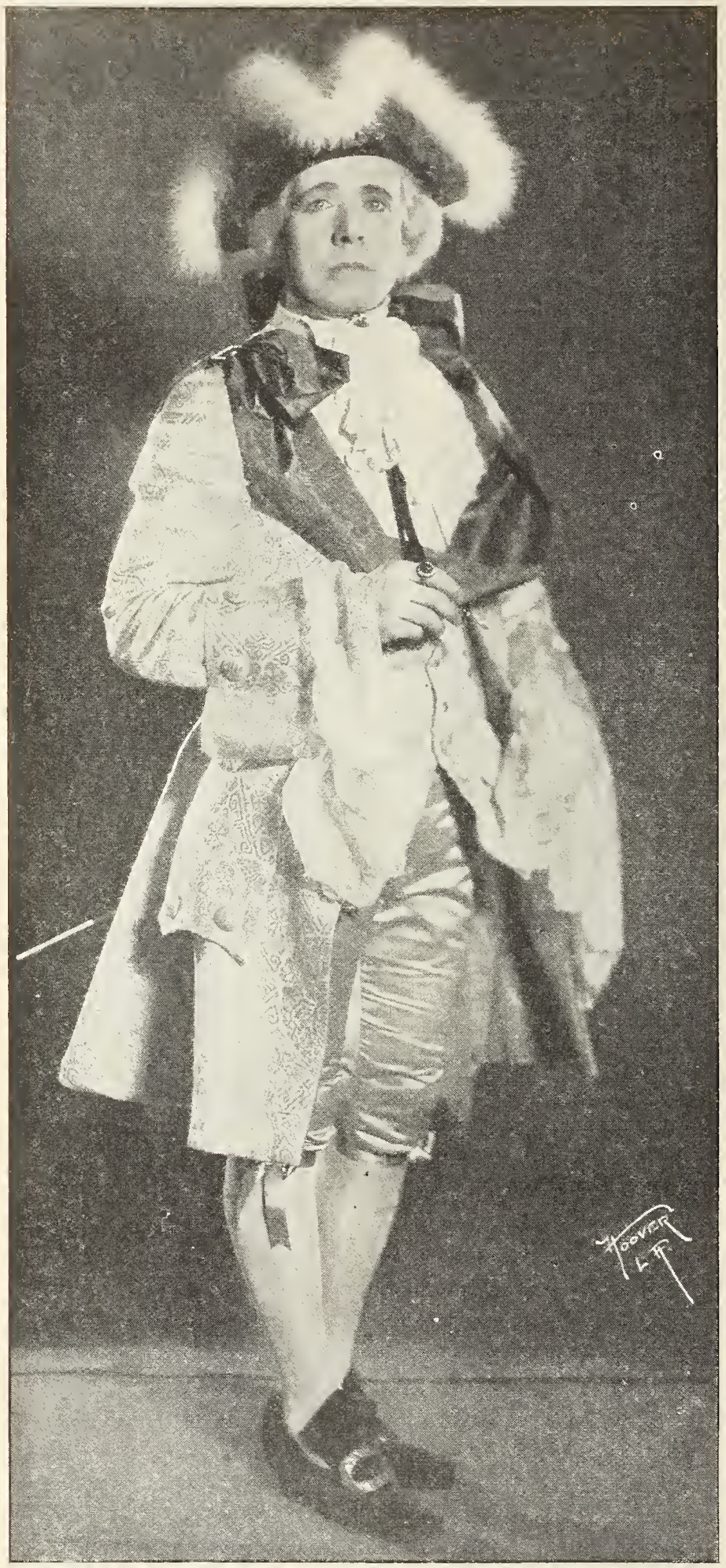


Photo by Hoover

Lewis Stone has ten changes of elaborate costumes for Ingram's production of "Scaramouche."

Dressing

This is not quite as big an under but it is a matter that requires

By Helen

SO much has been written about the sartorial finery of the feminine screen players that the subject has been worn threadbare and the fans no longer are thrilled by the fact that Gloria Swanson's costumes cost umpty-ump dollars, or that Mae Murray has seventeen changes in her next picture.

But what about the mere man who must also appear before the camera dressed in the latest styles? His garments, too, must bear the stamp of fashionable cut and tailoring, and, unlike the ladies, he must foot the bill himself.

"It's a sad, sad world," was the greeting of Richard Dix, when I found him one day not long ago at the Lasky studio figuring madly on the back of an envelope. "No, this isn't my income tax—thank Heaven that left me enough to replenish my wardrobe and keep myself from starving. Say, did you, in your pen-pushing activities, ever pause to consider that a few of those pages and pages gloating over the women's clothes should be devoted to the men's sartorial expenditures?"

"Well," I responded vaguely, the idea never before entering my dome, "I suppose men have to dress—except in a C. B. prehistoric episode, when a deerskin suffices. But what of it? The flappers eye your profile, not your pinch-back."

"But it's a problem that depletes our pocketbooks," Dick insisted upon displaying his arithmetic additions. "When I signed this five-year contract with Paramount I took an inventory of my wardrobe, giving away sixteen suits to the Salvation Army. They were all just a little bit 'out.' Men's styles do not change as radically as do the women's; but, though nobody pays much attention to us when the beautiful demoiselles are in the scene, we must appear sartorially correct. And, remember, all men actors, whether they're stars or extras, must furnish their own clothes for modern pictures. That's where the ladies have it all over us—the studios pay for theirs.

"For instance, in 'The Woman with Four Faces,' in which I appear with Betty Compson, I wear eleven sack suits, each of which must be the latest cut." Dick warmed up to his subject, which I admitted failed to intrigue me, as I'd much rather talk about May McAvoy's lovely new white satin frock incrusted with pearls which was quite the hit of the evening at the Ambassador dance contest recently.

"Also an aviator's suit, dinner clothes, and four hats. Figure it out for yourself where a good part of my salary goes."

My boredom piqued to a slight interest upon this momentous discovery that the male of the species must be walking models of wearing apparel instead of mere automatons to offset the female creature's loveliness and join her in the sweet sunset for the fade-out, I found that Dick's wardrobe—which exemplifies that of every leading man and featured player—consists of the following: Twenty-five sack suits; two dinner suits—one has just been made for the Paramount picture, the other he has had for

the Hero

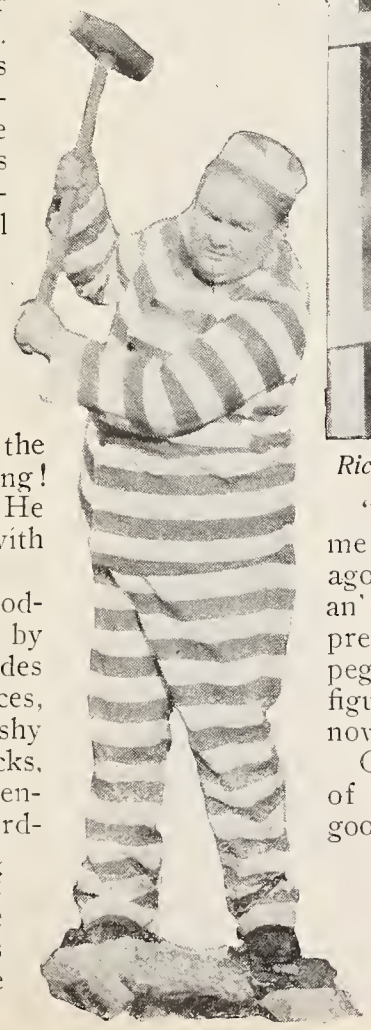
taking as dressing the heroine, much thought and planning.

Ogden

six months and it is therefore a little out—two dress suits—one slightly out, which he wears if he is to be ducked in the water or for scenes when he has to fight in evening clothes —two cutaways or morning coats; one semi-cutaway; several sets of sport togs, including four golf suits and numerous sweaters; seven overcoats, including raincoat, mackintosh, et cetera; fifty hats and caps; twenty-five pairs of shoes of all kinds; one fencing suit; four gym suits. (Dick observed that he wished all his wardrobe consisted of gym suits, as they cost about seventy-five cents each.)

"Then, too, the accessories set a chap back quite a bit," Dick continued his tale of woe. "Shirts, ties, handkerchiefs, socks, et cetera. When I was in London recently, I spent twenty-five pounds on ties, and a few days ago ordered two dozen new shirts, tailor-made of course."

It sounds like a prodigal waste of money, but it is a real business necessity. These are expenditures which Dick and the other leading men must make in order to keep their jobs, just as a business man must have a typewriter for his stenographer to thump, index files, office furniture, and such things, in order to carry on his business. The public, while perhaps in a general way not giving much attention to the hero's clothes, demands that he appear well-dressed. Though the small details and accessories are not noticed during the quick tempo and dramatic action of the play, let the hero appear minus the grooming and incidentals that mark the well-dressed man and bang! would come the censure. He might as well step forth with his hair uncombed.



Though all ordinary modern clothes are furnished by the actor, the studio provides any unusual appurtenances, such as a particularly flashy suit or cap, loud golf socks, odd canes, and such incidentals that the actor's wardrobe is not likely to contain.

Bull Montana is one of the few male stars whose worries about tailors' bills for camera clothes are negligible.



Richard Dix finds that taking an inventory of his wardrobe is a trying duty.

"See-a thees brown-a derby?" The burglar-faced star cornered me one day on the Metro lot. "I wear-a eet on de Bowery long ago. All de dames, dey theenk-a Bull fine feller wid dees-a derby an' dees-a suit," indicating the slightly dented hair covering poised precariously over one cauliflower ear and the chocolate-colored peg-top trousers and natty box coat that encased his square figure. "I buy heem from mail-order catalogue. I wear heem now in pictures."

Others, however, are not so fortunate in possessing raiment of the past, slightly shopworn in Bowery fisticuffs but just as good as new for comedy purposes. Fred Esmelton, for instance, the other day was bemoaning the fact that in "Three Wise Fools" he wears nineteen different hats, varying from sport caps to high silk opera headgear.

All special costumes have to be made at the studios for Walter Hiers; the regular costumers do not carry any size large enough for him.

Continued on page 86



Buster Collier is a slender, dark-eyed lad with black hair that waves in a fashion bound to delight feminine hearts. Photo by Apeda

Youth Will Be Served —Especially This One

Buster Collier is sure to make a name for himself in at least one branch of the theatrical profession.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

IN addition to being the son of his illustrious father, William Collier, Jr., is none other than the up-and-doing offspring of old George P. Ambition himself. What this youthful actor-manager would like to do includes practically everything except diving for pearls. It is almost safe to say that what his ambitions fail to include simply isn't. That much you can determine in an hour, easily. His aspiration complex is hitting on all cylinders.

Buster Collier belongs to that highly modern group of young actors headed by Glenn Hunter. These talented young men number foresight among their assets. They look to the future in dealing with the present. Actors used to be "juveniles" at twenty, "leads" at thirty, and "characters" at fifty. To-day the "juveniles" consider doing character rôles, directing, writing. They are not the old-fashioned self-satisfied matinée idols, running their span and fading into a stock-company backdrop. They are loath to capitalize their youth, and anxious to realize on their artistic ability.



He likes to do character parts like the apache he played in C. C. Burr's "Secrets of Paris."

After returning from a three-month sojourn in Monte Carlo and along the Riviera, occasioned by Cosmopolitan's need for "location stuff" in producing "Enemies of Women," young Collier longed for further excitement, far from the beaten path. Producing a play on Broadway appealed to his sporting blood. So he found a friend who had written a comedy—never a difficult friend to find—and offered to "angel" it. It should not be necessary to report that the friend was willing. Thus "Extra," a comedy of newspaper life, came to light, opening in the wilds of Wilkes-Barre with blaring trumpets, and closing in New York, with muffled drums.

The patient was breathing its last when I was arranging to meet Collier. He was constantly at the bedside, holding the feeble pulse, chafing the feverish brow, breathing soft words of hope, and issuing numberless passes of encouragement. He was ever faithfully on the job. Mornings he was obliged to spend commuting to and from New Jersey, where he was finishing up some few last scenes on the Ibañez production. It was not until one midnight that we made connections.

I made my way uptown from the disappointing Schildkraut version of "Peer Gynt" to The Friars Club, where, in the grill, I found Buster Collier, eating mush and milk. It occurred to me that he was displaying admirable restraint after a day of retakes at Fort Lee, followed by the depressing spectacle of an anæmic box office in the evening.

"Oh, I don't know," he remarked, in an optimistic enough voice, "We'll probably break even on 'Extra.' And it was lots of good experience to put it on. Next time there are lots of things I won't do. But we ought to break even."

Along the incandescent lane they call Broadway, Buster is known as a game loser.

"I've always wondered how it would feel to run a show, watch the gate receipts, hire actors, all that. Now I know." No shade of wistfulness was permitted to creep into his voice. "We think it's wiser to take off 'Extra' now, in order to make it into a musical comedy. They say it should be

a peach." A spoonful of mush and milk found its final resting place. "You know"—this in dead earnest—"I'd like to write the lyrics for a musical show. Maybe for 'Extra.' It's always appealed to me—the idea of writing lyrics. I used to do 'em occasionally at school. I'd like to, more than anything else—except act—and produce," he added.

It is natural that being the son of his father should have imbued Willie Collier, Jr., with something of the histrionic urge. Scientific tests would unquestionably reveal some grease paint in his veins.

Years ago, when Ince called Willie Collier west to star in a Triangle comedy, Buster accompanied him. It required Ince about five minutes to spot the youth as a likely camera subject. A test resulted in a separate starring picture for the son. "The Bugle Call" introduced William, Jr., as an embryonic star. That was the beginning.

"I signed with Lasky, then, but luckily I was a minor, and it didn't mean anything. I'm glad it didn't. They kept shoving me into stupid juvenile parts with Mary Miles Minter. Y'know, I like to do characters, apaches, and things on that order."

He is a slender, dark-eyed lad with black hair that waves in a fashion bound to delight feminine hearts.

Buster confided that he thought he might get away with something patterned after the Valentino model, modified. He lacks the evil eye.

"That might serve me for two years or so," he explained. "But I'm planning for something of more lasting value. Now directing or producing are more permanent. Acting—I've heard my dad talk about actors—all of the successful ones who wound up in the poorhouse. I've heard him say some darned practical things about the business of acting, and I haven't forgotten——"

Now he is learning, from the bottom up. He is getting the mimetic end of it before various cameras; he has dabbled with the production end long enough to know that the successful impresario must pocket his losses with a smile; and he has watched the directing end with the thoughtful eye of one who realizes that youth is a fleeting thing.

"I became intensely interested in the designing of sets," he said. "Urban started me going, with his superb treatment of the interiors for 'Enemies of Women.' Of course Urban is given *carte blanche*—and takes it. He is the soul of extravagance. One whole setting was of silk—walls, ceiling, and furniture covered with it!"

Collier has a number of potential irons in the fire.

"I think I'd like to direct pictures," he said thoughtfully. "Not act in them, but just produce. First, though, I want to star for a while. Right now I have offers, from different independent concerns, but I think it's more sensible to wait until exhibitors want you to be starred. I'd rather wait until I'm all set. I'm free lancing. Ever since I was out on the Coast, with dad, I've been free lancing. Working under all kinds of directors is bound to be good training."

This he has done, with a vengeance, flitting from "The Good Provider," under Borzage, to "Cardigan" under Dell Henderson, thence to "Secrets of Paris" and "The Enemies of Women," in rapid succession. This last gave him a thrill in its European trip. He was well into a Burton Holmes of the tour, when he interrupted himself to call my attention to a jaunty little man who was marching across the grill. A derby perched neatly over one eye. As he chatted with his companion his words tumbled out of the corner of his mouth.

"That's George M. Cohan," said Buster, respectfully. "He's a wonder."

It is not odd that Cohan should be one of his idols, for here is a man who has realized all of the youthful Collier's ambitions—acting, writing, staging, and producing. Only in pictures has Cohan's success been negligible.

"He and my dad are great friends," Buster pointed out proudly. "I didn't tell either of them about 'Extra' until it was all set to open. They might have laughed me out of the idea."

Although in his theatrical inclinations Buster may be said to resemble his father, he has not inherited the paternal sense of humor. His is not the art of shedding nifties at will. Buster is a serious boy. When he confided to me his ambition to star "only in big, worthwhile pictures," he reminded me of the Mertonic strain I discovered in Dick Barthelmess, another youth who takes his screen job seriously. These young pretenders fancy themselves in the rôle of Atlas.

There is this side of it, too, as far as Buster's extensive aspirations are concerned. When he was a boy, he was probably advised by Willie Collier, Sr., to hitch his wagon to a star. And now Buster reasons that if that was good advice, he should be trebly successful if he hitches his wagon to the Milky Way. Hence his ambition to write lyrics, for musical comedies, star in the titillating tintypes, produce plays, and direct pictures.

According to the law of averages, he is certain to bring in at least one laurel wreath.

To the News Reel Camera Man

By Vara Macbeth Jones

I sing now of the camera man;
Too long he's been unsung by fan,
  This news-hound of the screen,
Who stalks the globe in search of prey,
And quite undaunted shoots his way
  Through every kind of scene.

From countless clans he culls his types,
Some wearing crowns, some wearing stripes,
  Clay god or Hula queen;
From mining gems to making hay—
An airplane or "one-hoss shay,"
  From all he grinds a scene.

From Oshkosh, Nome or Mandalay,
To Cairo, Rome or Baffin's Bay,
  He wends his way, serene,
He's first in war and first in peace,
(First to start—but *last* to cease!)
  When once he "sniffs" a scene.

Now when Columbus reached our land,
I know he found a chap on hand,
  A news-reel bound to glean,
And I am sure on Judgment Day
We'll find one grinding fast away,
  Trying to shoot a scene!



With Jackie Coogan it's the pathos in his big brown eyes.

Their Little Tricks

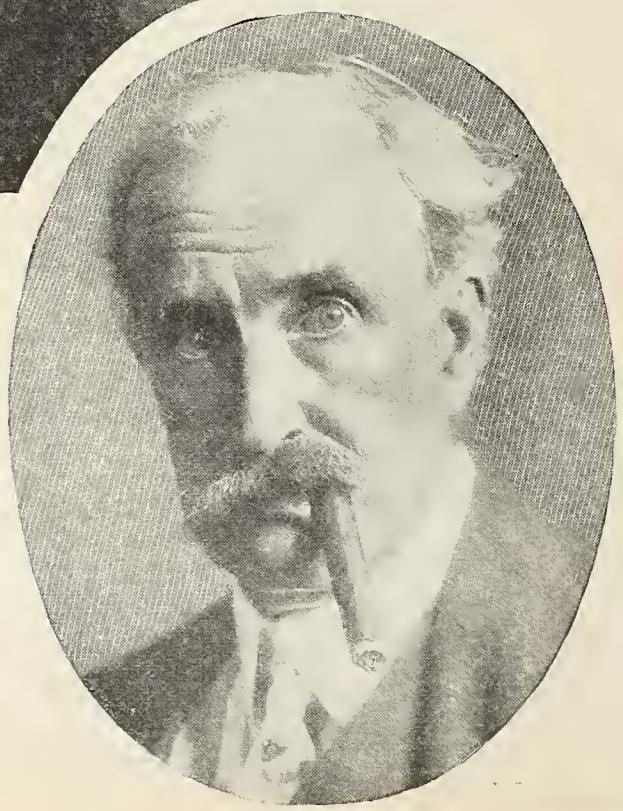
Each player of distinction has certain some of their tricks of expression by

By Caroline

WHAT makes certain motion-picture actors stand out prominently, apart from the others?

Sometimes it's beauty. Occasionally it's acting ability. Often merely personality. But nine times out of ten, when the situation is analyzed, the young woman—or man—taken apart—mentally, you understand—to see just what the secret is, you'll be amazed to find that the success has resulted very largely from some little trick of technique.

Passionate eyebrows are responsible for more careers than Thespian inheritances!



All fans know the range of expression which Theodore Roberts gets with a cigar.

All the screen players have little mannerisms, little tricks of technique, by which they put over certain scenes. I know I've sat through many a rheumatic plot envying Mae Murray her delicious pout—and trying to copy it to use on snappy Los Angeles traffic cops who pinch me for going a mere forty miles an hour. If I could only combine Colleen Moore's *moue* and Lila Lee's pensive smile, I often think, how I could baby-vamp those cops!

Most of the younger girls I know spend half their spare time trying to imitate some of these mannerisms of the players. The other day Mildred Davis, Patsy Ruth Miller, and I spent a wicked afternoon thus engaged before a mirror.

"I've got it!" cried Patsy Ruth, with an admirable though incomprehensible slant in her dark eyes, a funny twist of her mouth.

"What is it?" asked Mildred witheringly. "Valentino?"

Patsy replied disdainfully that it was Nazimova. Mildred, having a pout of her own that beggars description—like twin primroses caught up into a tiny bouquet—concentrated on eyebrows.

Have you forgotten the little way Mae Marsh had of biting her finger nails in moments of intense anxiety—instead of waving her arms and screwing up her face as any correspondence-school-trained actress would have done? Many finger-nail imitators have we had, but somehow they've slipped behind the dark cloud and Mae's little unconscious mannerism comes to mind whenever we think of her. I remember my first impression of Miriam Cooper was in a scene where, through anxiety, she bit her lips until the blood came.

Buster Keaton's very immobility of expression is the trademark which has shot him upward the starlit way. You can't say that Buster acts. His "frozen face" is utterly devoid of expression. Yet by means of an absolute blank seriousness, which is entirely assumed—for in off-stage moments I have seen Buster smile most disarmingly—he has raised himself to the heights.

We all know that Douglas Fairbanks is stamped by his wide grin. The superb

of Technique

mannerisms; this article sets forth which the leading players are labeled.

Bell

naturalness of Mary Pickford's acting cannot be termed technique, for there is in her face a certain spiritual loveliness that those of us fortunate enough to know her in person realize is but a reflection of her fine mind and irradiating love. I believe that every one *who knows her* will bear me out when I say that she is the most spiritual of any one on the screen. This thing that you love in Mary, which you cannot analyze, is an emanation of this inner shine of the soul. She has such a warm heart, such a generous emotional nature, that she merely turns her face loose, satisfied that it can hold nothing but fineness when it mirrors her inner self. (How many of us, I wonder, dare do that?) Her smile is so genuine that you cannot call it an artificial aid, turned on and off at will. But she has one little trick, unconscious I think, that the screen seldom catches —a little quiver of her chin, subtly mirroring passing emotions. She has schooled herself to self-control. In talking with her, I am conscious always of a physical restraint, a conservation of energy—with only that delicate quiver of her chin to show whether she is angry, hurt or very happy. Watch closely for it—occasionally the camera captures it.

You know of course that tight little way Dorothy Gish has of closing her lips firmly, pursing them? But have you noticed Anita Stewart's eyebrows, in moments of anger drawing together in a converging point, upward? To me many a decrepit plot has been endurable for the effects that Anita gets in manipulating her eyebrows. There is something fine about them, delicately expressive.



Photo (c) by George Maillard Kesslere, B. P.

It's the studied gesture of Betty Blythe's slim, long hands, with the occasional lift of her upper lip.



The pout of Mae Murray's bee-stung upper lip is the complement of that elusive, sidelong glance over her shoulder.



Colleen Moore's pout is a double superlative one.

Photo by Clarence S. Bull

The serio-comic pathos of Charlie Chaplin's gift is a somber thing, not so much a trick technique as an emanation of a great melancholy buffoon's pantomimic mind. It is in his tragic eyes, rather than with his big shoes and derby and cane, that he mirrors life, the sly comedy that hides behind the dark curtain like a sun glimmer on a mud puddle.

Mae Murray, Colleen Moore, and Mildred Davis have a monopoly on the pouts, each individually expressive. Colleen's is the most

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Jazz and Crinolines

Eileen Percy, who attracted a great deal of attention in "The Flirt," doesn't want to be labeled as a "jazz baby."

By Gordon Gassaway

OUT of the depths of oblivion and into the incandescence of Broadway! Mustn't it be a grand and glorious feeling?

If not exactly into Broadway's white lights—yet, at least Eileen Percy has come back to us out of the oblivion of pictures which for two years and a half have swallowed her up and borne her away from us, no one, for a while, knew whither.

Nowadays, if you want to catch Miss Percy to find out how she feels about it, you have to catch her on the run. Ever since her peppy comeback in "The Flirt" the Hollywood studios have been bidding for her services like an auction party.

These sudden comebacks of players who for a time held our attention and then faded out with little more than a feeble splutter, are as interesting as they are rare. They happen, I should say, about once in a pink moon, and you know how rare is a pink moon — particularly if you live up to all the Amendments the Constitution is heir to.

Some kind soul in Hollywood tipped me off, as I was flivvering Lasky - studio - ward, that I would find a very frank and aboveboard young lady in the person of Eileen Percy. They said that she would tell the truth about each and everything I might ask. You'd be skeptical about such a report, just as I was, if you have listened to as many sugar-coated interviews as have trickled down my collar. When you have only about twenty-five minutes to get the very life-blood story out of an actor you can't waste much time yessing each other. It's either do-or-die then and there, on the spot, or come home and write a lot of goo that doesn't mean a tinker's rap to anybody in the world.



When she is serious there is a sad little droop to her mouth that reminds you of Lillian Gish.

Go back with me a summer or two, first of all. It is down at Crystal Pier, the bathing beach of the movie stars of the Coast. We used to go down there to watch them being watched. Some go in the water and some stay on the sand doing things to their lips with lip stickums. One of those who did go in the water and who looked like a young blond Diana while she was going in, was a girl of whom people invariably asked, as she picked her way through the crowd: "Who is that striking-looking blonde?" After I had asked the question myself two or three times, I remembered, thereafter, that it was Eileen Percy. Eileen Percy? I'd see her at the beach, but not on the screen. No—you see, she played in program pictures.

This last summer, when Eileen has tripped into the water, people have not asked about her. They have said, "There goes Eileen Percy—she played that flirty girl."

So much for what one picture and one really good part can do for a player.

Now cut back with me to the present. She was playing the lead in Jerome Storm's "Children of Jazz," when we lured her off the set for a chat. See how unerring is the studio instinct? She had succeeded in "The Flirt" and she had been grabbed right away for another modern jazz picture. She came toward us gowned in a hoop skirt. Jazz had been shoved back to the crinoline period.

"This is my whoops skirt!" she greeted the studio guiding genius and me with, in lieu of any formality in introduction.

"Whew! this is the first interview I've had for so long I've forgotten what they're like," she went on, when we finally found a couple of folding camp stools to park on. She suggested, to me, a little girl about to be vaccinated.

Her success in "Within the Law" with Norma Talmadge, of more recent brew than "The Flirt," and more widely recognized, apparently did not weigh heavily on her ego. I've noticed that those who have played oftenest in the Studio of Hard Knocks are the most humble. It's your rapidly arrived young skyrockets who suffer most with staritis. Staritis is a complicated malady showing symptoms of upstaginess. Eileen Percy has played in pictures for six years, ever since she was chosen to support Douglas Fairbanks as a sixteen-year-old New York flapper. Her two-and-a-half year contract with Fox only terminated recently, just before she made "The Flirt."

"Every one, including a large number of directors, just think I'm a jazz baby," she said, in her fascinatingly husky voice as we settled down to brass tacks. And I'm not."

She was serious, and when she is serious, there is a sad, quite wise, little droop to her mouth which in some

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EILEEN PERCY



Russia Through Neilan's Eyes

As an aftermath, perhaps, of the tremendous success of the Moscow Art Theater in this country, Marshall Neilan is producing "The Rendezvous," which deals with Russian peasant life. Those who are weary of seeing fancy bath-tubs and retiring telephones will probably welcome this descent to squalor. The leading rôles are played by Lucille Ricksen, Conrad Nagel, Eugenie Besserer, Elmo Lincoln, and Sydney Chaplin.





Six Days of Adventure

While visiting the trenches in France, a beautiful young girl, a man, and a priest are imprisoned by the caving in of the trench walls. It is six days before a rescue party reaches them—a typical Elinor Glyn *coup d'amour*. Corinne Griffith, at her loveliest, as these pictures attest, plays the heroine in this Goldwyn production, and Frank Mayo plays opposite her.









Scripture a la De Mille

These scenes give glimpses of the magnificence promised in Cecil De Mille's production, "The Ten Commandments." Seated at the base of the idol is Charles de Roche, who plays *Pharaoh;* at his left is Julia Faye, surrounded by her attendants. In the picture at the left are James Neill and Theodore Roberts. Mr. Roberts plays *Moses.*

Photographs by Donald Biddle





Phantoms of the Night

On the stage this rollicking story of imagined pirate adventures was known as "Captain Applejack," but Fred Niblo's screen version will bear this more intriguing title. One would hardly recognize in the headstrong, insouciant cabin boy above the same Enid Bennett who played the demure *Maid Marian* in "Robin Hood."





Trilby



Here are glimpses of the much-heralded production of "Trilby," to be released by First National in the fall. At the right, the two musicians are the terrible *Svengali*, played by Arthur Edmund Carew, and *Gecko*, played by Francis Macdonald.

Andree Lafayette, who came from France especially to appear in this production, plays *Trilby*, and Creighton Hale plays *Little Billee.*





The scene at the left shows *Trilby* as she appears when falling under the hypnotic influence of *Svengali.*



Photo by Campbell Studios

ANITA STEWART

Just What is Stardom?

Anita Stewart says that it's just a matter of how your own personal following regards you and not, necessarily, the size of your name on the billing.

By Margaret Ettinger

I WENT to get Anita Stewart's opinion on the starring question. She seemed to be one of the most logical persons to ask, for it had been announced from time to time that she would be starred; again that she had merely signed a contract for feature productions in which all-star casts were to appear; then that she was playing leading rôles with no glimmer or glamour of headlights attached to her contract at all. Anita told me about it, as she sat ensconced in a richly upholstered boudoir chair at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

She said by way of opening the conversation that: "Starring is merely a matter of the mind. You are a star so long as the public will accept you as such. Stars are made, not born. You may have contracts that specially signify you are to be given headlines at all the theaters. That doesn't mean a thing. If the exhibitor who is showing your picture finds you aren't a special favorite with his audience he will select some member of the cast—your leading man, the vamp, or any one liked by his particular group of patrons—and will feature that person. Really you aren't any more of a star than an extra girl. I know it is to my advantage if the productions I am in have, in the cast, as many popular players as possible, both male and female, for then the pictures will appeal to a proportionally larger public."

She had answered the question I had come to ask most definitely in the first few minutes of conversation.

My observation was that she is the same interesting Anita I met for the first time four years ago. She is a dainty production. Her features are irregular, but there is some quality in the face that calls you back. Her skin is translucent and fine, her glances steady and reticent, and in her movements is the shy dignity of the child. Personally, I consider her one of the real beauties of the screen and there are few women of the cinema who dress so well. There is always a decided distinction in her garb and it is with eager anticipation that I look forward to seeing her when she returns to the coast after a sojourn in New York, where she spends no little time in the shops on the Avenue in search of the new and different.



Anita and her brother George are quite the chummiest pair.

One of the so-called "old-timers," she belongs to that very small group that includes Mary Pickford, the Talmadges, the Gishes and those other stars who have been and are, shining brightly, none of them having dropped from sight since the time of their installation. In fact, it was at the very time the Talmadges made their start at Vitagraph that Anita joined the ranks of the extras. As I remember it, Anita's rise was most meteoric of all, for she played but one or two bit parts and was then elevated to stardom at the plea of the public. Her first starring vehicle, a serial, brought her into demand. In that she was co-featured with Earle Williams, who was then at the height of his popularity. It was a whirlwind success, that particular serial, and was followed by a series of starring productions which ultimately ended in her having a company of her own, one of the few of the sort that actually made money.

The afternoon we talked together brother George brought in a box of candy, a favorite variety of "sis'." She greeted him enthusiastically, just as you might expect Pearl Porter of Podunk to do if her brother presented her with a sack of gum drops. Anita hasn't been spoiled a mite by all the attention showered upon her and so genuine was her appreciation of her brother's gift that it might have been the first box of goodies in her life.

She and George are quite the chummiest pair. He calls her "sis" and she calls him "kid" or "brother," and their mother is "Ma" to them both. They are a devoted threesome.

Brother George joined in our conversation on pictures and real estate between bits of candy and puffs

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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

NOTE: Only distinctive pictures appear in this list. It does not aim to be a comprehensive survey of all pictures now showing throughout the country, as such a list would occupy too much space. Program pictures will be included in it only when they are genuinely distinctive. Pictures reviewed elsewhere in the same issue will not be mentioned, but aside from those this list will comprise those generally considered as the most important of the current film offerings.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"The White Rose"—United Artists. Not because D. W. Griffith made it with all his characteristic faults and few of his characteristic flashes of power, but because it brings back Mae Marsh, whose acting is inspired. Flashes of the beautiful and little-known Bayou Teche country in Louisiana enter this among the best scenics of the year.

"The Girl I Loved"—Allied Artists. Charles Ray in a screen adaptation of the Riley poem, an old-fashioned, rural love story with Charles in a sentimental hick rôle as of old. One of the most appealing and poignant of film tales, and if you like Riley's poems, you will probably enjoy this.

"Trailing African Wild Animals with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson"—Metro. A camera record of an amazing series of adventures in the jungle putting you on intimate terms with animals hitherto known only at a distance. More thrills than the zoo without the expense of buying peanuts.

"Souls For Sale"—Goldwyn. Rupert Hughes' potpourri of Hollywood life, in which he preaches of the nobility and danger of making movies. He is assisted by a cast of thirty-five stars, and a full-steam-ahead melodrama.

"Suzanna"—Allied Artists. Mabel Normand as a madcap of early California, uproariously funny and frequently picturesque.

"Safety Last"—Pathé. Harold Lloyd defying all laws of gravity and throwing in a lot of fun for good measure. Check your nerves and go; there will probably never be another picture like it.

"The Covered Wagon"—Paramount. Crossing the prairies with a band of pioneers, struggling against hardships, fighting Indians, and hunting buffalo. A long, curling train of prairie schooners that is infinitely more poignant and dramatic than most acting. J. Warren Kerrigan and Lois Wilson are featured in support of the wagons, but Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall romp off with most of the acting honors.

"The Pilgrim"—First National. Charlie Chaplin goes into the ministry. but not, of course, in the conventional way. Not one of his best pictures, but a lot better than other people's best, and it includes a priceless pantomime of David and Goliath.

"Driven"—Universal. Moonshiners, squalor, and brutality presented sincerely and directly. A story of a mother's sacrifice that slips into none of the familiar dramatic impasses.

"Down to the Sea in Ships"—Hodkinson. A sloppy, sentimental little story that was saved by a whale who towed about half the cast out to sea and tried to drown them. Fortunately, the cameraman was on the job, and the result is one of the most thrilling scenes ever screened. You'll find staying awake through the introductory parts of the picture a real trial, however.

THE BEST OF THEIR KIND.

"Within the Law"—First National. A crook play that escapes all of the usual dramatic pitfalls of underworld melodramas. It is skillfully told, absorbing and splendidly acted by Norma Talmadge, Eileen Percy, and Lew Cody.

"The Girl of the Golden West"—First National. A tried and true melodrama of the prairie flower and her adventures saving the life of the man she loves. Sylvia Breamer, J. Warren Kerrigan, and Russell Simpson bear up nobly under the rigors of the plot.

"The Soul of the Beast"—Metro. Just a pleasant little story about an elephant and Madge Bellamy in a small-time circus. There are interesting scenes around the circus tent and some entertaining bits of action. Just about right for a sultry night's entertainment.

"Scars of Jealousy"—First National. All that "Driven" isn't, this picture is, so if you enjoy seeing the South sentimentalized and fettered by stagy old aristocrats and powerful new whisky, here is your chance.

"Bella Donna"—Paramount. Pola Negri, much more beautiful than ever, before, but somewhat less dramatic and powerful. She seems undecided whether she is a good or bad woman in this, but when she gets good and dull you can look at the pretty scenery skillfully lighted by George Fitzmaurice.

"The Bright Shawl"—First National. Richard Barthelmess as a romantic youth of the last century sympathetic to the Cuban revolution and Dorothy Gish as a fascinating Spanish dancer. Both are charming, if not authentic, and the picture abounds in beautiful Cuban settings.

"Enemies of Women"—Cosmopolitan. Gilded sin and hectic soul-saving against a background of real Monte Carlo and studio Russia that is beautiful and impressive. Lionel Barrymore, Alma Rubens, and William Collier, Jr., lend distinction to this picture.

"Prodigal Daughters"—Paramount. Daughter is a little wild and the old folks don't seem to understand her, but as played by Gloria Swanson, daughter, wears one of the most extensive and unusual wardrobes of the season, so the old folks don't really count.

"The Isle of Lost Ships"—First National. A thrilling tale of shipwreck victims in the Sargasso Sea, produced with Tourneur's usual flair for splendid pictorial effects. Anna Q. Nilsson and Milton Sills at their best.

"Where the Pavement Ends"—Metro. A thoughtful, slow-moving South Seas drama of a missionary's daughter and a young native. Rex Ingram has endowed this picture with the sensuous, haunting beauty of the tropics and given it typical movie thrills as well.

"Mad Love."—Goldwyn. A foreign-made picture of Pola Negri's in which she lures most of the cast to destruction. It is not so pretty as her first American-made effort, but it is much more powerful and designed for more adult minds.

"The Abysmal Brute"—Universal. Not nearly so violent and primitive as it sounds and much more entertaining. Reginald Denny, the Apollo of the prize ring, is as likable as ever in it.

"Trifling With Honor"—Universal. A first-rate baseball drama, intelligently directed and well played.

WORTH THE PRICE OF ADMISSION.

"You Can't Fool Your Wife"—Paramount. A well-dressed mix-up that features Leatrice Joy, Lewis Stone, and Nita Naldi.

"The Ne'er Do Well"—Paramount. Mostly Thomas Meighan—with Panama as a background this time, and Lila Lee playing opposite him. As usual he is genuine and charming, but there isn't much else to commend the picture.

"Vanity Fair"—Goldwyn. Not really a movie, but rather a series of animated illustrations for Thackeray's famous novel. Mabel Ballin plays Becky Sharp charmingly, but unfortunately, Becky Sharp wasn't supposed to be like that. Interesting pictorial effects and characterizations, but not gripping drama.

"Cordelia the Magnificent"—Metro. Clara Kimball Young gets all tangled up in a busy plot, wears beautiful clothes, and mingles in society.

"The Rustle of Silk"—Paramount. A dramatic marshmallow directed by Herbert Brenon with Betty Compson in the leading rôle. There is a charming Watteau sequence and enough sentimentality for three pictures.

"Masters of Men"—Vitagraph. One of Morgan Robertson's sea yarns of Spanish-American war times. The ingratiating personality of Cullen Landis lifts it from mediocrity to real importance.

"The Critical Age"—Hodkinson. Simple but pleasing stuff made from Ralph Connor's "Glengarry School Days," and with Pauline Garon at her most delightful.

"Bavu"—Universal. The hectic romance of an aristocrat and a commoner, with looting mobs, fires, revolution, stolen jewels, and many other thrills. Estelle Taylor and Wallace Beery play the featured rôles.

"The Famous Mrs. Fair"—Metro. A tasteful exploration into family troubles caused by a glory-seeking mother who neglects her home. The war-time atmosphere is a bit musty, but Myrtle Stedman and Cullen Landis make the parts they play vivid and enthralling.

"Jazzmania"—Metro. An inconsequential story of a mythical kingdom through which Mae Murray pouts and prances. There are the usual extravagances of costume and scenery and long stretches of silliness.

"Westbound, Ltd."—F. B. O. A thrilling melodrama of the men who run a railroad.

FAIR WARNING.

"Adam's Rib"—Paramount. Cecil De Mille will have his little joke, and this is it. However, if you want a lot for your money—stars, scenery, and decorated subtitles—this will give it to you.

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climbing the swaying ladder. But not many actors would have chanced the change from cycle to plane.

Foremost among the women doubles is Winnie Brown, an intrepid cowgirl. Winnie has doubled for many serial stars, racing her horse alongside speeding trains and jumping to the rail; she has ridden log jams down the swirling currents and has jumped her horse across chasms.

Winnie also doubled for—guess whom?—Pola Negri, doing the long-distance horseback and camel riding for "Bella Donna."

Another daring horsewoman is Marilyn Mills. When doubling for June La Vere in "Danger," a recent independent production, Miss Mills was in a covered wagon which overturned and rolled down a steep embankment when the horses ran away. She saved herself by a quick jump, Bert Alping, who was with her in the wagon, being thrown fifty feet and severely injured.

Stunt scenes are never rehearsed, though the performer goes over the ground and makes minute calculations beforehand. The majority of these dare-devils have had long training as acrobats or with circuses. Red began as a jockey at fourteen and later drove the gaudy animal wagons at breakneck speed with the Buffalo Bill and "101 Wild West" shows. Leo Nomis served his apprenticeship in high diving and parachute-dropping stunts at carnivals.

Strangely enough, these stunt men do not receive salaries at all commensurate with the risks they run. They are paid much less than the heroes and heroines who get the credit but not the fractures. Leo Nomis is one of the few astute enough to demand good pay—he receives from two hundred and fifty dollars to six hundred dollars for a stunt. The double doesn't work all the time, remember, and he usually pays his own doctors' bills when injured. Bob Rose, the slim young fellow who doubled for Ruth Roland, received a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars a week, I am told upon good authority. Such men, on regular employment, swim rivers, jump off buildings, and do such routine hazards; some, doubling for serial actors, are paid but forty dollars a week.

There are but half a dozen or so "specialists," who put the punch into a picture in one spectacular scene, such as airplane stuff or driving a machine off a steep precipice. The most skilled — judging from the barometer of payment, the only authentic gauge in this business—are Ray Red Thompson, Leo Nomis, Dick Curwood and Dick Grace.

The danger run daily by these men may be realized from the fact that six stunt men were injured before certain scenes for "The Eleventh Hour," a recent Fox picture, were obtained. It was necessary to show a man being hoisted aloft by a cable and swinging from building to building. Red completed the scenes after the others—including Dick Curwood, a fearless youth scarcely more than a kid—had been more or less injured.

But just because the doubles are used for the parts calling for long experience in performing acrobatic feats, don't be misled into thinking that none of the regular actors are ever exposed to danger. Anna Q. Nilsson was badly burned doing fire scenes for "Hearts Aflame," driving a little engine through the flaming forest. I can vouch for this; it was not a story, faked up for publicity. And I could go on, indefinitely, naming star after star, who had received, to my certain knowledge, injuries more or less severe while at work.

After considering the whole question, we come back to the starting point. Does it shatter the illusion for you to know that the star did not risk his neck, but employed a double, trained for such work, to inject the thrill into the play? Do you think the stars should perform such hazardous scenes themselves? Or are you ready to say with Norma Talmadge, "An actor is an actor, not an acrobat?"

The Filming of Exodus

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flame of enthusiasm. You who have seen "The Covered Wagon" can testify to this.

In a more elevated way, I believe, "The Ten Commandments" will disclose the same big natural influences. The picture has, of course, the background of a much higher inspiration. The story of the flight of the Children of Israel is one of the most dramatic in the Bible, and it is this story that Mr. De Mille will seek to visualize.

Never before, I believe, has he attempted a sincerer or more serious thing. For once he has abandoned his sophisticated viewpoint of modern life, apparently, has foregone his sexy tinseled cutbacks, with their orgies of Babylon and Baal, and has developed a direct theme out of the text of the Scriptures, leading from the time of the Seventh Plague—the death of the first-born—in the Egyptian land of bondage to the wantonly luxurious revel of the Calf of Gold and the destruction of the tablets of stone, whereon is written the Mosaic law. On this secure foundation of sacred lore he has built a story of to-day, that may be flimsy and that may be strong (there's the rub!) which concerns the application of that same moral legislation in the now.

For the main episodes of the biblical sequence he selected a location midway between Los Angeles and San Francisco. The spot had never been used for pictures before.

The expedition taxed the resources of his organization and the morale of his people. The camp where they were lodged was stormed by hurricane and battered with sand. At times, when they worked they faced the combined force of wind and sea and cold, bitterly stinging their cheeks and half-bared limbs.

The filming of a biblical feature is technically an imposing work. It requires keen artistry in evoking the illusion of a distant and mist-shrouded era.

For this reason Mr. De Mille tried to avoid a conventional concept. He took the liberty of presenting a background of colossal and idealized magnificence. His seaside set was a composite built according to the theoretic plan of the famous city of Rameses, and combining features of Luxor and Karnak. The avenue of sphinxes even drew from the locale of Cairo. Twelve of these huge recumbent monuments in stone, with their cryptic, half-feminine faces, ranged on either side of an avenue of the sand. Ten to fifteen tons in weight, they had to be elevated to their places in sections.

Everything on the location led up to the opening of the Red Sea. After the animated pageant of the flight you will contemplate Moses standing upon a surf-drenched rock, first beseeching the Pillar of Fire to stand between him and the advancing persecutors, and then finally praying for and commanding the separation of the waters. De Mille has given much attention to the obtaining of the illusion of this mighty and miraculous phenomenon, and declares his belief that he will be able to show it on the screen. This in itself, if adroitly accomplished, will be a remarkable revelation of craftsmanlike artistry.

Dressing the Hero

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And Carl Gerard. It's a good thing his wife, Ethel Grey Terry, receives a nice salary, for Mr. Gerard has sartorial woes of his own.

"In my present picture," he said one day with mournful countenance, "I must furnish my own wardrobe. It sets me back *only* five hundred dollars, as I wear six changes, including business and dress suits, all of which must be tailored in the very latest fashion."

"The complete wardrobe that I must keep on hand for emergency calls represents an outlay of almost two thousand dollars," Huntley Gordon stepped in line with his plaint. "Then when I sign for a picture, that means extra habiliments."

Arthur Stuart Hull's clothing bill amounts to approximately three hundred dollars a month, for the two new business suits and accessories that he must wear in each production, and is an example of the financial outlay of the character actors.

Where period costuming is required, the studio furnishes the raiment; in some cases it is made by the studio costume department, in others it is rented from Los Angeles costumers, the producer furnishing the sketches, measurements of the principals, et cetera. When the script demands that a costume be ruined for the scene, thus eliminating its rental value, it is bought outright by the studio. Rentals of costumes, from twenty-five to eighty-five per cent of the cost, depend upon rental value.

Rex Ingram's mammoth production of "Scaramouche," a French costume picture of the Louis XVI. period is an example of spectacular costuming furnished by the studio. For this picture, Lewis Stone has ten changes. Fourteen men have been employed fashioning his garments, each an expert in his line from designing to the final intricate embroidery. For each costume approximately ten yards of goods are required.

Often the actors have difficulty in obtaining certain costumes or articles. Cullen Landis spent three days endeavoring to locate a queer pair of button shoes with embroidered tops, eventually buying such a pair from a hot-tamale vender in the Mexican section for three dollars and fifty cents.

Walter Hiers also has his troubles, being of more than ordinary circumference. During the production of "Sixty Cents an Hour," his collar was torn in an accident and a prop man honeycombed the Hollywood haberdashers for another, size 17¾, to no avail. A messenger was finally sent to Walter's home, ten miles away, to bring a collar. Now Walter keeps an extra one at the studio.

"A vision sequence demands that I appear in striped prison garment," Walter confided to me one day when I found him with mournful face roaming over the set. "The material was ordered, but the absent-minded wardrobe lady merely noted, 'enough material for a suit for one man' and failed to specify the size of the man. The material arrived," Walter continued lugubriously, the usual happy gleam strangely absent from his eyes, "short about two thirds of necessary yardage. If the suit was to meet in the front, it would leave an embarrassing gap in the back. So here we wait while another rush order goes for enough material to bridge the gap."

They Get Paid for Playing!

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eyes, per Mickey's orders, while he stuck a "marshmeller" — otherwise his big, bare toe—into the pink cavity of her open mouth. "He takes th' pitchers——"

"Aw, whut's a ole cam'ra anyhow?" retorted Sammy, the black boy. "Ain't my paw th' only one which weahs a high hat roun' this heah place?"

There was no comeback, Sammy's father being the plutocrat of the lot, the only man in the studio who is called "Mister"—even Harold Lloyd, who is rather well known himself, fading meekly from view when Mistah Morrisson hoves in the offing, garbed in the latest sartorial display of gray-checked suit, purple socks, yellow gloves and stovepipe lid.

But finally, after Mary had been "nish'ated" through the "seven mistick rites" of membership, the gang grumblingly admitted her, made her solemnly promise she wouldn't be a crybaby or play with dolls, and now she's a member of the gang for "keeps" and they even give her hot-dogs without her asking more than about eighteen times.

They have their hands full on the Roach lot. They find Jackie Condon wrecking the typewriters in the publicity office and Farina decorating himself with flour from the bin in the kitchen of the café; Mickey is usually on top of a building or in a corner of the carpenter shop making the most marvelous but insecure contraptions with a few boards and nails.

Sometimes the gang's earnestness brings about unhappy complications. A while back they were making a Jesse James, Junior, comedy. And when the important "theys" in the offices complained that their morning mail had disappeared, only to be discovered later most importantly by the band of masked "detecatiffs," there was great muttering among the "theys." Is it any wonder though that the gang felt outraged? "How can you be a detecatiff if you got nothin' to detect?" Mickey said disgustedly.

To Tom McNamara, the cartoonist who originated the idea and who alternates with Bob McGowan in direction, should go the major credit for these spontaneous little impressions of real childhood.

"The secret of handling a bunch like this is getting the kids' angle on things," he says. "You know, a kid thinks differently from grown-ups. Folks forget they were kids once. I traveled with a gang sort of like this one, I'd hate to tell you how many years ago, on old Nob Hill in Frisco. In one of these comedies we had the kids playing fire department. I'll never forget the time *I* played fire department and got tanned for it good and proper too.

"We had a peach of a fire lit in the back yard. Along came the old man home from work and cut loose. He whaled the dickens out of us. Yet, what were we doing, anyhow? Of course the fire was pretty close to the blamed woodshed, but what of that? We were goin' to put it out—that's what we had the helmets an' everything for. What's the good of fixin' up helmets out of tin cans and cuttin' the hose to fit onto the boiler thing you've got all filled with water, if you haven't got a fire to put out? That was the way we saw it, but the old man didn't. Well, it's just that sort of stuff we use to put the kick into these comedies.

"Usually we just give the kids the things they're to play with and let 'em go their own gait. The business they pull all on their own is sixty times better than what a gag man would dope out. If they drift outside the camera range, we just haul 'em back into focus and start 'em going again."

And, because they aren't posed for effect, because they don't realize they are working but, as soon as they get up in the morning, begin pestering their mothers to take them to the studio so they can play, these "Our Gang" comedians are filling a long-felt need for spontaneous humor on the screen.

Doug Rubs the Magic Lamp

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shade that claims no kin with reality, but conveys only the incantation of the poet and the prophet and the wonderworker of the East.

Doug's extra throng will be strangely conglomerate of races and peoples. Almond-eyed Chinese, sunscorched Hindus, Tartars, Persians, Greeks and Ethiopians will mingle in the vast crowds that will fill the shining causeway. Fat and pompous potentates, with empty stupid faces, will contrast with beggars of cunning mien. Insidious diplomats from fantastic courts will be brought into relief beside noble-minded philosophers and minstrels of the courtyard and the streets.

Dancing, joy and laughter, backgrounded by the bewitchment of feminine loveliness, will lend to the ecstasy of the eastern night. The lotused gardens will gleam in mystic moonlight, and the rose petals will throb and glow in answer to the call of the song-intoxicated nightingale.

Every subtlety of photography, not only now possessed, but that can perhaps be developed by Doug's experts, will be employed to sustain the reality of the entrancing illusion in this picture. It will probably be the summing up for the present, at least, of the innovations in the camera craft, and will set the standard for a new series of similar undertakings.

Because he is convinced of the need of doing something utterly different and new in each production, Doug took months to decide on this feature. He felt that he must outdo if possible even the precedent of "Robin Hood." He could not make a costume picture of the same type, without risking a setback in the standing he has maintained as perhaps the most advanced producer virtually ever since he filmed "The Mark of Zorro," or at least "The Three Musketeers."

For some time he considered making a story of pirates. He hired his director, Raoul Walsh, who is to continue in that capacity for "The Thief of Bagdad," and one or two members of the cast, and he let his hair grow down to his shoulders in anticipation of playing a bold bad buccaneer with a knife between his teeth.

The pirate picture might have been satisfactory in its way. It wasn't worth taking a chance on though. There were other pictures in prospect, like "Captain Applejack" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish," that contained pirate sequences. They would be on the market perhaps in advance of Doug's. And so he waited, while Edward Knoblock, the author of "Kismet," prepared for him the "Thousand and One Nights" entertainment, which I have described.

"What we need in our photoplays is something that is truly pictorial," Doug told me. "Men like Chaplin and Lloyd are making pictures that appeal, because they grasp and understand screen values, and do not attempt to transform that which can be told more effectively in another form. For that reason they achieve results that because they are true, I believe, are also artistic.

"I feel that personally I have a drawback. I have a hokum streak in my make-up. It is a very practical streak, for it helps to make my pictures popular, but sometimes I feel that it is not always the best for the more artistic and lasting attainment. I do not, however, believe in making pictures that are down to the public level, so called. I think that is entirely wrong. The public is forever seeing things in pictures that I did not see in them myself—certain subtleties. Even when I showed "Robin Hood" before a group of Indians, not long ago, they laughed at and enjoyed things that I thought they would miss."

Doug verifies his faith in the public in every picture that he is now making, for he does not hesitate to step out in a new direction with each one, and once again is he setting the styles with his revival of the fantastic drama, which has long been in the discard, but which, with the advent of his "The Thief of Bagdad," you can safely wager, will be all the rage.

Just What is Stardom?

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at a cigarette. He had a brand-new best girl. He was taking her to the Thursday night dance at the Hollywood Hotel. Would "sis" go along? She would like this particular girl.

"Sis" then admitted that she always had to approve of brother's best girl. "I have never failed to put my stamp of approval on any of his selections so far," she laughed. "Heaven knows, if I did he probably wouldn't be inviting me to meet his ladies fair. What about it, kid, is she pretty?"

George blushed. He is permitted to, for he is not yet twenty. He admitted that this one was quite the most wonderful. "Sis, honest you'll be keen about her. She's got the most glorious golden hair and dark-blue eyes——"

"Enough," said Anita. "I know. I can tell you about her beautiful teeth and adorable nose and——"

George, completely overcome, drifted out.

"There really isn't another thing I can say on the starring question," she continued seriously. "I want worth-while productions, as every one else does. The market seems to have been well plucked, but I am cherishing a hope really to do one of the old classics. That isn't entirely original either, is it?" she queried. "But it is an idea I've had ever since I first began in pictures, and every time I've read an announcement of some star or some company making a period play I have held my breath and read on anxiously, thinking surely it must be my pet one. But it hasn't come to light yet and if all goes well I'll make it before many more months have passed. You see when I had my own company, costume plays weren't thought advisable things to make. Producers had the idea, and so did exhibitors, that nothing but modern problem plays would be tolerated by the public. Since then they have found how mistaken they were."

About three years ago Anita had a serious illness which took much of the robustness from her. She finds it necessary to rest frequently, and days when she isn't working in the studios she is not found dashing about Hollywood. Instead she enjoys the quiet of her own room—reading or perhaps just resting. She rarely appears at any of the big affairs given in the cinema colony. When she does it is a great event in her life.

She doesn't try to impress one with her deep thought. She frankly admits that she prefers modern fiction to William Shakespeare; that jazz—the noisiest saxophone variety of it—thrills her much more than Beethoven, Liszt or Shubert. Paul Gauguin's weird form of art intrigues her fancy and feeds her imagination to a greater degree than Rembrandt or Da Vinci. She likes slang and uses it profusely and I can't imagine her attempting to broad "a" a person. Women's rights mean nothing to her. She has never cast a vote.

Back to the starring subject once more; she lays it entirely upon the table and knows that she is a star to some and not to others and though her Cosmopolitan contract only specifies that she shall be featured, she feels she is as much of a star with her own following to-day as she has ever been.

Their Little Tricks of Technique

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wistful, the most perfect *moue,* and she wears it even when there's no camera around to catch it. Mae's bee-stung upper lip is a complement to that elusive sidelong glance over her shoulder that is so insouciant we can forgive her for cutting up silly capers. Mildred's is to me the most adorable of the pouting triumvirate and it is just as fetching a part of her personality off the screen as on. She pouts over the outcome of a bali game, when she's shampooing her hair, or reading a book; she pouted most charmingly the other evening when she was drying the dishes for my mother—and I guess it's a good thing my big brother isn't here or I'd never hear anything but Mildred's adorable pout—that's the positively shameful way she affects her friends.

The enigmatic glimmer in Valentino's half-lidded eyes, suggestive of passion held in restraint by an iron-gloved hand, of concentrated Latin fire that makes so many good wives wish they had opportunities to be not so good, has made him a star. What would the beautiful Rodolph be without his eyes? To me they sum up his personality completely. Whether or not that sidelong, speculative glance be a trick of technique, I do not know, as I am not well enough acquainted with him to judge; but I am inclined to believe that it is a studied effect. At any rate its brief flashes make the Fahrenheit temperature of his love passages more intriguing to some and endurable to others.

Richard Barthelmess, on the other hand, wins your whole-hearted interest by a straightforward serious look, and a slow, boyish smile that crops out occasionally. I always watch for Dick's grave smile—it comes so seldom and it seems so sincere in a world of make-believe mockery that it has a way of warming the heart, of suggesting clean, fine realities of life.

You know that slow studied gesture of Gloria Swanson's, her way of lifting her hand with such infinite grace, that cold glance over her shoulder, her rather scornful smile showing her marvelous teeth so well? Gloria has been called cold, artificial, on the screen, but these are but tricks of technique, a poise carefully assumed to stamp her a new and different personality. In reality, Gloria is extremely warm-hearted and generous to those she likes. Though I had met her a number of times incidentally she had always worn her pose, until one evening at a dinner at the Ambassador she suddenly smiled across the room at me, the most sincere, delicate kind of a little understanding smile that seemed to come right from her heart.

With Jackie Coogan, it's the pathos of his big brown eyes and his little hands outstretched appealingly; with Lila Lee it's the sweet smile that belies the seriousness of her eyes; and with Tommy Meighan it's the broad smile of him, the quizzical wrinkling of the corners of his eyes that stamp him an individualist. Milton Sills is a philosopher and has a mind that delves into dark-purple metaphysical things; in his narrowed eyes he seems to sum up an indomitable will power. It's Harold Lloyd's wide smile and Charles Ray's boyish frown that I like; and it's the sparkle in Priscilla Dean's dark eyes and the studied, gracious, rather scornful gestures of Betty Blythe's slim, long hands, with the occasional lift of her upper lip.

Nazimova's slanting glances epitomize her personality, and Viola Dana's wide gaze seems always to be saying: "Honest? Is it possible?" Bebe Daniels' eyes and her mobile lips vie for honors. Ruth Roland has a way of looking right at you as if she wants you to believe that her hair-raising escapades are real. House Peters has a certain shining quality in his eyes, as if a beam of light were centered there.

All good fans know the range of expression which Theodore Roberts gets with a cigar, his emotion depicted in the angle at which it twitches—and the wide grin, wrinkled forehead and homely way of looking perplexed with which Will Rogers brings realities to the screen. You've all noticed the little quirk at the corner of Katherine MacDonald's mouth, the half-quizzical smile with which she lifts her upper lip.

Helen Jerome Eddy and Doris May put over their personalities by opposite effects. Helen's round face has a note of harmony, of serenity. Doris is all excitability, all gesture, untimed, impetuous, a cherry-fizz flapper. She has a firm little way of shutting her mouth, doubling up her fists and concentrating her eyes upon the abject male before her.

So you see, when you stop and analyze your silver-sheet idols' charms, they all have some little trick of technique, some individual gesture like unto none of the others', that stamps their personality on your memory.

And perhaps you'll be surprised, too, to realize upon how small a thing hangs your favorite's success.

The Screen in Review

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like children. However, there is lots of fun in the picture, and I rather think you'll like it.

Those Low-down Society Folks.

If débutantes continue in their wild ways and plunge straight down to destruction, they can't say that movie producers didn't warn them. Louis Gasnier shakes a warning finger at society in "Daughters of the Rich." It's another story of the unhappy birds in gilded bathtubs. It proves that the matrimonial affairs of Fifth Avenue are just as complicated as those of Hollywood and that rich men's daughters are no different from movie actresses. All of which may be true but the picture looks as though it had been written and staged by a revengeful butler who had been fired after two weeks' service in a rich man's home, for passing dill pickles with the ice cream.

More Bad News.

"The Ragged Edge," adapted from a story by Harold McGrath, gets a flying start and dashes off at top melodramatic speed when it relates a series of picturesque adventures in Chinatown. The adventures center about an agreeable young man, played by Alfred Lunt. However, the reform and uplift element enters into the young man's life in the person of Mimi Palmeri. I wish that the young man had been allowed to continue in his wild ways a little longer because the picture settles down into conventional dullness. Miss Palmeri is the lucky young woman who was selected for stardom because some one saw her picture in a magazine. Obviously, no one tried to discover whether or not Miss Palmeri could act. She can't—just at present—but she may learn. But why didn't she learn in small parts instead of trying to catch on to the A B C's of film acting as costar to an experienced actor like Alfred Lunt?

After seeing "The Law of the Lawless," the amateur scenario writer has a perfect right to believe that if this is the sort of thing movie producers buy, any one ought to be able to sell scenarios. The plot is so foolish that it ought to be turned into a grand opera. It's all about gypsies and merry peasants who dance on the village green—trala-la-la-lala! Dorothy Dalton, beautiful peasant girl, is sold to Charles de

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In the Name of —Atmosphere

By
Charles Phelps Cushing



Barney Bernard and Alexander Carr, now making their famous rôles for the screen.

MAWRUSS PERLMUTTER sat at a deal table in a strictly kosher restaurant dining handsomely on gefuellte fish and dill pickles; opposite him, gaunt-eyed before a bottle of milk and three soda crackers, *Abe Potash* looked on in misery of soul and stomach and furtively hooked a pickle. Into that pickle Abe bit ravenously. It squirted into *Mawruss Perlmutter's* left eye. Again *Abe* chomped; this time it drenched the other eye. "*Gonif!*"

Auspicious moment, this, the beginning of a beautiful friendship, and the birth, literally, of a million-dollar idea. For that was the first of a series of adventures that for many years have added to the gayety of nations. Montague Glass, an author, found in that incident and the partnership that sprang from it the inspiration for "Potash and Perlmutter."

Dozens of magazine stories about these world-famous battling partners followed; the stage took them up next and exploited their humors to hundreds of thousands of theatergoers in America, in England and on the Continent; and now, finally, the films are to carry on with them to millions.

Scenes of some magnificence are to be shown in the "Potash and Perlmutter" which Samuel Goldwyn is producing for distribution through First National; there is that sumptuous set, for example, where the partners, after years of toil and verbal combat, at last have opened a luxurious modiste shop on upper Fifth Avenue. This scene was being filmed the other day at Fort Lee, N. J., when a PICTURE-PLAY reporter dropped in. Against one of those Florentine backgrounds where tapestries take the place of pictures on the walls and inch-deep velvet rugs bestrew the marble floors, twenty models gowned in advance fall styles designed by Mme. Frances and Tappé were parading before the camera.

For the moment, the principals of the cast, Barney Bernard as *Abe*, Alexander Carr as *Mawruss*, Vera Gordon as *The Missus* and Elsie Lawson as *Abe's* lovely daughter, had to sit on the side lines while a stringed orchestra furnished inspiration for the manikins to strut with due impressiveness.

You want to know, of course, how these principals amused themselves during the wait. Well, they played pinochle.

Clarence Badger, the quietest director that ever supervised the making of an uproarious film, worked on through all this hubbub unprotesting. Presently the orchestra was augmented; a new note of jazzy tinkle added itself to the strains of "Stella." Your reporter turned and saw the boy violinist of the cast smacking an empty milk bottle with a spike.

No one reproved this volunteer virtuoso. Such of the cast as noticed his racket only smiled.

A shrill whistle sounded. The lights went out.

"Gefüllte fish!" the director shouted.

The cast moved off toward the door.

Your reporter could restrain his curiosity no longer. He approached Director Badger and demanded:

"Sir, I have seen many filmings. But this, in certain ways, surely is the strangest. You work on here unprotesting, while a small boy smacks a milk bottle with a spike. While the noisiest pinochle game west of the Hudson River is in progress. While Lee Kohlmar and Vera Gordon turn loose those laughs that surely are two of the most contagious distractions in the civilized world. Yet you never put your foot down to stop it. Sir, I ask you, why?"

A grin spread slowly across Mr. Badger's ruddy face.

"In a word," he replied, "the answer is—atmosphere. This sort of side-line jazz serves the same purpose that soft music and incense might do for a romantic film. Why stop it, then? Come along now to the cafeteria; it's chow time and we've got a treat for you. Gefüllte fish to-day."

Filmdom Dresses Up

Continued from page 19

tragedy were reputedly at outs, but the birthday cheer established an entente cordiale between them, causing their attitude toward each other during the evening to be one of charming frankness. Gloria was stunning in an orchid chiffon gown with a diamond-clustered belt ornament of Egyptian design. Some one said there were sixty thousand dollars' worth of gems in that girdle—but probably the report was exaggerated. And Pola was striking in lemon chiffon velvet, wearing diamonds at her throat and in her raven hair, and the air of a countess.

Mae Murray is also recognized as a clever hostess. Russian evenings with unpronounceable food and Slavic music seem to be her specialty, despite the fact that you would expect her to stage nothing less than jazz classiques. Her penchant is for things foreign, and for music, which possibly explains why she and Dagmar Godowsky are sympathetic. Dagmar is a daughter of Leopold Godowsky, famed pianist, and consequently knows just about every musical artist of note and introduces them to filmdom when they make their western tours, so if Zimbalist happens to be in town Dagmar trots him out to Mae's and they all eat kasanskayaroutchka, drink vodka and discuss the tonal capacity of Chaliapin and Scriabine's "Poem d'Extase."

The flavor of Bohemia is caught by many hosts in filmdom, but by none more successfully than the Fitzmaurices—George Fitzmaurice, the director, and his wife, Ouida Bergere, writer, as disclosed at their regular Saturday soirées during the winter and spring season preceding their departure for Europe. At any one of them you could find famous writers, artists and film folk, and even on occasion a celebrity of the concert stage like Mischa Elman, whose supreme inspiration, next to his violin, is beautiful women in abundance.

You might suspect that all of the entertainment in the picture set follows carefree patterns, until you attend a dinner at the Charles Ray's, where a footman meets you and a butler and maid serve, or a formal reception of the Cecil DeMilles. Dignity, quiet, and form—these are the qualities that characterize their social divertissements.

Barbara La Marr as a hostess has a rare savoir-faire, and Mack Sennett does not produce a bevy of bathing beauties as the pièce de résistance when you accept of his genial, bachelor hospitality, although he always gives you some present when you leave. It may be a giant-sized wooden replica of a fine piece of literature like "Main Street," but you always know there is a box or bottle of bitter-sweets inside. Theodore Kosloff is another host who sends you home carrying anything from one of his own oil paintings to a fine bronze that you may have admired before the evening became zestful, as only evenings with Theodore and his delightful Russian wife can become.

You have probably been wondering where in the social scale Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks and the Talmadges stand. Norma and Mother "Peg" and "Daddy," as Norma calls her husband, Joseph Schenck, and Connie and Natalie and her baby and husband, Buster Keaton, are inseparable. In fact, they are a very clannish family, in which the Pickfords bear a similarity, and seldom entertain outside of the family circle. The Schencks recently bought a palatial home and that's where they spend most of their evenings. They have friends in for jolly little informal dinners, play the victrola and watch Constance do an Irene Castle with her latest admirer—it wouldn't do to mention names because it would involve too many dashing young studio managerial prodigies—and sit around and talk. That is about the extent of their parties.

And with the Fairbankses, it is much the same story, except that Chaplin is the extra member of the family. He spends much of his spare time at the Fairbanks' beautiful home, where the evenings are devoted to reading or discussing productions, or even playing charades, with Chaplin the "master mind." Many a person Chaplin has put to shame by suggesting the most difficult words in the dictionary during one of his charade streaks, or embarrassing them out of their senses by insisting that they give a one-minute impromptu speech on any word that happens to strike his alert mind. One poor little girl, so the story goes, disgraced herself forever in his eyes by stuttering for one whole minute the word "Steam — steam — steam—steam"—not being able to even think of what steam was, with the penetrating, impish eyes of the comedian fastened on her, daring her to say something clever.

The Fairbankses are retiring and aloof in their home life, and they must be so if they expect to have any time for themselves and to think about their work, because they are sought by not alone the famous people of America, but many of the titled heads of Europe who visit this country, and their guests often include such members of the English peerage as Lord and Lady Mountbatten, or the McAdoos, Vanderbilts and Schwabs of U. S. A.

As I think about the film people and their present social life, I wonder if they are laying the foundation for the society of the future—in the picture world. I think of society as a heritage—a splendid heritage. And as I think of the homes, the magnificent palaces, in which these talented, artistic, capable people live, I wonder . . . if the big, beautiful rooms . . . aren't . . . terribly lonesome . . . the long hours of the day . . . when the stars are away. . . .

When is Barbara Sincere?

Continued from page 63

thought my adopting a baby was awfully funny. *Funny!* Nobody can say to me that they think my baby is funny."

Barbara has a highly original way of saving herself the bother of shopping for clothes for herself. She advertised for a secretary whose height and weight were the same as hers, who wore the same size gloves and shoes. By a happy coincidence the girl's taste in hats coincides with Barbara's. So now she does the shopping for two.

Barbara is rather cool and analytical and not given to bubbling with enthusiasm. All of which makes her tremendous admiration for Blanche Sweet more notable and lends importance to the fact that she thinks Fred Niblo has made a great picture of "Captain Applejack." She wants to play *Monna Vanna* and *Manon Lescaut* when she comes back from Europe—she wants to idle in the garden of her beautiful new Los Angeles home on Whitley Heights with the baby, whom she adores. She wants time to write the many stories she has planned. She wants, too, the stimulus of New York's high artistic standards.

Child of a thousand and one influences, she is pulled this way and that by conflicting desires. Are they genuine? Is she sincere?

I believe she is.

Fit for Even a Movie Queen

Norma Talmadge's new portable dressing room is the acme of studio luxury.

A MOTION-PICTURE studio, outside the immediate glamour of the sets, is just about the barest and most uncomfortable place imaginable. To have even a chair to oneself is considered a privilege. Extras and the less important players fill in the tedious waits between scenes during which they are not supposed to leave the stage, by disposing themselves wherever they can find a bare space and repairing their make-up as best they can in odd corners. The stars, of course, are accorded more latitude and everything possible is done for their comfort.

Portable dressing rooms are not exactly new. Several especially favored stars possess them, but for the most part they are small, boxlike affairs with few claims either to beauty or great comfort. But during the making of "Purple Pride," which is the new title given to "Ashes of Vengeance," Stephen Gooson, the art director of the Talmadge productions, inspired no doubt by the sight of Norma Talmadge in her beautiful sixteenth-century costumes, was moved to create a setting fit to enclose her during the unavoidable waits between scenes. Since these exquisite costumes were not designed to be trailed across dirty studio stages, this miniature boudoir also serves the purpose of keeping them in perfect condition. The room follows the style of coaches of the period of Charles IX. of France. It has grille windows and is hung inside with orchid draperies. All the facilities for resting luxuriously and repairing make-up are provided, and these are its sole purposes; it is not used for costume changes. When the scenario requires that Miss Talmadge appear in a different costume, she repairs to her regular dressing room, which is some distance from the stage and hence too far away for the ordinary between-scene intermissions.

This de-luxe dressing room can be rolled right up to the edge of a set, and Miss Talmadge can step through the beautiful carved door into the camera range without disarranging her costume or make-up. Yes, there are indeed compensations in being a star.





Fighting His Way to Fame

Continued from page 66

because we're playing young characters and in that way make them more natural. We're very much in earnest about things—but why talk about it?"

A few years ago O'Hara helped support his folks by working as office boy with a local newspaper, from three in the afternoon until one in the morning, after his day's school work. They tell a little tale down there, about how he used to get rattled when all the telephones rang at once and bribed the other boys with chewing gum to answer the phones, while he emptied the paste-jars.

"When I finished high school at eighteen," he told me, "I went to work at the Mack Sennett studio. Did most everything—cutter, prop man, assistant cameraman, assistant director. Though my salary was small, I'm rather proud that I've never missed a week's pay check since I started. In my four Sennett years, after I graduated from general utility man to acting, I wore every type of make-up and did all kinds of stunts, rolling off of buildings, being dipped in lakes and such stuff. Made a series of two-reel comedies with Marie Prevost. Played the juvenile in 'The Crossroads of New York.'

"I accepted this starring contract because of the personal publicity it would give me. There is a chance for versatility here, yes; but of course they're only fillers. I am frankly ambitious to put George O'Hara on the map. I get disgusted when an actor exclaims, 'I don't care for personal publicity.' Hypocrites. They eat it up—when you're not looking. Of course a background is essential—good story, direction, real rôles, the unity of the whole. But it's the personality of the player that draws the crowd.

"Mr. Sennett discourages personal publicity for his people, preferring that each production speak only in the unity of its various factors. Maybe that's art," he grinned, "but it won't get George O'Hara anywhere. And getting little George somewhere is my prime consideration."

He mentioned, with candid comments that must have sprung from thoughtful analysis, certain players who are slipping from public favor.

"Gallery idols," he shrugged. "They get a contract, say, 'I'm sitting pretty'—but pretty soon they aren't sitting so pretty. Others, Mary Pickford, Doug, Harold Lloyd—my idol, whom I consider the most promising personality on the screen—give personal attention to every phase of their pictures. There is evident in their work a boundless ambition, something that forces them on and on. When I've brought my name before the public, I want a chance at a juvenile rôle in a feature, the sort of thing George Hackathorne does, something I can make stand out—or try darn hard, anyway."

In grimy overalls, joshing the "grips," was Craig Biddle, Jr. He is bucking the movies, having suffered, figuratively speaking, the parental boot. When, fresh from Princeton, he made known his desire to become a screen actor, his father gave him some clothes and five hundred dollars—and added that he needn't ask for anything else, ever.

"And when the money was gone and I couldn't get any work, O'Hara found me, dejectedly eating a ham sandwich in a corner of the lot," Craig informed me, in a slow, apologetic drawl.

The entrance of Craig into this circle of busy young folks in itself illustrates their spirit. The first day there was a sort of armed neutrality; thinking perhaps that his story of financial disability might be a play for sympathy or a publicity stunt, they awaited his attitude. "If he pulls that money-king and college-lad stuff, we'll wring his neck," they tell me George said. But when, on the second day, Craig, still with that apologetic expression, heaved a shoulder under a cumbersome platform being moved, the ice broke. You're either "one of the bunch" on the O'Hara set—or you exit.

"Married?" I asked George.

"Nope, I've something to be thankful for!"

But he's only twenty-three, so there's hope. They get over it.

Mal St. Clair called him then and I witnessed, upon a tiny stage, an exquisite bit of pantomimic burlesque, a scene in which the small-town performers put on a tragedy, the thrilling culmination of which is Albert Cooke diving down a pasteboard well. With Arthur Rankin riding a painted wood hobby-horse and seeking to r-r-ruin Clara Horton by blowing smoke-wreaths from a villainish cigarette in her face, and George all done up as ye hero. The thing was so screamingly funny that even the actors got to giggling and had to stop and regain their composure.

George is, aside from his startling ambition—lots of good-looking young actors take things lazily—just an ordinary fellow who'd rather talk about his folks and the new house he just bought for them and the latest books and shows than to answer a foolish girl's foolish questions. So I had to content myself with the one comment about his personal idiosyncracies that he vouchsafed: "I'm the worst driver in Hollywood, bar none!"

Merton Among the Latins

Continued from page 22

He told us shyly that he didn't know. Whom would we suggest?"

"Jerry Storm," said Moreno, decisively. "But you can't get him. Or Al Green. Al has made some great pictures with Tommy Meighan."

Bearing in mind the earlier Fairbanks comedies, notably the supremely clever "Double Trouble," I named W. Christy Cabanné.

"I'm going to work very hard with whomever they get," said Glenn.

As he walked away, Tony turned to me. "Why it's a cinch for him—that part—*Merton*. He plays himself!"

I could not agree with him altogether. Glenn Hunter suggests *Merton*, but his stage characterization is a thing apart, a cameo of poignant realism, sympathetically portraying as it does the yearnings and heartaches of a movie-mad country boy, with subsequent high lights in the depiction of his gradual success.

"Charlie Ray could do it perfectly on the screen," said Tony.

Hunter himself, however, undoubtedly will transfer his creation to the perpendicular stage.

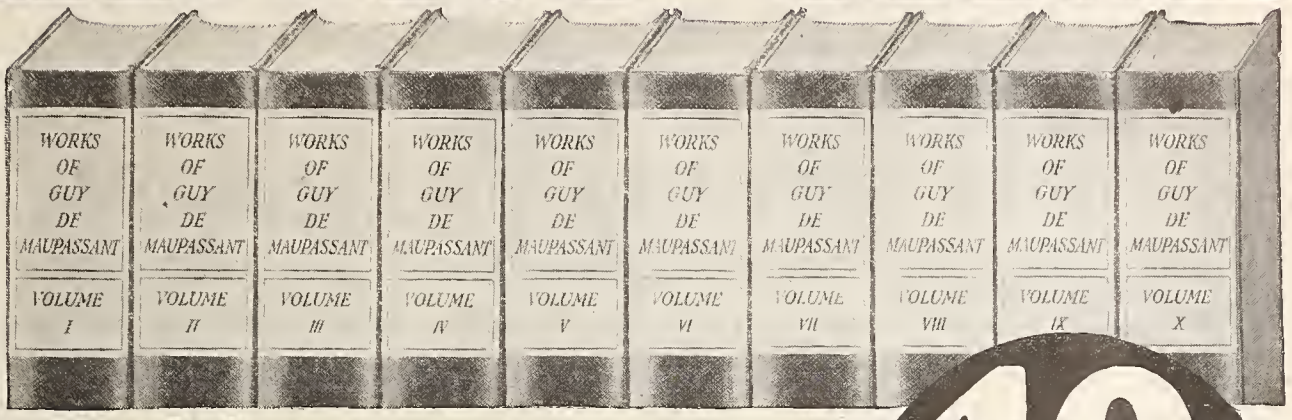
Moreno proved to be a tempestuous, impulsive talker. He would say a thing without thinking, then cover it up a moment later. He reminded me of an exuberant sophomore, unrestrained in the expression of his opinions. Suddenly he decided, apparently, that he had been unduly frivolous in his remarks. He reverted to type. The type of 1910, five years before he had appeared before a camera.

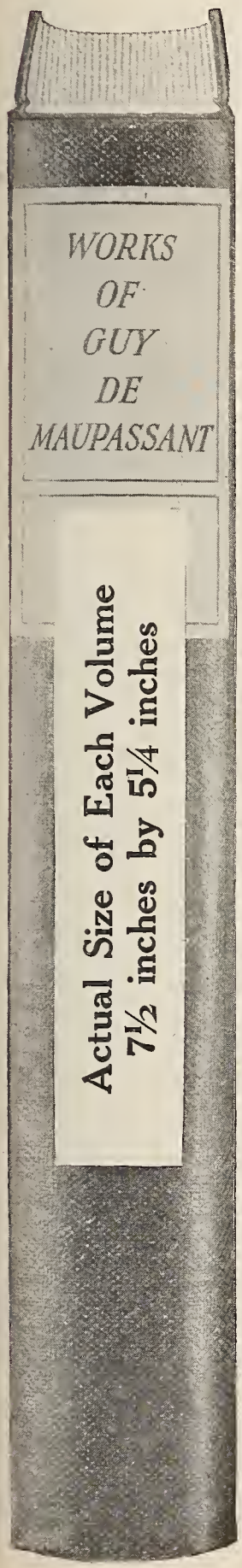
"I go to see all kinds of pictures, you know," he said. "I like to watch them, study them. Then I correct my own faults through watching the mistakes of others——"

After all, this indicated that he had a dash of *Merton* in him. Were not these words lifted almost bodily from the September, 1912, *Silver-Screenings?* Remembering Tony had recently taken unto himself a wife, I hurried away. I *knew* that his wife was his severest critic and, at the same time, his best pal.

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Frankest of Frenchmen

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THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

ANGEL CHILD.—So you think Conrad Nagel is "just darling." What could be sweeter? I doubt if you will ever see him opposite Norma Talmadge, for a long time, anyhow. Norma, you know, has her own company. Conrad has just been signed to appear in Goldwyn productions, and while that company sometimes farms out its players they have such a production schedule arranged that they probably can use all of their actors in their own pictures for some time to come. But perhaps you will see your dream fulfilled yet. Your friend is all wrong—Mae Murray never appeared in a film called "The Queen of Sheba." Perhaps your friend burst into the middle of one of Mae's jazz concoctions and saw her all tricked out in one of her dance costumes. The only film version of "The Queen of Sheba" that I know of is the Fox production in which Betty Blythe played the title rôle. This was released in April, 1921. John Harron and Jack Mulhall have the principal male parts with Constance Talmadge in "Dulcy." The addresses you want are at the end of The Oracle, where addresses of players are always given.

WALLACE REID ADMIRER.—Wallie's eyes were blue and his hair light brown. Mrs. Reid used to be in pictures, but gave them up several years ago, and has only recently returned in the antidrug film, "Human Wreckage," which she has just finished. I have not heard definitely whether she intends to continue in pictures, but it is likely that she will. Her film future depends, to a great extent, I guess, upon the reception of this picture. Mrs. Reid is small and slender, and has dark-red hair and hazel eyes.

E. T. C.—Virginia Lee Corbin is back in pictures again. She is going to be featured in a series of kid pictures to be made by Fisher Productions. Virginia was born in 1912, in Prescott, Arizona. Peggy O'Day is stunting through the serial "The Fighting Skipper." Niles Welch is free-lancing, and skips from one studio to another. You may see him in the Universal production, "What Wives Want." Niles is not so terribly young—in years, that is, for he was born in 1888. Johnny Walker appears in the Goldwyn picture, "Red Lights," and in the Frank Borzage production "Sands of Time."

AN ADMIRER OF ETHEL CLAYTON.—The rôle of *Prince Valdemir* in "If I Were Queen" was played by Warner Baxter. I hate to crush your hopes, but Warner is happily married to Winifred Bryson, also a screen player, and has been for five years. Ethel Clayton has no children. She has not remarried since the death of her husband, Joseph Kaufmann, several years ago. Marion Davies is not married, but Conway Tearle is. His wife, who happens to be the third Mrs. Tearle, is Adele Rowland, the stage star.

ALEX.—Yes, quite a few American players have appeared in foreign-made pictures recently. Mae Marsh, Constance Binney, and Evelyn Greeley made some productions in Europe, but are not working there now. Some American players in Europe at present working for the most part in foreign-made films, are Betty Compson, Nigel Barrie, Wanda Hawley, Betty Blythe, Loraine Harding, Peggy Hyland, and Carlyle Blackwell. Fannie Ward, of course, has been over there making films for the last few years. Almost an equal number of foreign players, to balance the account, I suppose, are now in this country working under American directors. Pola Negri started it; then came Charles de Roche, Ivor Novello, Goesta Ekman, Evelyn Brent, Andree Lafayette, and among the directors, Ernst Lubitsch and Victor Seastrom, the Swedish producer, who will direct for Goldwyn.

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as spaee will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The Oracle cannot give adviee about becoming a movie actor or actress, sinee the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notiee at the end of this department.

PHOEBE.—No, I'm not quite as patient as Job. But I'm getting fine training. Grace Cunard appears in pictures once in a blue moon, if you know how often that is. She hasn't done anything on the screen for a long time now, though. Eugene O'Brien is thirty-eight. Do write again, Phoebe. You are so enthusiastic.

BETH G.—You never see Robert Frazer any more? Why, Beth. You must have been skipping the recent Mae Murray pictures. Robert has a part in "Jazzmania," and, of course, he played the toreador in "Fascination," which was released some time ago. No. Bebe Daniels is not married nor engaged at present writing.

SWEET IRENE.—I'm afraid that "Bertie Dear" would be awfully upset if he could hear you rave. If you wrote to him as you have to me, I think perhaps you might not get that lovely photo which I am sure you would give a great deal to have. You'd scare him. Bert is five feet ten and a half, weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds, and has brown hair and hazel eyes.

BETTY C.—Hope Hampton is not married. Her latest rôle is in "The Gold Diggers," which she is making for Warner Brothers. The picture to which you refer must be "What's Wrong With the Women," which Daniel Carson Goodman produced. Here is the cast: *James Bascom*, Wilton Lackaye; *Mrs. Bascom*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Elise Bascom*, Constance Bennett; *James Belden*, Montagu Love; *Jack Lee*, Rod la Rocque; *Janet Lee*, Barbara Castleton; *Baby Lee*, Helen Rowland; *Mrs. Neer*, Hedda Hopper; *Lloyd Watson*, Huntley Gordon; *James Matthews*, Paul McAllister.

BOBBY.—So this department is the second thing you read in the magazine. Certainly no Oracle could expect more than that. I had almost reconciled myself to never getting any further than third favorite. Alan Forrest was Mary Miles Minter's leading man in "Tillie." Neither Wallace Reid nor Thomas Meighan was married more than once. Of course I shall be glad to hear from you again, Bobby.

BUD.—No, William Duncan and Carol Holloway do not play in pictures together any more. William had been costarring with his wife, Edith Johnson, in serials and features for Vitagraph for some time, then recently went over to Universal to make more serials. Carol has only recently returned to pictures after a long absence, and you may see her in Clara Kimball Young's latest release, "Cordelia the Magnificent." Cullen Landis and Helene Chadwick are married, but not to each other. Colleen Moore was born August 18, 1901. She is not related to Tom and Owen. John Barrymore has not made any pictures since "Sherlock Holmes," but in the fall, when he returns from Europe, he will star in the Warner production of "Beau Brummel."

Continued on page 109

She Knows What We Want

Continued from page 34

Hugo Ballin, an authority on art, recognizes Miss Murray's knowledge of periods and customs, some of them so vaguely hidden in history that only one who has really studied architecture and painting could have made their discovery.

"Doesn't all this work and responsibility fatigue you?"

"I'm glad you didn't say 'tire,' because I'd never admit my work at the studio was too much for me; but I am fatigued, especially when I give a whole day to being fitted for costumes. I've no voice left tonight." She touched her throat sympathetically, quite in the manner of Geraldine Farrar, and I wondered if she were due to render the "Jewel Song" at a later hour to keep pace with all the arts.

Instead, she spoke of a scenarist waiting to continue a conference, which, let us suppose, was conducted in mute language, to spare the voice.

Meeting these ladies of the lens, by their own efforts crowned with success and riches and passing fame, sets the interviewer to thinking, and marshaling his faculties of comparison. They—the ladies—are first of all young and rather tiny. Yet they all have the authority of those accustomed to attentive hearers, and, more than that, of knowing whereof they speak, particularly Miss Murray, who intimates no vain beauty, eager for tribute of one kind or another, but a woman keenly alive to values, whose business happens to be the exploitation of herself in pictures that must please the majority or cost her her reputation as a star.

She has evolved a type of entertainment peculiarly her own. "Mae Murray" in electrics leaves no doubt in the minds of the fans what to expect, because she has cleverly standardized herself in spite of the different parts she insists she plays. To me it is rather marvelous that she has done it all, since success of this kind predicates the morale and equipment of an indomitable fighter; one to whom nothing is too small to bother with, no issue too great to attack, no defeat too bitter to forget.

There really is a "lesson," I suppose, in the lives of our stars, if some one would truthfully write it without stress on the opulence of their present state. Though not sprung from Olympus, they are apt to be exceptional men and women, possessed of the fundamental virtues of courage, pertinacity, ambition, whatever failings may mitigate. I think these meritorious qualities are pronounced in Mae Murray.



Construction Day by Day

So great and so constant is the growth of demand for telephone service that the Bell System invests throughout the country an average of three-quarters of a million dollars every working day for new telephone plant.

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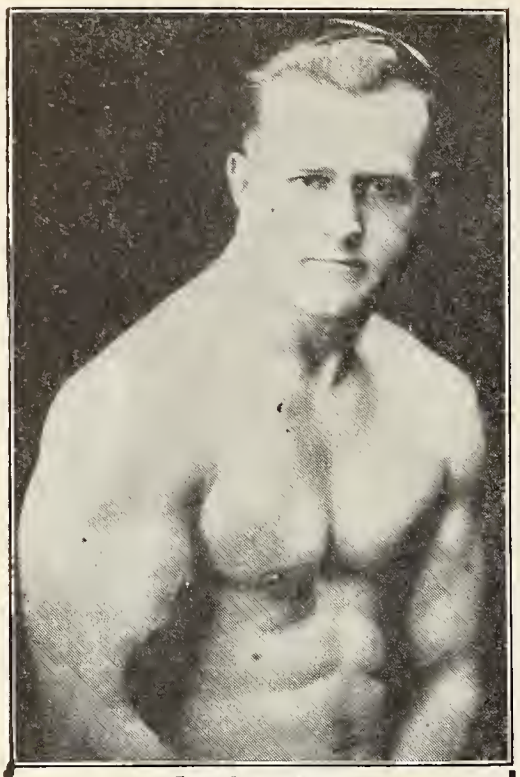
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Jazz and Crinolines

Continued from page 74

way reminds you of Lillian Gish. And her blue eyes have depths of tragedy in them. Why haven't directors seen this? I'll bet my moth-eaten bathing suit against anything you care to name, that there is the makings of a real emotional actress in this Percy girl.

"I never in my life had a picture taken in the kitchen mixing something I didn't know how to mix, nor with a dust cap on, but in spite of that I've decided that I'm a home body." She volunteered this in response to my very frank statement that since I had known whom she was, and had given any thought to the matter, I hadn't imagined her as a home lover.

"I love my home well enough to have designed it. Isn't that enough?" she informed me. As usual with these studio interviews, we were interrupted about seven times by Director Jerry Storm yelling for Miss Percy, and she'd have to trail her "'whoops" skirt over the tangled light lines to the camera just as things were getting clubby.

Her case in pictures has not been so different from many others. She had all the makings of a successful actress when she took up the work, and yet she never made such a hit that any one wrote home about it. She just "got along." Of course, she was starred by a certain company, but still people said "Who is Eileen Percy?" It was the same with Mary Alden and others I could mention.

"How does it feel to be having such a nice coming-out party?" I asked, as much to get her to talk, as anything else.

"I don't know," she said, and her wide, frank, blue eyes twinkled under their burden of mascaro. "I've still got my fingers crossed. After you've thought you were a hit for a dozen times you begin to get a little skeptical."

"But you ought to follow up your present wave of popularity just as fast as you can," I urged.

"I know one thing—there'll be no more 'smothering' contracts for me. I'm free now and I'm going to stay free."

She is truly modest. And very real. The Hard Knocks Studio has done that for her. Some players, I may say, are not quite so humble. Miss Percy is a very close friend of Norma Talmadge, and from my office I can look across West Adams Street right into Norma's front yard, where at this writing I see the Percy-Busch car parked. Yes, Eileen is married to Ulrich Busch.

The fact that Miss Percy did not stop her career when she became a Busch is because she is essentially an independent young person and you could never imagine her languishing in idleness.

"I really must always be doing something," she said, "if only playing golf. I'm strong and I'm active, and I've decided that I'm too active to be tied up in any more pictures that do not get you anywhere."

What is the reason that a great many of the players who suddenly achieve a burst of popularity, after years of oblivion, soon fade away again into the obscurity from which they sprang? I asked Miss Percy about this, because she happens to be right at the point where all the others *have* been, and it's time she was thinking it over pretty seriously.

"You can't go on being good in pictures," she replied readily enough, "if directors are only going to see you in one kind of part. Now that I've cornered a little attention in a 'jazz' type of story, they all want me to play jazz. I'm no Eddie Foy, but I would like a chance at some real emotional stuff!"

And as she said it, I could see a longing urging up from her soul which mirrors in the eyes of some mothers when they yearn for a denied child. I think they ought to give this earnest young woman a chance to emote!

The Movies Learn Manners

Continued from page 51

fixed in a far-away look. An ardor unaccustomed to the Anglo-Saxon suddenly shakes him.

"They were the most beautiful sort to serve in the world! The loveliest days those—before the great war. It was a most beautiful life—most instructive—most educative. But all is changed now. The great establishments—many of them broken up. And I—I'm working in the movies!"

The door of the inner office flies open and out pops a short, pompous figure—that of the production manager for the Goldwyn studio.

"Say! Pipe down in there, will ya? I gotta important conference."

John Holmes Howell gets to his feet. Gravely, silently, courteously, he bows before his new master.

The Girl Who Couldn't Simp

Continued from page 23

It was while she was playing in Emmett Flynn's last special production for Fox that I met her. She refused to sit still in the cold, barracklike dressing room and be interviewed. It made her feel self-conscious. Her idea was to get a taxicab, several ice-cream pies and go to a beauty parlor. So that was the way this possible star of to-morrow conducted her first interview. If they were all like that, interviewing would cease to be a paid profession.

Even through the days when work was scarce, she managed to support her mother and keep up a pretty little apartment in Hollywood. And as Kathleen is one of those slim girls with a slow Oriental gait she managed never to look commonplace, even when her clothes were ordinary. The hardest struggle Kathleen had was to make other people take her work seriously. Some boy was always coming along who wanted to marry her, give her a good home, and "take her away from it all." But Kathleen really was interested in her work. What better proof of her sincerity than that she turned down all offers to make her rich and idle!

Characteristically, her idols in the profession aren't the remote stars who are at the very top, but the girls who are distinguishing themselves and forging ahead to-day. Louise Fazenda and Colleen Moore are two of the girls who were good friends of hers through all the dull days as well as the successful ones, and it is that sort she admires. She is worth watching. You will find her an amazingly beautiful young person, and if some one succeeds in catching her spirit of pessimism it will be a real contribution to the screen's reflection of contemporary youth.

A Letter from Location

Continued from page 67

Sunday we raced carrier pigeons from the Big Basin to Santa Cruz wiith messages for the newspaper. I happened to choose the winner, a pigeon called "Drifted Snow." It made the twenty miles air line in eighteen minutes and thirty-seven seconds.

I would like to send this message by a pigeon, but it looks bulky, so will close for this time.

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Who is Raymond Griffith?

Continued from page 65

Griffith has traveled everywhere; he has read exhaustively, not only the conventional material, but into the very core, you might say, of certain types of informative literature. Particularly has crime in all its phases interested him. He has lapped up Havelock Ellis, Lombroso and Schopenhauer until there is absolutely nothing of them left. He will intrigue and fascinate you with the conciseness and brilliance of his opinions on life and literature and art.

I can frankly say that there is nothing conventional about Griffith. His own creed for a career aptly enough is that what he does "may be right and it may be wrong, but at least it is different," and he doesn't want to make his success according to rubber stamp rules. During our talk he expressed, for instance, his utter distaste for the usual publicity given movie stars, as well as other celebrities. He shunned almost religiously any of the petty conceits and personal reminiscences that are the stock in trade of actor folk. He shied absolutely at the least hint that I made that he should tell me the truth about how he lost his voice, refused to let me know what his chief ambition is, and otherwise endeavored to keep our chat in impersonal channels.

Griffith doesn't figure a motion-picture contract as anything more than a chance for an education as an actor, and he won't worry about what he's going to do next until he is through. All that concerns him is that he shall play a character part and play it straight. He refused with determination to do the leading rôle in a picture called "Red Lights," as it was written, because he would have to wear a pair of trick pants. He got the rôle and the sort of garb that he wanted too, which is going some for a chap who is just "breaking in."

Griffith may qualify as the cleverest actor on the screen outside of Chaplin eventually, but it won't be because of a pair of oversized shoes and a cane. If he is a comedian he is a sophisticated one—elegant, smooth and perhaps just a trifle sinister. He'll bear close watching as do all light villains, who may on occasion get funny, but more for his somewhat remarkable mental equipment, and his very unusual background and personality, for it is these that make Griffith entirely new, and in fact, entirely different.

A Picture Puzzle

Continued from page 43

now, but I would have gladly once."

Seena Owen's greatest charm to many people is her utter naturalness, and as she talked it occurred to me that the untheatricalness of her life was partly responsible. So I steered our talk around to fan mail and personal appearances and other popularity-building enterprises.

"Probably I'm all wrong but I don't believe in that sort of thing for me. I want people to like me on the screen. I'm not a public speaker and I rarely write letters even to my best friends, so why should I write to some stranger just because he happens to have complimented me on my work? My part is to go on pleasing him—on the screen. It doesn't seem sincere to me to hire a secretary who sends pictures and letters out to people gushing about how much I appreciate their admiration. There is only one natural outlet for my appreciation—that is in my work. If I really appreciate what they think of me I'll improve all the time.

"This Seena Owen person who lives in a small apartment like millions of other New Yorkers, and who tries hard not to spoil her little daughter and niece whom she adores, who likes luxurious clothes and enthusiastic people, isn't worth more than passing interest. But the girls she creates inside the studio—that's something else. The one I'm playing in 'Snowblind' now has wonderful grit. I rather liked the one in 'The Go Getter.' And the one in 'Sisters' was awfully real. And if my plans for my next contract go through I'm going to have some wonderful characters to play. I've been scouting for months to find what I wanted."

"And when you make a tremendous success and the mayor of Gazook asks you to be queen of the local prune festival—or some woman's club wants you to address them—or the Colossal Theater of Dallas, Texas, won't show your picture at their de luxe opening unless you attend in person and hand out personally autographed pictures—do you mean to tell me that you will still keep this Seena Owen person out of the limelight?"

She smiled merrily, and just said, "Wait and see."

And I honestly believe that she means this Seena Owen person never to change.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 49

when he was a schoolboy. Whenever he came to a word he couldn't spell, he would just leave a blank for her to fill in. Sometimes the letters were chiefly blanks.

"Bert just finished making a picture with Blanche Sweet before he left California. It was 'The Meanest Man in the World.' Like every one else who knows Blanche, he simply raved about her. And that reminds me, she is coming East very soon. Aren't you excited?"

"Well, I might be," I admitted, "If I thought you would ever leave a minute of her time for me."

"Lillian Gish is back again," Fanny murmured, "and of course she wants to hear about all the pictures and plays and things that went on while she was abroad and I want to hear all about what she has been doing, so we both have to talk at once. She arrived in Italy on a Saturday and imagine how thrilled she was when she found that Eleanora Duse was opening in 'Ghosts' on Monday. Of course, she went. Then Tuesday she started Italian lessons and went to the studio and started conferring on locations, and from then on she was so busy she didn't have time to realize that there weren't many movies or theaters open in Rome. In all the seven months she was over there she just saw two pictures, 'Nanook of the North'—she loved that, of course—and an old picture of Mary Pickford's that nearly made her cry from homesickness.

"Incidentally, did you know that before Mary abandoned her plans for producing 'Faust' she cabled Lillian and asked her to come out and play *Marguerite*. Wasn't that wonderful of her? She wanted Lillian to have a chance to work with Ernst Lubitsch; she thinks he is such a splendid director. But Lillian was right in the midst of her own production and couldn't do it.

"The very first thing Lillian did after she got back was to go to see 'The White Rose.' She simply loved it, and there aren't enough magnificent superlatives in the language to express what she thinks of Mae Marsh's acting.

"She and Dorothy are going back to Italy in July to make 'Romola' together. This picture won't take nearly as long to make as 'The White Sister' though, because now they are familiar with working conditions in Italy and have their studio all equipped, and—oh, I nearly forgot to tell you about Lillian's leading man. He is wonderful! He plays the part of an Italian cavalry officer and is a sort of refined Valentino. I think he is going to make a big hit and I hope so because it is his first picture and he ought to be encouraged to stay in pictures instead of going back on the stage. His name is Ronald Colman and he used to be Ruth Chatterton's leading man. He trouped all over the country too with Fay Bainter in 'East Is West.' He is handsome and romantic and Italian-looking, but he isn't really; he is Scotch. They tried out about a dozen Italian actors for the part but none of them looked right.

"There are going to be a lot of new faces on the screen for fans to get acquainted with this fall," Fanny went on enthusiastically. "Genevieve Tobin, for instance. She was in a picture years ago when she was a tiny little girl but no one could be expected to remember that. All this last season she has been playing the part of a motion-picture star in 'Polly Preferred' on the stage and she did it so charmingly that Wiliam Fox signed her up to play the lead in one of his specials.

"Florence Eldridge is another newcomer to the screen that Fox has signed up. She has been awfully popular on the stage for the last season or two, but now she is playing the leading part in 'Six-Cylinder Love' with Ernest Truex and Elmer Clifton is directing it. He is the man who made 'Down to the Sea in Ships,' you know. I just love to go up to the Fox studio and watch him at work. He is the pleasantiest director I know.

"The other day he came out and looked at the set—the living-room of a young couple's apartment, it was—and it didn't just suit him. It looked too orderly and sensible somehow and yet nobody could think of what was missing. Finally, in desperation Mr. Clifton telephoned his wife and asked her to go in their living room and send him all the small objects that were lying around. Of course, she thought that he had taken complete leave of his senses, but he hadn't. He got what he wanted. When there were funny little carved things and candy boxes and flower bowls around on the mantel and table the room looked natural."

"I thought too much naturalness spoiled a picture for you. You know that you like perfectly insane society pictures."

"Oh, well, who doesn't?

"Madge Kennedy is back at work in pictures, did you know that?" Fanny babbled on as she glanced idly through a newspaper. "John Emer-

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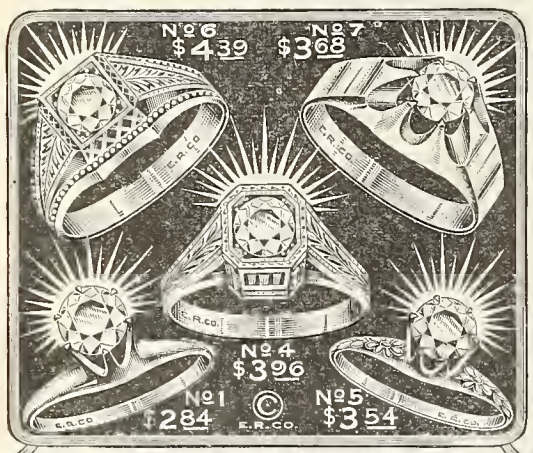
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son and Anita Loos did the scenario, so it ought to be deliciously funny."

Her voice trailed off into a whisper as she got interested in reading and when I objected she tossed me a letter from Colleen Moore to keep me quiet.

While every one else has been sweltering in the heat, Colleen has been freezing up in the California mountains where she is making "The Huntress." In her letter to Fanny she told all about a show the company gave up there. Colleen played *Little Nell,* a rustic gal with a simple heart whom the birds and bears all loved; Russell Simpson was *Pa,* Lloyd Hughes was *Lem,* the country boy with a heart as big as all outdoors. Kathleen O'Connor played a gal who went to the big city, and Lynn Reynolds, the director, played a slick city feller who wronged *Lou.* Walter Long and Snitz Edwards had the time of their lives playing village cops. I'd almost rather see that show than "The Huntress," although Colleen is wonderfully enthusiastic over that.

"So the movies are going to get into the nobility after all," Fanny announced after a while, looking up idly from her newspaper and waiting for me to register extreme curiosity.

"Pearl Shepard is going to marry Prince Ibrahim of Egypt. The paper says she is a Pathé star but I don't remember ever seeing her in any pictures," Fanny went on.

"Oh, I remember her," I announced, proud to know something about the movies that had escaped Fanny's eagle eye. "I never saw her in any pictures but she was always on hand for a theater opening or a personal-appearance tour."

"One of those still picture stars," Fanny pronounced her verdict scornfully. "But speaking of Prince Ibrahim, if rumor could have married any two people he would have been married to Mabel Normand long ago. The reporters simply never left them alone. Every time news was scarce they rumored Mabel's engagement or marriage to the Prince.

"And now that he is disposed of I can tell what happened to him in Hollywood. He had an awful time meeting some of the more conservative stars. They had him looked up and found that he was a prince right enough but with so much fallen royalty looking for jobs around in Hollywood the movie actors have to be cautious about making friends. How could they be sure that the prince wouldn't put cigarettes on the market and advertise them with his snapshots taken among the stars?"

While Fanny was talking a striking-looking young girl came in and we both gasped. It was Ann May! But before we could attract her attention she had gone over to the other side of the garden.

"She comes back to the screen in 'The Fog,' you know," Fanny remarked. "Won't it seem nice to see her and Mildred Harris? Oh, incidentally, Mildred is laid up with measles or mumps or something equally juvenile.

"Rubye de Remer is making another picture in Hollywood, and I do hope she sticks to her career this time. Some one ought to stand guard over her and Mabel Normand and some of the others that are always deserting the screen. Incidentally, did you know how Mabel happened to play 'The Extra Girl?' That was supposed to be Phyllis Haver's first starring vehicle and as soon as it was under way the Sennett studio forces were going to start work on 'Marianne' for Mabel. But 'The Extra Girl' didn't go very well and Mabel's production kept being postponed. After a while they decided that Phyllis simply wasn't suited to the part, so they started trying out other players. They tried Sigrid Holmquist, Fritzi Ridgeway, Priscilla Bonner, Virginia Faire, Winifred Bryson and several others, until finally in desperation they appealed to Mabel to take the part. She hated to postpone 'Marianne' but, of course, she had to. I can't imagine Mabel failing in anything."

"Well Winifred Bryson may have failed in that part," I spoke up angrily, "but you'll admit that she is usually lovely. Anyway she got a big part in 'Havoc' out at Universal City."

Fanny didn't show even a polite interest in my views. She was too interested in telling me about Mabel and Hugo Ballin. "Mabel has been offered featured rôles in four or five big productions but she won't take them because she is afraid that Hugo might get ready to start work on his next production before she could finish. She is really just stalling when she says that because there isn't money or glory enough in the world to get her to work for another director. I've heard that the Ballins may do one of the most-beloved Barrie plays, but that news is still in the rumor stage.

"I suppose you've heard that Miriam Battista is going to be starred in 'The Shining Adventure' by a company in which Nazimova's husband is interested. The most interesting detail of the production to me is the fact that Little Polly Archer is going to be in it. You know I would claim Polly Archer as my discovery if about a dozen casting di-

rectors hadn't discovered her first. She is just a youngster, you know, who won some swimming and diving contests and a beauty contest down in Florida last winter. She came up to New York for a visit and decided that she wanted to go into pictures—and the very first thing she landed a part in 'Java Head.' She has been keeping busy ever since, too, even when there wasn't much production going on but sometimes it was awfully discouraging for her just doubling for stars and not getting any glory herself."

"It must be awfully disheartening," I agreed "to start in pictures now, realizing what a slim chance any one has to get to the top. And how many disappointments there are along the way. Look at Alma Rubens. She is really a tremendous success and yet Alma gets awfully discouraged sometimes because her pictures aren't bigger artistic successes."

At mention of Alma, Fanny began assembling her belongings. "I almost forgot," she blurted out excitedly, "that Alma is on location up near Stamford, Connecticut. She is competing for the long-distance commuting championship by motoring in from location every night and it is about time for her to get back to town. Let's rush over to her house and wait for her."

And as Alma is one of the people always worth waiting to see, we went.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 88

Roche, a gypsy chief, although every one in the village knows that she is loved by Theodore Kosloff, a local poet. The frantic story then goes on to tell how she comes to love the big, strong man. Charles de Roche is the Frenchman brought to this country just to make the girls stop crying over Valentino. But he isn't another Valentino; he's just another Lou Tellegen.

Mixed Delights.

In "The Heart Raiders," Agnes Ayres goes back to light comedy and proves that she never should have left it. Of course, the story hasn't the delicious qualities of the O. Henry tales, but Miss Ayres plays comedy very well. It's another one of those automobile pictures. "Children of the Dust" has a good cast but the story is rather weak tea. Alice Calhoun and James Morrison do much to make "The Man Next Door" a picture worth seeing. Douglas MacLean in "A Man of Action" does his best to be another Harold Lloyd and gives us a thriller comedy. But unfortunately, he didn't have the comedy material to work on. "The Rapids," with Harry Morey and Mary Astor, is worth your kind consideration.

So far as real entertainment goes, many of the shorter pictures now on the market are as good as the much-advertised features. For instance if a comedy called "Back-fire," produced by Jack White, comes your way, go and see it. And look out for Hal Roach's "Our Gang" comedies. Personally, I laughed over Snub Pollard in "The Courtship of Miles Sandwich," but then I don't care what I laugh at.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 61

"The Three Ages."—Buster Keaton bursts into a five-reel extravaganza. Everybody says it contains about fifty barrels of laughs.

"The Brass Bottle."—A real comedy frolic with "Arabian Nights" ornamentation. Harry Myers of "Connecticut Yankee" fame is the chief jester.

"The Courtship of Miles Standish."—Charles Ray's most pretentious. After "The Girl I Loved," it will be interesting to see what he can do with a costume story, and particularly one laid in the America of our forefathers.

"The Rendezvous." — Marshall Neilan adventuring in darkest Russia, with Conrad Nagel, Lucille Ricksen (now grown up from the "Edgar" comedies) and funny Syd Chaplin among his aides.

"The Cheat."—Give Pola Negri another chance. Maybe she'll redeem herself in this new one. The studio talk is that it's great.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame."—Lots of money invested in this, though we can't vouch for the strict adherence to either the theme or plot of the Victor Hugo novel.

"Trilby."—An etching of picturesque artists' life, with hypnotic hokum. Not a Pollyanna show. Introduces Andree Lafayette.

"Purple Pride."—Lavish sets and costumes—plus Norma Talmadge.

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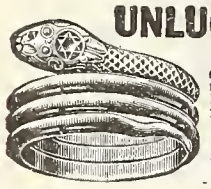
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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 13

ones with Lila Lee and Lew Cody were trenchant character studies not only of his subjects but of himself as well.

Life is but a succession of human contacts, and the more varied the persons one meets, and the more sensitive the individual is to different personalities, the fuller his life is. Interviewers have an advantage over most of us, for they are constantly meeting new people, absorbing vivid impressions, and interpreting the life about them. Frankly, I doubt if many of us would have the energy, the ambition, and the patience it must take for an interviewer to land an interview with a star. Most of us would be so self-conscious on meeting our favorites that we would bungle the meeting and come away with no definite impressions beyond the fact that the player had a mouth, a nose, two eyes, and hair. Many of us would babble foolishly about ourselves rather than drawing the star out. Mr. Oettinger seems to be always at ease. No intellectual impasse is too difficult for him to maneuver.

The frankness of Mr. Oettinger's interviews appeals to me particularly. And I find that his revelations about the shortcomings of some of the players send me to their pictures rather than keeping me away from them. For instance, Lila Lee never interested me until I read his interview with her. But his analysis piqued my curiosity, and I decided immediately to make a point of seeing her again at the first opportunity, which I did. The picture was "The Ne'er Do Well," and I give you my word I was quite carried away by the girl's simplicity and charm. These screen players are real magicians when they can appear so simple and unassuming in life and so vivid on the screen. I'm going to watch her in the future.

And Lew Cody! Let him talk about himself all he wants to in real life; on the screen he digs deep into the character he is presenting. No Malcolm Oettinger will deny that!

Mr. Oettinger's value, it seems to me, lies in the fact that he puts no false value on the gifts of our film fair. He is inclined to underestimate their ability rather than overpraise it. He stands alone among writers who have almost smothered their subjects in adjectives.

NAOMI RANDALL.
Washington, D. C.

A Fan Critic Defends His Position.

It is not often that I write to magazines, but on the rare occasions when this happens, it is as if something inside me urges me on involuntarily. In a recent issue of your publication some one rather boldly states that we are presumptious because we dare to sit in judgment on the histrionic ability of the silver sheet's stars. He—or she—goes further and says this criticism necessitates a knowledge of the classics and the drama and at least the fundamentals of pantomime.

Permit me the liberty of answering these ridiculous assertions. Does it, to take a specific case instead of generalities, require all this training to brand Miriam Cooper as a poseur when she stares abstractedly into the camera with a naked shoulder crammed out of the neck line of her dress in "The Girl Who Came Back?" I say: "No! Any one with the fundamentals of common sense would realize the lack of reality, of feeling!" Again, when my adored Mae Murray drapes herself against a high window with typical Robert Z. Leonard lighting and direction, is not the lack of spontaneity and realism distinctly noticeable?

Shakespeare bores me to a splitting headache, Barrie invariably puts me to sleep, fiifty-nine pages of "Pilgrim's Progress" was my limit, and I have never been any nearer a studio than the sidewalk outside Mae Murray's in New York, but —I, for one, presume the ability to distinguish the artistry of Pola Negri, Elsie Ferguson, Norma Talmadge, Valentino, D. W. Griffith from Miriam Cooper, Marion Davies, and Katherine MacDonald, Gasnier, and their kind.

L. GEORGE EDELHAUSER, JR.
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Making Fight Pictures is Exciting Work.

As I told a radio audience one night, fighting on the silver sheet was a new one for me, although at Mack Sennett's where I appeared in one-reelers for about three years, I developed a strong right arm in many a pitched battle with custard pies.

When the script for the first of the H. C. Witwer "Fighting Blood" series was handed me, I realized that a strong right and ability in dodging wasn't all there was to boxing. I had done some boxing, but only enough to know how much science goes into it. I immediately engaged a trainer, with whom I work for one hour daily in a strenuous program with the punching bag, pulleys, rope skipping, shadow boxing, and from two to four rounds of actual boxing. Another feature is diet, my daily fare corresponding to that of a professional fighter in training.

Our set is the mecca for all the ring veterans on the coast, who give us valuable advice in getting the realism of the arena. We have about twenty of these experts attached to our staff. Before a scene is shot, we discuss every angle, and then when we get into action other things suggest themselves as a natural consequence to strengthen the atmosphere.

My adversaries are all boxers of established reputations, such as Phil Salvadore, Joe Rivers, Leach Cross, Georgie La Vigne, Jack Josephs, and Ray Johnson, and each fighter represents a different problem, for we make no two scenes alike, nor are any of my black-and-blue marks alike, either! There is always plenty of excitement for which we don't bargain.

"Petie," the dog star in the pictures, necessitates the idodine bottle always being in readiness. The shouting from the grand stand seems to frenzy him. Overcharged with excitement, only recently, he left his tooth prints on Joe Rivers' skin and tried to take a nip out of my gloves. I suppose he figures that it's up to him to contribute something to the action!

It's strenuous work all right, and when one fight is over—each one lasts two days —I'm glad that the next one is relegated to the future! GEORGE O'HARA.

Versatility is Needed.

One erying need of the screen to-day —notice that I said *one*—is this: Versatile actresses. Actresses, because the men of the screen rate a higher average of versatility than do the women.

Lillian Gish, for example, is wonderful in her particular sphere, but her sphere is a very narrow one: she is essentially a portrayer of crushed innocence. Norma

Talmadge is at her best in "weepy" parts. She cries very beautifully but, ineidentally, how she *does* pile on the agony! "Smilin' Thru" and "The Voice From the Minaret" left me eold, largely because I couldn't help estimating the number of inches of tear fall that was meted out to us. But Norma's attempt to portray the heartless eoquette in "The Eternal Flame" was a hopeless failure. If *La Duchesse de Langeais* was no more sprightly than Norma pictured her, surely she and her general *were* a gloomy pair, which is hardly the impression Balzac intended to convey.

Of Mary Pickford I am not sure. I feel that when she begins, seriously, to enact grown-up eharacters, she will eneounter difficulties—this in spite of the marvelous dramatic appeal of her *Unity Blake*. She has been wise, I believe, in sticking to child parts so far. Barbara La Marr is highly effective (visually, largely) as a voluptuous siren—her *Zareda*, for instanee; but, oh, how gauche and awkward she feels when called on to portray sweet simplicity!

Now I shall be broad-minded and quote some shining exceptions to the rule I've been laying down. It seems impossible to miscast Nazimova. Her girlishly innocent *Salome* was a triumph of art over, if not age, surely advanced maturity. Yet even Nazimova is not always authentic. At times I feel that the spell she exerts is due more to the aura of self-styled greatness with which she surrounds herself than to genuine artistry. Nothing could have been more artificial and tawdry than her *Dagmar* on the New York stage last winter.

Leatrice Joy—here is a real aetress! What could be more widely separated than her rôles in "Manslaughter" and in "Minnie?" Yet she bridged the gulf with ease —and met her Waterloo in "Java Head." Given more experience, she will find very few Waterloos.

Alice Terry, under the guiding hand of Rex Ingram, is genuine both as the missionary's daughter in "Where the Pavement Ends" and as *Marguerite* in "The Four Horsemen." Imagine Lillian Gish as the supersophisticated *Marguerite!* No, I can't either. But enough of this. I'm an incorrigible optimist, and I keep going, and always expect to find that for which I seek. As my reward, some day I shall find my ideal actress. And though to others she may seem no more distinguished than Nita Naldi does to me, still, I shall be happy.

A word about Gloria Swanson. She fascinates me, and I believe given halfway worth-while pictures she would surprise us by showing real dramatic ability. I have seen flashes anyhow. As for her clothes, some of them are marvelous, but may I ask why, as the "vision of sweet girlhood" in "Beyond the Rocks" she chose to wear a wedding gown so elaborate, regal, and otherwise sophisticated, as to be laughably inappropriate and out of place?

Why don't we hear and see more of the undeniably talented Ray Griffith? I can't forget his characterization of the gang leader in "Fools First." Such thrilling effects as he achieved are rare. And can't some one lure Sidney Blaekmer to the screen? They say we need new faces. He is my nomination. His performance in "The Love Child" was almost wholly responsible for that play's success on Broadway. His delicate subtlety and eloquent restraint are valuable screen assets. I feel that he could beat Diek Barthelmess at his own game.

Last winter I saw in person both Rodolph Valentino and Ramon Novarro, in New York, and was able to judge

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what they were like as real persons and not as screen heroes. Rudy loses much of his fiery, magnetic appeal—I always knew he was too good to be true. Whereas Ramon Novarro is even more attractive than he is on the screen. His personality is as vivid and compelling as I expected Rudy's to be. I'm all for Ramon. He started out under a fearful handicap. Rex Ingram made an awful mistake when he tried to foist him on the public as Rudy's successor. I'm surprised he had no better understanding of human psychology! But Ramon is pushing ahead, overcoming the obstacles that were mistakenly placed in his path, and I expect great things of him. I think he's a far finer actor than Valentino, and I believe his popularity will be surer and more lasting. He and Glenn Hunter are the real "white hopes" among the young screen actors.

Rex Ingram is the best director of them all, and I have a strong conviction that some day he will make an even finer picture than "The Four Horsemen." I'm looking forward to "Scaramouche." Griffith's pictures are being ruined by his own superinflated ego. "The Birth of a Nation" and "Broken Blossoms" were products of a master genius, but what awful trash we are obliged to endure at other times! Griffith says he turns out this kind for box-office reasons. Well, his worst are the world's worst—no doubt about that. EILEEN SHANNON.

New Orleans, La.

The Thrills of All Fans.

I couldn't help writing and expressing my opinion on some of the things happening in the "Fan and Movie World."

Photographs! I'm sure they're the thrills of all fans. I have a collection of just one hundred and two pictures, about eighteen personally autographed, and some have been given to me by the stars themselves.

More thrills!—meeting the stars in person, such ones as Eugene O'Brien, Helen Hayes, Francis X. Bushman, Beverly Bayne, Pauline Frederick, et cetera. Each one has a different personality and a heavenly charm of his or her own. Rodolph Valentino was here in this very town last Friday evening. For some reason I have quite a dislike for that man. I wouldn't walk one block to see him. I suppose some girls nearly beat down the doors.

Movies! Movies! Movies! And why some girls leave home! I am nearly seventeen and I couldn't imagine anybody being as stage struck as I am. Ever since I've been able to talk I've said, "I'm going on the stage, that's all there's to it." Last year I had three perfectly marvelous offers. I nearly died of heart failure. I guess most any fan would have. School! That's what comes first, they all say, and if a girl can only hold her own, keep her head and not believe everything people tell her about being grand and beautiful, perfect for the stage, et cetera. Some girls lose their heads and then—I feel rather embarrassed saying this (but I sure am glad that's said). There's nothing like telling how you feel, is there? I guess all girls are embarrassed in giving their opinions. I think when a girl has money, good pull, beauty, and talent and likes the stage and, of course has a good education, she has a good chance. And then if she doesn't make good she has her home to come back to. ELEANOR SEIDEL.

45 Crestview Road, Columbus, Ohio.

From a Fan Who is Disillusioned.

I am not going to soar among the clouds in my expressions and enthusiasms about the movie stars. We all have our preferences, that's only natural, but I've been so sadly disillusioned about movies and the stars that now I see them only as they really are.

I've been a fan for years, since the old days, in fact, when the Biograph Company wouldn't allow the names of their players to be revealed, and since then I've seen many, many movies and spent nearly as many dollars on movie magazines to learn more about the ones I admired the most. And what does it all get you when you come down to earth?

In interviews we only see the best side of our favorites and one which usually fits perfectly their beautiful faces on the screen. But through the newspaper accounts of their domestic difficulties, their repeated divorces, and the like, we learn the other side.

One gets fed up on fans' gushing (particularly in the movie magazines) over some male actor's soulful eyes, magnificent physique, and tender love-making or over some female star's beautiful clothes, lovely tresses, and the fact that she's just too sweet. Then, too, these fans want to know the star's age, and why? What good does it do them, and how often do they really find out their exact ages? Seldom, I imagine. How many women, anywhere, ever tell their real ages?

As for their acting, after seeing so many movies, it has been my observation that few actors or actresses are given the chance to display any initiative when it comes to acting. The directors are the "actors" and the actors and actresses are just "Punch and Judy," nothing more or less than marionettes.

Nor am I insensible to the fact that if the directors weren't the "actors" how few stars there would be. If you study your favorites carefully when you see them on the screen in picture after picture, you can tell which gestures really belong to them. But to gush over them! To me it's absurd. I am a regular fan, but when I go to see a picture little do I care about their beautiful clothes or lovely coiffures or a close-up of the hero's half-way-to-Heaven expression, because I know that they are told *what* to wear and *how* to act. It's the play itself that impresses me, whether the director has been able to "get it over" or "put it across" to me or not. However, there are one or two directors that accomplish this. "TIRED MAMMA."

San Francisco, Cal.

From a Loyal Fan.

For many a month I have devoured the pages of the most interesting part of PICTURE-PLAY. I have scowled at and applauded the worthy and unworthy remarks scattered hither and yon, and I have held my peace. But my patience can stand it no longer! For, by the Pink-toed Prophet no mortal shall say Thomas Meighan's work has been next to nothing and get away with it! The victim of my wrath is a certain Henry O'Connor. He has said that "the majority of good-looking folk before the camera depend upon their good looks to gain them popularity." I'll admit there are a few such cases, but those few are far, far from the majority. And when he calmly selects Thomas Meighan as an example of one of those cases, well—it's lucky for him he lives in Ohio and not in New York! Mr. Meighan was not brought into prominence by any popularity contest, so that he couldn't have come into fame merely on his looks. As a screen actor he was hardly known,

Continued on page 106

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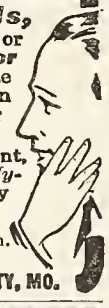
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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 104

until he was given the part of the criminal in "The Miracle Man." Every fan knows into what prominence he did spring after that picture and that it took a great deal more than "a little fair work" to bring about the results it did for him who seemed to put his whole heart into the character of *Tom Burke*. He certainly could not be accused of relying upon his good looks to help him.

As for Mr. Meighan's later pictures, they certainly have been "worth bragging about." I wonder if Mr. O'Connor saw "The Bachelor Daddy" and "Our Leading Citizen?" As for "Manslaughter," I know of no other actor who could have portrayed his character as well as Meighan did. He seemed to step right out of the book. And his wonderful ability and understanding and sincerity showed at its best in "Back Home and Broke."

I feel cooler now, but for a while I felt like "battle, murder, and sudden death!"

And now may I sing the praises of an actress? When I read M. Z.'s letter of her thrilling experience of hearing Valentino speak, I wished I could have shaken hands with her, for, although I did not have her experience, I had just as wonderful a one when I went to see Pauline Frederick in her play, "The Guilty One." I, too, wondered if her voice "would harmonize with the rest," and, oh, it did! It is low and clear, and now I know how much of her we miss when we see her in pictures. I know lots of the critics didn't think much of the play, but they don't bother me, and I'm afraid I was too absorbed just watching Miss Frederick to worry over the plot. Oh, she was wonderful! And, "lady fans," she was strikingly beautiful in a white brocaded evening gown with a wrap of the same, lined with black velvet. But she wore it for only a few minutes, so that my rapturous gazes were quickly ended. Her acting was marvelous, and she makes the funniest little gestures with her arms and hands that add all the more to it. And when she bowed to the audience she bent way over like a Chinese mandarin. Everybody laughed, and she did, too. By the time the play was over I was in a state of adoration and worship. (I haven't recovered yet, and I hope I never shall.) I didn't dare applaud any louder than I did, for fear of starting a riot, so I sighed ecstatically and rode all the way home in a trance!

LOUISE V. LAUGHRON.
1001 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

To Those Who Would Write Comedy.

Probably the biggest fable about the motion-picture industry is the one which states that a comedy-film company has purchased stories for their comedians from writers not connected with the film game. In the many years that I have been making comedies I have found that the thousands who try to write for comedians have never been told the reasons why they receive so many rejection slips. This wholesale returning of scripts from embryo writers can be attributed to many things.

First and foremost, of course, is that the struggling authors have no conception of what photographs. Second, they are minus a sense of humor, cinematically speaking, for what reads "funny" usually proves boresome on the screen. Third, they do not study the personality of the comedian for whom they write. And, lastly, they make the fatal error of "going in for story," which is just what comedians try to avoid.

For that reason I am writing this letter, in hopes that it may benefit those thousands who are trying to sell stories to comedians.

The most successful comedy "scenario" writers are, paradoxical as it may seem, those who cast plot and continuity to the wind and concentrate on "gags." A "gag" is a "funny piece of business," and a series of these make a successful comedy. Comedies are made for "laughing purposes only," and although held together by a thread of a story, they are usually of the slapstick order. But the slapstick must be silver plated and highly polished and bear the sterling mark in a very convincing form. In other words, the plots of most comedies can be told in a few words, viz.: a comedian starts out to go somewhere and has trouble reaching his destination. "Gags," fitting the personality of the star, must follow rapidly, placed so that there will be continual laughter.

It is easier to be serious than funny. The actor in a straight dramatic theme seldom carries the whole play on his shoulders. The story itself holds the interest of the audience, but in comedy the actor is usually the outstanding feature, the story being negligible or entirely absent from the consciousness of the audience. This should be remembered by those who are writing for the screen.

Now, merely to see a man's hat broken by the unconscious maneuvering of another man's cane is not funny. But if the man whose hat is broken is pompous, or plutocratic looking, or if he is a policeman or a person the other fellow cannot afford to affront, the situation usually becomes laughable. But all the while the comedian who thus provokes others must preserve an air of absent-mindedness and blundering decency. He must never seem mischievous—never intentionally destructive or malicious.

Dignity, position, and intolerance are always fair targets for comedy laughs, and when the victim refuses to recognize that he is being made ridiculous, when he attempts to preserve his "front" in the face of it, and then meets with a sudden catastrophe that blasts his dignity to bits, comedy usually is climactic.

The writer must strive to obtain sympathy for his character. This should be done at the opening, if possible. For instance, he should usually be beaten by an outrageously bigger man. In his clashes with the law, he must meet with abuse of power. If he outwits the police, it must be for something for which he is wrongfully accused. The crowd's sympathy for the under dog is one of the comedian's prime assets. This many embryo comedy scenarists overlook.

I write these things because some of the writers who submit scenarios overlook these. They have, I believe, the wrong idea of comedy, and for that reason their comedies usually are returned. So I recommend to those who are inclined along comedy-writing lines that they do away with story and concentrate on funny pieces of business. We want "gags," not story.

BUSTER KEATON.

Bouquets for Several Stars.

A few months ago I saw "Omar the Tentmaker," and enjoyed it immensely, especially the acting of Virginia Brown Faire. I had never seen her before, and am sorry to say I haven't seen her since.

Why is it that such a good little actress is so seldom seen? I do hope that I shall see her in another picture soon.

Then there is Helen Ferguson also. Why isn't she given another part like the one she had in "Hungry Hearts?" She is another splendid little actress.

I am glad to see that Pauline Starke is coming ahead so well. Her acting in "Salvation Nell," "The Kingdom Within," Snowblind," "My Wild Irish Rose," and "The Little Church Around the Corner" was in every case very close to perfection.

May we see a great deal more of all three of these actresses and may we always have Mary Pickford, Mae Murray, Alice Joyce, Richard Barthelmess, George Hackathorn, and where are Marjorie Wilson, Bessie Barriscale, and Patsey de Forrest. HELEN STOW.

Berkeley, Cal.

This Fan Does Not Like Mary!

Have you a nice, unoccupied pedestal in your Hall of Infamy? Then please dust it off and prepare it for a new tenant. The occupant-elect—if *I* had my say—would be none other than Mary Pickford. Yes, "Our Mary." Perhaps I've said too much. The Pickford fans will think so, and maybe they are right. But taste varies in this world of ours, and there's no accounting for it. What some like, others detest. And so, much as Mary Pickford is admired, there are some who don't like her, and it is only fair that their voices, however faint, be heard.

Whatever it is that makes Mary popular, it is unknown to me. Am I the only one, I wonder, who does not acknowledge allegiance to "Our Mary?" I think not. But, anyway, there is at least one, and I'd like the readers of PICTURE-PLAY to know about it. I am not a traitor, because one cannot be a traitor who was never loyal. But I do not like Mary Pickford. That is the long and short of the whole story, an antipathy to her that I can hardly explain myself. It is partly due, I think, to that title "Our Mary"—another of my "pet aversions." The Pickford fans will think me mad. Maybe I am, but "them's my sentiments," and I hardly expect to deny them.

Every man for himself in the matter of movie favorites as well as other things. PICTURE-PLAY, at least, carries something for every fan—for which Allah be praised! MADGE T. BAUM.

715 West One Hundred and Seventy-second Street, New York City.

First and Foremost!

Why should Glee Durand fly into a fit when she sees the famous Gloria Swanson and handsome Valentino? She had a crush on Rodolph. She is a very fickle fan or she would still have that crush. I am not conceited when I say that I am not fickle. Ever since I first saw young, debonair Rodolph I just practically adored. I still adore. He is to me always first and foremost and a wonderful actor of magnetic appeal.

I agree with M. Z. when she says that other fans have used all the adjectives she can think of, but there is one which only suits him—"Magnetic."

INDIGNANT BILLIE.

Bronx, New York.

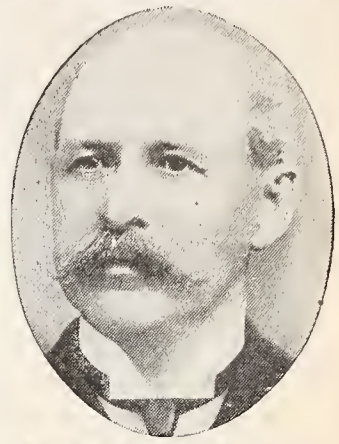
How Do They Get That Way?

My chum and I are enthusiastic movie fans, and the movies are one of the main topics of our conversation, but we had never seen Rodolph Valentino. Although I have had plenty of chance to see him before, somehow I did not seem to have

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any desire to do so. I got so sick and tired of the way people raved about him, but out of curiosity to know why they raved, and feeling rather queer not to have seen him, my chum and I went last night to see "Blood and Sand," which had just hit our town. No, I didn't go with my mind made up to hate him, I expected to like him—I even thought I should have to accord him a place next to Wallace Reid and Thomas Meighan, my very special favorites. In fact, I was quite enthusiastic over the prospect of seeing him. As the time drew near my impatience grew greater and greater and then the great moment arrived, there he was, if only he would come closer so that I could see him. Oh——!

I was struck with astonishment. Was that the great Valentino? As the picture progressed my amazement grew and grew!

"— handicapped with *excessive good looks.*"

"— it is to admire and to love 'When Valentino smiles.'"

"— his eyes make me think of dreamy, moonlit, languorous nights—love, deep, passionate, beyond all reason."

These and other similar quotations from his fan followers came to my mind as I watched the subject of their ravings. The end came, and I sat there staring blankly at the screen. My chum seemed no less astonished. And ever since I have been asking myself, "How the dickens do they get that way?"

"BETTY."

Clinton, Conn.

Well, They Do!

I am an English girl, and an ardent admirer, like the rest of the British, of American films. No American loves his film stars more than the English love them.

We English simply can't make films. Ours really are awful, most of them, anyway; yet we have some splendid actors and actresses on our West End stage who, if handled by the Americans, would give pleasure to the fans all over the world. Therefore, you can imagine how pleased we were when Griffith collared our darling Ivor Novello.

You see, I happen to work in a cinema orchestra, and some months back our programme consisted of two features. The bigger of the two was "The Bohemian Girl" with Ivor Novello. The other, an ordinary Metro five-reeler, "The Conquering Power" with Rodolph Valentino and Alice Terry. This was about the first time we saw the Valentino—we'd heard how the Americans were crazy over him—and we wondered who and what he was. We often laugh now, but we looked up at him and said to each other: "Well, if *this* is what they've gone barmy over!—can't see anything so wonderful—though he's good, and all that——" And then we'd look up some time later and spot Ivor Novello in the other film: "Now, if they went crazy over *this* fellow we could understand them. I wonder if ever this film will go to America, though?" (We know you have good reasons for not wanting the average English film.) Then about February came "The Sheik," "The Four Horsemen," "Blood and Sand," and "Moran of the Lady Letty"—one on top of the other. Well, if the Americans are crazy over Rodolph, they aren't more crazy than the staid English.

I don't think there has ever been anybody before that is his equal as a box-office attraction—he is such a novelty; so very different; ye Gods, what a personality! We've had to have return dates. In fact, we think just as much of him as any fan in the world. Even the men say he is good, "*darn* good," "jolly clever," and pay him the compliment of being positively jealous of him if they happen to be courting, and the girl prefers to look at Rodolph instead of holding hands in the dark. .

Then we read in the papers that there has been some trouble or other, and he has returned to the stage. Horrors!! What are we going to *do?* No more Rodolph!! It's as bad as losing poor Wally—nearly. Could you tell us when there is any likelihood of his returning to the screen and to his millions of admirers? "LONDON GIRL."

5 Shoebury Road, London, E. 6, England.

His Proudest Possession.

I want to ask what fun do these fans get who write to the stars for pictures just for the sake of seeing how many photos they can collect? I do not think it is fair to the stars. I do not believe they care to send out pictures to these collectors who may not admire the star at all, but just desire to add to their collections.

I am proud of all the photographs I possess, and they can be counted on the fingers of both hands. I have only written to my favorites for pictures, and I want to say that in every instance I have received beauties. Every picture I have from my favorites is framed and hanging in my room, and they are the proudest possessions of my life. Money couldn't buy them.

I believe that the stars can tell sincere requests for photographs from those who do not mean a thing they say; and it comforts me to think that I have never written an insincere letter to a star.

ROLAND O. CLARK.

18 Oakland Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

Richard Dix's Army.

I have met an army!

Not a fighting one, nor one that would seek to overpower me, but a strong, substantial force that means the backbone of our allegiance to those who make us happy in the realm of make believe.

Being urged by impulse and sincere admiration for Richard Dix, I wrote a letter to PICTURE-PLAY telling of my belief in him. THEN AN AVALANCHE! For it seems there are "a hundred million others like me!"

I have a pile of letters that even Richard Dix might well be proud of. I have believed fame in less than this. And now I want to tell those thoughtful, sweet fans that wrote to me that I am grateful for their expressions, and if they knew how much I enjoyed their letters and wished that I could write back to them, they would forgive me for not doing so.

To amuse and entertain, or to interest and strengthen your belief in him, let me quote from some of his admirers:

"He is so steadfast and true, and would never take help, nor lean upon any one else."

"There is something so manly, so wholesome about Richard Dix, it makes me happy to know some one else finds him as wonderful as I do."

"I knew him slightly, before he became an actor, and I have always held a deep respect and admiration for him."

"I wonder if he would drop me a line, too; it would make me happy because he is the sort of person I love, without knowing."

"In every picture of him there is more reason to like him."

"Though I know nothing of him, personally, he is like a son to me."

"His straightforward manner makes

him stand out more than any one on the screen."

"There is no reason why we should not make him the American hero; he seems made for it, and is so handsome and strong. His eyes just seem to search into my heart. Oh, I adore him! He is a lover for every one, in their hearts."

JEANNETTE LLOYD.

7229 McPherson Boulevard, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Norma, Gloria, and Mary.

We talk about the coming stars, but in our heart of hearts we know that no one can take the place of the present ones.

These are the stars that have survived: Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, and Mary Pickford. Haven't critics raved about how terrible Norma Talmadge's last picture was? Yet they had to give an extra showing at the theater I attend, the crowd was so big. They say that Gloria Swanson's pictures are all clothes and no plot, that Mary Pickford's pictures are saccharine, et cetera. But the same thing that happens when Norma's pictures are shown happens when Gloria's and Mary's films arrive. And as the majority of fans are divided into three classes—Talmadge, Swanson, and Pickford—I feel that they will agree with me. M. B.

New York City.

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 94

BUBBLES.—Of course I don't mind your questions! I wouldn't have you and your friends uncertain about the color of Gloria Swanson's eyes for worlds. There is nothing more devastating than uncertainty, is there? Well, the eyes are blue. They might possibly be called gray, but your friends with the brown idea are all wrong. Harrison Ford has been married—to Beatrice Prentice—but is divorced, and at present does not seem to be in danger of matrimony again. So you think the nicest thing about Harrison is his "cute, curved mouth." There's no harm in your thinking that, I suppose, but I shouldn't mention it to him if I were you. I do not imagine that is the sort of verdict for which he has been working all these years.

ALICE VIRGINIA.—I cannot make out which man you mean in "They Like 'Em Rough," so I'll tell you about both of them. The rôle of *Richard Wells,* the old sweetheart who turned caveman, was played by William E. Lawrence. *Waddie,* the bridegroom who was deserted at the altar, was portrayed by Colin Kenny. Which'll you have? Lawrence was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1893, and Kenny in Dublin, Ireland.

HELEN R.—In scenes that show persons looking into mirrors the camera is placed at such an angle that it does not come within the range of the mirror, even when, apparently, the camera man seems to be shooting into it. The mirrors are real, all right, but you do not see the camera reflected in them because the camera man takes care, when setting up, that his camera is at the proper angle in relation to the scene to avoid any chance of its being seen in the mirror when the picture is thrown upon the screen. I'm sorry to disappoint you, but you won't be able to get a copy of the magazine in which that interview with Casson Ferguson appeared, because we only have a stock of the last five or six numbers on hand, and that story appeared over a year ago.

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M. O.—Oh, I don't mind the copy-book stationery at all. So long as you write legibly I don't care what kind of paper you use. Jacqueline Logan is five feet five and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds; Lila Lee is five feet three and weighs one hundred and ten; Mary Miles Minter is five feet two and weighs about one hundred and eighteen.

L. R. H.—Well, I don't know that your being able "to dance any kind of dance with any kind of music" will make you a movie star. You'll need more than that to reach the starry heights. But since you are so in earnest, I would suggest that you send for a booklet which we have prepared for just such ambitious readers as you. It is called "Your Chance As a Screen Actor," and it will help you to know whether or not you have the qualifications necessary for success in pictures, and tell you how to go about breaking in. The booklet costs twenty-five cents and you can get a copy by sending that amount to the Subscription Department, Street & Smith Corporation, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

FOUR H. D.—Yes, May Allison is married to Robert Ellis. They played together in "The Woman Who Fooled Herself." Now, May is appearing in "The Sign" and Robert is free-lancing around the studios on the coast. May was born in 1895, and Billie Burke in 1886. Miss Burke has a small daughter, Patricia. I don't know that any one actress could be called the "best known in Hollywood." Mary Pickford seems to be about the most widely loved and looked-up-to player in the film colony there, though she keeps aloof from it socially and appears in public only on rare occasions. There are several prominent players, like Gloria Swanson, Claire Windsor, Barbara La Marr, and Bebe Daniels who go out a good deal and are generally most often recognized by Hollywoodians and visiting tourists in search of a thrill.

TERESA W.—Certainly Tom Mix is still making pictures, and has been right along. His latest is "Stepping Fast." Tom's wife is Victoria Forde, who used to play opposite him, but who now devotes all her time to keeping house and taking care of their year-old daughter, Thomasina. Lila Lee played Wallace Reid's leading lady in "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." Gareth Hughes gave up that stage idea, apparently, because he is still on the screen, though he has not appeared in many productions lately. He has a rôle in the J. K. McDonald film, "Penrod and Sam."

ROSALIND G.—Yes, Rodolph Valentino has only been married twice. But don't be so impatient, my dear. He is young yet. Rodolph lives in Los Angeles, and he and his wife are back there now after finishing their dancing tour. Guglielmi is Rodolph's real name, but of course that would never do for a screen moniker, so he changed it.

MRS. C. H.—So you think May McAvoy should marry Gareth Hughes? Well, well! What matchmakers you fans are. I'm afraid, though, that May and Gareth do not feel that way about each other. The fact that players work so well opposite each other on the screen does not mean that the same thing would hold true in life. Far from it. Gareth was born in Llanelly, Wales. (Every time I write "Llanelly" I congratulate myself that I don't have to say it.)

M. D.—Whenever possible, snow scenes are filmed in the snow country of California and vicinity. But sometimes, because of production schedules or other obstacles it is considered more feasible to shoot these scenes in the studio. Usually, salt and candle shavings are used for the snow. As a rule, the casual observer can't detect the difference on the screen. But you are right about "The Great Moment"—those snow scenes were studio shots, and quite obviously so. Perhaps Famous Players-Lasky learned a lesson from that, because in their forthcoming "Children of Jazz" they are using chipped ice and scraped ice shavings in the close-up scenes in which the players are supposed to be covered with snow. The average movie fan is growing so observant of the fine points of production that the producers have to be more and more careful in their simulations of reality.

CURIOUS ONE.—Tibi Lubin, who played the title rôles in "The Prince and the Pauper" is a foreign player, and so far as I know, this is the only production in which he appears that has been shown in this country. "The Prince and the Pauper," you know, was made in Germany. The rôle of the kidnaped American girl in "The Tents of Allah" was played by Mary Thurman. Miss Thurman has a part in Gloria Swanson's next picture, "Zaza."

AMBITIOUS.—It's quite true that two or three well-known players, such as Claire Windsor and Eleanor Boardman, got their start on the screen by winning a contest. There are a very few players not so well known who got started in the same way and who have managed to keep some sort of foothold in the game. But for every one of these young people there are countless thousands who tried and who didn't get the opportunity. So you see the chances for any individual even to be given a try-out, by that method, are not large. There's surely no harm, though, in entering any bona-fide contest, only don't set your hopes too high.

A RICHARD TALMADGE ADMIRER.—At last you are breaking into print. Patience is always rewarded, you know, if you don't die of curiosity while waiting. Your favorite is not really new to pictures, though his name is. You see, for a long time he was one of those unknown heroes who doubled for stars in dangerous stunts, having been a professional acrobat before that. Realizing that his face was quite an all-right face, and much more valuable financially than his stunting ability, Richard decided to burst into the close-ups. He specializes in pictures that show his Doug Fairbanks-like abilities. Truman van Dyke was born in 1897, and Elinor Field in 1902.

OHIO.—No. E. K. Lincoln and Elmo Lincoln are not the same, nor are they related. Elmo's real name is Otto Elmo Linkenhelt. He is the one that played the title rôle in those Tarzan serials. E. K. is a little more civilized in his parts, contenting himself with an occasional he-man rôle in which he can have a grand fight. Metro did not make "The Headless Horseman." You must have this confused with "The Four Horsemen," which was a Metro production. "The Headless Horseman" was a Clancy-Hodkinson picture taken from "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" in which Will Rogers played the rôle of *Ichabod Crane*.

B. V.—Miss Dupont had so many names before she reached her present simplicity that I almost forgot which one she started with. But by the process of elimination I discover that she was originally Patty Hannon. Madge Bellamy, Mary Miles Minter, and Marion Davies are unmarried, but Miss Dupont is a divorcée.

LOUISA M.—Carlyle Blackwell has been in Europe for some time, acting in pictures over there. His latest rôle is opposite Lady Diana Manners in the J. Stuart Blackton production "The Virgin Queen," which was made in England, and which will be shown in this country soon. Mr. Blackwell was born in Troy, Pennsylvania, in 1888. He has been married, but is divorced.

BELVEDERE.—Alice Lake is free-lancing now, and is keeping fairly busy. She appears in "The Spider and the Rose," and has a rôle in the forthcoming production, "The Unknown Purple," in which Henry Walthall is featured. Alice was married to Franklyn Farnum, but is divorced. The addresses you want are in this issue, at the end of The Oracle.

EVELYN E. B.—The dark-haired girl in "The Birth of a Nation" was Miriam Cooper, who played the older sister of Mae Marsh. Gladys Brockwell was not in that production at all. Miss Brockwell plays the rôle of *Penrod's* mother in "Penrod and Sam." This picture has nothing to do with the Marshall Neilan "Penrod" in which Wesley Barry starred, but is being made by the J. K. McDonald Productions, with Ben Alexander as *Penrod* and a youngster named Joe Butterworth as *Sam*. It was written, of course, by Booth Tarkington, as a sequel to "Penrod."

FRIEDRICH.—The credit of directing "Merry Go Round" apparently will all go to Rupert Julian, who finished this production when Eric von Stroheim left Universal. Mr. von Stroheim is not mentioned in any of the advertising that I have seen in connection with the picture. "McTeague," on which Mr. von Stroheim is working now for Goldwyn, has been rechristened "Greed." The locale of the story is the San Francisco slums. Howard Hickman left the screen with his wife, Bessie Barriscale, some time ago, and they are now on the stage, I believe. What I thought of "Bella Donna" will never be printed in these columns, Friedrich. To preserve diplomatic relations, it is necessary that I should always stick to facts and keep my opinions out of print.

NEW ZEALAND.—So you like Barbara Bedford almost as well as Leatrice Joy? That *is* saying a good deal. Barbara is another one of those young actresses who are considered to have such promise, but never seem to get the right part or hit their stride somehow. But perhaps she will establish herself firmly in her rôle in "The Spoilers," which has been refilmed, you know. Since "The Eternal Flame," Norma Talmadge has made "The Voice from the Minaret," "Within the Law," and is at present working on the most ambitious production of her career, a sixteenth-century drama called "Purple Pride." Conway Tearle plays opposite her in this.

E. E.—Yes, Lillian Gish has returned from Europe. Her leading man in "The White Sister" is Ronald Colman, who has never appeared in pictures before, but who has played on the stage. George Eliot's novel "Romola" is planned as Miss Gish's next production, and her sister Dorothy will have a part in it, too.

SARAH F.—I'm sure that Anna May Wong would be glad to hear from a Chinese fellow citizeness. You will find her address at the end of The Oracle. Anna May has a rôle in Douglas Fairbanks' new picture, "The Thief of Bagdad." She also appears in "Drifting" with Priscilla Dean.



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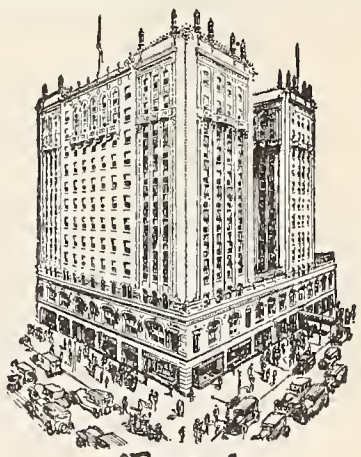
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FOR REALISM.—Directors do not always misrepresent things on the screen because they do not know any better, but because by so doing they obtain a better effect. Allan Dwan explained the psychology of this so interestingly in a recent article in the New York Sunday *Times* that I am going to quote him, because I know a great many fans are interested in this question. Mr. Dwan believes, first of all, that pictures appeal primarily to the dream mind or romantic state of people who go to see them, and for that reason many things are done in pictures that would not happen in real life, and that directors deliberately exaggerate in their work to help along the dream mind of patrons. Mr. Dwan says:

"In pictures we always try to give our lovers a beautiful background for their love scenes, because it appeals to the romantic state of the audience. In actual life the lovers might be at the kitchen sink washing dishes, but such a scene would not stir an audience nearly as much as one showing the happy couple with a pleasant vista in the background. We sometimes use symbolism to produce that feeling in the audience, but in actuality one seldom encounters a symbol in his entire existence.

"The business of motion pictures is to produce an imitation of life, and to be a good imitation it should be impressionistic. A vaudeville performer who imitates gives an impression of his chosen character, rather than an actual reproduction. Our idea in pictures is similar to this.

"The screen is a medium of impressionism and we often exaggerate to give the proper effect. A medieval castle in England to my mind is not impressive. It is necessary to exaggerate to fill all the mind's dream crevices. Therefore we use high lines to give the impression of magnificence and size. Lines are prolonged to reach the heights of the imagination. The dreamer—as becomes the average person in the motion picture theater—visualizes the wealthy home as far more ornate than it is really; hence it is necessary to make it appear as those in the theater think it should look.

"The very first thing we do in pictures is absolutely contrary to nature. We make up our actors. We want them to appear pleasing on the screen, an effect we could not get from the pigments of the skin. We are careful about the way the stars dress their hair and about the clothes they wear, not because we want them to be ordinary, but unusual. In art and pictures the unusual is more interesting to the multitude.

"We always strive to please the eye with the background. Many times we misplace furniture from the accustomed manner of placing furniture in a room for the sake of composition and to accommodate the action. This is advisable for photographic purposes.

"A wealthy woman in real life might wear a blue serge suit, yet if we dressed her that way on the screen she would not appear wealthy. So we put her in ermine and give her jewels, of course always avoiding vulgarity. Because of the cost, when we want to destroy a fine piece of bric-à-brac, we sometimes use a clay or plaster of Paris imitation. A connoisseur on seeing the picture might say that a piece like it, if real, would not break in the manner in which it was broken in the scene, but to the average persons in the audience they get the effect of the broken pieces and do not question it further. We put smoke powder cartridges in a pistol when we want to have one fired in a scene, because we want the audience to know that a shot was fired. Dealers in firearms might say that no pistol would smoke like this particular one did, but the inaccuracy is necessary.

"A lot of anachronisms in pictures are accidental. Nobody would put a Winchester rifle in a twelfth century scene, but if they used twelve-foot spears in that time we might make them fifteen feet long. No man living knows everything. We must rely on research and experts for much of our information. Frequently we are victimized by these experts, upon whom we depend to protect us from mistakes. We only learn from the public that we are wrong, and then it is too late to change. All we can do is to resolve not to make the same mistake again."

ESTHER.—Truman van Dyke has stepped out of serials and westerns, and will have a rôle in Rex Ingram's new production "Scaramouche," so perhaps now you will have a chance to see him more often. Mr. van Dyke hails from Natchez, Mississippi, where he was born in 1897. He has been in pictures about five years, but has never had a prominent rôle in a big production before. His hair is dark red and his eyes gray-brown; he is five feet eleven and weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds.

BETTY R., TEXAS.—So you just discovered Leatrice Joy in "Manslaughter." Many films had known Leatrice before that, for she has been on the screen four years. The ones she made just prior to the De Mille special were, "The Night Rose," "Ace of Hearts," "Tale of Two Worlds," "Bunty Pulls the Strings," "Ladies Must Live," and "Saturday Night." Her latest releases are "Java Head" and "You Can't Fool Your Wife," and she has just finished "The Silent Partner." Lila Lee, not Leatrice, plays with Thomas Meighan in "The Ne'er Do Well." In "Within the Law," Jack Mulhall plays the hero opposite Norma Talmadge, and Lew Cody, minus his mustache, plays *Joe Garson*, Norma's crook partner.

THANK YOU.—Don't mention it. Glad to solve your dilemmas, of course. The actor who played *Bobby Wheeler* in "Clarence" is Robert Agnew. He has signed a contract with Famous Players-Lasky, principally because of his work in that picture, and will be given some fine rôles. The first will be in "To the Ladies," which is taken from the stage play. Mary Astor plays opposite him in it. Maurice Flynn is married, but is being divorced. Robert Ellis and Charles Meredith are married, but Jack Mower is divorced.

BUBBLES.—John Barrymore was born February 15, 1882, and has been on the stage since 1903. He first appeared in pictures about eight years ago, but has never worked in them very steadily, because of his stage work. Joseph Schildkraut is five feet eleven and has black hair and brown eyes. You won't have to sigh after Joseph much longer, because he has the leading male rôle opposite Mae Busch in "The Master of Man," which Victor Seastrom will direct for Goldwyn.

EVERLASTING ADMIRER OF JIM KIRKWOOD.—Dear, dear, your eulogy of Mr. Kirkwood almost takes the honors away from the Valentino devotées. With two such entirely different schools rivaling each other in adiectivitis my mail makes hectic reading these days. Mr. Kirkwood was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan. I'm sure that he would send you a photo if you asked him; and we expect to have something about him in the magazine soon, so watch for it.



QUIZZY.—Glad to hear that you think PICTURE-PLAY so "splendiferous." I feel quite puffed up over my share in the compliments. Anita Stewart is with Cosmopolitan now, and has finished her first picture for them. It is called "The Love Piker," and you probably will be able to see it soon. Ethel Clayton has been making films for F. B. O., some of which are "If I Were Queen," "Can a Woman Love Twice," and "The Remittance Woman." Katherine MacDonald recently married a Philadelphia millionaire, so she probably won't return to pictures, for some time, anyhow. Address your letter to "What the Fans Think," PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

MARY F. S.—I suppose Dorothy Gish wears a black wig on the screen so often because she prefers that to her own blond hair, but perhaps if a lot of the fans would rather have her as a blonde, she would forego the wig. She had light hair in "The Two Orphans," you remember, but went back to her black wig in "Fury" and "The Bright Shawl." Lillian Gish is "sad and weepy" because that is the kind of rôle she has been playing. She really has a fine, subtle sense of humor, and I think that I, too, should enjoy seeing her in a lighter rôle for a change.

NILSSONIAN.—When pictures are withdrawn from circulation they are seldom reissued, except in the case of big specials, like the Griffith productions or the old pictures of now-famous stars, such as the series of films, made several years ago, in which Rodolph Valentino played small parts, that were brought out again when he made his big hit. Also a lot of the old short reelers in which Mary Pickford, Chaplin, and Douglas Fairbanks appeared have been revamped and reissued from time to time. But in the case of ordinary program pictures, such as most of the ones in which Anna Q. Nilsson appeared, once these are taken off the boards there is small chance of seeing them again.

SADY A.—Yes, Ramon Novarro is the same as Ramon Samaniegos. Samaniegos is Ramon's family name, and he used that for the first few pictures in which he appeared, but it was such a difficult name to pronounce that he changed it to Novarro. Ramon was born in Mexico in 1899 of Spanish parentage. He is not married.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month.

Claire Windsor, Mae Busch, Joseph Schildkraut, Eric von Stroheim, Frank Mayo, Conrad Nagel, James Kirkwood, Goesta Ekman, Barbara Bedford, Pauline Starke, Blanche Sweet, Aileen Pringle, Bessie Love, Carmel Myers, Eleanor Boardman, Kathleen Key, Marshall Neilan, Lucille Rickson, and Sydney Chaplin at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California. Also ZaSu Pitts and Dale Fuller.

Richard Barthelmess, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, care of Inspiration Pictures Corporation, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Johnny Walker, Warner Baxter, Ethel Clayton, and Jane Novak at the R-C Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Cullen Landis, Alice Calhoun, Percy Marmont at the Vitagraph Studios, Talmadge Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Norma and Constance Talmadge, George O'Hara, Clara Horton, Jack Mulhall, Conway Tearle, John Harron, Lew Cody, Anna Q. Nilsson, and Milton Sills at the United Studios, Hollywood, California. Also Sylvia Breamer and Holbrook Blinn.

Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Julanne Johnston, Anna May Woug at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, California.

Alice Joyce, George Arliss, Alfred Lunt, Edith Roberts, and Mimi Palmeri, care of Distinctive Productions, 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Eugene O'Brien, care of The Players Club, Gramercy Park, New York City.

Anita Stewart, Marion Davies, Seena Owen, Lionel Barrymore, and Bert Lytell, care of Cosmopolitan Productions, Second Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, New York City.

John Bowers, Elaine Hammerstein, Bryant Washburn, Maryon Aye, and Lincoln Stedman, care of Principal Pictures Corporation, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Hoot Gibson, Art Acord, Reginald Denny, Virginia Valli, Gladys Walton, Mary Philbin, William Duncan, Edith Johnson, Herbert Rawlinson, Maude George, Norman Kerry, Niles Welch, Richard Talmadge, Jack Hoxie at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Mary Carr, Faire Binney at Whitman Bennett Studios, Riverdale Avenue, Yonkers, New York.

Shirley Mason, Buck Jones, Tom Mix, Mabel Julienne Scott, June Elvidge, Gladys Leslie, Eva Novak, Doris May, John Gilbert, Violet Mersereau, and Ruth Dwyer at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Antonio Moreno, Charles de Roche, Estelle Taylor, Eileen Percy, Ernest Torrence, Jacqueline Logan, Bebe Daniels, Lila Lee, Thomas Meighan, Bobby Agnew, Theodore Roberts, Sylvia Ashton, Noah Beery, Maurice Flynn, Mary Astor, Agnes Ayres, Sigrid Holmquist, Jack Holt, Cassou Ferguson, William Boyd, Lewis Stone, Constance Wilson, Leatrice Joy, Lois Wilson, Walter Hiers, Richard Dix, Theodore Kosloff, and Clarence Burton at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Johnnie Jones, Gareth Hughes, and Gladys Brockwell, care of J. K. McDonald Productions, Hollywood Studios, Hollywood, California.

Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro, Trumau van Dyke, Malcolm MacGregor, Edith Allen, Vie Dana, Allan Forrest, and Clara Kimball Young at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California. Also Jackie Coogan.

Pauline Garon, Virginia Browne Faire, and Rosemary Theby, care of First National Exhibitors Circuit, 383 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Ben Turpin, Mabel Normand, and Kathryn McGuire at the Sennett Studios, Edendale, California.

Nita Naldi, Elsie Ferguson, James Rennie, Dorothy Mackaill, Mahlon Hamilton, Warner Oland, Alice Brady, care of Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Ivor Novello, Mae Marsh, Al Jolson, Porter Strong, and Carol Dempster at the Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, New York.



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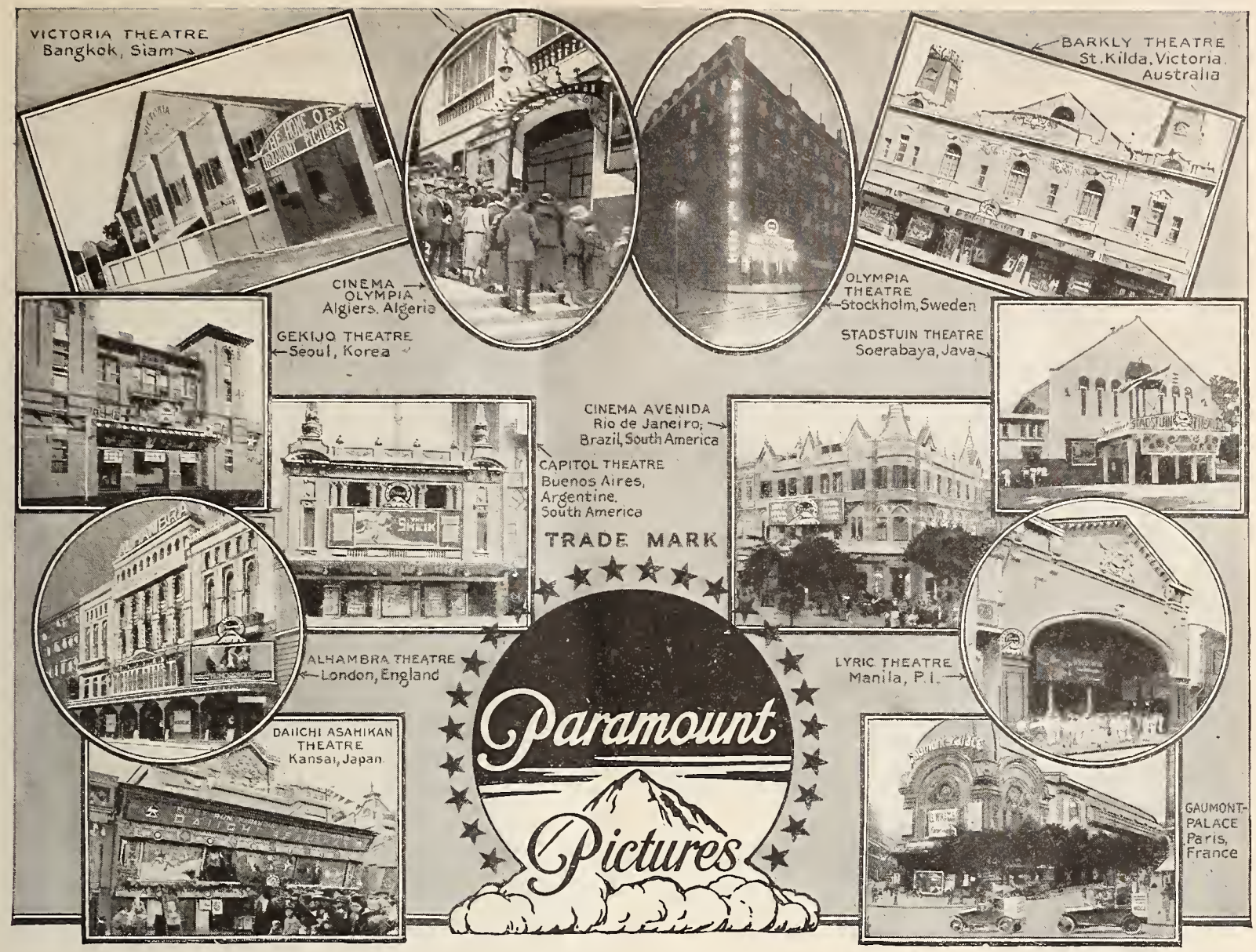
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The Picture Oracle 94
Answers to questions of our readers.

HOW CAN YOU TELL



what to believe of what you hear and read about the stars? You know, from your past observations, that so much that is said and written about the movies is untrue.

Agnes Smith is going to tell you how the stories, true and false, about the stars, are disseminated, and she will try to show you how to discriminate in future. Her article, which will appear in our next issue, will be of the greatest value to every one who has a real interest in motion pictures, and in motion-picture people.



THE SCREEN IN REVIEW

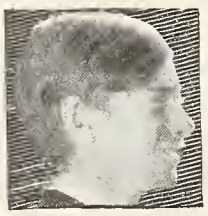
will be of unusual interest next month. As fall approaches, the big pictures begin to be shown, and next month's issue will tell you what to expect from an unusually large number of special productions which you will have an opportunity to see later in the season.

AS YOU WILL LEARN

by reading the article "Among the Newcomers," in this number, there are several new faces for you to get acquainted with. As fast as these newcomers become known through their appearances on the screen we will tell you more about them, as we are going to tell you next month about some whom you've recently seen, such as Barbara Bedford, Aileen Pringle and Alfred Lunt.

AND, BY THE WAY—

Mabel Ballin, the star of "Vanity Fair," dropped us a note recently, telling us that she was going to write us something which she believed would interest the fans. "Not because I'm writing it," she said, "but—well, just *because*. Will you print it if I send it to you?"



We could hardly refuse such an offer from any one as charming as Mabel Ballin. She wouldn't tell what it was to be, but we're quite interested in looking forward to it. She has promised it in time for the next issue. So watch out for it. Perhaps you had better ask your news dealer to save you a copy of the next PICTURE-PLAY. You won't want to miss it.



"We are advertised by our loving friends"

Evelyn E. Hopf, Thrall, Texas.





Betty J. Moore, Peru, Indiana.

Mellin's Food Babies

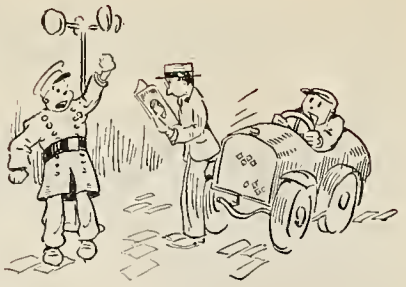
Thousands of mothers have found that the Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification satisfactorily solved their infant feeding problems. Give your baby the good health that is obtained from the proper use of Mellin's Food and milk.

We will gladly send you a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

Mellin's Food Company
177 State St., Boston, Mass.



Why Do You Like "Picture-Play?"



In looking over some of the letters we have recently received from our readers, we were frankly surprised and very much interested at the *number* and *variety* of reasons why the fans like PICTURE-PLAY. Here are some of them:

Because it is Entertaining.

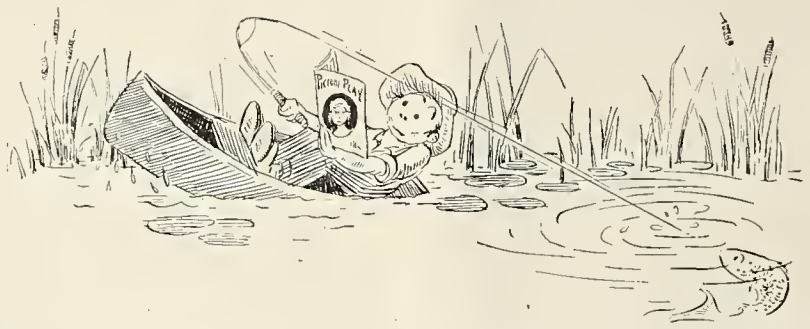
"It seems hardly possible that you can get out such an entertaining magazine every month," writes Miss R. Louis, 1599 Clifton Avenue, Columbus, Ohio. "Your staff is composed of interesting writers, not scandalmongers. They write just the things a fan wants to read.

"I always read my favorite departments first—What the Fans Think, The Observer, Hollywood Highlights, and Over the Teacups. What a person can't find about the movies in these departments *isn't worth looking for!*

"I like your publication so well that I have committed the following: taken the money my dad gave me for the college paper and invested it in a PICTURE-PLAY subscription; missed dates to stay home and read it; switched my course last semester to Journalism in the hope that I may some day write for you."

Because it is Human.

"I want you to know why I like PICTURE-PLAY," M. T. B., an anonymous correspondent, says. "It is because it is so human and looks at pictures and their makers from the fans' viewpoint as much as from the professional critics'; because it carries the best really-truly news about the players; because it has the livest What the Fans Think department; because it never carries interviews like those so deliciously ridiculed in 'Merton of the Movies;' and last, but not least, because it gives you your money's worth and is not two thirds advertisements."



Because it is Clever.

Barbara MacGregor, who lives at 2273 Euclid Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, writes, "PICTURE-PLAY magazine is undoubtedly the best movie reading in the entire field to-day. It contains by far the cleverest comments, the most intelligent articles, the most interesting interviews, and the fairest criticisms. One can spend a whole afternoon reading this one magazine without ever growing bored, which is more than one can say for many magazines."

Because it Provokes Thought.

"When PICTURE-PLAY comes out on the news stands, I buy it immediately and read nothing else until I have gone right through it. It always sets me thinking and then to writing, and when I get started it is hard to stop. I could fill pages and pages with random impressions and stray thoughts, provoked by comments in PICTURE-PLAY. You choose such intelligent contributors and get them to write such interesting articles that you must suffer the consequence, which is—bushels of fan letters." That is the reaction of Stella Meade, Ste 11, Beresford Apartments, 465 Beresford Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

Because it is Friendly.



"I enjoy every word of PICTURE-PLAY and consider it the best screen magazine on the market," Diana Lukens, 4013 West Fourth Street, Duluth, Minnesota, tells us. "Most magazines seem to be filled with goody-goody interviews, sarcastic criticisms, beauty contests, et cetera—everything but interesting articles that people would enjoy reading.

"PICTURE-PLAY is different: The interviews and articles are delightfully human and possible, beauty contests are void, the criticism is sincere and free from sarcasm, and the persons who write articles chat with us as though we were one of their own friends, instead of being technical. It is because of this that PICTURE-PLAY has won the hearts of the public."

Because it is a Bargain.

Mr. Herbert B. Hilliard, 729 Center Street, Jamaica Plains, Boston, Massachusetts, tells us, "In the course of the last year I have purchased single copies of all the magazines devoted to the movies. I have been trying for several months to understand why PICTURE-PLAY costs five cents less than the other monthly magazines. I have almost decided that it is because it is worth at least five cents more. I decided to subscribe to one of the movie magazines, and it is PICTURE-PLAY that gets my subscription."

Because it is Varied.

"I never cease marveling at the way PICTURE-PLAY represents every point of view," writes Alma Stillman, Cooper-Carlton Apartments, Chicago, Illinois. "It is a real open forum where speakers well informed on what is going on in the motion-picture industry address the outsiders, giving them a better understanding of the films and the film players, and where the fans themselves can swap opinions, applaud favorites, and tell what they want."

Because it is Alive.

Le Roy Westlund, 1041 East Rose Street, St. Paul, Minnesota, is pleased with PICTURE-PLAY because, as he says, "I notice that you invariably publish something that proves interesting enough to eclipse completely the other movie periodicals."

Because it is Sincere.

"There is one quality that stands out above all others in PICTURE-PLAY—a quality which you seldom find; that is its sincerity." That is the comment of Miss Geraldine La Salle, 4244 Quivas Street, Denver, Colorado.

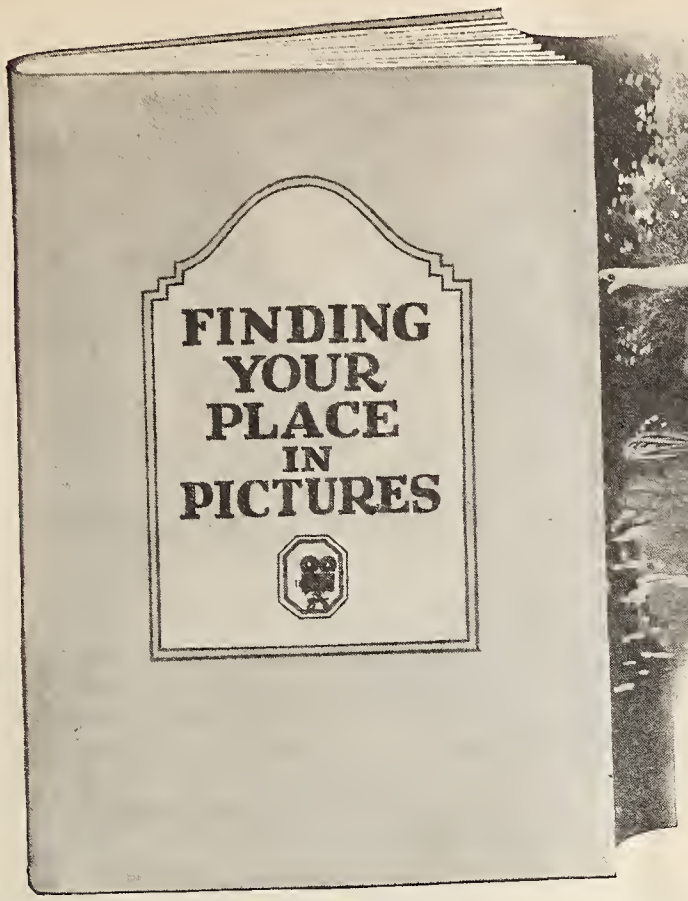
Because it is Fair.

"The fairness of PICTURE-PLAY is one of the many reasons for its popularity," writes Miss Verna Kessler, 55 Brooklyn Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

Because it Does Not Cater to Morbid Tastes.

"I am delighted with the way you discriminate between real news and sensationalism," the principal of a New York girls' school writes. "I like to leave the girls under my jurisdiction free to read whatever they please, but I confess I sometimes fear that they will develop morbid taste from devouring wholesale news of scandals in the movies. It seems to me that you steer an excellent middle course. You do not seek to whitewash players guilty of indiscretions, and yet you do not play their shortcomings up in the manner of a yellow newspaper. The curiosity of my girls is satisfied by PICTURE-PLAY, but not overstimulated. I find that the excellent critical articles in your magazines are helping me to develop in them standards of critical taste."





This Book is Never Sold



Lloyd Hughes, Lucille Ricksen, Claire McDowell and George Hackathorn in a tense scene from the Palmerplay

"Judgment of the Storm"

Screenplay written by Mrs. Middleton, Pittsburgh housewife, whose creative talent was discovered by the Palmer Creative Test, and who was trained in the technique of the photoplay by the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

Directed by DEL ANDREWS

Ask your theatre when this picture will be shown

Is This Book Meant For You?

This 32-page book may prove useful to you. Or it may not.

That is for you to decide after reading this announcement.

The book is free to anyone who will clip the coupon below. But it is not intended for mere curiosity seekers, nor for children.

A Glimpse Into Pictureland

It will bring you a glimpse beyond the gates which separate the realm of motion pictures from the rest of the world. Through it you may look around and decide whether you wish to become a part of this fascinating life.

And through a remarkable test which we shall gladly and freely send you with the book, you may determine whether or not you ought to *try*. This test was the starting point for many men and women who are now successful photoplaywrights, directors and studio executives.

Motion picture producers are suffering acutely from the need of new dramatic material. They ask, not for a celebrated name, not for literary skill, but for fresh ideas of plot construction simply prepared for visual expression.

If you do not feel the urge to help relieve, at large profit to yourself, the demand of the motion picture industry for new imagination, for original and vital human drama, then turn this page. For this book could not have been meant for you.

But if you are *earnest;* if a demand far exceeding supply with rewards accordingly higher (a fundamental economic situation) stirs ambition within you, clip the coupon on this page and send it on its way *right now.*

This book, then, *is* meant for you. Not as a Magic Carpet of Bagdad, upon which you may *wish* yourself carried to success, but a friendly guide which shows you *how and where to start.*

$1,000 and Royalties to a Housewife and a Country Doctor

The free book illustrated above was issued by the producers of the Palmerplay "Judgment of the Storm." The author of this screenplay is a Pittsburgh housewife, who received $1,000 advance royalties before the picture had begun to earn its way, and who will receive royalties for the next five years—sharing the producers' profits. A New York State country doctor's screenplay will be the next picture to appear under the Palmer banner.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation produces pictures, discovers and trains new talent, and maintains the largest screenplay clearing house in the world, serving as a fully accredited connecting link between writer and producer. On the corporation's Advisory Council, aiding in this work, are such prominent figures as Thos. H. Ince, Rex Ingram, Allen Holubar, Frederick Palmer, James R. Quirk, Rob Wagner and C. Gardner Sullivan.

Just Clip the Coupon

Feel free to ask for this book, using the coupon below, if you have ever felt the urge of self-expression and wish to determine whether or not the screen is the right medium for you. The book and the Creative Test which will be mailed with it will answer questions which may have puzzled you for years. It is too important for guess-work. No cost nor obligation, of course.

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Save time by addressing nearest office

Send me the free book, "Finding Your Place in Pictures." Also the Palmer Creative Test.

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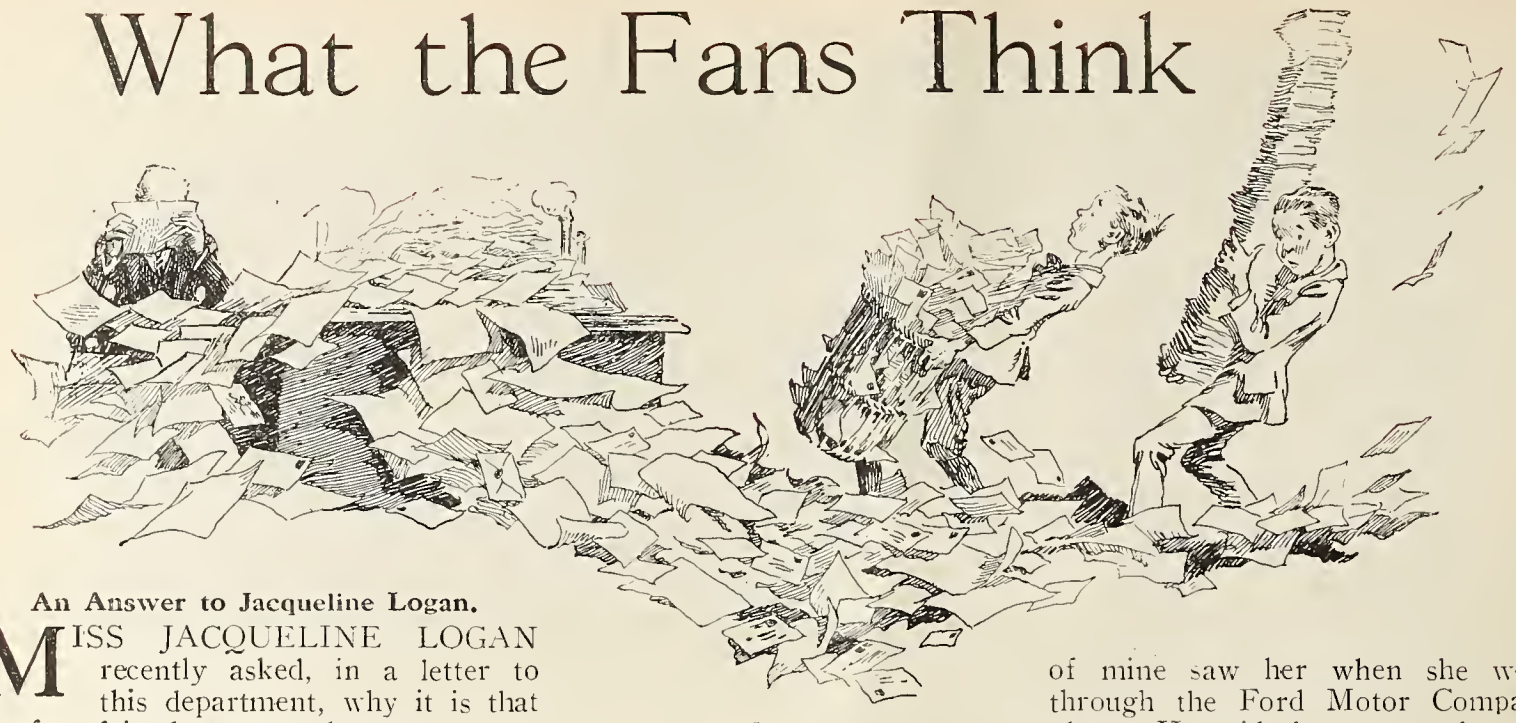
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All correspondence strictly confidential.

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What the Fans Think



An Answer to Jacqueline Logan.

MISS JACQUELINE LOGAN recently asked, in a letter to this department, why it is that so often friends we once knew expect us to act distant and important when we achieve success. Perhaps my story will answer her

Three years ago I went to school with a girl whom I shall call Helen Taylor, now a famous star. (I am not using her real name for obvious reasons.) It was known in school that where Helen was I would be. Well, Helen nursed a secret ambition, that of being a movie star, and I encouraged her. We used to dream of the day when I would write and she would act in my stories.

Two years ago a contest was held in our city. She won and went to Hollywood. I waited to hear from my once-inseparable friend, but did not.

Then at last came a great picture which caused me to write to her, asking her to please write to me.

I received a small photo.

I wrote again, thinking that perhaps her secretary had not given my letter to her, this time sending her a beautiful set of hand-made collars and cuffs, also a cap. All I received this time was a formal note from her secretary saying "Miss Taylor asked me to thank you for your gifts."

Where is the girl I loved, and still love, Miss Logan? I am so glad that you haven't changed for I am heart-broken at the change in my one-time friend. Let's hear some more from you, Miss Logan.

86 West Newton Street, CLAIRE MASON.
Boston, Massachusetts.

This Fan Enjoyed the Stars' Letters.

Wasn't that a pleasant surprise we received in "What the Fans Think" of the August edition? I wonder if the stars realize how much the fans like to read letters written by them? It gives us fans a much better idea of what they are really like when we read letters from them than we get from reading interviews. Isn't that so, fans?

I was especially interested in the letters from Bebe Daniels, Patsy Ruth Miller, Constance Talmadge, and Ruth Roland. Oh, and I mustn't forget Helen Ferguson! She is *so* sincere. Before reading the letters from the above, I had no idea what they were like but now I have and I love every one of them. I never dreamed that Patsy Ruth Miller could be so funny.

Detroit fell in love with Bebe Daniels when she appeared in person at the Capitol last week. I was so sorry I could not go to Detroit to see her. A friend of mine saw her when she went through the Ford Motor Company plant. He said she was much more beautiful than the pictures one sees of her.

ELOISE LA CROIX.
83 Leslie Street, Mt. Clemens, Michigan.

From the Isle of Enchantment.

Pearl White, Dame Rumor has it, has left the cinema field for life in a convent. If this be true, then the motion-picture world has lost a star of the first magnitude. Would that others less competent would follow!

One of your readers said in a letter last issue that whoever induced Miss White to forsake the serial field for drama had done her a great injustice. Injustice nothing! Pearl White should thank her stars that she followed the advice. Her work in dramas has been first class and admirable throughout. No one can wear pretty clothes to better advantage, and when it comes to acting, we hand the laurels to Pearl.

Speaking of laurels. Douglas Fairbanks had better look to his, as he has a close second—our young favorite. Richard Talmadge. This young chap has worked hard for the popularity he is beginning to enjoy. We hope he won't allow too many impossible situations to creep into his pictures. Scenarios calling for fewer leaps and jumps on the part of this actor will put him in line for class A1. CASSIN CHASE.

Nan Ozanta, Juncos, P. R.

An Interesting Comparison.

The greatest virtue a film director can have is sincerity, and, alas, so few of them possess it. Perhaps there are only two who do: Griffith and Von Stroheim. Both put into their pictures their beliefs—their philosophies of life.

Griffith continually reiterates his belief in the nobleness of human nature and the supreme power of love.

Von Stroheim says, pictorially, the opposite.

The latter is a cynic with a belief in nothing unless it be the utter baseness of human nature. And of the two, I think Stroheim is right, though that is immaterial; the point is that both make really sincere films, films which, whether technically excellent or not, are always interesting and often stimulating.

Now what I want is to see Griffith make another "Intolerance," but without a popular and illogical ending, and to see Von Stroheim make another "Foolish Wives," only this time without the triumph of what is popularly called "right over wrong."

Continued on page 12



Photograph by Paul Thompson

I Can Teach You to Sing Like This!

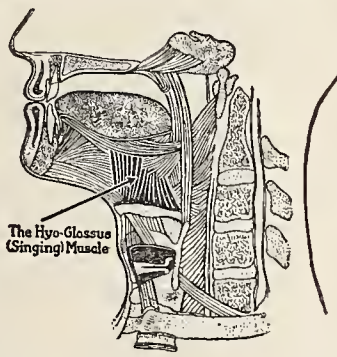
—Eugene Feuchtinger

I do *not* mean I can make a Caruso out of every man—or a Mary Garden out of every woman,—but

I can teach you in a few short months a basic secret of voice development which Caruso discovered only after years of persistent effort.

HERE IS THE SECRET!

This is a picture of the human throat, showing the all important Hyo-Glossus muscle. Biographers of the great Caruso tell us of his wonderful tongue control. Caruso himself speaks of it in his own writings, as the basic secret of vocal power and beauty. But tongue control depends entirely on the development of your Hyo-Glossus muscle.



The Hyo-Glossus in your throat can be strengthened just as surely as you can strengthen the muscles of your arm—by exercise.

Professor Eugene Feuchtinger, noted vocal scientist, famous in Europe before coming to America, was the first man to isolate and teach a method of developing the Hyo-Glossus.

If you are ambitious to sing or speak, or merely improve your voice for social or business purposes, here is your opportunity. If you suffer from stammering, stuttering or other vocal defect, here is a sound, scientific method of relief. Under the guidance of Prof. Feuchtinger himself, you can practice these wonderful silent exercises in the privacy of your own home. For this method of training is ideally adapted to instruction by correspondence.

100% Improvement Guaranteed

Thousands of men and women have already received the benefits of the "Perfect Voice" method. If you will practice faithfully, your entire satifaction is guaranteed. In fact, if your voice is not doubled in power and beauty, your money will be refunded. You alone are to be the judge.

Free Book

Send today for the Professor's book, "Enter Your World." It will open your eyes to the possibilities of your own voice. It will indeed be a revelation to you. Get it without fail. Mail the coupon now.

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Perfect Voice Institute 1922 Sunnyside Ave., Studio 12-87 Chicago

Please send me FREE, Professor Feuchtinger's book, "Enter Your World." I have put X opposite the subject that interests me most. I assume no obligations whatever.

☐ Singing ☐ Speaking ☐ Stammering ☐ Weak Voice

Name.....

Address.....

..... Age .....



"I Knew You'd Make Good"

"I ALWAYS felt you had it in you to get ahead. But for a time I was afraid your natural ability would be wasted because you had never trained yourself to do any one thing well.

"But the minute you decided to study in your spare time I knew you'd make good. You seemed more ambitious—more cheerful—more confident of the future. I knew your employers couldn't help but notice the difference in your work.

"Think what this last promotion means! More money—more comforts—more of everything worth while. Tom, those hours you spent on that I. C. S. course were the best investment you ever made."

HOW about you? Are you always going to work for a small salary? Are you going to waste your natural ability all your life? Or are you going to get ahead in a big way? It all depends on what you do with your spare time.

Opportunity knocks—this time in the form of that familiar I. C. S. coupon. It may seem like a little thing, but it has been the means of bringing better jobs and bigger salaries to thousands of men.

Mark and mail it today and without cost or obligation, learn what the I. C. S. can do for you.

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Without cost or obligation on my part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X:

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☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
☒ Civil Engineer	☐ Automobile Work
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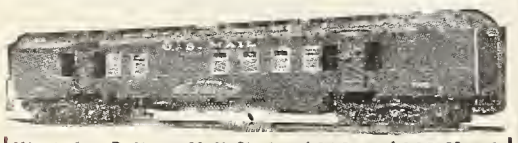
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Earn from $50 to $150 Per Week writing jokes, epigrams and humorous stories for publications. Tremendous demand for material. Our short course in Humor Writing teaches you to write humorous material that *sells*. Learn in your spare time—earn in your spare time. Complete marketing plan and markets furnished.

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Wanted—Railway Mail Clerks, $133 to $192 Month
Men—boys 18 up. Travel—see the country. Steady work. Common education sufficient. WRITE IMMEDIATELY for free list of U. S. Government positions now obtainable.
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. B299, Rochester, N. Y.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

I should also like to see Griffith and Von Stroheim make separate versions of the same story, preferably a war story. I can imagine Griffith laying great stress upon the noble ideals of the fighters, their heroism, and self-sacrifice. I can also imagine Von Stroheim brutally flinging on to the screen the futility of war, its cruelty, its sorrow, and all the time I should hear him saying: What fools men are with their empty babbling of patriotism, and honor, and love! But each version would interest me, while I am sure that any other director's version would bore me as did the second act of Ingram's "Four Horsemen."

What do your other readers think? Do they, in common with most people, believe that Von Stroheim is a fearfully depraved person? HY. C. BINGE.

19 Cranbrook Park, Wood Green, London, N. 22, England.

Impressions of Stars Seen in Person.

Isn't it a *dreadful* experience to see a movie star in person, and be disappointed? It is even more discouraging if the star happens to be a favorite. I am always interested in the different fans' impressions of the various stars they have seen in person. Perhaps some fan would be interested in mine.

Mary Pickford—a tiny golden figure in a black frock, much prettier than her photographs would lead one to imagine. A rather nervous manner and a surprisingly deep voice, nicely modulated. A sweet and seemingly sincere friendliness.

Douglas Fairbanks—his greatest characteristic seems to be an inability to sit still. Flurried and worried. A tenor voice.

The Gish Girls—charming, well-bred girls, both of them. No display, nothing ostentatious. They are natural and delightful.

Viola Dana—pert, snappy. A diminutive lady with lovely eyes and a breezy manner. Friendliness is apparently the keynote of her personality.

Theda Bara—dignity personified. Very little of the siren about Miss Bara herself. A rather studied manner and a cultivated voice.

Mae Murray—my first real disappointment. It was not Miss Murray's personality, but her appearance that disappointed me—to me she is not at all the glamorous creature of the screen, and not in the least pretty.

Bert Lytell—a nonchalant, but pleasing manner. No effort made to impress the audience. He is rather good looking, but when I saw him had been traveling and needed a shave.

Miriam Cooper—no impression at all. She had fine eyes, but other than that I can remember nothing about the lady.

Mildred Harris—wonderfully pretty, but that is all. Miss Harris poses too much, I think.

Pauline Frederick—vivid and magnetic. A lovely voice and wonderful eyes.

Bessie Barriscale—no longer a screen star, but extremely pretty and a clever, versatile actress.

Conway Tearle—a bored manner, and a bored expression on his rather handsome face.

Hope Hampton—pretty, lovely hair. A rather stout figure. A tremendous effort made to make a good impression. A manner that says "Please like me."

Ann Forrest—a pretty, interesting face. A pleasing voice and a pleasing manner.

Virginia Pearson—a beautiful back—an affected manner.

Creighton Hale—rather handsome—very pleasant—rather shy.

Teddy Sampson—a jazzy, black-haired woman in a beautiful fur wrap, given to giggling.

Walter Hiers—his rotundity is amusing. Another one with a "Please like me" manner. MURIEL HARRIS.

67 Shannon Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Hats Off to the Camera Man.

I have a pet peeve and I'd like to air it, if possible. What of the poor camera man—who thinks of him? When we see a gorgeous sunset from the top of some high peak, do we stop and think what a perilous position the camera man is placed in? We do not! When there is a great fire, flood, or disaster of any kind, the camera man is always on hand to shoot it. We, the fan public, demand it of him because we have gotten past that infantile stage where we stood for "hokum," and having the wool pulled over our eyes; our eyes are wide open now—too wide, too critical, ever ready with the hammer instead of the horn.

Remember, fellow fans, that when the camera man, stars, and directors risk their lives in taking pictures, it is because we demand it of them.

My hat's off to you, Mr. Camera Man!
BEE STIBGEN.

5434 Winthrop Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Our Supreme Favorite.

I am writing not only my opinion, but that of my two sisters, aged four and eleven, as well. We all agree in claiming the adorable Betty Compson as our supreme favorite. My sisters play at being movie stars, and it is always, "Oh, *I'm* going to be Betty Compson. "No, *I'm* going to be her." Why, they even quarrel over her! We always think of her as *Babbie* in "The Little Minister," which we saw three times. Our next favorite is Lillian Gish, only we don't call her that. We call her *Henriette*. She is the screen's greatest actress and a great beauty as well.

Rodolph Valentino used to be my favorite man star, but now he must yield his crown to James Kirkwood. I first saw him in "Under Two Flags," and I have seen him in "Ebb-Tide," "The Man From Home," and "Pink Gods." Perhaps the reason I like him is because he comes from my home town. I'm anxious to see "The White Rose" because I've never seen Mae Marsh. I think John Barrymore is the most thrilling person to see in the movies, and the picture I enjoyed the most was "The Sheik."

ELLEN HIGBEE.

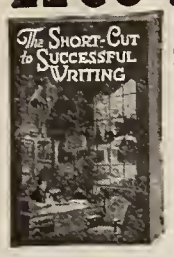
1155 Cass Avenue, S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.

What is it That Brings Recognition?

Can any one explain to me why it is that a player goes along for years, doing good, even striking work, without recognition, and then, suddenly leaps into fame and prosperity through some rôle which, while well played, is perhaps no better than many things he or she has done before?

I shall illustrate my point by the career of Ernest Torrence. As every one knows, this splendid actor is at present one of the leading character actors on the screen, and his big success came after

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many years of work and preparation. It is generally believed that the rôle of *Luke Hatburn*, in "Tol'able David," which undoubtedly called the attention of both producers and the public to his ability, was Torrence's first rôle on the screen. What I cannot understand is, why did no one notice his equally good work previously in "The Prodigal Judge," in which he created that splendid characterization, *Mahaffey*, the lovable but bibulous friend of the judge? That part impressed itself upon my mind as one of the finest character rôles I ever saw, yet it passed apparently unnoticed, while the ugly, repellent rôle in the later picture brought Torrence the fame which he richly deserved.

Again and again I have seen other players who have absolutely, in an individual part, brought such screen artistry to the rôle that it labeled them one of the chosen, yet no comment was made. Gustav Seyffertitz received many favorable criticisms for his marvelous portrayal of the rôle of *Professor Moriarty* in "Sherlock Holmes," but "Dead Men Tell No Tales," where he was featured by Vitagraph and played the part of *Señor Santas*, a diabolical "killer," I have heard practically nothing about. This performance of Seyffertitz's placed him in my all-star cast of "Faust," which I hope to see made into a picture some day with this worthy villain in the rôle of *Mephistopheles.*

Not so long ago I attended a showing of "The Village Blacksmith," which disappointed me greatly, with one exception, and that was George Hackathorne, who, in his portrayal of a cripple, made it worth while. I heard a great deal about Mr. Hackathorne's performance of the title rôle of Famous Players-Lasky version of "The Little Minister," but to my mind his individual work in that was nothing like as good as his performance in "The Village Blacksmith." Is it possible that when a production is generally bad individual performance, no matter how artistic, is lost in the jumble?

Again and again I have noted this situation in individual interpretations of different rôles, and I am wondering whether real artistry on the screen is unnoticed until the stage is set and publicity acclaims to the public a certain performance. From personal experience I know this to be untrue, for many friends of mine who attend pictures regularly look for familiar faces whom the loud pedal of publicity has not proclaimed, yet who are nevertheless popular.

As an outstanding instance of this I call attention to the work of Harlan Knight, who recently portrayed the rôle of the *Reverend Alexander Murray* in "The Man from Glengarry," Ralph Connor's masterpiece. And in still another picture, adapted from the work of the same author, "The Critical Age," Mr. Knight played the part of an individual whose chief idea in life was to bring harm to animals and children. There is certainly a far cry between the interpretation of a rôle depicting a minister of the Gospel whose viewpoint is godly and that of a depraved slayer of dogs and children. I have seen Mr. Knight in many pictures, but I have yet to hear any individual comment made by a critic concerning his excellent work.

I would like to hear from your readers on the subject.

HOWARD HASTINGS.

400 Rissmore Avenue, Bronxville, N. Y.

Continued on page 106

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE
Volume XIX OCTOBER, 1923 No. 2



Photo by Albin

Make Way for Dick—the Lover!

YOU have seen Richard Barthelmess in many parts, but nearly always as a bashful, retiring lad, forced into playing a briefly heroic part mostly through force of circumstances.

But in "The Fighting Blade"—what thrills the name suggests!—he's to appear as a swashbuckling, romantic hero, and above all, as a lover, the object of whose fiery passion is Dorothy Mackaill. Perhaps Valentino will have to look to his laurels!



The star may think it is good business to keep every one out of her picture who detracts attention from her.

Too Good for You

Some of the best parts are cut before you see the picture and it isn't always the censor's shears either.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

TO watch a scene for a picture being made is always interesting; to watch it being killed is nothing short of fascinating. The psychological elements entering into the latter process render it an engrossing affair, comparable to the most thrilling and ruthless of picture-play climaxes.

The room in which the killing takes place is a luxuriously upholstered, glorified and sublimated office where pictures occupy three walls, and a silver sheet covers a good portion of the remaining perpendicular. Four large, soft easy-chairs grace the room; a single massive mahogany desk stands athwart the wall opposite the door.

In the most comfortable of the four chairs sits Mr. Superba, president and producer of Superba Films, Inc.; on his right sits Miss Sybil Starr, the photographer's delight; next her is none other than Mr. Bellows, director, and over further, alongside the desk, you may barely discern a secretary, pen in hand. The room is quite dark, save for a green-shaded light at the secretary's elbow; no sound mars the silence except the soft whirring of the picture projector, somewhere beyond the wall on the right of the door. On the screen, Sybil Starr's latest super-Superba feature-special extraordinary is being unreeled at its première preview—its maiden début, so to speak. For there are previews and previews: those attended by the élite of Hollywood's celluloid circles and those lorgnetted by the guests of the luncheon preceding it at the Biltmore, those arranged for by the star for her family or a reunion of former husbands and those attended only by the Big Three most vitally concerned: producer, director and star.

The silence is broken by the voice of the star.

"That's the scene, Mr. Superba. It must be cut," she is saying. "He overacted and he tried to take it away from me. He even crossed in front—see!"

At this point in the action, the producer calls: "Hold it," and the whirring ceases. "Really, Miss Starr," he says smoothly, turning to that beautiful creature with what is calculated to be a soothing smile, "really, he's rather good in that scene. Why not let it go through this once?"

"It adds immeasurably to your picture," suggests the director.

The star frowns ominously. "If you want peace and quiet to bless our home," comes her ironic edict, "you'll kill that scene. It may add to the picture but it won't add to my following, and that's what we're considering. I'm your star. You want me to do the shining, not the character man who plays the chef."

Resignedly, Mr. Superba says: "Just kill that last scene, then. The kitchen stuff." The secretary makes his notation.

"Can't we cut it to a flash?" demands the director.

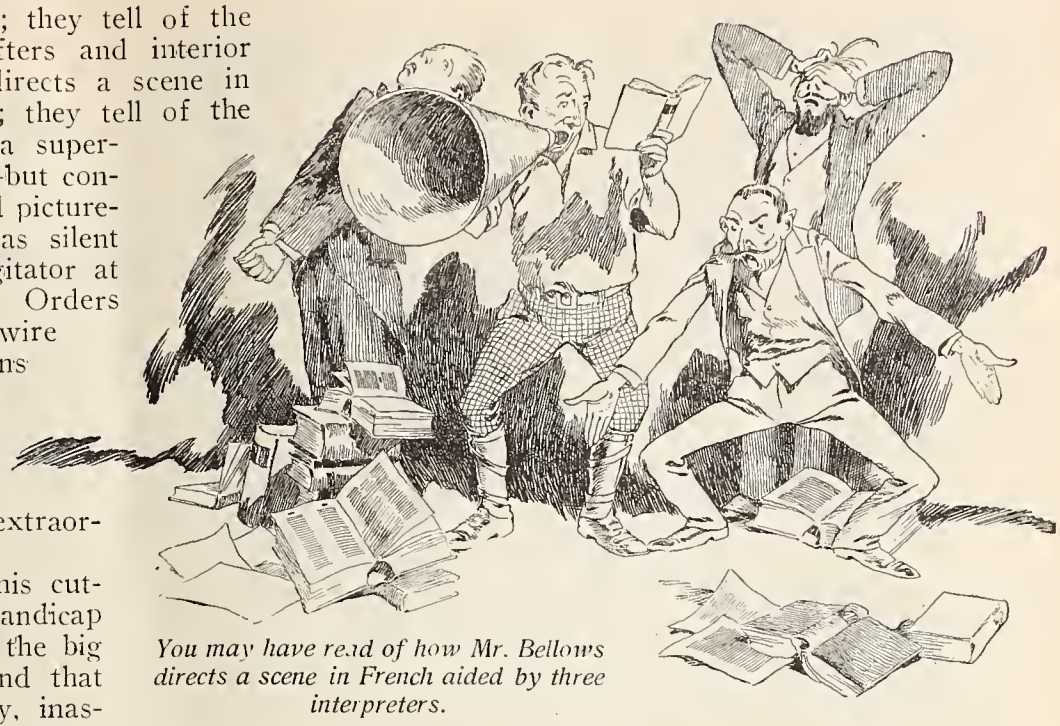
Miss Starr frowns once more. "Not a flicker!"

The scene is killed forever.

It may have been an exceedingly fine scene; it may have carried a thrill, or a tear, or a smile; it may have been cataclysmic in its dramatic power, eloquent in its human appeal, gripping in its force, but it shadowed the work of the star, and so it would be inconsistent to the principles of the star system to release it as a part of the picture. No one will blame the star, after looking at it from a business standpoint; similarly no one will see fit to blame the producer, or least of all, the director. The fault—if there is a fault—lies in the system.

This eliminating process is a common one to all studios housing stars, new though it may seem to you. Publicity departments work overtime to tell a film-mad world of Sybil Starr's pet canary, of Sybil Starr's autographed airplane from a flighty admirer, of Sybil

Starr's favorite phonograph records; they tell of the miracles accomplished by scene-shifters and interior decorators and how Mr. Bellows directs a scene in French, aided by three interpreters; they tell of the millions expended on every Superba super-special and of the energy expended—but concerning certain phases of pictures and picture-making, they are dumb; they are as silent concerning these things as a Red agitator at a meeting of the American Legion. Orders direct from Mr. Superba's private wire make it so. For the producer reasons that what you don't know won't hurt him. Perhaps he is right; perhaps not. Whether he is justified in his assumption or not, the fact remains that you have been missing some extraordinarily interesting material.



You may have read of how Mr. Bellows directs a scene in French aided by three interpreters.

There is nothing unusual about this cutting of those portions of film which handicap or outshine the star's work. All of the big companies harboring stars do it—and that means practically every big company, inasmuch as almost every big company has its quota of luminaries. The examples of cutting are as numerous as bootleggers in a prohibition country.

Two genre types have suffered the matter of omission, i. e., being ejected bodily from the film, upon numerous occasions, because they are such unusual specimens, and withal, so talented. These twain are Wesley Barry, the seventeen-year-old wonder, who is now a star himself, and ZaSu Pitts, the female grotesque whose flair for character has already won her electric-lighted recognition. Some years ago, young Barry indicated what might be expected from him in the future, when, in a film adaptation of a famous story, he collared a majority of the laughs in his scenes with the star—one of the most famous blondes in history. As a result, the two big scenes in which the lad figured felt the cold steel of the cutter's shears. Every one concerned admitted that the expurgated scenes were screamingly funny, but they undeniably detracted attention from the star, and so they could not stand.

When ZaSu Pitts was still a slavey sort of "bit" actress, doing anything from Mack Sennett falls to De Mille barmaids and grabbing any chance that came her way, or near it, she was cast in a big star production. In one scene picturing a childish spat, her "mugging" and facial pantomine so far surpassed that of the star, in the matter of provoking guffaws, that her appearances were cut to flashes, the better to allow the stellar artist to occupy that portion of the limelight rightfully hers by all the billboards in town. In this case, of course, it is apparent that even her abbreviated appearances were enough to establish her, for shortly afterward ZaSu started sporting a pink limousine and a different chapeau for every day in the week—the sure sign of success. She and Wes Barry have been scissored on several other occasions, but their work is of the type that instinctively stands out.

A ruthless example of eliminating the good stuff is credited to one of the most widely advertised feminine stars. An actor prominent on the speaking stage was engaged to appear in her support in a picture at seven hundred and fifty dollars a week. His contract called for at least six weeks' salary. But after he had worked only ten days or so, the star saw some scenes run off in which he appeared. "I won't have him in my company!" the star screamed, goaded to anger by the murmurs of approbation over his acting. "Those scenes are terrible. We'll take them over."

The star had her way. The long-suffering capitalist who backs her pictures ordered that the actor should be given six weeks' salary and dismissed. Another actor—a thoroughly incompetent one this time—was engaged to take his place, and all the sets in which he had appeared were reconstructed. This little idiosyncracy of the star's cost her company thirty-five thousand dollars, and cheated you out of seeing some first-

Continued on page 90



Don't blame the star for the good things you miss; blame the system.



Photo by James N. Doolittle

May McAvoy is one of the easiest screen stars to film; almost any angle on her face is a good angle.

What's This

A question that is complicated by the recent

By Edwin

I AM coming to the rescue of our picture celebrities. Their charms have, I feel, been challenged. A note of scepticism has crept into many of the opinions which are voiced concerning their beauty, and the impression exists, and, I believe, is pretty widely disseminated, that some sort of witchcraft is employed in the studios whereby the players are made to appear lovelier and more handsome than they are.

At the Writers' Revue, the big dance-and-music high light of the Hollywood social and professional season, an artist friend of mine, who is something of a connoisseur, railed to me at length about the imperfections of a group of young girl comers, who made a personal appearance. "Beautiful!" he exclaimed. "You surely don't call those girls beautiful. Why they don't even wear their clothes becomingly. Why they don't walk beautifully and they don't pose beautifully. They have neither the grace nor the poise which are the real attributes of an attractive person. In fact, I think they are very awkward."



If any one is fit for velvets and brocades it is the exotic Barbara La Marr.

In the department called "What the Fans Think" in PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, a tremendous hue and cry was raised not long ago over the pulchritude of some of our fairer favorites. One fan, in fact, dismissed as unbeautiful no less persons than Katherine MacDonald, Norma Talmadge, Connie Talmadge, Nazimova, Lillian Gish and Mary Pickford. Agnes Ayres was referred to as almost plain-looking, while various faults were found with the face and form of Claire Windsor, Corinne Griffith, Bebe Daniels and others, who are rated high for their alluringness on the silver sheet.

In Hollywood, at present, there is a tendency on the part of strangers who see stars at public gatherings, to pick flaws in their looks, their manners and occasionally their dress. "Why you can see dozens of girls on the main street of any big city of an afternoon," some one will assert, "who are better looking than So-and-so of the pictures." Another—"I can't see what all this talk of the fairness of the film stars amounts to. None of them, to my mind, is half as easy to gaze at as Patsy Prettyface, whom I used to know back in Dubuque. If she had a chance to get before the camera, I'll bet that she'd make Norma Talmadge look sick."

Too, a beauty expert of note recently won a loud round of applause because he chose to dissect somewhat brutally the face and form of practically every talented girl in the pictures. He said, for example, that Agnes Ayres' jaw is too wide and her feet too large, that Constance Talmadge's mouth and chin are inadequate, that Phyllis Haver's nose is too short and her eyes too small, that Ruth Roland suffers from a half-moon face, that Betty Compson's hips are large and ungainly, that Norma Talmadge has a wide and bulbous nose, that Betty Blythe has horse nostrils and that Colleen Moore has no beauty at all but merely sparkle. Of course, he spoke as an artist, using some of the freak terminology of painters and sculptors, which sounds much worse

About Beauty?

advances in the technique of picture making.

Schallert

than it is intended to be, but his apparently biting criticism attracted no end of comment, and was loudly cheered by those who are always on the lookout for something disparaging about the filmy famous.

Strictly speaking, of course, all these criticisms have a basis in fact. There is no doubt that the ideal proportions of feminine loveliness, as they have been handed down to us, are rare on the screen, and that very few men, either, measure up to the concept of Apollo Belvedere. Many fans who have dabbled in art, or read even their Greek mythology, are aware that the average picture beauty, classically considered, is far too small, and that having heads that are oversized (though this has nothing to do with the swelling induced by success) is a common defect.

At the same time, it is a great mistake on this account, I feel, to rate cinema celebrities as unbeautiful and unhandsome as a class. As a class they are representative of some of the most attractive types that the world to-day produces. The faults of beauty that they possess are faults that are common to the present generation, and while there may be an occasional Venus, outside the films, who would outshine them in classic lines of countenance and figure in a contest, perhaps even on the stage, the world has been thoroughly scoured for the right sort of Hebes and Psyches and Trojan Helens to gladden the eyes of the screen spectator.

Isolated physical defects are not really such marring things as you might imagine, from hearing them discussed. In fact, they may on occasion enhance tremendously a person's charm. A pair of eyes are fascinating sometimes that are, so to say, out of true —though not like Ben Turpin's, necessarily.



The tall girl is no longer in disfavor; Eleanor Boardman and several others are more than the usual height.
Photo by Clarence S. Bull



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Bebe Daniels is rated high for her alluringness on the silver sheet.

Very few men and women would rate their good looks except by virtue of the features that are defective and which give them distinction, like the famous Napoleonic embonpoint.

The majority of our real screen celebrities are nothing if not individual. As a matter of fact, the silver sheet is crowded with types. That is exactly what offers the opening for the argument against a player's attractiveness. But to say that a Mary Pickford, a Norma Talmadge, a Corinne Griffith, or a Lillian Gish is not beautiful is to be unacquainted with the rules of beauty that now prevail—rules, to tell the truth, which these very girls themselves have made.

The fact that many of our stars are successful in the costume drama is to a degree proof that they can also realize something of other traditions than our own. It is really astonishing how well some of their features seem to suit our present



The films now admit such striking personalities as Andrée Lafayette, who would have been barred by the conventions and the drawbacks of picture-making a few years ago. Photo by Woodbury

conception of old-world types. What could be lovelier, for instance, than Alice Terry in some of the aristocratic wigs and gowns such as are used in "Scaramouche?" Or what could be more intriguing than Barbara La Marr's sirenic *Antoinette de Maupan* in "The Prisoner of Zenda," or even Mabel Ballin's rather striking visioning of *Becky Sharp* in some of the scenes of "Vanity Fair?" None of these girls and women is without the current flaws in beauty, yet each has been exceptional in her adaptability to the requirements of a certain rôle or period.

The fact that a girl is large or small makes little difference in her personal or photographic beauty nowadays. Nor does the size of her head compared with the rest of her body seriously matter, so long as it does not betoken actual deformity. There is an infinite charm, for instance, to May McAvoy, who is probably the most striking example of this fault. What is more, she is one of the easiest stars in the world to film. Almost any angle on her face is a good angle, and when she is enacting a poignant scene, only the most hypercritical would be in the least aware that physically she defies the strict laws of proportion.

How many persons, for example, care that the line of Gloria Swanson's nose is bad? Why, at one time she was seriously thinking of having an operation performed to correct this! That was when she first came to Famous Players-Lasky. After a series of tests, it was decided to try her in one picture before she endured the ordeal. She was so successful in this, because she acted so convincingly and wore gowns so alluringly, that they decided not to tamper with nature. If they had, Miss Swanson would probably have been reduced to the ranks of the ordinary or worse.

It is true, of course, that the presence of all our favorites, be they masculine or feminine, can be enhanced greatly through appropriate lighting and make-up. There would be small use in having the large technical staffs that the studios employ, unless they did something to help bring out the good points of the stars. The camera is hard enough on face and feature and form, Heaven knows!

Modern lighting is the greatest of all aids to beauty. It can even be adjusted to suit the especial needs of a type and personality. Mae Murray pictures are a remarkable testimony of this. The beauty of Miss Murray has often been questioned, but her popularity is undoubted. When she is photographed, her sets are literally deluged with lights. The effect is dizzy and uncanny. In the close-ups her face may appear to lack striking contrasts, and she is all gold and fluff, as one fan remarked who had seen her in person, but if you take the impression of her features as a whole, you will realize that she offers to view the rarest sort of glitter and dazzlingness. She runs to an extreme in lighting because she is an extreme, and it is better to emphasize the peculiar glamour of her presence than to try to shade it so as to obtain contrasts.



The riding habit which Pola Negri wore in "Bella Donna" suited her about as well as a flannel undershirt would a king.

Lighting will not, of course, correct small and typical defects. These yield better to make-up. Richard Dix, I believe, has quite removed any semblance of a nasal ridge by judicious application of red, which softens the character of such prominences. Julia Faye, who plays in the pictures of William and Cecil De Mille, has leveled her face to a nice oval by rouging her forehead, which is rather unusually broad. Rodolph Valentino, even, has improved the contour of his ears, by a touch of ruddy pigment. Many other stars have given smoothness to hollow cheeks, and graded a hilly chin by the use re-

Continued on page 97

Finding a Hero

The Inspiration Company searched and searched for just the right actor to play opposite Lillian Gish, and they found—Ronald Colman.

By Helen Klumph Photographs by James Abbe

"I HOPE that people are going to like him," Lillian Gish remarked as she spread before me some pictures showing Ronald Colman with her in "The White Sister." "Don't you think that he looks splendid?" Characteristically, she deferred to her guest's opinion, at the same time suggesting that he had her unqualified approval.

Interested, I arranged through a mutual friend to meet him the very next day. And when I tell you that he is the sort of young man you would expect Lillian Gish to choose for her company, you know considerable about him. A skilled actor, of course. An earnest, hard-working person. Most of all a person who is dignified, aloof, well-bred and yet ingratiating.

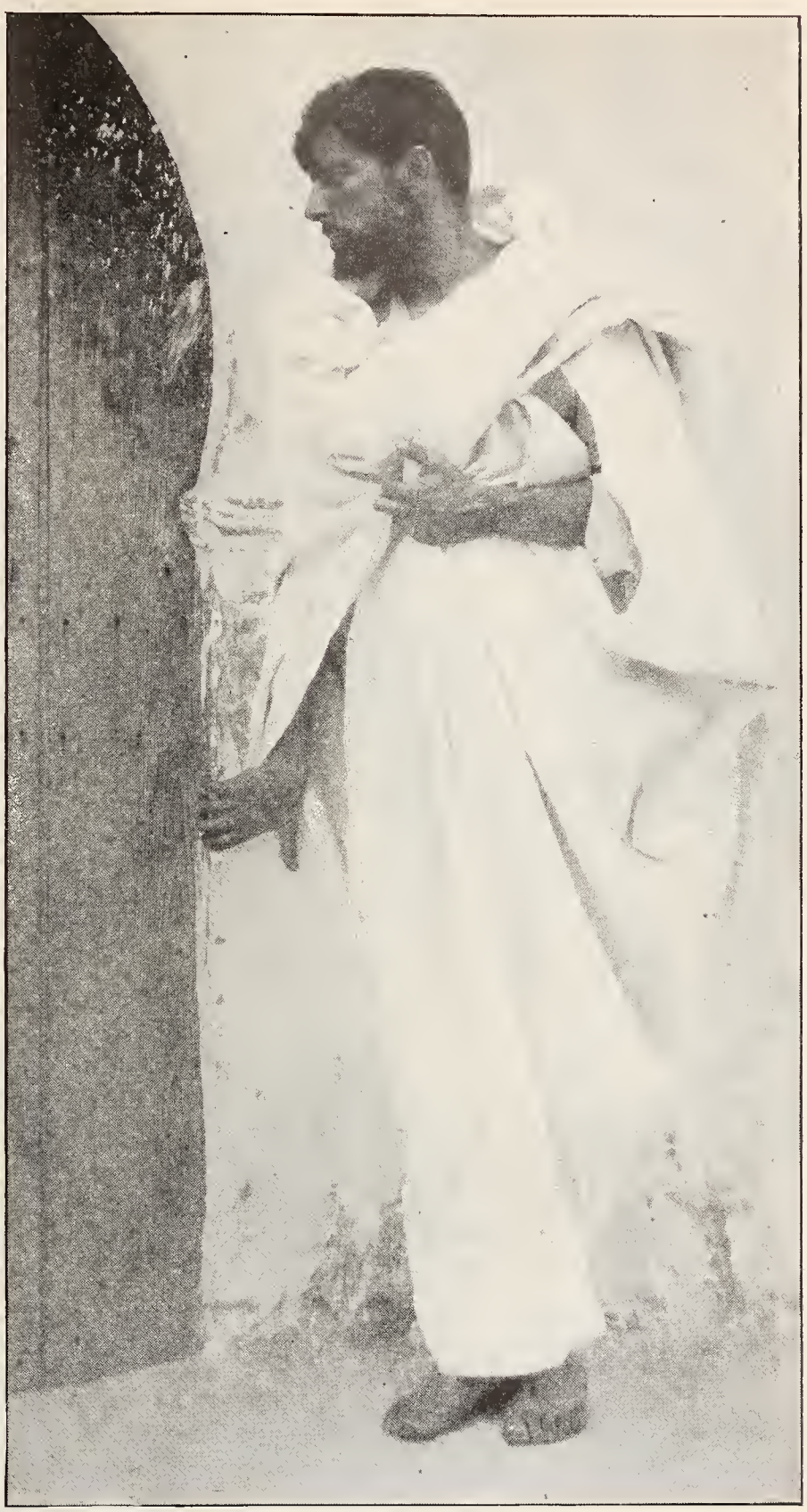
We sat on a bumpy sofa in the corner of a noisy photographer's studio, watching the downpour of rain outside a window, while he told me about his first experiences in motion pictures, and his drawing-room manner survived even those surroundings.

"I was playing in 'La Tendresse' with Ruth Chatterton when the Inspiration Company decided to test me for the part," he told me. "They had tried a lot of others — but no one was available who looked Italian. I'm Scotch, but not to the camera. Funny thing about pictures, isn't it? It isn't what you are but what you look like. I hope that in addition to transforming me into an Italian the camera makes me look like the sort of man people like."

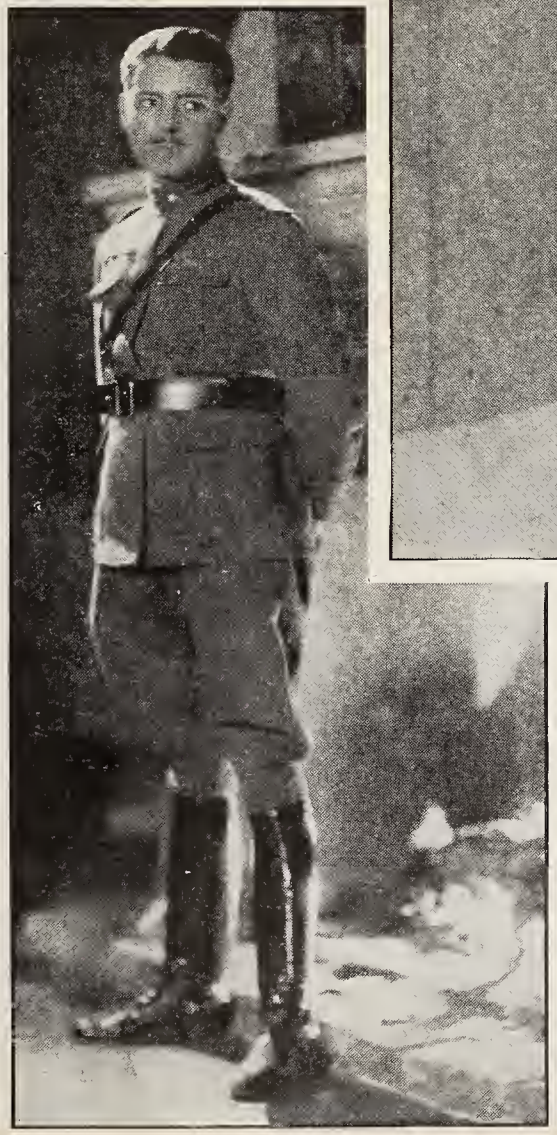
It seemed, as he said it, a sincere touch of modesty.

"Well, my tests seemed to suit them, or maybe they were just desperate by the time they got to me, they had tried out so many actors. I was under contract to Henry Miller to continue playing on the stage, but he released me. And now, though I've been in the movies seven months, I haven't yet been seen on the screen. I do not know whether I am a success or a failure. I want to succeed. I want to stay in pictures. I know it won't all be like our glorious holiday in Italy, but I am sure I will enjoy it."

He lacks the wicked glint of a Valentino, but there is a refreshing suavity and grace about him. And in the Italian officer's uniform which he wears in "The White Sister" he is a figure fit to grace any flapper's dressing table. Unless my guess is wrong his photographs soon will.



Even after a few weeks of working in Africa, unshaven, footsore and weary, Ronald Colman looked interesting and picturesque.



In the uniform of an Italian officer he is a figure fit to grace any flapper's dressing table.

The Bathing Beauties

Photos copyrighted





THEY disappeared some time ago—the Sennett bathing girls—most of them to reappear, as you know, in the somewhat less boisterous forms of screen drama. Gloria Swanson, Mae Busch, Mabel Normand, Mary Thurman, Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver—how far they have gone since those days of posing on the beaches!

Gladys Tennyson, above, rather resembles Gloria Swanson, in this picture, at least. Below her you see Elsie Farron, and at the right Eugenia Cilbert.

Are With Us Again!

by Mack Sennett



WILL this new aggregation of feminine pulchritude, which the Great Master of comedy has gathered together to enliven his new productions, rise to similar heights of fame? Ah, that's a question for Fate to decide. It might be well, however, for you to glance at their names for future reference. Then, if any of them *do* attain the success of their predecessors, you'll be able to say, "Why, *I* remember her when she was a Sennett bathing girl!"



The two girls above are Alberta Vaughn and Cecil Evans. Below we have Margaret Cloud and Cecil Evans and Elsie Farron again.



The George M. Cohan of the Movies

Something of a celluloid Solomon is Marshall Neilan, who explains why pictures are made for twelve-year-old minds.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

ONCE you succeed in wheedling Marshall Neilan into a more or less serious mood, be prepared to absorb some observations that are as wise as they are witty. His japes are not pointless, nor are his wise cracks hollow echoes: he is a shrewd picture-maker whose judicial opinions are often jazzy but usually just.

Known among those who constitute the inside ring of the film rialto as a canny conceiver of sure-fire box-office lollypops for screen consumption, Neilan has, at the same time, produced—or at least directed—the best comedies of childhood the picture play boasts, in "Penrod" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," as well as one of the finest dramas ever filtered through a projection machine, namely "Stella Maris." Whenever some one questions the Pickford claim to immortality, let him gaze upon her dual characterization in the Locke fable.

It is inevitable that Mickey Neilan should be called the George M. Cohan of the movies. He is the hokum king of the silent stage, purveyor extraordinary to the popular taste. They say of Neilan that he can look over a picture lacking in punch, and, with a knowing finger on the gelatin pulse, prescribe accurately and beneficially.

"During the shipwreck scene," he will, perhaps, advise, "cut back to the natives dancing round the fire. Then flash to the U. S. Marine. That should work up the suspense." And, when the change is duly made, it usually does what Dr. Neilan predicted.

His pictures are generally well-paced; they may be obvious, but action obtains throughout. He places plot before characterization and turns out first-rate melodramas and amusing comedies; aside from "Stella Maris" his attempts at straight drama have been less successful.

Just as the astute Mr. Cohan imbues all of his productions, musical or comic, with an incalculable zip and zest, so does the jaunty Neilan inject swing into his pictures. Before spooling a photoplay he may be imagined haranguing his troupe as follows: "Moving pictures should *move*. Let's *go!*"

For this very reason, perhaps, is he more competent to concoct comedy and melodrama than more subtle drama.

When he is in New York, far from the ardors of the Goldwyn lot, he is as elusive as a six-foot putt on a rolling green. Now he is reported at the Lambs club, now at the Ritz—in half an hour he will be at Pierre's—five minutes ago he was down at Brentano's. Strolling from club to café, dropping in at the theaters, meeting friends at every turn, taking his pleasures as he finds them, Marshall Neilan of the movies, once he alights at Grand Central, becomes Marshall Neilan, man about town.

It was, accordingly, difficult to apprehend him for the purpose of publishing his views. Publicity interests him less than a croquet tournament at a foundling home. With Broadway well in hailing distance, he throws off the worries of the West to enter full-heartedly into the business of pleasure. The screen fades into the dim background of memory: Mickey aligns himself with the serried ranks of tired business men. But he is more enthusiastic than a lady reporter.

"New York is so darn blasé," he pointed out "that it's impossible to please 'em any more. Last night, at the new revue, 'The Vanities,' I was laughing so hard that Lee Shubert kept turning round in his seat to glare at me. Thought I should be thrown out for enjoying myself. Finally I told him that I had paid to get in, and that I was going to keep on laughing. . . . Perhaps I'm growing young again, but I got a real kick out of the show. Beauty, music, comedy. . . . I like beautiful girls, and I like Joe Cook. He's funny as sin."

He turned and ordered an ice-cream sundae as enthusiastically as if he wanted it.

"These gorgeous revues are worth seeing because they appeal to the imagination. If you have any æsthetic appreciation you can get more out of a revue than the producers put into it.

"For the poor dub who lacks imagination, there is the burlesque show with its fat women in shiny tights, and its putty-nosed comedians with their putty-nosed jokes. You see everything and you hear everything.

"Pictures are the same way. Good pictures leave something to the imagination. Maybe you think I'm just talking. Here's what we might subtitle a concrete example. You remember the great climax of 'Tol'able David' when the swinging door left you wondering who would emerge the victor? Remember what a punch that was? Well, yesterday a producer told me about a big 'special' he was making. 'It'll be bigger than "Tol'able David." ' he said. 'It's something like it only we show the fight scene from beginning to end! Won't that make a great poster? "

Once started, Neilan talks rapidly, cleverly, and entertainingly. He embellishes his remarks with expletives frequently and effectively. Although it is obviously impossible to reproduce the racy idiom of his speech, the flavor can be suggested.

Just as George M. Cohan is regarded as a typical producer of American plays, Neilan may be designated a characteristic native impresario of the films. He attacks a picture with his coat off and sleeves rolled up. It matters little what the story tells: Neilan's melodrama is mellow, and his comedy broad; his audience cries when the tremolo stop is pulled, laughs when the gag is sprung, sits tense as the saw-mill begins to buzz, and leaves the theater happy. In plumbing human nature, and in determining the reaction of an audience to a scene or situation, Neilan displays the same sagacity that has placed Cohan at the forefront of our theatrical world. These are kindred spirits with the single idea of giving the public what it wants.

"By the way, get this straight," he advised. "It isn't what the public *wants*. It's what the exhibitor *says* the public wants. There's a vast difference. Critics and public enjoyed that stunt picture I made called 'Bits of

An Exotic Newcomer

One of the most unusual and picturesque young women appearing in pictures is Jetta Goudal, whose performance in "The Bright Shawl" was highly praised. Sinuous, graceful, magnetic—one remembers her even if he does not exactly admire her.

Off screen her personality is equally interesting and puzzling. Next month Malcolm Oettinger will tell you of an interview with her—in an article which dissects her fascinating odd ways and characteristically foreign speech.

Life.' *But the exhibitors didn't.* It made money, all right, but it didn't make as much as 'The Miracle Man.' And a picture is a failure in the eyes of the exhibitor unless it makes every nickel the box office will hold."

Somewhere in his psychological make-up there lies a strong artistic vein, but it is shielded from the sun of cynicism by layer upon layer of hard, common sense and business acumen.

Neilan will tell you frankly that he would rather make money than reap laurels. Laurels look well in the library but they don't pay gas bills. He would rather make four pictures a year and share in four profits, than accept the honor of directing the colossal "Ben-Hur" for a year, with profits a matter of speculation in the face of an initial outlay of six hundred thousand dollars for story rights alone, and a production cost that will run into seven figures. The chances of winning everlasting glory by directing such a spectacle are excellent—the possibilities of profit less positive.

Yet he had just started work on "Tess of the d'Urbervilles"—as grim a tale with as slight a "box office appeal" as ever a Thomas Hardy wrote. Why was he doing that?



Marshall Neilan and his wife Blanche Sweet, are two of the most interesting people in Hollywood.

"I'll tell you why," he said earnestly. "They said it wasn't picture material—they said Mrs. Fiske failed to make it a screen success—they said I couldn't get away with it. So I'm doing it. If they told me it was impossible to picturize 'Ben-Hur' I'd do that, too, for nothing. Nothing pleases me more than doing what the wise guys tell me cannot be done!"

And that he is doing "Tess" in his own successful way is evidenced by his report that he was working in spiritualism, "a thought," he explained, "to relieve the sadness of the ending."

At this point Taylor Holmes, star comic of the talking stage, and former screen comedian, wended his way across the grill to our table.

"I've thought up a great idea for you, Mickey. Don't tell a soul, but listen." His voice dropped to a stage whisper. "Wear hip boots when you're directing. Hip boots, see? Then you'll have it on De Mille by two feet. He only wears puttees."

Neilan thanked him gravely, shook hands, and waved Holmes on. To see the seriousness with which they talked utter nonsense was a convincing illustration of their senses of humor. Apropos of which, the story goes that a couple of years ago, when siren horns on autos were all the vogue, Neilan appeared on Hollywood Boulevard in his car with a siren attachment that played the "Marche Funèbre."

"It's a funny game," resumed Mickey. "When you have a big idea, you often haven't the money to finance it. When you're rolling in the long green, you can't think of anything. I wanted to do a big thing a couple of years ago, on Custer's last fight. The wise boys on the Coast said I was crazy. I made 'Bob Hampton of Placer' on a shoestring. What I really wanted to do was a 'Covered Wagon' picture—a wonderful, epic yarn. But I didn't have the jack. Jim Cruze made it and it has made him.

"That's the way. One good one makes you. Where was Rex Ingram before 'The Four Horsemen?' You never heard of him. Yet he's been in pictures as long as I have. And after you make a good picture Heaven help you! Because each succeeding picture must be 'like that other one.'

"Critics ask how we get that way? Why do we

Continued on page 103

THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

Two Novel Productions

At this writing it looks as though the two most novel productions of the coming year would be DeMille's "Ten Commandments" and Fairbanks' "The Thief of Bagdad."

Biblical pictures have been announced before, but we have never seen any of them on the screen. The DeMille production, however, is an assured fact, as our readers know. DeMille has recently been using up a huge fortune, more than a million dollars, we believe, in making his film version of the story of the Book of Exodus, and it undoubtedly will be one of the most, if not the most, lavish productions ever made. In view of exhibitors' well-known pessimistic attitude toward innovations, this looks like a heroic venture.

Doug's adventure into the realm of fantasy is no less a daring innovation, but it is Doug's daring in venturing into new fields that has kept him in the front rank of actor-producers. It is quite likely that other producers will follow his lead, and that several fairy-tale spectacles will appear on the screen within the next year. All that it takes is for a leader who has vision to show the way.

Digging Into American History

For example, the bugaboo about historical pictures not being good box-office attractions has lifted sufficiently since the success of "The Covered Wagon" to allow some of our prominent players to plunge into real-life dramas. If half of the announced intentions of the producers are carried out it looks as though history teachers would have an easy time of it in the schools. Among the most interesting productions that are promised are a series of pioneer pictures starring William S. Hart, and the story of "Nathan Hale," with Richard Barthelmess in the title rôle. It is interesting in this connection to note that the sculptor's model for the most famous statue of Nathan Hale was Francis X. Bushman.

An Unfair Practice

One of our readers, Mr. Bob H. Jutt, writes us from Louisville, to protest against an imposition which has been practiced many times upon the motion-picture fans in connection with the showing of special productions in regular theaters at high prices. "When these productions are shown for the first time at big theaters, at prices as high as $1.50 or $2.00," our correspondent says, "the claim is often made in the advertising that they will not be shown in the same city at a lower price within a year. But often, within a month, they are shown at the regular movie houses for thirty cents."

The fans are right in resenting this practice. Its repeated occurrence is an indication of a lack of sincerity in dealing with a friendly public, and it does not tend to inspire confidence in what the exhibitors or producers have to say about their productions. An example of this has been experienced recently in Chicago, in connection with the special run of "The Covered Wagon." The Famous Players have been put to a great deal of trouble and expense in that city to convince a skeptical public that the special showing of that picture would be the only showing of that splendid picture during the current season, as it will be in the other large cities into which it is about to go as a special road show. And all because of the practice referred to by Mr. Jutt.

Radio and the Movies

Have you had the opportunity of listening to the programs of any of the big movie theaters by radio? This service to the radio and movie fans was inaugurated several months ago by Samuel Rothapfel, the impressario of the Capitol Theater in New York City, and the results have convinced this astute showman that the radio concerts have done much to stimulate attendance at his theater. Meanwhile other big movie theaters in New York and other large cities have been following his lead in offering this service. Fans for hundreds of miles around have written to Mr. Rothapfel, telling him how much they have appreciated hearing the Capitol musical programs, and that hearing them has made them decide not to miss going to his theater when in the city.

Concerning Stars

Malcolm Oettinger's article "Too Good for You" in this issue is especially interesting at this time because it indicates some of the reasons why fewer players are being starred now than ever before in proportion to the number of productions. Famous Players-Lasky, the biggest producing and distributing organization in the industry, is at this time starring but three players, as Agnes Smith points out in her article on Rodolph Valentino. A few years ago they had five times that number. Aside from First National, whose program is made up of the pictures of players whose right to stardom is unquestioned, most of the companies of any consequence are exploiting productions rather than individual personalities. The fact that many of the stars of the past took too seriously what was said about them in their companies' advertisements and insisted on being exploited at the expense of the production after the manner described by Mr. Oettinger, is one of the reasons for their losing their titles.

Long Live the King!

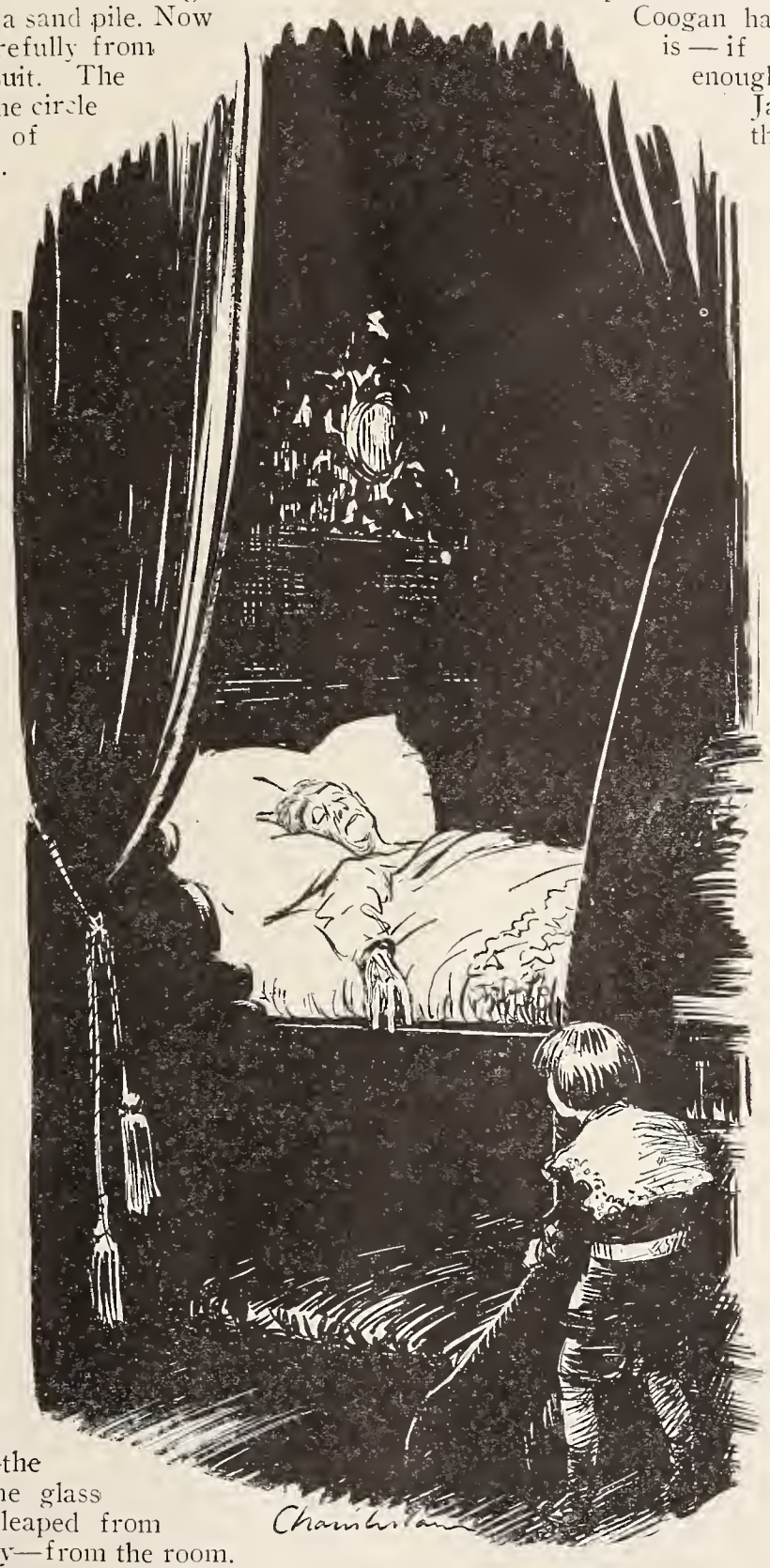
A sandy afternoon with Jackie Coogan

By Don Ryan

Drawings by K. R. Chamberlain

TO His Majesty—the King!"

One of those portmanteau studio orchestras was throbbing infectiously. Mounted on a chair before the property dinner table stood Jackie Coogan, popular romantic star, and, so far as I know, the youngest sheik in Hollywood. A few minutes ago we had been playing together in a sand pile. Now the sand was all brushed carefully from my young friend's sailor suit. The man who stood just outside the circle of arcs with a cigar-box full of make-up had seen to that. And now this eight-year-old was the actor—the star, if you please—upon whose sincerity in this big scene the success of a six-hundred-thousand-dollar motion picture would largely depend.



The actor picked up a glass from the table. (The title, I presume, will explain that unfermented grape juice was used in this scene so the picture can be shown in the United States.) He picked up the glass. His mouth settled to seriousness. An exaltation crept into his eyes.

"All right, old-timer! You're hitting it now."

Low-voiced encouragement from Victor Schertzinger, director. Up went the left hand, holding the glass. Down by his hip curled the right, in a gesture spaced with feeling.

"Long live the king!"

A half smile for the response of the others at the table. Jackie tilted the glass to his lips. A bell began to strike—ominously. The orchestra shifted to a heaving, rapid *empressement* of sound. Jackie's throat clutched. His eyes questioned, then gradually they were tinged with appalling grief.

This tolling bell meant the death of the king—the king, his grandfather. The glass came down. The prince leaped from the chair and ran—frantically—from the room.

The next moment the face of a mischievous American kid was grinning out of the doorway through which the young prince of the Balkan kingdom had just vanished. Jackie Coogan was shouting mockingly the words of a song written by Schertzinger, who used to be a composer.

"That's the way he does when he wants to kid me," sighed the rotund director. "Can you beat it?"

My friend Coogan, the actor, is undergoing a transition. You may think there is no such thing as mental progress among movie actors. But Coogan has demonstrated that there is—if you catch them young enough.

Jackie has left behind him the ingenuous babyhood of "The Kid" and is becoming a very conscious as well as a very conscientious actor. His work in the scene I had just been watching was conscious art. Again and again, as this important bit was shot and reshot, I saw Jackie jerk himself from burlesque or horseplay into the emotional demands of the scene, using the music of the studio orchestra as a springboard with which to make the leap.

Some actors would have found it easier to remain in character between shots. Not so Jackie. His emotions needed an outlet. You saw him one minute madly directing the orchestra in a whirl of jazz, the next instant prodding somebody unexpectedly with the baton. Talking with mock seriousness about a coming prize fight with Eddie Cox, his father's former vaudeville partner; performing a noisy clog on some loose boards, then hopping on a chair to shout:

"I'm getting temperamental around here! I'm getting so temperamental——"

Schertzinger nipped the outburst by swinging him down.

"Are you keeping your mind on this scene, Skipper?"

"Sure!" chimed Jackie, twitching the fat director's ears.

Then a shade of seriousness crossed his face.

"It's all right, Mr. Schertzinger. Please don't mind. But I do need a little relaxation."

Jackie Coogan is too well bred to talk excessively



about himself. He is too adroit to talk about any of the Hollywood beauties with whom his name might be linked in future gossip. A movie star has to be careful. There have been so many stories, you know.

So my interview with him that day had taken a safe and sane turn. Knowing that anything he said might appear in print, Jackie politely but firmly steered the conversation to a subject in which he is interested and which was perfectly innocuous: the mechanics of stagecraft. The sand pile—which we are coming to—served him with material for modeling. Before we left it he had shown me every imaginable variety of that movie stunt technically known as a break-away.

I came off with my shoes full of sand and my mind full of new ideas. And I carried away the conviction that at least one movie actor in Hollywood uses his head for something besides a hatrack.

It was in the following fashion that we arrived at the sand pile. I had gone to the studio that afternoon at the earnest solicitation of Coogan's press agent, who insisted that I must see how cute Jackie looked in the uniform he was wearing in this new picture called "Long Live the King."

The press agent had insisted that when the flappers of Hicks Center got a flash of Jackie as the crown prince they would forget the palpitations provoked when Rudy Valentino first displayed himself in the toreador suit.

Instead of finding Jackie in a fancy uniform I found him in the sailor suit, waiting to work, but with no immediate prospect of working. The press agent explained that they were still on the dying king sequence. He had fully expected the king to be dead by this time but his majesty was still in the throes. The king had been steadily dying now—for a week back.

"And we're all afraid he'll actually croak, before he dies in the picture," confided the press agent. "Look at him," he invited.

I looked into the ornate four-poster bed in which Robert Bower, the dying king, lay panting.

"He's way over eighty," whispered the press agent. "I'm afraid this continued exertion of dying will actually kill the old boy."

"Don't worry," spoke up the king, whose ears were sharper than the press agent suspected. "This bed part ain't so hard. I usually have to play chair parts. I guess I can stand it if I don't have to stunt none. In the last picture I had to fall out of a chair. That's dangerous stuff."

And the dying king wagged his head sadly at the perils of his profession.

It was at this juncture that Jackie came up with a roll of film under his arm. He had been assisting an assistant camera man.

That is one of the traits I admire in this unspoiled star. He will lend a hand to anybody—property man or wardrobe man or camera man—and doesn't think about his dignity while doing it.

"Hello," greeted Jackie, extending his hand, "glad to see you again."

"Jackie, could you tell Mr. Ryan something about your new picture?"

The press agent spoke in the honeyed tones of a school-teacher on Friday afternoon when she calls the kids out to say their pieces.

"Come on back to my office," said Jackie, significantly. "We'll talk there."

"Do you want me to go along?" inquired the press agent plaintively.

"No," replied Jackie with emphasis, and taking me by the hand, he led me away through a maze of flats.

"One of my trials," confided my conductor when we were out of earshot.

We paused under a doorway where a group of men in overalls were toiling with long-handled hoes.

"Let's stop and watch them," invited my host.

We sat down on the adjacent sand pile and gave our attention to the men, who were working up sand and cement with water in a mortar box.

"That looks like a reservoir with a dam," observed Jackie.

We watched until the dam had disappeared, and the water had been all mixed with the sand and cement.

Jackie tunneled into the sand pile.

"It looks like an igloo now." I remarked.

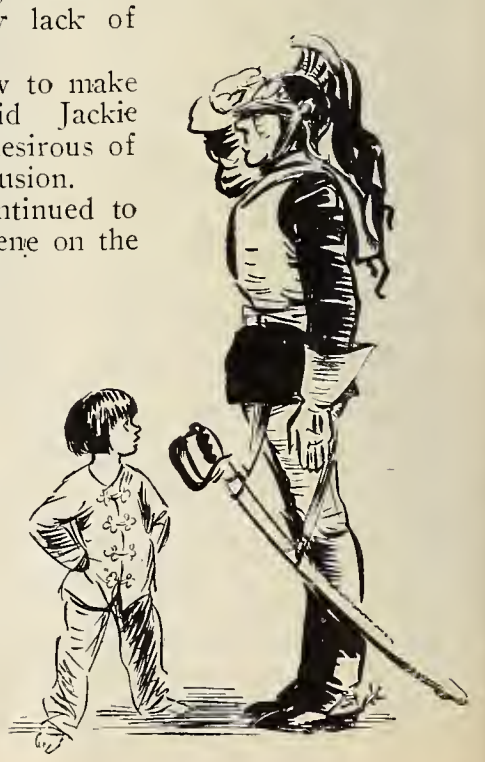
"E-g-g-hyphen-g-l-u-e of i-g-l-o-o?" asked Jackie.

"I-g-l-double-o," I replied. "I'm ignorant of the other word."

"It's a viscid, gluey substance holding the eggs of some insects together and attaching them to the body of the parent," said Jackie.

I blushed for my lack of knowledge.

"I'll show you how to make a break-away," said Jackie promptly, evidently desirous of covering up my confusion.



While the king continued to rehearse his death scene on the adjacent stage, while twenty-one electricians fussed with lights, while actors in dazzling uniforms sat around matching pennies, while the overhead went on at the rate of two hundred honest dollars a minute, Jackie showed me how to make all the different kinds of break-aways.

"This will be a castle break-away," he announced.

He built a sand castle on the side of the pile. Tunneled under it. Gave it a touch from above. The castle collapsed.

Burying hundreds of people in the ruins," remarked Jackie, looking up with a grin of enjoyment which displayed the widely-spaced teeth that will look smaller when he grows larger.

"Now this will be a whole mountain break-away."

He modeled a village on the side of the sand pile. Cut a trench above it. Buried a strip of unexposed film which he took out of his pocket.

"This is a rope," he explained, covering the strip of film with sand. "It's all covered—only the ends out for men to hold to. You take this end."

We took each an end and surging forward, swept the village into oblivion with immense casualties.

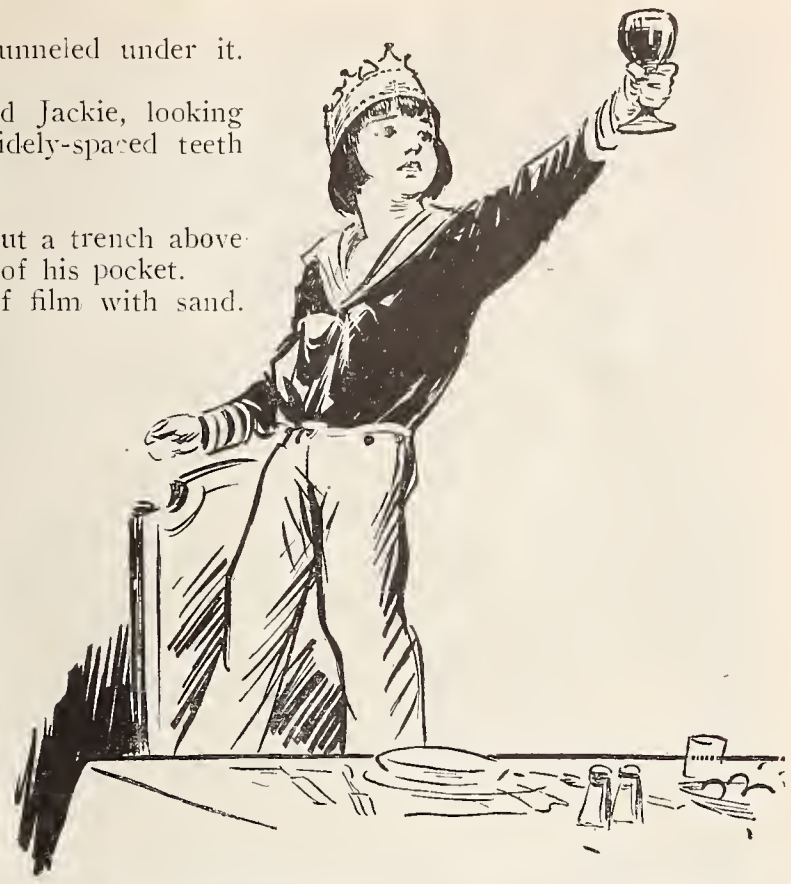
"What are you reading nowadays, Jackie?" I inquired, remembering that I needed some material for an interview.

Jackie promptly confessed to a weakness for Robert W. Service.

"'The Shooting of Dan McGrew' is one of my favorites," he said unblushingly.

And I couldn't help admiring his truthfulness. I knew that if I had asked almost any other movie actor the same question he would have immediately professed an overwhelming predilection for D. H. Lawrence, Bernard Shaw, Arthur Schnitzler or J. K. Huysmans.

Continued on page 95



A Medley of Contradictions

There are many pleasant surprises in store for any one who expects Patterson Dial to be like her screen characterization. Or, like any one else for that matter.

By Helen Ogden

HAVING used all the windows at Universal, you needn't work to-morrow, Patterson," quoth Hobart Henley.

"All I do in 'The Lady of Quality,'" Patterson Dial explained the twinkle in the director's eye, "is go about with woebegone face, peering into people's windows. We went on location and I'll be blessed if they didn't take a window along for me to look through."

The following day over a chummy luncheon at the Montmartre, she unfolded her history.

Ever since seeing her superb characterization of the mountaineer's wife in "Tol'able David"—a thing of subtle tragedy—I had wanted to meet Patterson Dial.

Surely, thought I, here was a soul that had known suffering, travail. Not being a total idiot, I realized that it was acting—but such acting! Even a perfected art could not quite account for that listless, haggard mountain woman, I thought, only one who had plumbed life could interpret it.

Imagine, then, if you can, my amazement to find myself sitting beside a red-haired girl in her early twenties, a most independent, vital young creature with a passion for shrimp salad.

"Reminds me of the best meal I ever had," she murmured, brown eyes reminiscent and subdued. "In New York. I was out to carve a career, only said career was playing hide and seek. I'd been broke for two days, when I met a rich friend from home. He took me to dinner and I ate two orders of shrimp salad, topped with chocolate ice cream." The reverie passed, crinkles of humor appeared about her eyes and she grinned. "Ain't life grand?"

I found Patterson Dial totally different from my preconceived notions about her. She is not a tragic soul. And though she really comes of an old Southern family, she doesn't suggest that type half as much as those who affect it as a pose.

Tall, gangling, awkward, red-headed, having an awful time getting her hands and feet arranged—no, Patterson Dial doesn't go with a drawing-room. She belongs outdoors. And yet only those born to the purple have her superb assurance.

"All my childhood I was horrifying seventeen branches of the family tree," she began. "I'll never forget that circle of accusing eyebrows about the table. 'Patterson,' they'd be saying, 'we've given up expecting you to be a lady—but *could* you refrain from putting your elbows on the table, just once?'"

Exaggeration, of course. The humorous gleam in her fine brown eyes told me that. But perhaps there was a grain of reason for her self-disdain. Her family, of English descent, is one of background, her progenitors being prominent lawyers and big land owners—one plantation was but a footrest, no less than half a dozen being to-day in her own name.

"Yes, I own half of Florida—mortgaged to the hilt," she said nonchalantly. "Couldn't get a dime an acre for it. Having studied dancing for years—the family's vain attempt to train this gangling body of mine into a semblance of grace—I determined to 'lead my own life.' Isn't that what the heroine always says?" A quirk of humor lifted the corners of her mouth. "So I mortgaged another acre and went to New York. 'If you must disgrace us," a sudden tragic tone took off in exquisite burlesque the family's ire, "'take a stage name. The untarnished name of Dial must not be



Photo by Freulich

dragged through the mir-r-re of theatrical life.' But it was the only name I had and I wasn't ashamed of it, as I told them to their stupefaction," she continued imperturbably. "I was eighteen and confident. In a while I was still eighteen but not so confident. Finally I obtained a dancing engagement in 'Aphrodite.' Then I went into the movies."

That's the way with her. Things don't happen. She just goes and does them. Away from well-meaning relatives, who attempted to coerce the restlessness of her, she stepped forth—herself. A girl lacking physical beauty, feminine charm, but frank, likable.

"After a bit in 'Wallingford,' Henry King sent for me to play in 'Tol'able David.' Several small rôles since—then when they wired me to come out here and play *Ann* in 'The Lady of Quality' for Universal, starring Virginia Valli, I felt the world was mine. Now, after seeing all the beauty in Hollywood, these girls who can walk rings around me for looks—well, I'm not so sure that I'll get another job after I've finished this one."

She will, I am sure, for she has a dominant quality. She startles one—she is so totally different from her screen appearance. Unless she is made-up to be unbeautiful—as in the Barthelmess picture—her photographs are lovely. Her red hair appears black, the tiny freckles—like a sprinkling of gold-dust—do not show; only the chiseled beauty of line imprints itself in black and white.

"One director," she laughed, "spread my pictures out on the table and looked from them to me in amazement. 'But I thought,' he stammered, 'you were a beautiful woman.' They're having an awful time with me in 'The Lady of Quality'—I'm the drab, old-maid sister and, despite my make-up, I look too pretty. I put hollows in my cheeks and the electricians worry for hours fixing the lights to cast shadows over my face. All to no avail. The camera photographs beauty where there isn't any. Can you beat it? It's beyond me.

"I don't want to be good-looking. Lord knows, I'd rather be intelligent, and we can't have everything.

"My ambition?" An impish mischief shone in her eyes. "My sole desire at this moment is a dastardly one. You know those white calla lilies that lift their pale faces all around the Hollywood hotel, where I live? They remind me of the pompous funerals we used to have in the big, dark front parlor every time one of the esteemed ancestors passed on to his reward. I wish I had the courage to creep out some night, with a bucket of paint, and paint glorious red polka-dots on those calla lilies!"

And to think that they cast this flaming, vital creature into pensive tragedy!

Valentino is Coming Back to the Screen

Though the date of his return cannot be announced yet, his next contract has been signed, and he hints that there may be new developments when he returns from his trip to Europe, this fall.

By Agnes Smith

STILL another baffling problem for the fans. Unless something is done about it before next year, how are you going to expect the women of this country to take much interest in the Presidential election?

Rodolph Valentino is coming back to the screen. So says J. D. Williams, of Ritz Carlton Pictures, who has Valentino's battled-for signature firmly fixed on the dotted line of one of the nicest contracts ever thrust on any star.

Not so, says Famous Players-Lasky, which company also has Valentino's name on a contract which Rodolph claims is as phoney as a Greek manifesto, issue of 1913.

Fresh troops, armed with money, have been rushed to the aid of Valentino, and the war, which has been waging for a year, takes a new aspect. The staid business man can't see why the girls are worrying so about the fate of Valentino. What is one handsome guy, more or less, in this world? But suppose that Ann Pennington were to be refused the chance of twinkling her knees in public, wouldn't Wall Street do something about it?

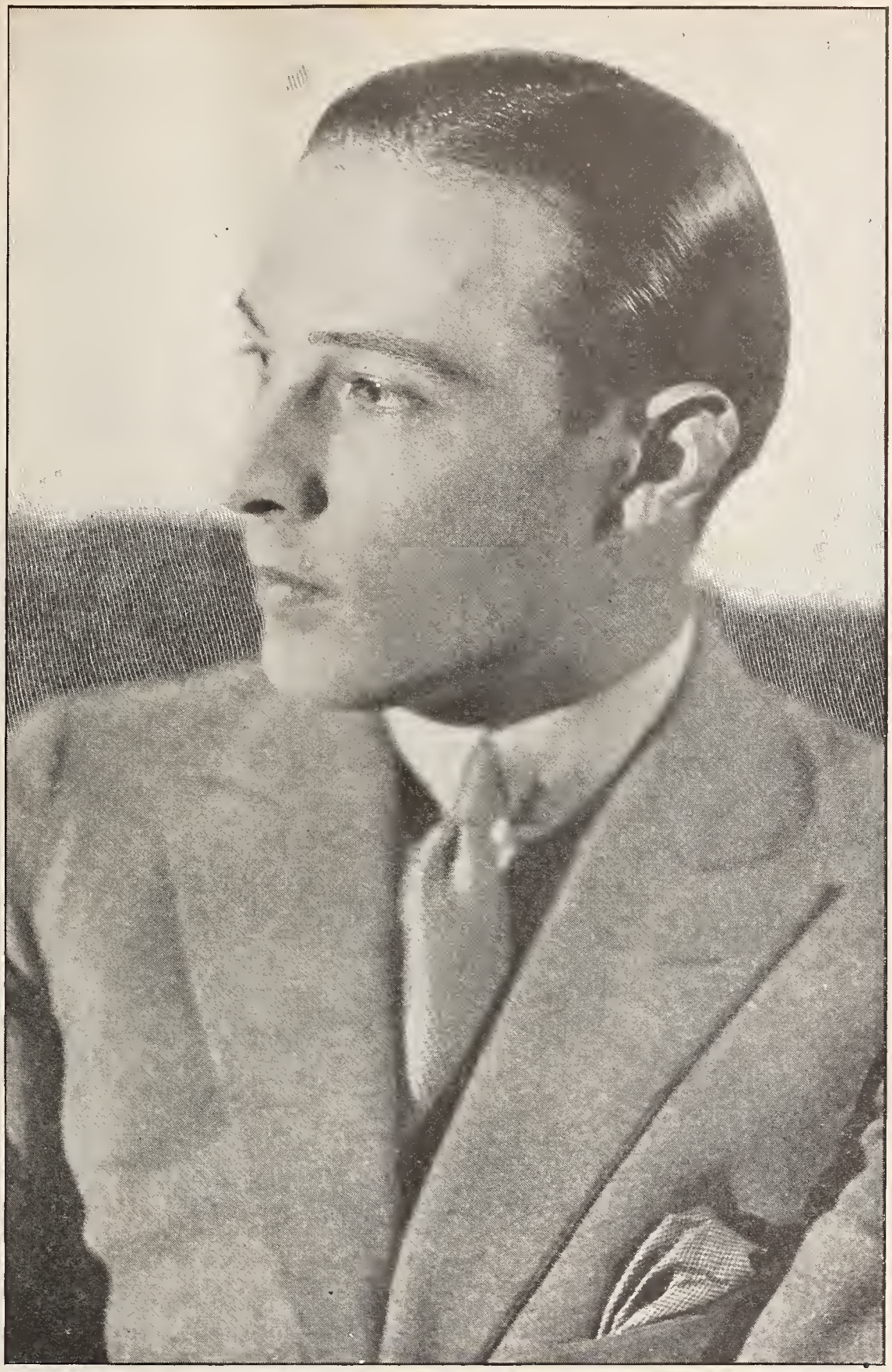


Photo by Russell Ball

This is Valentino's latest portrait, taken just before he sailed for Europe.

The case of Famous Players-Lasky, being strictly business, is lacking in heart interest. The company merely states that it has Valentino under contract until January, 1925, and that furthermore it holds an option on his services for one year beyond that time, thus throwing him in the clutches of the iron hand until January, 1926, if the company so wishes. Thus, held by the mailed fist, it might be impossible for him to appear in a picture before the fall of 1926. By that time, figures the company, he will be no longer a Sheik, but a Rip Van Winkle.

On his side, Valentino claims that just because he has been loser in his suit against Famous Players so far, it is no sign that he is going to keep on losing it forever. He has changed his lawyer and his new adviser is none other than Max Steuer, who has won more difficult and sensational cases than perhaps any other attorney in New York. In fact it is a legal tradition in New York that you can be headed for the electric chair, but five minutes after Steuer takes the case you find yourself at Coney Island with the cops treating you to hot dogs.

Has the new Famous-Players Lasky policy anything to do with the case? The company now has only three full-fledged stars—Thomas Meighan, Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson and, perhaps, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. The others are appearing in groups—all-star casts. Of these, Meighan is the only old-line star with the organi-

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She is a little figure, all vivid expression, with enormous eyes and petulant, childlike mouth.

The Irrepres

Fans are always clamoring to see and in that they are quite like

By Norbert

MISS NORMAND, one hand grasping a tube of tooth paste, the other holding with a bibliophile's tenderness a volume of Ernest Dowson, romped into the room.

For two hours I had waited. My patience was that of a senescent courtier used to the etiquette of dying monarchies.

Not to interview her. Not as a stranger come to beg a photograph, or a year's tuition in a college of chiropractic, or even to beseech aid for a crippled kiddie's operation.

These benefices would, my experience told me, have been all too easily won from Mabel. The prospect of such picayune gold digging would have found me not at all trepidant.

I had come on a far, far more delicate mission—one that held me rigidly apprehensive in the plush and prisms of the hotel drawing-room, though not too unstrung to inventory the jumble of Mabel's belongings scattered, piled and flung here and there.

How like her they all were, I mused, but not too indulgently. Deciding, you understand, to be reserved and not let her know I'd paid attention to her gewgaws. They ranged from seven grotesque dolls, limply perched on mantel and chairs, to a capsized basket of faded flowers, and a leaning tower of cigarettes in boxes, with other oddments between.

For I was there as a once-devoted friend willing, but not too eager, to consummate a reconciliation, if I may use a toplofty phrase, and resolved to be dignified at all costs and not let old-time fondness be welded anew into fettered slavery.

It was to cancel an estrangement brought about by an unanswered letter, or, something equally heartbreaking that Mabel had done.

Frankly, I don't quite remember what it was, now, though before Miss Normand scampered down the hall my grievances were precisely defined, like the perforations on a music roll, and ready to be ground out, a complete opus, at concert pitch.

Mabel is like that—she makes her wounded victim forget his wrongs in a moment and buckle on the armor of a crusader to avenge her own. She is dreadfully devastating to dignity, to judicial balance, to one's *amour propre*.

That neglected letter, or whatever it was, had made me sorry for myself and skeptical of the friendly vows of all queens of the screen. I had, indeed, renounced the false sisterhood and consigned them to celluloid. When, as recorded, Mabel bounced in.

Now for the Normand witchery, sorcery, or what not. If this story is to get anywhere at all, something that passes for explanation must be submitted. The hard part of it lies in translating it by means of the printed word, lacking, in turn, the wizardry, alchemy or what not of a Rossetti, a Thomas Hardy, or a James Joyce. Mabel is deserving, honestly, of an abler etcher than I.

"I love your coat—it looks like an Airedale!" she cried outside, before I saw her, as a means of breaking the ice after three years.

"Ernest Dowson is my favorite poet. I love him. If he weren't dead I'd make him marry me." Mabel whirled in delivering herself of this and introduced me to the bell boy, who stood behind her, laden with books.

"This is my darling old friend who knows all my faults but loves me just the same. He's going to be Ritzy about this when you go, because he's got himself up in soup and fish, trying to pass for an ambassador! But I don't care, now that he's forgiven me—do I, Bunker Bean?"

sible One

more of Mabel Normand,
her many acquaintances.

Lusk



She is wise as a serpent in the ways of the world, yet at times more naïve than a fictional milkmaid.

Whereupon she resorted to her own way of stifling a reply. It is the way of an impulsive, affectionate child and, I add, to give the world hope, is not reserved for me alone. One's resistance sags under these onslaughts and I couldn't command myself to strike an attitude of chill dignity.

Picture, if you can, Mabel as she is off the screen and you'll not ask why. A little figure all vivid expression, quick movement and rapid speech, with enormous eyes and petulant, childlike mouth. She is wise as a serpent in the ways of the world, yet at times more naïve than a fictional milkmaid. Beneath it all her manipulation of people is unfailing.

Clinging to the last vestige of self-assertiveness, I reminded her that I'd waited two hours.

"You *would!* So would the Rock of Gibraltar! That's why you're wonderful. But I telephoned you twice from the bookshop. Don't tell me that maid didn't—I'm going to fire her!" She darted to the door, then wheeled and paused. "No; if you don't mind, I won't. She's a wonderful packer." Mabel softly closed the door and lowered her voice as if in a den of thieves.

"I'm going abroad—no one must know but you. I've always told you my secrets, haven't I? Sit here near me and I'll tell you some more. You're the only person in the world who can help me." Followed chattering exposition of her plans.



They included, so far as I could adduce, nothing *sub rosa*. She was going to London for Chistmas, would spend the holidays in Rome (I'd not be surprised if she collected a present from the Vatican Christmas tree, if there were one) and return in a few weeks. There were some trifles to be looked after in her absence.

It was happiness, as always, to undertake them. Mabel asks little and makes one feel a minister plenipotentiary in obtaining chewing gum for her.

Our *rapprochement* complete, she saw no reason for settling down to stilted conversation about the weather and topics of the day. Accordingly she ran in and out of the room, presumably to confer with those wonderful packers, or leaped to answer the telephone's insistent jangle. It was always an invitation to join a party, and I caught names as celebrated as her own in these potential hosts. But Mabel refused all, declaring, in a torrent of endearments, that her physician had ordered quiet and rest.

"Isn't it outrageous?" she wailed, wide-eyed from her desk. "I have to autograph five hundred of these 'Suzanna' books before I can get away. It's slavery; yet people think we don't do anything more

strenuous than change our shoe trees. I've got writer's cramp, as it is, and housemaid's knee too. Tell me what to write on the flyleaf for my French teacher. I've been studying three years and don't know a thing, but he's a darling old peach."

She munched her pen. Already she was inked to the wrists. Needless to relate the ready star needed no prompting.

"Don't you *dare* like this book more than you do me!" she scribbled, *"Votre gamine terrible—Mabel."*

Gamine! That's the word. Mabel herself described a phase of herself, her present phase.

Luxurious, lavish, independent of any individual's favor, she is a *gamine de luxe*—a sort of *Kiki,* minus Lenore Ulric, because, despite dissimilar circumstances, Mabel's heart is that of the child-woman of André Picard's play. Gaining her own ends by the sheer vigor of her attack, never accepting defeat, appraising people and situations to a nicety, and over all flooding an excess of capricious high spirits.

Mabel is inimitable, undeniable, irresistible. You may put this down, if you choose, as arrant bias on the part of her toiling historian. But confront him, if you can, with the person who has withstood Mabel. Vainly he has sought this Hippolytus among studio workers—people generally without illusion—and while there are feminine stars of the dramatic persuasion who wouldn't exactly expand while Mabel watched their emotional scenes in the making, it is because her sense of burlesque would conflict with their lack of it.

Yet, while she indulges her *gamine* mood, there still are other moods. When finally she permitted the packing to be carried on without interference and had inscribed fly leaves galore, autographed pictures, written notes, despatched telegrams, denied herself to callers, plied me with food, "Suzanna" souvenirs and instructions—and had driven home her points with some comic imitations of people we all know—she talked uninterruptedly. Probably as a means of warding off fatigue.

"Why is it, do you suppose, I'm not happy? People think I am. I babble because they expect just that. But, cross my heart and hope to die, I'm not Pollyanna by a long shot. There's something missing. Sometimes I think it's because I know people too well—see through them too easily—and it makes me want to hide myself away from it all. *You* know I really love to be alone where I can think things over but—you answer the telephone, darling—say that Miss Normand has gone over to Staten Island to see her mother." Fortunately this fib swept the current of Mabel's introspection into happier channels—happier, without doubt, for her visitor, who had the sudden qualms of one who might be keeping Mabel from thinking things over.

"You remember I always used to be writing things in my book? If you promise not to make fun of me, or take down anything, I'll read to you. I'm really self-conscious about my poems. I couldn't bear to have people laugh at a comedienne's attempt to be serious."

And so, twisted into gnomelike angles, on the sofa, Mabel unlocked her book and read.

She won't mind mention of this because, in keeping my word not to quote. I have only recounted a fact which her fans should know.

Her verses are simple, unaffected, concrete. Each mirrors an impression. There are clear images, unclouded by wasted words, in them all. The sincerity of her intention disarms the critic (if I may masquerade as one so late in the story), and stirs and touches. Which is precisely what Mabel wished to do when she essayed her first author's reading under a rose lampshade.

"Why in the world don't you publish these? You'd have no trouble arranging it, and think what a surprise people would get."

"Not for any money—at least not now. They'd only be bought out of curiosity and some one surely would laugh. I couldn't bear to be laughed at in *that* way. When one understands life, or tries to, thoughts that touch very deeply should be kept mostly to one's self. . . . Oh, but I'd love to do an autobiography, and tell the truth, mind you, the whole truth! That's all that would excuse it."

I predict that she will, some day, for unless all symtoms fail, what Mabel aches for is literary expression.

Certainly few busy people read more than she does or respond more readily when there is opportunity to discuss books. Of the fifty or so volumes awaiting the clutches of the packers, there was nothing obvious; no garishly jacketed best seller, but poetry, biography, criticism, history, all out of the ordinary.

In reading, however, as in her conduct, it would seem milady has her moods. She avowed affection for Ethel M. Dell—at least for one of her stories which Mabel expects to do in pictures—yet holds Leonard Merrick, economist of emotion and narration, in esteem.

"No, no; not that. Don't begin with 'Conrad in Quest of His Youth'—that's not a fair test of Merrick's power," she advised a caller who wished to become acquainted with the novelist. "Start with 'The Man Who Understood Women.' The rest will take care of themselves."

She dispensed this counsel with a quiet zest that gave me a flash of the pedagogue, if you'll credit that. In line with this she assured me she was a born old maid, and expected to die one, because she spends much time happily cataloguing and rearranging her belongings. Servants notwithstanding, Mabel says she knows exactly where to find the black-lace stockings that have been mended once, and woe betide the slave that mixes her handkerchiefs.

How, I asked myself, did the inflexible Britons receive this quaint, unconventional ex-Biograph girl? She had returned, not long since, from her first invasion of London and was now to go again, without having revisited Los Angeles. There must have been few lorgnons raised by the duchesses for Mabel to cartwheel into the midst of their unwedded young sons once more. So I asked her.

"In England people do the loveliest things for you for the love of doing them. You know what I mean? They don't calculate their kindness. It's an instinct, not a gesture, and it's gracefully casual. Gosh! I adore the English for their civilization, their traditions."

This enthusiastic blanketing she followed with details spotlighting the hospitality of lords and ladies in country houses and at hunt breakfasts. Of solitary

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THROUGH FRIENDLY EYES

Now and then interviewers and casual acquaintances of Mabel Normand have written their impressions of her—many of them vivid, some of them appealing, all of them interesting. For Mabel Normand is one of those rare individuals who never fails to make a deep impression on the people she meets. It is only from a person who has known her well for a number of years, however, that you can get an adequate word picture of this unusual girl. Therefore, PICTURE-PLAY is proud to present this story by Norbert Lusk—first of all because he is a clever, facile writer—but particularly because he has long known and admired her.

Favorite Picture Players



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

MANY persons doubted that Mae Marsh could come back, but after her performance in "The White Rose" she is again acclaimed as one of the finest actresses on the screen.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

ALTHOUGH the public has seen little of him so far, Raymond Griffith is expected to become one of Goldwyn's biggest drawing cards. His next rôle will be in "The Day of Faith."



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

JACK MULHALL has good reason for looking so happy. He is under contract to devote himself to the Talmadge sisters in several productions. "Dulcy," opposite Constance Talmadge, marks his latest appearance.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

PEGGY SHAW continues to serve as an admirable feminine foil for the more robust of the male Fox stars. She will next be seen in "Skid-Proof," with Charles Jones.



Photo by Victor Georg

AN interesting new recruit to the films from the stage is Mary Beth Milford, a dancer. She appears with George O'Hara in the "Fighting Blood" two-reelers.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

JOBYNA RALSTON, who has succeeded Mildred Davis as Harold Lloyd's leading lady, makes her first appearance opposite him in "Why Worry," a comic tale of South American revolutions.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

MARGUERITE CLAYTON is another of those blondes that add the necessary touch of lovely femininity to the virile drama. She appears in the Universal picture, "Men in the Raw."



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

MARY ASTOR, who has been signed on a five-year contract by Famous Players-Lasky, will make her first appearance under the Paramount title in "To the Ladies."

A Spring Maid

Among the careers that are quaintly different is that of Mary Astor.

By Edwin Schallert

THIS is not a story in which the heroine is a superbeing. In fact, she might be a girl from your own town, who had enjoyed the rather doubtful honor of becoming a contest winner. In addition to which she has the reputation of being a real screen beauty; she is astonishingly young to have arrived, and her name is Mary Astor. Which are rather subtle marks of distinction, especially perhaps, the Manhattanish glitter of her self-selected name.

More than that? You ask too much. She has only been on the screen for two very brief years, and never with any big company until the present. She is ambitious, serenely hopeful, idealistically determined on a career, and she now has a profitable contract. To which may be added the sum of her having been identified with the artistic urge on the outer rim of commercial productions, sponsored by the Film Guild and other such institutions.



I saw her first fully a year ago in those two cellutabloids, "The Beggar Maid" and "Hope," made by the Tri Art Corporation, an organization with palpable esthetic aspirations. I remember Miss Astor principally from a certain vision of her amid springtime flowers. The location where they made the scene was, I believe, on some millionaire estate — a garden wonderland — on Long Island.

Miss Astor seemed to match perfectly the vernal fantasy. In the midst of the lanes of white lilies she was in fact the incarnate spirit of spring. There was rhythm and music in the sketching of her virginal character, and a twilight mystery in the play of light and shade that backgrounded the Maytime lovers.

That was the beginning. The picture came, as I recall, immediately after her fate in the contest had been decided. She had won second place. She was engaged rather on the strength of the impression that she made on a certain group of people whom she met subsequently, I believe, than because of any prize conventionally bestowed. In fact, she wishes completely to forget that she ever took part in such a competition, so she told me.

Naturally, the foundation of her career and her hopes lies much deeper. Indeed you might go back a generation to find it. And that, of course, requires explaining. So we will cut to the time that I first met her after she came to California to play in Paramount pictures—the moment when, as they came down the long aisle that leads from the dressing rooms to the studio stage, I caught my first glimpse of "Rusty"—as Miss Astor is frolicsomely called—and her mother.

You see, her hair is auburn. That's the why of the nickname. She's had the sobriquet all her life, and even her father and her mother use it, although mother sometimes calls her "Rust" for short.

Really, you're nearly capsized mentally the first time that you see Miss Astor—it's so unexpected, this vision of glorious strawberry halo. You'd never suspect the shade if you happened to view her in "The Bright Shawl" or in "Success." Naturally — there are no intermediate tones in the camera that disclose so vibrant an orange-red as surmounts her delicate frail body, and overlooks her brown eyes vividly insisting themselves upon you.

Really you wouldn't call her striking on the screen. She has personality, to be sure, though not so much in profile as in full face, and she sends forth the shafts of new-mown girlish frankness, and the sweetness of mignonette, blending a bit of the now with something of the used-to-be.

There is a touch of immaturity, perhaps, to what she has done thus far. Certainly she has not found herself as an actress. I liked her best, I think, in those first films, in which she was skillfully photographed, and wherein her beauty really seemed to reign.

There has been a trace of uncertainty about her recent work, as if she were going through a transition in her career, but with her sweetness, her intelligence — which William de Mille, who is directing her, has perforce discovered — and the sort of maternal guidance that she receives, I believe she will possibly find herself under the new régime.

You see, her mother is really the spirit. In a different sense from what most screen mothers are, too. She is not a "my daughter" this, and a "my daughter" that type, as are so many guardians of their children's welfare. There is something about Mrs. Langhanke—or Mother Astor, as she is called—which hovers rather like an atmosphere or setting about her daughter, instead of interfering and hampering. She is perhaps just as much of a girl as her daughter, and therefore a companion for her, as a mother. And this is something rare and real when it is sincere.

In her youth she had planned on the stage herself.

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After three years' inactivity J. Warren Kerrigan's return in "The Covered Wagon" has revived again a name that set the girlish hearts of five years ago aglow.

The Conquering

And a more delightfully frank than J. Warren Kerrigan has

By Myrtle Gebhart

ONE of yesterday's heroes has come back to the screen—J. Warren Kerrigan. After three years' inactivity, his return in "The Covered Wagon" has revived again a name that set the girlish hearts of five years past aglow, a name that his loyal followers never forgot.

"Yes, the public remembers . . . the fan-friends, at least. One has written me for many years, even all the time I was off the screen. That sort of thing makes a fellow want to make good——"

"Make good?" I echoed weakly. Ensconced in a comfy armchair—one of those "he-chairs" that you sit on your feet and snuggle away back into—I turned startled eyes upon mine host, smoking, comfortably at ease, his white dog climbing all over him in a frenzy. "Why, you were the first romantic screen hero. What do you mean, 'Make good?' "

"Just that. I'm facing a new set of conditions altogether. Those of you who've been in touch with the pictures right along don't realize the changes. Some are for the better. But others—they bewilder me. I'm not used to having sixteen assistant chair-bearers poking chairs under me whenever I feel inclined to sit. I'm sort of wondering what it's all about. In the old days, if you wanted something you had to go and rassle it up—or do without. Now you crook your finger or raise your eyebrows—the right eyebrow means a chair, the other a drink of water.

"There's too darn much efficiency in the studios now—and too little results to show for it. On the set there are no less than six assistants whose sole duty seems to be to tell me, 'They'll be ready for you in a minute, Mr. Kerrigan,' though I might be expected to deduce that fact for myself, with my own eyes. We used to go out and shoot a reel, sometimes, in a day. We hadn't learned the word 'efficiency'—but we made motion pictures. Now there are too many fingers in the pie.

"Take stories, first. We used to have a script prepared for the purpose of making a picture from it. Now scripts are apparently prepared to swell the white-paper trade. Nobody pays any attention to it after it's written. And after all the seventeen assistants to everybody on the lot have got through whacking at the film—well, it would take a wise man to recognize his own work.

"They say they want originality—but the second plot I met after my return was the dear friend of countless two-reelers: the hero takes the blame to save the chap the goil loves or something like that. The same old thrillers—before the picture is finished they drag in faithful train wreck or some other rusty plot situation from the Directors' Manual."

"Listen, mister," I reminded him, "you're getting *interviewed*."

It just isn't customary for actors to state such forceful convictions, the correct formula being "Pictures are perfect, they are progressing marvelously considering their infancy, Mr. Hays is in his heaven and all is right with the industry." Instead of which our hero smiled amiably and unburdened himself of some thoughts decidedly off the beaten path.

"Why should I be afraid to say what I think?" he considered. "I'm not palpitating for stardom, for success. I've turned down a number of contracts lately because I'm looking for a chance to *act*, for a congenial environment. If I make a few enemies by daring to open my mind, all right. A man without disbelievers is a man without force, for there must be some verbal disagreement if we aren't all to become automatons. There is too much sugary everything," with a lazy, sweeping gesture, "in the picture industry. It's time to weed out a lot of those silly, false notions."

Following his comeback in "The Covered Wagon," Kerrigan has been playing the hero in the Universal-Jewel production, "Havoc," directed by Harry Garson.

"I *think* I'm the hero," he regarded me quizzically, "but I make no rash promises. I don't even know what

Hero Comes Back

and outspoken individual never startled an interviewer.

Photos by W. F. Seeley





He is a tolerant, good-humored chap, but he is observant and has decided views.

it's all about. The story was tried half a dozen ways. I was to be a dope fiend, then a drunkard, then something else—none of which would meet with the censors' approval. So, not knowing what to make me, they said, 'Well, go ahead and tremble, we'll decide what you are afterwards. The title editor will christen you.' So I'd walk out on the set and shake as if I had the ague—then all they had to do was to write a story around the shimmy shaking. Now it develops I'm to be a dope fiend after all. At least, that's *to-day's* decision. Of course the cutters and their seventeen assistants have to have a whack at it yet.

"Don't blame Garson; he's clever. The director is handicapped, as is the actor, by the stupendous system of so-called 'efficiency' that smothers individual ability, by the machine that turns out the pictures in job lots. You can assemble mechanical parts into an auto—but you can't make good pictures that way and that's what they're trying to do."

Kerrigan doesn't mean to be unduly critical, for he's a tolerant, good-humored chap who doesn't profess to know everything. It's just that he has a mind of his own, sharpened a bit in perceptive qualities by his three years retirement from studio activities, and he has the courage to air his opinions instead of putting them away in the bureau drawer when company comes a-interviewing.

He can afford to be frank. His contentment is a state of mind, well guaranteed by financial security; he works to occupy his time but kotows to nobody. He believes that acting and the general quality of pictures—in the lines of detail and accuracy and realism—have increased tenfold in worth. But he deplores the machinelike "efficiency" that overwhelms one.

"Too many people making an easy living," he sums it up. "Too many chair-bearers. . . . The rubber stamp hasn't

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Stark Realism—at Last!

By Edwin Schallert

We have had an occasional picture which portrays the sordid reality of life, but these will pale before Von Stroheim's forthcoming production called "Greed," if the finished version lives up to expectations.

DOCTOR McTEAGUE. Dental Parlors. Gas Given."

The sign read just like that. It was an invitation to all who might be suffering from exasperating molars. The "Gas Given," in particular, sounded hopeful.

I had just stepped from a San Francisco street car, and the gilded lettering on a window had caught my eye. It was on the second floor, and directly beneath, in the long gray building that matched the leaden sky, a "Car Conductors' Restaurant," a branch post office and a drug store obtruded themselves upon my gaze, while a half block away an old-fashioned gas street lamp erectly frowned.

I had arrived without preliminaries or advance warnings by welcoming press agents at the location for Eric von Stroheim's production of "Greed," after a five-hundred-mile trip from Hollywood. There were no signs of picture-making. Everything seemed as of yesterday, not of to-day.



Von Stroheim is undoubtedly one of the greatest directors of motion pictures; he has been untiring in the struggle to make his productions according to his own artistic ideals.

A few moments later I found myself in a bare hallway, which afforded glimpses of rooms cluttered with shabby, aged furniture, drab steel engravings, cheaply colored drinking glasses of yesteryear, muddied, red carpets and smoky ceilings.

They were working on the picture—I could hear. Some one—a man's voice—was shouting frantically about money. Except that I knew that the actors for the bigger companies are promptly paid, he might have been calling for his salary; there was so much noise. It was apparent, though, that this was an altercation between a man and a woman over some hoarded gold, for I could hear him bellowing in a sing-song voice:

"Oh, ain't this fine! Ain't it lovely! We could live like Christians and decent people if you wanted to. You got more'n five thousand dollars, and you're so blamed stingy that you'd rather live in a rat hole and make me live there too before you'd part with a nickel of it. I tell you I'm sick and tired of the whole business."

It was in a little sort of alcove room that the action was taking place. A thick heavy-set lumpish figure of a man, grotesquely haloed by a mass of peroxided yellow hair, towered over a bed on which was a quilt of rags. Cringing beside him was a woman whose face was worn and eyelids bloated from weeping. Her heavy black hair was bound in huge coils about her head, and she wore a faded gray bathrobe stained with cooking and with tears. They were *Trina* and *McTeague*. There was no mistaking them—by any one who had read Frank Norris' novel "McTeague."

The room into which they were crowded was miserable beyond belief. There was hardly space for the tangle of electric wires and lamps, and the ceiling was low and the window closed. Stuffy, dead and perspiring was the air, like that of a stoker's hole. On a rude table was a mess of overturned glasses, bottles, cruets and dirty dishes. The stove was a pile of pots and mussy kettles. On the wall in correct stupid frames

hung a cheap, stiff, wedding picture, a bridal wreath and a bridal bouquet.

Lights looked glaringly down on the players' faces and the sweating atmosphere literally stifled them as they fought their way through rehearsal after rehearsal and scene after scene. And the rehearsals were many and the scenes few, for they were driven, as few players ever have been driven, by the unflagging zeal of the director's militaristic will.

What I saw in the filming that day was the turning point in the drama—the patent beginning of the decomposition of the various characters in the play. Von Stroheim, that subtly inspired Satanist, who sardonically etched his way to acclaim in "Blind Husbands" and who disappointed the world and himself—though perhaps not through any fault of his alone—in "Foolish Wives," was reveling in all the ruddy crude glory of an overmastering and sovereign realism that he had, with journeying and questing and long painstaking search, come to the heart of the seaport metropolis of the Pacific to get, and which was now maturing in tribulation and in pain into a potential shadow epic of disintegration and decay.



Written all of twenty years ago, the story of "McTeague" is not one for the lovers of Pollyanna, nor is it for the photo playgoer who seeks the glitter of jazz parties and fashion shows and sweet shallow sentiment. You would hardly expect that of Von Stroheim.

The theme of the story, as interpreted by Von Stroheim, depicts a sort of vulgar craving for gold. He goes one step farther and labels it "auromania," tracing his drama to its deadly pathological source. The climax is a rank and noisome tragedy wherein the drink-maddened title character beats his wife to death. Subsequently he takes flight to Death Valley with his sack of gold, and is left at the finish in the midst of a hopeless and illimitable desert handcuffed to the dead body of his arch enemy and captor—one time his friend—whom he had slain.

Von Stroheim has literally thrown his soul into the picture. He is determined that it shall be a sinister and lasting triumph of sordid, though intense and magnificent, naturalism. They have a saying, in fact, on the location, induced no doubt by the excess of patriotic enthusiasm for his production, over which he himself laughs half cynically, that he won't be satisfied until he actually locates the footprints of the real *McTeague* in the desert. It is certain that he has tried with every means in his power to engrave on the silver sheet the actual drama and character and scenes as they appear in the Norris novel.

"I have always wanted to make a picture of 'McTeague,'" said Von Stroheim. "It has always been my determination to produce the story exactly as it was written. They have said that I could not make an American story, and I want to prove that I can.

"Of course, it is foolish to say that 'McTeague' is

Continued on page 104





Photo by Elliot & Fry

An English actress named Netta Westcott, who is said to have the most perfect profile in England, has been imported by Preferred to play in "Maytime."

Over the

Fanny the Fan unburdens her pressions and tells the latest

By The

IT was one of those torrid New York days when the sidewalks seemed bent on establishing a heat record that the thermometers couldn't follow. Most of the film people had fled to their country places along the Sound and the few who were left talked of plans to go to the frozen North on location. Even up on the roof of the Biltmore the heat waves surged, and all that kept people interested was wondering if the awfully nice young man and the deliciously pretty girl over in the corner really were Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis.

About half-past my third lemonade in blew Fanny as cool as a sloop at sea.

"I never should have come at all," Fanny announced airily, "if I hadn't had so many things to tell you. It's so hard to tear one's self away from Marion Davies."

"You look actually cool!" I exclaimed, oblivious to everything else.

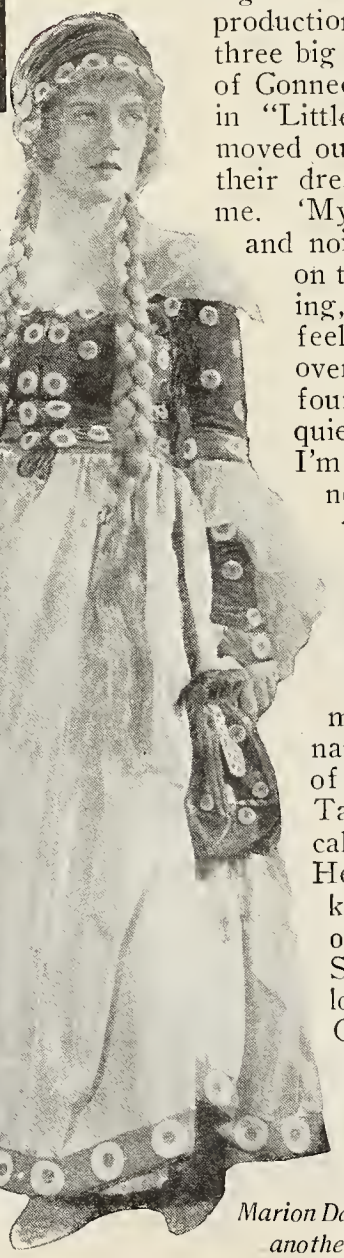
"Naturally. The studio where Marion is working now is the coolest place I've ever been in and her dressing room is simply heavenly. When she asked me to come to luncheon at the Forty-fourth Street studios I dreaded going, because the dressing rooms there have always seemed to me the first big step toward the madhouse. They used to be Mae Murray's, you know, and she had apparently decorated them with samples of all the weird decorations she had ever had in a set. Just as you got resigned to the cerise ring-tailed waw-waw birds on the doors you were confronted with a hash of Italian and Moorish frescoes. When Dorothy Gish inherited the place during the making of 'The Bright Shawl' I used to insist on wearing blinders when I went in to see her.

"But now you just ought to see it. Marion has had it redecorated in her favorite shade of dull blue. The walls are paneled in moiré silk and the woodwork is cream color. There are window boxes full of bright flowers, and restful overstuffed arm chairs and a chaise longue and a phonograph and—oh, I don't see why I ever left there.

"Some one who was being shown around the studio came in while I was there and remarked to Miss Davies' secretary, 'You call this Harding blue, don't you?' And the girl said, 'We'd rather call it Davies blue.' If that isn't loyalty!

"She likes her new dressing room so well she is going to have one just like it built up at the big studio in Harlem. 'Yolanda' is going to be one of those tremendous productions that they make all over three big studios and half the State of Connecticut. 'Now that the pigs in "Little Old New York" have moved out of the studio I can have their dressing room,' Marion told me. 'My dressing room was hot and noisy because it was around on the street side of the building, so you can imagine my feelings one day when I went over to visit the live stock and found them in the coolest, quietest part of the studio. I'm going to get that place now before they write any pheasants or ostriches into the picture that would have to be humored with the best dressing room space.

"She told me that they might have to change the name of 'Yolanda' to 'Maid of Burgundy' because Norma Talmadge was thinking of calling her next picture 'The Heart of Yolanda.' Did you know that Marion had been out to visit the Talmadges? She has been traveling a lot since she finished 'Little Old New York.' She has been to London and out to California. She and Norma and Constance took Elinor Glyn down to



Marion Davies started work on "Yolanda," another gorgeous costume picture.

Teacups

self of a few opinions and im-news of favorite film players.

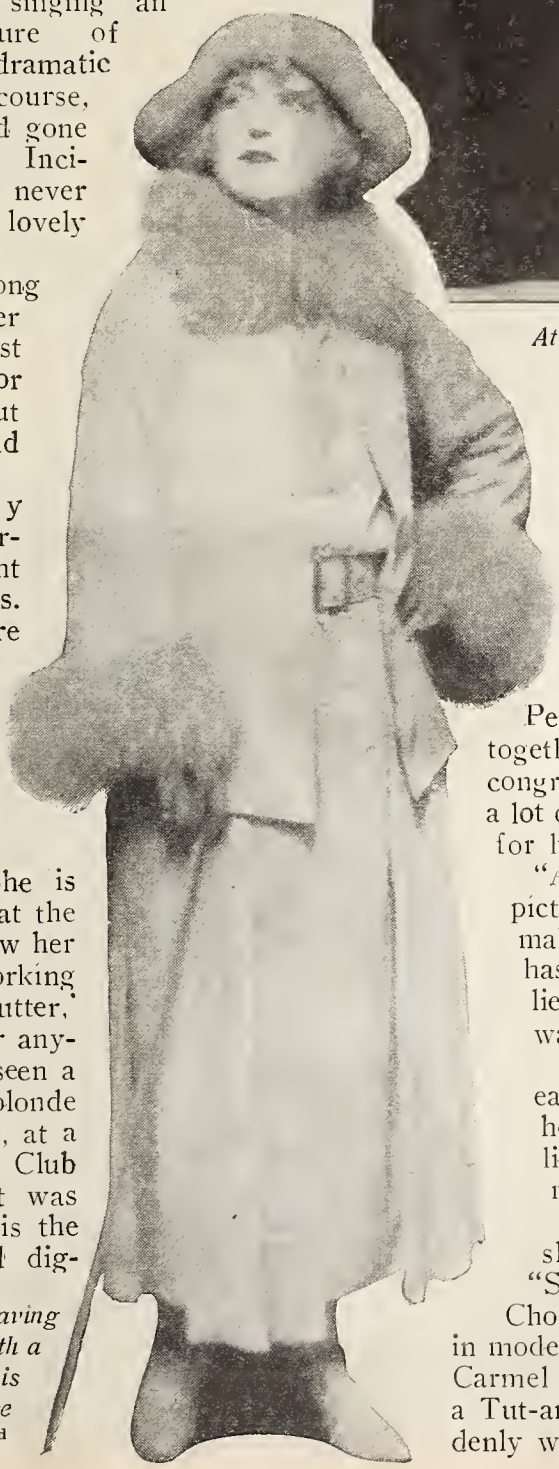
Bystander

Venice to the amusement park. Wouldn't you have loved to have been there to see the majestic Elinor in the crazy house where funny mirrors distort your appearance and sudden gusts of wind blow your skirts over your head?

"And have you heard about the joke Alma Rubens played on Marion out on the Cosmopolitan company's yacht? Last Sunday night they were listening over the radio to the Capitol Theater music program when suddenly Alma disappeared. Then a few minutes later the singing over the radio seemed to change suddenly. Instead of a quartet singing real words there was one mellow contralto voice singing an unrecognizable mixture of trills, cadenzas, and dramatic staccato effects. Of course, it was Alma. She had gone and cut off the radio. Incidentally, her friends never knew before what a lovely singing voice she has."

Fanny paused just long enough to tell the waiter to bring in all the latest productions, and the poor bewildered man went out shaking his head and mumbling.

"Really," Fanny started again in a supercilious tone, "you ought to go to prize fights. Simply every one is there—no, not quite every one, because Harold Lloyd came to the last one without Mildred. Guess she doesn't like them. But I'll tell you who is a real fan—De Sacia Mooers. She is always at the ringside at the big fights. I never knew her name until I saw her working in 'Potash and Perlmutter,' but all winter whenever anybody spoke of having seen a beautiful, vivacious blonde with almost white hair, at a prize fight or up at the Club Royale, I've known it was she they meant. She is the champion of the gold diggers; her husband owns a gold mine. Imagine liking to work in pictures better than just watching the gold pour in!



Anybody that goes around raving about a beautiful blonde with a bubbling sense of humor is probably talking about De Sacia Mooers. Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe



At last Carmel Myers is beginning to have parts that show her at her loveliest.

"And you should have been at the opening of the Vanities," Fanny chattered on. "Every one went to see Peggy Hopkins Joyce on the stage. What a shame Charlie Chaplin was far away in Hollywood. He would have been proud of her. I never knew before that Marion Davies and Peggy Joyce were in the merry-merry in the 'Follies' together five years ago. Marion rushed back stage to congratulate her just the minute the show was over, and a lot of ex-'Follies' girls who are now in pictures clapped for her until their hands must have burned.

"And that reminds me—Mary Eaton has gone into pictures. She is in 'His Children's Children.' That makes the second picture where Dorothy Mackaill has been supported by some principal from the 'Follies' that she used to be background for when she was in the chorus."

As Fanny paused for breath, I asked her why on earth she was carrying a lot of letters around with her, and found that she did it because it looked like fan mail and people might assume she was a motion-picture star.

"Here is one from Betty Blythe." Tantalizingly, she told me only fragments from it.

"She is having the time of her life making 'Chu Chin Chow'—makes you wonder why she had to languish in modern-clothes affairs so long. It's the same way with Carmel Myers. Since she played an Egyptian queen in a Tut-ank-hamen picture a while ago producers have suddenly waked up to the fact that she is an alluring, exotic



If Lillian Gale makes as big a hit as a character woman as is predicted for her, there is no telling how many other editors will forsake their desks to go into the movies.

type. How could Cecil De Mille think of filming the Ten Commandments without her? She is playing out at Goldwyn, you know, except when she and Ruth Clifford are vacationing over at Catalina. Not that she wrote me even a post card about it!

"But to go back to Betty. The only pictures she can see in Berlin are old comedies—Chaplin and Lloyd mostly. She saw one big German production but she writes that make-up is so cheap that apparently they believe in using a whole stick on the eyes at once. She goes to the opera two or three times a week though and expects to know 'Lohengrin' by heart by the time she returns. She visited the ex-Kaiser's private theater in the Neuve Palais, where one performance of an American comedy was attended by Kaiser Wilhelm, the King of Spain and the King of England, and has watched a lot of Communist parades, and has met some awfully interesting Viennese film players. If she stays over there to make another picture—and she probably will—she will have so many new experiences to tell about when she comes back that we'll all be green with envy.

"Not a word from Barbara La Marr! It has been awfully hot in Italy, so I suppose working there has been a terrible strain. I heard indirectly that she had adopted another child—a five-year-old Italian girl this time, but I don't know whether there is any truth in it or not. I'll never credit anything again that I don't hear direct from the person who did it. Jack Pickford writes that I was mistaken about his wife having made a film test out in Chicago that didn't turn out well. He said that her first film test was made just a few days ago out in California and that it turned out splendidly.

"But the most interesting letter of all is this one," and she dug a bulky one from under the heap. It is from Lillian Gale. She used to be one of the editors of a motion-picture trade paper but she got seized with a desire to act again—she used to be on the stage when she was a little girl—so she went to Hollywood and broke into the movies. She stayed with Mary Alden when she first went out there and appeared in one picture with her. But now she is playing a character part in an Emerson Hough serial that George Seitz is making out on the Arizona desert.

"She makes up to look old and hard and bitter. You'd never know it was the same girl who always used to be the center

Betty Blythe is having the time of her life making "Chu Chin Chow" over in Berlin.



of a crowd of professionals at film premières.

"Just listen to this. She writes: 'Our usual temperature is one hundred and ten to one hundred and nineteen degrees. Today it is one hundred and seventeen in the shade; try to find some! We are eight miles from the heart of the desert where we go every morning at four-thirty. We work until ten, when we drive back to a shack of a hotel where it is almost impossible to sleep because of midday heat. At four-thirty in the afternoon we go back to our location and work until sundown. We have hundreds of real Indians, a wagon train and everything in real frontier style. The early morning shift isn't bad but just before sundown, when everything is simply soggy with heat, it is terrible.'

"Isn't that interesting?" Fanny babbled. "If she makes half as big a hit as people expect her to, I know of a lot of editors who will break away from their office routine and try to get into the movies!

"And have you heard about the man who is acting over at the C. C. Burr studio in an effort to disprove some of Edison's statements?"

I had but that didn't stop Fanny from talking about it.

"You know Edison made the statement that college men were trained for just one job and that he didn't believe they could make their living at anything but the job for which they had been trained. So twelve business men who were college graduates agreed to spend a year making their living at some occupation that was new to them. Each drew out of a hat a slip of paper that told what work he should take up, and the man who drew acting has made a big start already by getting a job in a picture with Constance Binney."



Photo copyright by George Maillard Kesslere, B. P.

After a long absence Winifred Allen is coming back to the screen in the Distinctive picture "Second Youth."



Little Clara Bow has signed a long contract with Preferred Pictures and gone to Hollywood.

Photo by Richard Burke

"I suppose you've met him," I commented idly.

"Not yet," Fanny admitted sharply, "but I will. Just give me time; he has been in the movies only a few days."

There was something vaguely reminiscent about Fanny's costume; not a touch of color, just black and white. Suddenly I remembered that Catherine Calvert always used to dress that way in summer.

"Is Catherine Calvert ever coming home

Continued on page 88



Temperament for Sale

From among the thousands of people who are struggling to get ahead in the movies casting agents are always looking for one of individuality and promise. And in handling them he must be something of a mind reader, a detective, a field general and father confessor.

By Helen Klumph

THERE is a doorway on West Forty-fourth Street in New York City that has always fascinated me because every time that I pass it I see interesting people coming out. Once it was a starched, beruffled, and heavily rouged child of six or so accompanied by a portly and determined woman who sought to hold the attention of a blasé-looking young man.

"An' the director he says 'You've got a fortune in that child. She's a second Pickford sure——'" Her voice, loud as it was, got lost in the babel of just off Broadway.

Another day cunning little Pauline Garon tripped gayly out to climb in a waiting roadster that was chugging impatiently. Again it was a young man whose face looked puzzlingly familiar until I spied it on a near-by poster advertising collars. On another occasion Thelma Morgan and her twin sister, better known, perhaps, as Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt and Mrs. James Converse, came out modishly garbed in caracul. I was on the verge of going in to investigate when out came my favorite film ingénue.

"What on earth is going on in here?"

She looked at me with the astonishment of a child who has just been asked who Santa Claus is.

"Oh, that's the slave market. Casting agent's office," she went on to explain. "Jess Smith's. He tells us how rotten we are in pictures and keeps us from getting a big head and then he gets us grand jobs at big salaries. Just finished a picture yesterday, and he's got me signed up to start another next week.

"Hardly anybody gets hired direct by the casting director at a studio any more," she volunteered after I had urged her to tell me more. "He's always so rushed for time that he hasn't a chance to go to a lot of pictures and keep in touch with the coming actors. So, just as he is looking around for some actors to fit certain parts and nearly going crazy because there are two or three hundred hams sitting in his outside office trying to see him, in walks the casting agent. 'I know just who you want for that part,' says the wily agent; 'in fact, I brought a film test of him along.'

"You can't boost your own stock the way an agent can. And he is in a position to know what people you've worked for really think of you. He can tip you off about a lot of things. If you're discouraged or overmodest he cheers you up by repeating the nice things directors say about your work, and if you begin to get a swelled head—and who doesn't?—he tells you you'll have to take a cut in salary because you aren't so good any more.

"Valentino scared a lot of people out of signing contracts when he got hooked up for years at about a third of what he was worth. We'd most of us rather just work by the picture nowadays so long as we can get a good agent to boost us. There are a lot of them around town. I don't sign up with any agent to manage me exclusively. I just drop in to see two or three of them whenever I finish a picture and the first one that lands a good engagement for me cops off the ten per cent of my salary."

It all sounded interesting, so I went in and up to the office. I hardly needed to ask the elevator man what floor, or when I got there look for the right office. I just followed the crowd.

As in any high-class shop, the best goods to be purchased were not on display. There were no Mary Aldens, no Dorothy Mackaills, no Harrison Fords

waiting there. There was a nondescript crowd of shambling old men, jazzy young women, and languid youths in pinch-back coats and high-polished hair. The air resounded with, "Just finished a big part yesterday——"

That is the motion-picture-actor's formula. If he hasn't worked in six months and a lone dime in his pocket jingles bravely against a key, he sticks to his story that he has just finished a big part and has been promised another. It is only his fondness for working every day that sends him in to seek a bit or even extra work, he insists.

A few people stared at me appraisingly, but no one spoke as I went in the office and looked around.

"And I won't sign up with Famous Players," a petulant, high-pitched voice objected strenuously somewhere behind the partition. "The idea of *me* signing up at two-fifty a week. I ought to get at least five hundred."

"Yes," a conciliatory voice drawled, "but it will mean fifty-two weeks' pay without a break, and next year you will be getting three-fifty and in five years you will get a thousand a week. It looks like a good thing to me. You're just a cute little flapper and your type is getting passé. Better grab the security of a contract. You're likely to get left."

But the pert little thing thought she knew best apparently, for she came flouncing out and rushed away. The waiting groups hardly noticed her. Their eternal buzz went on. "He said I was much better in that scene than the star herself." "My dear I had four close-ups," and "I've just been praying for a few days between pictures. I need a rest just terribly, but——"

"Why aren't they big successes?" I asked when Jess Smith came out and led me into his office. "Other people who don't look any more promising get big parts and work pretty steadily."

"They talk too much," he announced simply. "Directors get tired of hearing people tell how wonderful they are. Lots of people come in here with a big chance and talk themselves right out of jobs."

He is a quiet, suave young man so accustomed to sizing people up that he has a curious, detached, critical air. He talks little and never about himself. He was an actor in the old Lubin studio years ago. Perhaps it was out of his own failure that he learned to recognize the qualities that make for success. In any case he is making himself valuable to actors. They, being only human, need some one to guide them.



"I go to pictures almost every night," Jess Smith told me, "looking among the 'bit' people and the extras for a gleam of originality. I am watching all the time for people of promise. We never know when we might find another Glenn Hunter or Dorothy Mackaill. We've been heart and soul with Glenn in his climb to the top. He used to come in here a long time ago. We got him that job with Constance Binney in 'The Case of Becky.' Dorothy Mackaill is an interesting case too. She is so ambitious.



"They're only two out of thousands though. You could look through my books and find the names of hundreds of people who have been working in the movies pretty regularly for years that you've never heard of.

"We get a lot of funny people in here. Late in June the college boys begin coming. They've seen some college boys in pictures that look more like thugs and decided that they could afford to squander a summer improving the movies. They all expect to get cast in cabaret scenes with 'Follies' girls.

"We don't have so many 'Follies' girls since Dorothy Mackaill has been making pictures. They have seen at close range how terribly hard she has to work and most of them aren't ambitious enough to follow in her footsteps.

"Some of them get funny ideas when they succeed. They want to forget their humble beginnings. I should think that a clerk who made good as an actor would be proud of his achievement.

"We may seem a little heartless in not listening to any of the sob stories out there." He nodded beyond the rococo lamps, the carved table, the high-backed chairs—all so reminiscent of motion-picture sets. "But remember that we hear them every day. And if we stopped to listen to them we would be wasting time from our real job of trying to find talent for motion-picture companies. Little Miss Ryan, my assistant out there, is a wonderful judge of people. She sizes them up when they come in and she can tell pretty well how they will film. She sends only the most promising ones in to see me."

It must be appalling for young actors to come in to Jess Smith's office, for there on the wall are photographs of Lillian and Dorothy Gish and Richard Barthelmess. They tell you what his standards are. It would seem so much less hopeless if he were interested enough to have some pictures of beginners around.

But hopeless as it seems, they keep coming. They come in Rolls-Royces and canvas shoes blacked for winter wear. They come as a lark or in desperation. But they all act the same. Nonchalant, carefree, confident.

And all the time the casting agent is sitting there looking and looking for some one different, some one appealing. You never realize what a rare thing real temperament is until you are a merchant with a market for it. And then, like Jess Smith, all that you can do is watch and hope that out of the thousands of people eager to make good on the screen there will be one or two with real ability.



A Letter from Location

Colleen Moore shows, in a letter to Myrtle Gebhart, that location work is sometimes pretty trying.

Mammoth Lake, Calif. (otherwise Iceland).

DEAR MYRTLE:

I promised to write you about our "delightful" experiences on location with the company filming "The Huntress" for First National. But I'm afraid it's going to sound more like a hard luck tale of Calamity Jane. They told me there would be nice scenery up here, but it's all modestly covered up under the snow. Once, when we were changing locations, they had to dynamite the snow from the drifts in the narrow roads so that we might move our picture paraphernalia through. As far as I was concerned, they could have left it there. It's just as cold one place as another, up here.

A rough pine cabin, with the wind coming through the cracks.
Smoky oil lamps.
No running water.
An oilcloth for a table cover.
Wind burn—chapped hands—numbed fingers.

These are some of the "pleasures" that Colleen has been enjoying. You probably won't envy her the experience, but you'll enjoy reading her letter.

This is a typical mountain camp, nobody here but a few mountaineers and us—the mountaineers *can't* move, but it does seem as if we should show better sense, doesn't it? But they had to have this sort of a location for the story, in which I play a white girl brought up as an Indian. When I learn that I'm white, I feel a sudden craving for a husband and, none being available of style and dash and color to meet my requirements, I just go out and kidnap me one. Fine system, what? I kidnap Lloyd Hughes, who's cooking for a trio of brutish prospectors. I'm beginning to think this other me—this heroine I'm playing—is an interesting young lady. At least she has initiative.

And she's a fiery little piece, given to action—which keeps her warm anyway. That's my one and only craving at this moment—warmth. Fire, flame, heat, *heat!* And to think we used to complain on the few warm days we had last summer! Lloyd Hughes and Russell Simpson are the only ones in our company who are able to keep warm. They do it fighting—practicing for the big scrap they have in the closing sequences.

Our location is up in the High Sierras, near Bishop, and we make scenes around Convict Lake, Mammoth Lake, Twin Lakes and Silver Lake. That is, they're supposed to be lakes, but all you can see now is snow and ice.

It is now six o'clock in the evening and I am in bed, as that's the only place to keep warm. We live in cabins—mine is a dainty little affair of rough pine slabs, decorated most artistically with inch-wide cracks and other porous indentures. For why? I guess to let the cold in. These hardy mountain folk don't feel that all's right with the world unless it's about twenty below zero.

I have the bridal cabin, which includes a stove that smokes, spurts, has internal convulsions and does everything except throw out heat. The lamps are such nice smoky oil ones. No running water, but a lovely tin pitcher of ice water with cracked ice in it. You don't even have to ring for a bell hop—you just open the door and the ice rolls right in. To take a bath you only go three miles to a hot spring.

Am now inventing a shower bath, *à la* Wesley Barry in "Dinty." I found a big funnel and am going to put a cork in the bottom and then stand in the old tin tub and pull out the cord, and I will have a shower.

Continued on page 92

Dale the Dependable

You do not often see her on the screen, but when you do you remember her forceful, vivid work.

By Myrtle Gebhart

Photographs by Clarence S. Bull

IT was characteristic of Dale Fuller that when I phoned her I wanted to interview her, but was buried in work, she didn't talk about her own appointments—though she was in the last-minute rush of packing to go on location—but hauled out faithful "Nellie," her gas filly, and hustled over to my house. Always thoughtful and considerate, her many little kindnesses to me and to others are illustrative of a woman whose own path has been rocky and who will go to any trouble to make things easier for another.

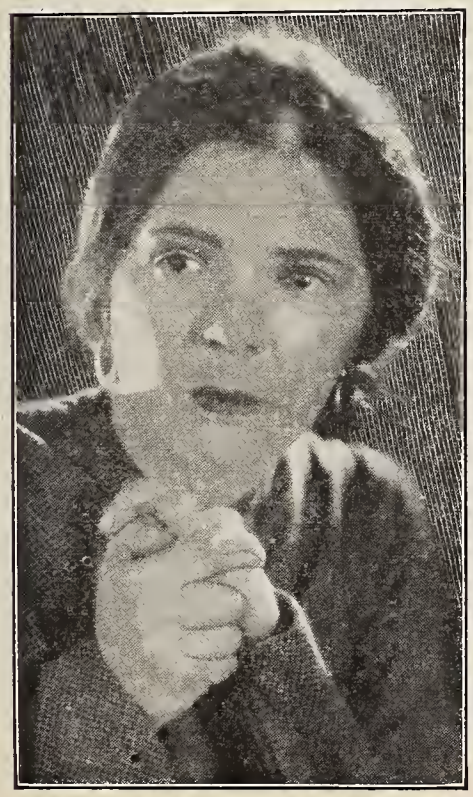
"I've been packed for two weeks," she cried, a bit breathlessly. "Remember, the last time you were over, the rows of pink doo-daddles all laid out on the bed, bows just so, everything spic and span to be packed? We've been on the verge of leaving for three weeks—and now, after all that labor of getting ready, everything's dirty again! I'll have a staggering laundry bill when I reach San Francisco—if I ever do!"

Dale Fuller—of whom you doubtlessly have heard little, as she is not the type that flutters in the limelight—is to have her chance, after years of thankless, unrewarded dramatic training, in the leading rôle of "McTeague," Von Stroheim's first production for Goldwyn and the picturization of the famed Frank Norris novel. Her engagement for rôles in three ten-reel productions consecutively — "Foolish Wives," "Merry-Go-Round," and "McTeague" — all with the same director, establishes a record. Incidentally, this leading rôle in "McTeague" has brought her out, vitalized her, until she's much more animated than she has ever been in the past.



Dale Fuller feels that the part she is playing in Von Strohcim's production of Frank Norris' "McTeague" is an opportunity in a million.





It's a pity you don't see a great deal of Dale in "Merry-Go-Round," the Universal extravaganza begun by Von Stroheim and completed by Rupert Julian, though originally her part was a prominent one.

But you can't keep a worthy talent down—so here was Dale, excited out of her customary reserve at the opportunity to prove herself again, as she did as the unforgettable maid in "Foolish Wives."

"I can almost qualify for the black-and-blue drama," she laughed, as she hurried out to the back yard to see how the baby chicks were doing. She has a regular menagerie of her own—canaries, dogs, doves, cats, parrots, all living together strangely amicable. "In 'Foolish Wives' I committed suicide, in 'Merry-Go-Round' I was choked to death, and in 'McTeague' I get my throat cut. But Mr. Von is giving me a husband—Cæsare Gravina—and a baby, and they're things to be grateful for."

Rather reserved, it is very difficult to become acquainted with her. I had known Dale, intimately, too, for over a year before she gave me those confidences that mark the real friendship. It is not that she is shy, for she's capably self-confident and composed upon all occasions; it's that she has life catalogued, in her quiet, thorough way, takes from it what she wants, passes up what does not interest her. Her mind is a definite one; her ideas well thought out. If she has no opinions upon a subject, she tells you frankly, she doesn't

Continued on page 92



Photo by Keystone Photo Service

Peggy Hamilton, the director of Picture-Play's fashion department, is a noted designer and authority on women's dress. She went to Los Angeles a few years ago and through her artistic creations and fashion pageants has done much toward developing that as one of the smart fashion centers of the world. Each month she will present fashions of distinction in Picture-Play.



Photo by Woodbury



Photo by Keystone Photo Service

To the left, Muriel Frances Dana shows how beauty and comfort can be combined in a frock for a little girl, while above Virginia Lee Corbin appears in the gratified wish of every little girl—a separate waist and skirt. At the right, Marie Prevost illustrates the dignified new flapper style.



Photo by C. Helghton Monroe

The Seven Ages

A parade of frocks in good taste for

THE fad of the moment may be for ruffles or for lace, for Egyptian mummy lines or Watteau billows and flounces, but these are at best only superficial details of fashion. To dig down into the real essentials of a season's styles one must consider women of seven ages, for every age has its own specialties. On these pages are presented typical gowns from this season's fashions that illustrate what well-dressed women of all ages will wear.

In the lower left-hand corner little Muriel Frances Dana is shown wearing a dress that combines comfort and utility with charm. The dress is made of soft, washable material, the rompers are attached to the inner belt of the dress, and the hat is fastened securely with an elastic. Thus attired, the little girl is ready for the playground or for a shopping trip with grown-ups, she is attired so comfortably and yet looks so trim.

When the little girl grows up she will, of course, want a separate waist and skirt and the one Virginia Lee Corbin is shown wearing will be quite suitable for her. The serge skirt is kilt-pleated and the Peter Pan blouse is of white silk with a thin stripe of henna. The hat which completes the outfit is of henna and blue chenille, and is soft enough to form, with her light hair, a fluffy frame for her face.

Marie Prevost is shown wearing a flapper dress of the latest mode. Made of black charmeuse, it is trimmed with bands of bright embroidery, and the skirt is formed of flounces of pleated satin.

Though a flapper in years and exuberance, Patsy Ruth Miller is as

of Fashion

every woman from six to sixty.

dignified in her choice of clothes as a quite grown-up young woman. This outfit is Russian in inspiration, the toque being of brocaded silk and the suit of tan duvetyn trimmed with kolinsky.

Dorothy Phillips is one of the best-dressed young matrons of Hollywood and the frock she is shown wearing is a particularly happy choice to show off the graceful flowing lines so smart this season. The dress is of navy crêpe Roma and the hat of the same material.

No other type can wear gorgeous fabrics and really resplendent gowns so well as the woman who approaches middle-age buoyantly, as Myrtle Stedman does. Her dress of brocaded silver is trimmed with brilliants and has a train of velvet and silver. Much more simple is the dinner dress suitable for Lillian Langdon, a grande dame. Hers is fashioned of plain cloth of gold and gold net with tiny clusters of hand-made old blue and violet flowers.

If you study carefully the styles on these pages they will help you to choose your own wardrobe so that the effect will be as correct and as distinctive as that achieved by these screen players. But care should be taken to strike the proper balance between your age and your type, so that your clothes will express you, not only as a young girl, or whatever the case may be, but as a young girl of sparkling, efferves-cent spirits or of subdued and tranquil charm. Which brings us back inevitably to the fundamental principle at the bottom of all good dressing—the expression of individual personality.

So, if your clothes are chosen properly, whatever your age is, you can make it seem the ideal one sartorially.





Photo by Clarence S. Bull

In this group are shown, above, Patsy Ruth Miller, whose personality is so exuberant that she can afford dignity in hats and furs. Dorothy Phillips, who appears below, is a charming exponent of fashions for the young matron, while Myrtle Stedman, at the left, shows how the poise that comes with the years should be expressed in clothes. Lillian Langdon, at the extreme left, illustrates how growing old gracefully can be accomplished by wearing gowns of such severely simple lines as this.





Photo by Keystone Photo Service

Hollywood High Lights

The passing parade of happenings in the western cinema metropolis.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

HAVE the movies gone mad over new faces? It looks that way. For hardly a producer but has picked one or more applicants and shot them for a row of tests.

Six months ago no picture-maker would gaze at aught but a star with a pedigree. But in the midst of summer, contracts were seemingly as freely given as cigarette coupons. At least, for anybody who possessed some obvious distinction of fame or beauty or talent, and who was not an absolute newcomer, the opportunities were manifest. The girls and men who obtained parts, where they had a background of experience, or special qualifications, might be numbered by the score.

Of course, the majority of picture-makers are already growing more cautious. They see in the recent intoxication over film fledglings only another fitful fad. They think the studios are already overstocked with new green timber and that most of it will have to become more seasoned before the make-up varnish will hold.

It is a certainty, though, that the sudden vogue for discoveries will have its compensations. It will bring to the screen no doubt some really worth-while personalities, and possibly a new idol or two about whom fan letters may be appropriately garlanded. Many of the possibilities, especially those picked before the flurry for new finds, were chosen with a great deal of discrimination.

Summing up our observations regarding recent débuts, therefore, we look for interesting things from:

Aileen Pringle, who is to play the famous lady of the tiger skin in Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks," and also a part in Victor Seastrom's "Master of Man."

Julanne Johnston, who has one of the plums of the year in being the leading lady for Douglas Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad."

Evelyn Brent, who recently resigned from the above production, to go with Metro for "Held to Answer." She is not ambitious to become a conventional leading woman, but is anxious to play characters, even though she is hardly four-and-twenty.

Sigrid Holmquist, a colorful Freya from Scandinavia, who suffers from the misappellation of "Swedish Mary Pickford." She'll have her opportunity in "The Light that Failed" from Kipling's famous story.

Volatile Edith Allen, Rex Ingram's find, who'll brighten "Scaramouche."

Lucille Ricksen. A grown-up Ricksen from the "Edgar" comedy days. You can catch a chic flash of her in "Human Wreckage," Mrs. Wallace Reid's production, but her big rôle to date is in "The Rendezvous" of Marshall Neilan.



Photo by Freulich

This is a serial director's nightmare as posed by Duke Worne, who directed "The Eagle's Talons" for Universal.

Renee Adoree, whose performance in "The Master of Woman" is a revelation of unsuspected acting ability.

Huntley Gordon, a dignified and matured leading man, who fits admirably the rôles he plays, it is said, in Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," starring Gloria Swanson, and "The Wanters."

Ralph Faulkner, a rather clever juvenile, who is cast in "Loving Lies," an Associated Authors picture.

George K. Arthur, an English lad, known sometimes by the nickname of Kipps, whom Charlie Chaplin induced to come from abroad to take advantage of Hollywood's prosperity.

Mary Astor, Buster Collier, Mary Philbin and others might be included in this list, had they not started their arrival in advance of the others. Collier's stride is said to be more dramatic and convincing even than heretofore since he came to the Coast to play in "The Age of Desire," in which Miss Philbin is also cast.

And then there are the others — the absolute newcomers:

June Marlowe, the ingénue in "When a Man's a Man." A sweet, attractive débutante who may be worth remarking. It's her first picture.

Gloria Gray, cast in Finis Fox's "Bag and Baggage." Maybe you'll never see the picture, but she's there, and promising. John Roche, the leading man, is also a discovery. He's no relation to Charles de Roche, however. He played a small part on the stage in "Deburau."

For the rest we must perforce only submit names like Netta Westcott, English; Norma Shearer, fragile and refined; Ruby Miller, British stage actress; Joan Lowell, fetching ingénue; Helen Carter, sister of Estelle Taylor, and——

But why go on? The list is long. It is enough that an abundance of newcomers are here.

Another New Face.

Edwin: Why don't you go in the movies, Elza?

Elza: Why should I?

Edwin: Oh, no particular reason. I just thought your face looked sort of new since your visit to that last beauty specialist.

(Note: Elza is not tottering yet, and resents Edwin's facetiousness very much in this paragraph.)

How They Came Out.

The stars are just recovering from a big coming-out party. So are the organizers of the Motion Picture Historical Exposition. It was a strain on both of them, because they were kept so busy putting the show over.

The exposition opened with an attractive group of Spanish style buildings, each being dedicated to the use of a certain studio, and a big splash of fireworks in a huge concrete coliseum, which had been built as a permanent attraction. Certain objections were found at first because the exhibits didn't tell much more about pictures than the public had learned from a good fan magazine, but by degrees these were built up until they were quite enlightening regarding what goes on in the cutting and projection rooms, and on the studio stages, and explained much about picture-making that was puzzling to the average person.

In the amphitheater of the huge coliseum nightly programs were presented in which the various stars took part, and a very charming ballet with dozens of white-garbed dancers was staged by Theodore Kosloff. Agnes Ayres, Virginia Valli, Helene Chadwick, Colleen Moore, Patsy Ruth Miller, Mary Philbin, Mary Astor, Helen Ferguson, Renee Adoree and other bright sparklers and débutantes served tea to the guests in the studio booths and buildings, shook hands until their fingers ached, and handed out photographs until their elbows and shoulder blades fairly squeaked. And so, after all, everybody felt that it was one of those typical happy movie fadeouts.

Sideshow Stunts.

Certain results of nearly all motion-picture shows and expositions, among which the one during the past summer turned out eventually to be perhaps something of an exception, bring to mind that the films are forever surrounding with secrecy a number of the very things that are most interesting and stimulating to the public. We've listened to many a press agent and producer tell the same old rubber-stamp story about how the knowledge of what goes on behind the scenes spoils the illusion for the pictureseer. This has become a sort of tradition, like the exhibitors' belief, now shattered, that "costume pictures won't go."

The truth of the matter is that as a whole the pictures have never quite outgrown their old circus notions. They still subscribe in great part to the Barnum theory, and certain exhibitors and producers still think that they can drag people into a theater as they would attract them to look at a bearded lady in a side show. They use just about the same expedients of street parades, barkers in front of the theaters and flamboyant lobby displays.

Picture directors and scenario writers sometimes connive at the same sort of effects by laying great stress on the railroad wrecks and floods and fires that are supposed to happen on the screen, but which are naught but a time-worn illusion. Nobody takes these floods and fires very seriously any more unless they have a sincere purpose, a real part in the story. Most of them are obviously dragged in for some unmeaning effect. The fact that they are produced by some trick has little or nothing to do with their lack of popularity. The thing is that they have been spoiled by overuse. "We mustn't let the public know how it's done!" is as absurd as the old belief that the stars' marriages must be kept a secret.



John Gilbert is wearing the picturesque garb of "Cameo Kirby."

A New Secret Society.

The so-called secrecy of the films is sometimes a very amusing thing. An instance in point is "The Thief of Bagdad." The story of this picture was supposed to be guarded very zealously. Whenever Doug Fairbanks told it to one of his friends, he swore him by all that was hallowed and holy never to say a word to another soul.

While he was preparing the production, half the prominent stars and directors of Hollywood visited the studio. Each in turn was told the story, and each in turn was sworn to secrecy. Of course, the majority of them kept the pledge inviolate, but they couldn't resist asking their neighbor whether or not he had heard what Doug was going to do. The answer was usually in the affirmative and consequently it became sort of a masonic watchword in the colony to say to anybody you met, "Have you heard the story of Doug's new picture?" and then if the answer were "Yes," to bow and smile as if you were a member of the same lodge or fraternity.

Doug is not bound by the conventional formulæ of the dyed-in-the-wool producer, as a rule. Evidence of this is that he admitted a large number of the public to gaze upon his glittering sets of Bagdad. It was an unusual innovation but it showed his generosity of spirit. Of course, no formal announcement was made, but to anybody who was properly introduced, the doors were open, and the visitors enjoyed the privilege of being shown around the lot by a competent guide and viewing the settings for "Robin Hood" and "Rosita," that are still standing, as well as the new ones for "The Thief of Bagdad."

Not a Funny Fall.

Poor Charles De Roche. He broke his toe while appearing in "Spring Magic" and was out for nearly a week. The funny part of it was that nobody took the fracture seriously, and the newspapers scouted the story as one of the regulation publicity yarns. But the time sheet at the Famous Players' studio actually showed that the picture was delayed a week on account of De Roche's accident. He missed his footing when he took a long leap into a scene in which Jack Holt and Agnes Ayres were playing. De Roche, you know, portrays a mythological faun in this feature, who comes to life and gives a lesson to the various other characters in how to "be yourself."

Blanche Picks a Pippin.

We endorse the selection of Blanche Sweet for the picturization of *Anna Christie*. She may not be absolutely perfect for the rôle, but in all the list that was considered, she was certainly the best. We believe that she will do everything possible to put up a magnificent performance, because she has her heart and soul in the part. *Anna Christie,* you see, is regarded as one of the biggest rôles in recent years on the dramatic stage, and the selection of Blanche for the film version really means a culmination in her come-back.

Dauphin Copies King.

The Dauphin, that is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is fol-

lowing right along in his father's footsteps. He is wearing a soft shirt, sport coat and goes without a hat. Incidentally, he wrestles for exercise with Kalla Pasha and he drifts over quite often to his dad's studio to ask him questions about costumes and make-up. Really, the youngster seems to have an unusual grasp of what the films are all about, and to take his future very seriously.

Norma's New Leading Man.

The story goes that Joseph Schildkraut did the unique thing of retiring from the cast of "The Master of Man," after having taken part in a number of scenes, because he did not feel he was fitted to the rôle. It was his first appearance on the screen since he played in "Orphans of the Storm," and he did not match the character of the young Britisher. He was so thoroughly dissatisfied with the results that he was perfectly willing to allow Goldwyn to select some one else, so they decided on Conrad Nagel.

Schildkraut was then engaged for Norma Talmadge's production of "Dust of Desire," which has been renamed "Rose of all the World." In this, Miss Talmadge plays the rôle of an Oriental dancer. The story is laid in Algiers where Norma traveled about a year ago. Ernest Torrence may be seen as the heavy, an Arab chief.

Later on Norma and Schildkraut are probably going to do the star's long-proposed production of "Romeo and Juliet."

The marriage of the month was that of Gladys Walton, the brown-eyed flapper star, to Henry M. Herbel, a sales manager for Universal. They had a terrible time locating a license and a minister because they were wed in a rush, owing to the fact that the groom made a flying trip west for the ceremony. And now—think of it!—Miss Walton may decide to leave the screen on completion of her contract. She didn't let her first marriage interfere with her career, but this is different.

Why So Ritzy?

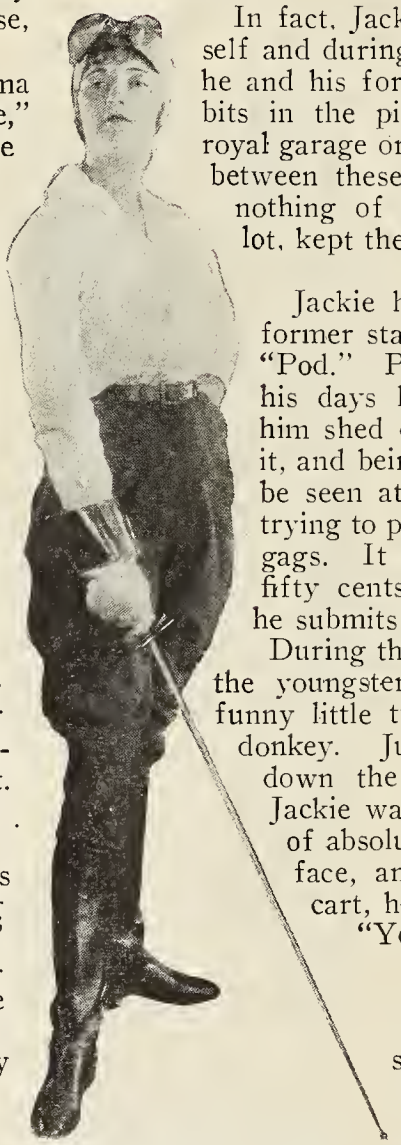
We can't account for it. Our film colony is becoming so "Ritzy" that we feel like tearing down the old chromo "Home Sweet Home." When we run into one of the old-timers, instead of a familiar greeting, this is what we get:

"Oh, it's jolly good to see you, old thing. My deah, wait until you see the mahrvelous part I'm doing in 'Rich Men's Ladies.' Oh, it's the dashed bulliest business I've ever clinched. You must watch for it; you will now, won't you? Tra-la!"

And then the next day we have dinner with one of the famed or near-famed and she eats in perfectly good continental manner, with her fork in her left hand, and knife in her right. But not satisfied that our faculties of observation are normally keen, after the demi-tasse she tells us all about how and why it's done like a chapter out of the book that tells "what's wrong with this picture."

Not being at all interested or impressed with how "famous" people handle their cutlery, we pick up our fruit knife, because it has a short, sharp blade and hurl it straight across the room to see if we can hit the wall without amputating the head waiter's nose.

For which feat Louise Fazenda, kind-hearted girl that she is, awards us the tiger's toothpick.



Constance Talmadge is following in the footsteps of many a romantic actor and learning to fence.

Hair Nets for Men!

Now it is the men who are wearing the hair nets. You wouldn't believe it, would you? But it's a fact. The costume productions are the cause.

It seems that many of the actors have to have their locks officially curled for some of the rôles that they play, and the only way they can keep the fancy marcel in place for a long day's work is by putting a hair net over it. In fact, we've heard that there is one actor who even goes to bed at night with his hair thus encaged.

A Visit to the Prince.

No matter how hot the day, or how dusty the road, there's always compensation in dropping off at the Coogan studio, because if Jackie doesn't charm or amuse you, his mother, "Moodie dear," with the accent on the dear, as he affectionately calls her, or his dad, certainly will.

In fact, Jack, Sr., is a whole vaudeville show himself and during the filming of "Long Live the King" he and his former dancing partner, Bill Cox, played bits in the picture. They were chauffeurs in the royal garage or something like that. And the repartee between these two old partners and friends, to say nothing of their nimble dance steps all over the lot, kept the players in a hilarious state of mind.

Jackie has formed a strong attachment for a former stage carpenter on the Coogan set named "Pod." Pod does little carpentering, but spends his days looking after Jackie's clothes, helping him shed dirty overalls when the spirit calls for it, and being his pal. In fact, he and Jackie may be seen at any and all moments between scenes trying to play golf, or discussing kites and comedy gags. It must be remembered that Jackie gets fifty cents for himself for each good gag that he submits to his dad or director.

During the final scenes of "Long Live the King," the youngster had a wonderful time riding in a funny little two-wheel cart and driving a stubborn donkey. Just for fun his father let him ride down the cobblestone street of the courtyard. Jackie was in his seventh heaven, an expression of absolute joy beaming upon his sensitive little face, and as he wobbled along in the shaky cart, he'd stick his head out and call:

"Yes, we have no bananas!"

Poor Honeymooners.

Honeymooning has lately been a sad sort of diversion in Hollywood. For nobody seems to have any time to take wedding trips. Nearly every marriage takes place right in the middle of a picture, and then just about the time one part is played out another comes along that can't be resisted, and thus much-anticipated excursions are postponed from day to day.

It took Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis two months or more to break away long enough to visit New York, and then when they did it was for only a very short stay. Harold had to return to get busy on his new production.

And now Evelyn Brent is terribly worried that it will be all of a year before she is able to go on that journey to Europe, that her husband, Bernard Fineman, who is one of the foremost picture executives, has promised her. She did manage a short vacation in Coronado just after she finished "Held to Answer," but that was all.

Our Screen Children Are Growing Up!

Hollywood has a group of blossoming youngsters who may keep stardom right in the movie family.

By Katherine Lipke

IT looks as if there was an awful blow in store for the village belles with their baby-blue eyes lashed to a vamping stare, for the winners of beauty contests and for high-school comedians. There is a chance that their future is to be dwarfed and their crowning ambition is to remain uncrowned. The motion pictures may not have room for them.



The thing which is happening is that the motion-picture children are growing up. For years and years they have helped to bring father and mother together in the divorce scene, they have dramatized nursery rhymes, and they've stolen uncle's spectacles. From time to time skirts, trousers and parts have been lengthened a little but no one thought much about their advancement. Their wearers were, after all, just "the dear children" to the studios and to the world at large.

Not long ago, though, several beauties of the pictures received an awful shock when Marshall Neilan with a swoop of his almighty mind gave Lucille Ricksen the dramatic, grown-up lead in "The Rendezvous," his recently finished production. It caused a fearful buzz, for there were so many who could stand off and say, "Heavens, she is just a child—why I remember her when——"

As a matter of fact Lucille *is* a child—of the films. She has been in the family for eight years and, as an example of what a newly grown-up daughter of seventeen can do to keep the choice rôles from newcomers, she stands out preëminent. A great many directors would have passed her by, but Marshall Neilan's discovery eye was working as usual, and it rested on Lucille, giving her a chance to let down her dramatic petticoats, and put up her mental hair in "The Rendezvous." The family life prevaileth.



Do you remember that tiny page in "Male and Female" whom Tommy Meighan lifted up by one hand as one might lift a kitten, just after catching him peeping through the keyhole? Well, look at this tall, gangling youth who's about to appear in "The Printer's Devil." You'd scarcely believe that both of these could be Wesley Barry.

It is just another dream come true to Lucille. I had heard that she was feeling a bit overpoised and blasé about it, and so I went out to the Goldwyn Studios to have a look. My hunt for the blasé young individual who had been handed a life-sized lead while still in the middle teens was abruptly halted by two big eyes, and two little braids with the girl Lucille between. The poor child hasn't had a chance to be blasé. Mentally she is trying to gobble life up in huge mouthfuls, and thank goodness, indigestion hasn't set in as yet.

It was her first grown-up interview, and it was my first little girl one, so we mentally stood off and sized each other up while I asked her the conventional question, "How do you like it here at Goldwyn's?" She forgot that I existed. "It's perfectly wonderful here—the people are wonderful to work with—and Mr. Neilan is simply *wonderful!* Oh, I hope he comes out to the studio to-day. He's my best friend. Why, if he doesn't come I don't know what I will do." It was plainly little girl and big hero stuff with her, and no wonder, for he has given her the chance of her brief lifetime.

"You want to see 'The Rendezvous,'" chattered Lucille. "It's *so* dramatic. I'm a little Russian girl and

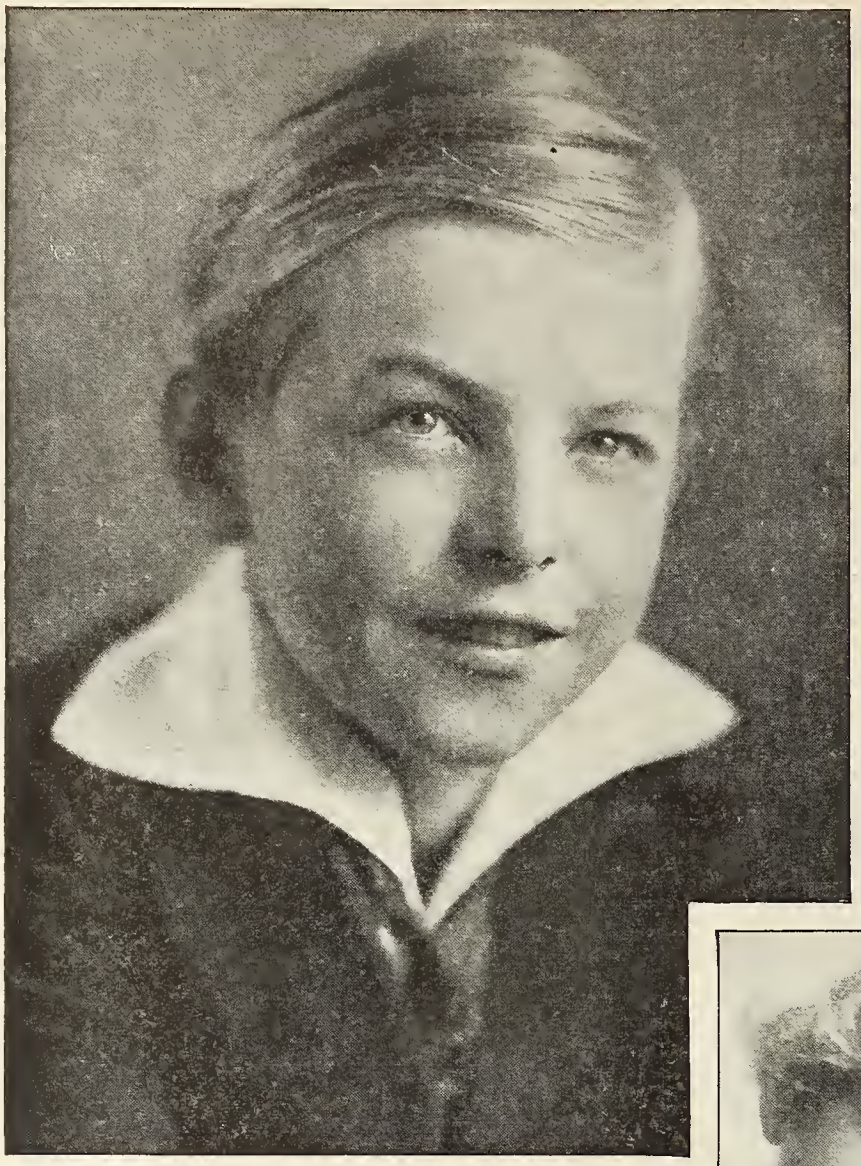


Photo by DeVorting

Ben Alexander, just above, who plays the sturdy "Penrod," in "Penrod and Sam" is quite a different person from the little Bennie Alexander who played "The Littlest Brother" in "Hearts of the World." The small picture of Bennie at the right was taken during his earliest days in pictures.



Photo by Hartsook



I grow up and marry a horrid man who beats and misuses me and all that sort of thing. . . . Oh, it's wonderful!" I failed to see what was wonderful about it, but I let her rave. Lucille was born under the shadow of a Lillian Gish complex and nothing is too intense for her. And Heaven knows she looks pathetic enough in a brief woolly shawl, a short skirt and limp pigtails with bits of ribbon braided in, to be the blond Lillian herself!

Those Edgar Comedies were Lucille's only childhood—the only chance to play with children her own age. That is what makes her different. It is almost uncanny how different she is. It makes you sorry and it makes you glad. You long to see those pigtails flying in the wind and the cheeks snapping with bright color, instead of the all-day session playing the abused wife of a "horrid" Russian, interspersed with reading about Bernhardt, and talking with the older men and women.

She is young and she is old, and accomplished it all at once. But when she is really happy she is the little girl with older people. Boys and girls her own age bore her to extinction. Her brief nose turned up in scorn at the very idea of them. "They never say or do anything interesting or worth while," she explained. "I do have such good times playing with the folks here. Why Sid Chaplin and I had a perfectly screaming time the other day between scenes imitating people. That was fun."

And there you have her—Lucille. She is just one of many film-wise youngsters who are yearly stepping into bigger parts, filling up from the inside the many rôles which have, until now, been taken by ambitious outside talent.

Poising at seventeen with her is Wesley Barry, but I hesitate to name him, for Wesley is hesitating himself. He hasn't yet decided to cover the last lap in the growing-up process. His voice and his legs have uncurled themselves and his freckles are but dim representatives of their former glory.

Out at Warner Brothers, however, Wesley is still romping about in overalls. To the casual observer he is much the same boy of years ago. But that is where he fools you. Little freckled Wesley who first attracted at-



And Buddy Messinger! What a difference between the laughing small boy at the right and the serious young juvenile beside him.

tention nine years ago in the old Kalem pictures, has been growing up steadily with pictures of greater and greater importance, but no one realized it because it came gradually. Then again, his pictures sort of took you in on the process.

You have sat for an hour or so now and then through the years and watched Wesley mature as a character in a story without realizing that the boy himself was slipping something over on you. His pictures have become a little bit older as time went on, and so Wesley has arrived at that heady, turning point time of seventeen in the most matter-of-fact way possible with only a pair of ostrichlike extremities to take your breath away.

Wesley has just finished making "The Printer's Devil" and has already started on "The Country Kid." Life is terribly rushing and important to him. He is a man of affairs with many responsibilities weighing upon him—he is at that age, you see. He is really too grown up mentally to take the time to grow up professionally, if you see what I mean. And so the pictures romp on, full of boyish fun and pranks. The Warner Brothers have a whole list of them planned ahead but Wesley doesn't mind. It all helps that busy feeling, for Wesley knows he holds a position which he can keep against all comers in the film family of the world.

To attempt to name all of the children who are coming a-trotting along would be a long job. Some of them are dropping by the wayside too. Poor foolish mothers rushed poor foolish youngsters all crimped and smirking to the motion-picture studios for exhibition. They have dropped with an awful thud and no one is sorry. It is they who caused the idea to become prevalent that the motion-picture life was the ruination of the children. We have thought of them as poor little nervous wrecks. Well, maybe so. But not all of them, my sisters of the sewing circle, not all. You'd be surprised.

Virginia Lee Corbin, veteran film actress, has spent eight of her going-on-twelve existence in the motion pictures. She wept her way in and she is still weeping. After eight highly successful years of wistfulness and tears it looks as if Virginia was to go right on weeping into the ranks of stardom. Heaven knows, there ought to be a good chance for tears there, for the teary tales of life as-is which are circulating around at present, need Virginia's honest-to-glycerine tears badly.

But Virginia isn't merely crying her way through

Continued on page 100





These photos tell their own story. The two above are of Lucille Ricksen and those below are of Virginia Lee Corbin.

Photo by Blake Black







"Merry Go Round" is one of the best of the early releases. It is a picture that seems to appeal to every one.

The Screen

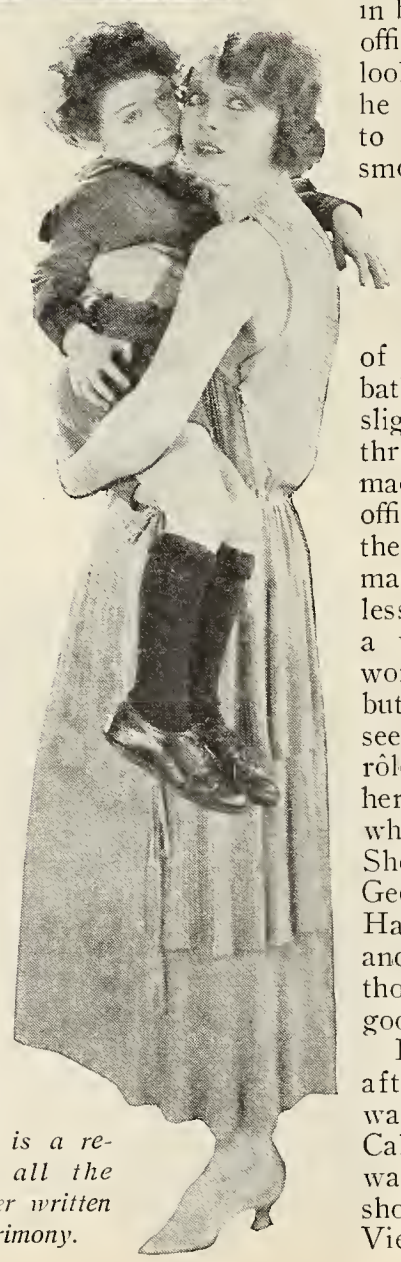
A critical survey of

By Agnes

WHILE an eager world is sitting around and waiting with baited breath for the stupendous knockouts of the fall season, a few wise producers have arrived early with their masterpieces to avoid the rush at the box office. Among the wise producers is Carl Laemmle, who knows that if you look out for the pennies, the directors will take care of the dollars.

"Merry Go Round" is Mr. Laemmle's contribution to the Hall of Fame. This is the picture that was plunged on its career by Eric von Stroheim and then pulled to completion by Rupert Julian. Although it may be the deep conviction of the critics that the picture would have been better if Von Stroheim had been in complete charge of the bankroll, still I don't see why the fans need bother their little heads about the shifting of horses in the middle of the stream. However, Von Stroheim deserves this much credit; it was he who proved to Mr. Laemmle that there is as much money—coming and going—in a picture like "Merry Go Round" as there is in Art Acord westerns and Joe Martin comedies. Also, it is likely that Von Stroheim wrote the story, because the authorship is kept such a profound mystery on the screen.

To get down to facts: "Merry Go Round" is one of the best pictures of the year. The reasons for its success are many. You may like it because it has such a colorful background. Most of the scenes take place at the Prater, Vienna's Coney Island, and probably the native heath of the wienerwurst. You may like it because it shows pictures of the late Emperor Franz Josef asleep at the switch and some intimate angles of Austrian court life. You may like it because it has touches of Rue Morgue melodrama. You may like it because the dashing countess smokes a wicked black cigar. You may like it simply because Norman Kerry is such a handsome fella and because Mary Philbin is such a cute little girl. And that's as good a reason as any.



"Divorce" is a rehash of all the stories ever written on matrimony.

But I think the real basis for the appeal of "Merry Go Round" is the fact that it's a simple love story. All the elaborate settings and lively melodrama are just trimmings to the charming tale of a poor little organ grinder who is loved by an Austrian nobleman. The story of King Cophetua and the beggar maid is one of the oldest in the world but it will continue to be popular as long as the poor working girl cherishes the hope that some big, strong and wealthy guy will come along and save her from a life of poverty. The answer to Elsa's maiden prayer is the Lohengrin wedding march.

As for me, I was completely taken in by the love scenes between the officer and the peasant girl. One look from her innocent eyes and he hated the thought of marriage to the handsome blonde who smoked cigars. You can't blame him; it would be awful to have a wife who snitched your best coronas. Norman Kerry, as the officer, started out in the picture in a swirl of roses, perfume, and fancy baths but he ended up as a hero, slightly wounded and with silver threads among the gold. He made the characterization of the officer handsome but dumb. By the way, when so much fuss is made about men who like brainless beauties, how about saying a word on the subject of the women who like 'em handsome but stupid? Mary Philbin seemed so ideally cast for the rôle of the poor but honest heroine that I forgot to notice whether she could act or not. She is a dear child. Dale Fuller, George Seigmann, George Hackathorne, Caesare Gravina, and Dorothy Wallace are among those who deserve credit for good bits of character drawing.

But why did Mr. Laemmle, after assuring us that the picture was made at Universal City, California, try to convince us, by way of subtitles and news reel shots, that this was indeed the Vienna of the good old days?

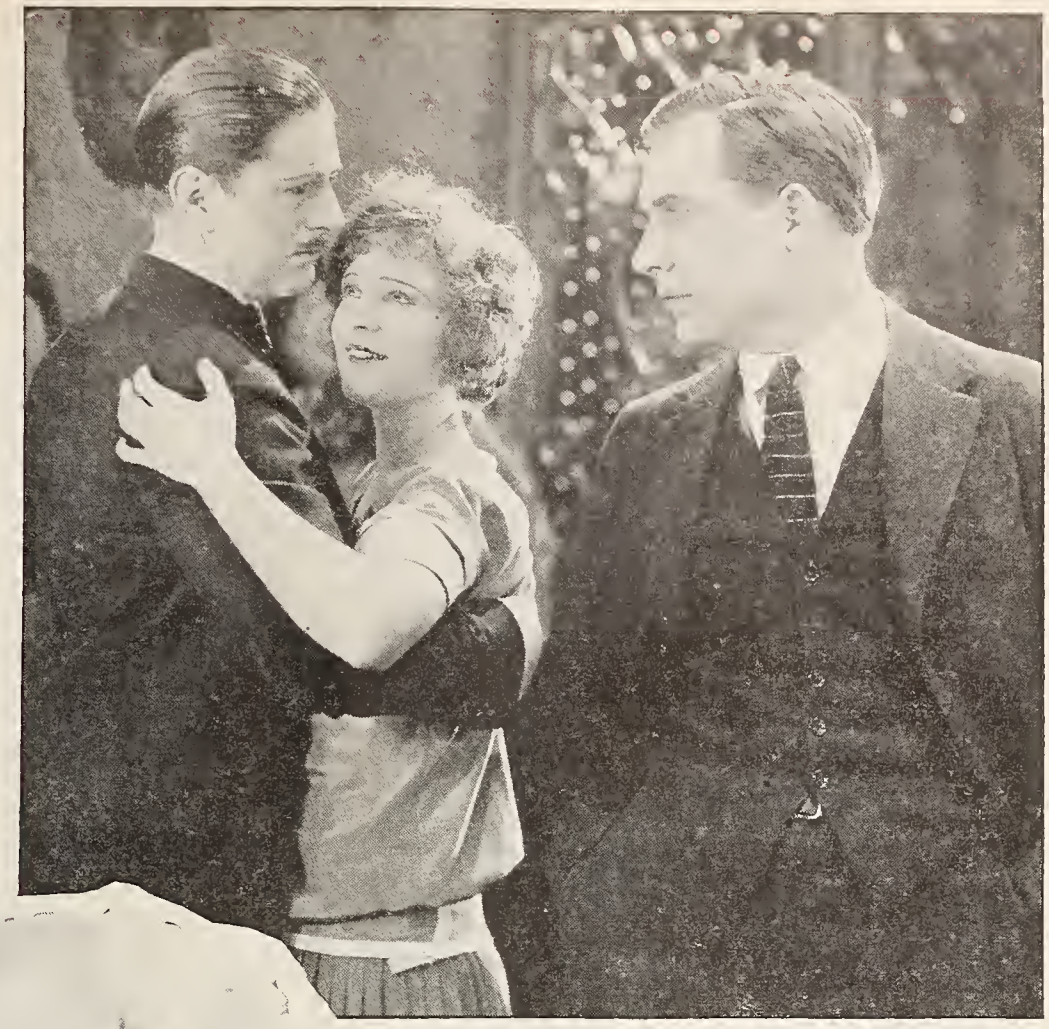
in Review

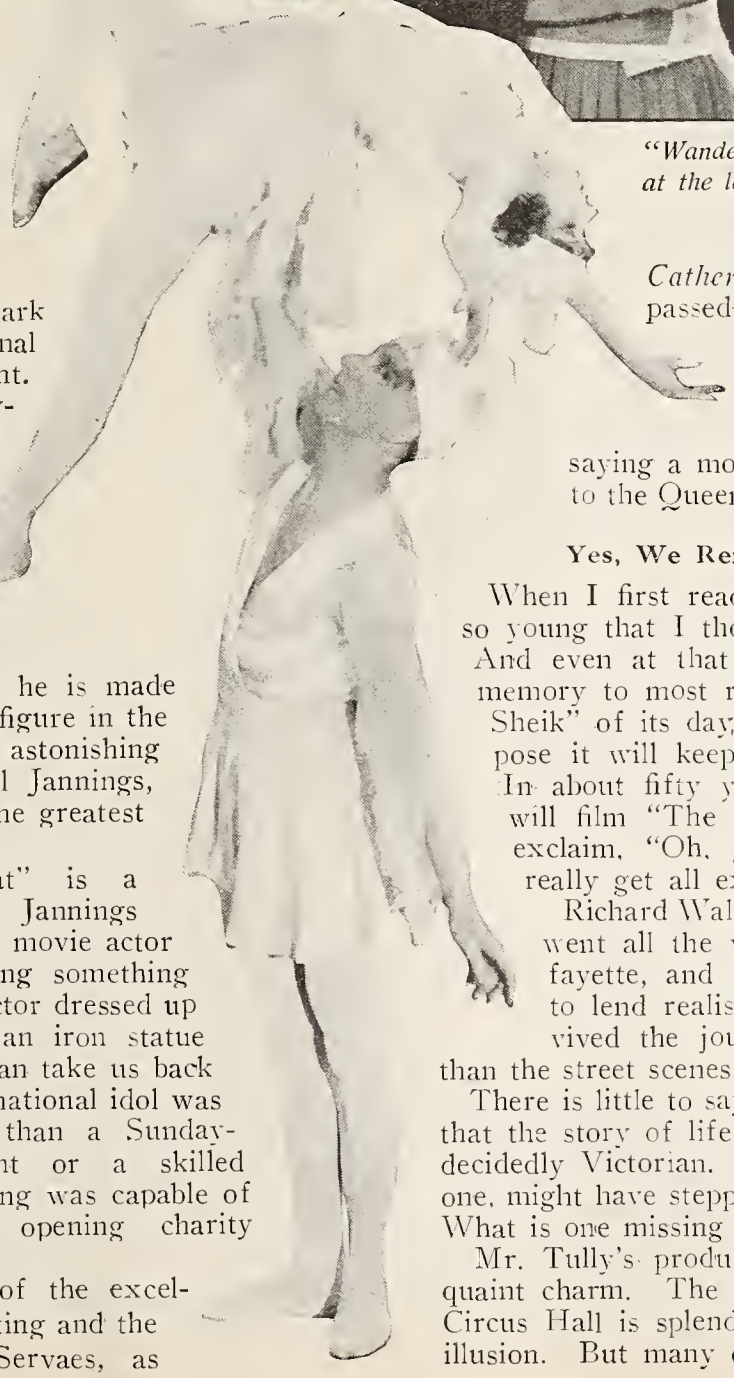
early fall releases.

Smith

The Hun is at the Gate Receipts.

Carefully barring the doors against the American Legion, the Ku Klux Klan and the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, I will now whisper that "Peter the Great," made in Germany, and directed by a Russian called Dimitri Buchowetski, is as good as most pictures claim to be in the advertisements. Which brings it darn near to perfection. It is so good that, I hear, Paramount is afraid of releasing it generally because it is almost certain to lose money. However, if there is a real demand for the best in pictures in your community, you might do your bit for the betterment of pictures by asking your theater manager to book it.





"Wandering Daughters," above, and "Children of Jazz," at the left, are pictures, the names of which are a sufficient clew as to their type.

"Peter the Great" is magnificent. It is the stirring story of the European Czar of Russia who saved his country from the savagery of the steppes, the superstition of the dark ages and the eternal sleep of the Orient. And he was no boy-scout hero and no Will Hays ideal. He was a ruthless, boisterous, cruel man with a tremendous imagination and a fighting spirit. And he is made a vital and powerful figure in the picture through the astonishing performance of Emil Jannings, who is in my mind the greatest actor on the screen.

"Peter the Great" is a triumph of acting. Jannings seems to be our only movie actor who can make a king something besides a character actor dressed up in fancy clothes or an iron statue out of a park. He can take us back to the times when a national idol was something stronger than a Sunday-school superintendent or a skilled mechanic; when a king was capable of braver feats than opening charity bazaars.

On the strength of the excellence of Janning's acting and the acting of Dagny Servaes, as *Catherine,* the New York Board of Censors passed love scenes which would have been banned had they been performed by local sheiks and cuties. I think the sheer power of "Peter the Great" even touched the censors. And that's saying a mouthful, as a civic leader once remarked to the Queen of Belgium.

Yes, We Remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt

When I first read Du Maurier's novel "Trilby," I was so young that I thought Ben Bolt was Alice's last name. And even at that remote time "Trilby" was a literary memory to most readers. However, the book was "The Sheik" of its day, in point of popularity, and so I suppose it will keep on being revived for years to come. In about fifty years from now, some movie producer will film "The Sheik" again and all the kiddies will exclaim, "Oh, grandma, how quaint! And did you really get all excited over that sappy little story?"

Richard Walton Tully has filmed "Trilby" again. He went all the way to Paris for his star, Andree Lafayette, and for some stock views of Paris streets to lend realism to his picture. Miss Lafayette survived the journey from Paris to Hollywood better than the street scenes.

There is little to say about "Trilby" at this late date except that the story of life among the artists is what flappers call decidedly Victorian. *Trilby,* who had all the virtues except one, might have stepped from a Louisa M. Alcott story book. What is one missing virtue in this day and age?

Mr. Tully's production is beautiful and it has a certain quaint charm. The scene of *Trilby's* great triumph at the Circus Hall is splendidly staged and carries a real sense of illusion. But many of the other scenes cannot banish from

my memory Maurice Tourneur's production of the story in which Clara Kimball Young was starred. Andree Lafayette is a great improvement over Miss Young, however, and the success of the picture must be credited to this delightful young French girl. She looks as though she had walked from the Du Maurier illustrations. And, for an actress suddenly pushed into stardom, her performance is amazingly good. I like her ease, her frankness and her poise before the camera. It is likely, though, that she is only a "one-picture star," for unless she gets another rôle like *Trilby* she will have a hard time adjusting herself to modern screen plays.

The others in the cast are not notable. Arthur Edmund Carew plays *Svengali,* but I shall never be hypnotised by other eyes than the celebrated orbs of Wilton Lackaye. As for Creighton Hale, as *Little Billee,* he acts as though he knew that this wasn't Paris, anyway.

Three Foolish Character Actors.

Did you ever go to a movie and then, in the process of returning home and drinking an ice-cream soda, entirely forget what the picture was about? Well, that is the way I feel about "Three Wise Fools," directed by King Vidor for Goldwyn. It was adapted from a celebrated Broadway success by somebody or other in which somebody else created the leading rôle, but I should worry. The picture is one of those smoothly made, carefully directed, nicely planned and "faithful to the original story" affairs that leave me cold. It is artificial melodrama transferred from the stage to the screen without regard for the fact that it needed liberal adaptations to make it good film stuff.

What I really have against the picture, however, is that it gives fat parts to three character men. One character man in a picture is all I can bear. But when three old gentlemen get to acting quaint and coy and when they get to winking archly, pretending to be gruff and grouchy and then pretending to be won over by sweetness and youth, I can't stand it. In short, I don't like to see three actors who ought to know better behaving like Mary Miles Minter. The offending actors are William H. Crane, Claude Gillingwater and Alec B. Francis. Mr. Francis is the only one I didn't want to see hung. Eleanor Boardman plays the leading feminine rôle. Some people—even intelligent fans—think she can act, but I don't. I forget the name of the leading man, but I suppose he is "another Valentino." I mustn't fail to mention that Craig Biddle appears in this picture just in case you crave to see him.



Photo by McWalten

"Peter the Great" is a magnificent picture. Emil Jannings plays the title rôle with wonderful distinction.

The Age of Innocence.

I don't know of another actor in the world who would walk into a picture with a couple of teeth missing and not feel camera shy. Sublimely unconscious of this terrible misfortune, Jackie Coogan plays through "Circus Days," his new First National picture, based on the old book called "Toby Tyler." It's a pleasant little comedy of a boy who joins a circus to help provide for his mother. But no amount of hokum can dim the pure sunshine of Jackie's personality.

I have said that Jannings is the greatest actor on the screen. Perhaps Jackie ought to share the honor with him because he can enact the most difficult rôle of all—that of a perfectly natural child.

Another Good Million Gone Wrong.

Believe me or not, the film version of Sam Shipman's melodrama "Lawful Larceny" begins with scenes in ancient Egypt with Nita Naldi slipping poisoned cocktails to the extras. The action then jumps a couple of centuries simply by stating that women still are the masters of men and we find Nita again, this time running a gambling club which looks like the Polo Grounds with a roof over it. The entrance hall alone is as big as the grand set for "Aida" at the Metropolitan Opera House.

A couple of reels pass before the plot has nerve enough to show its face and meantime Nita runs around with her head all decorated like a German birthday cake. Even Hope Hampton, who is also in the picture and also some Christmas tree for jewelry herself, goes around looking like a miser's wife in comparison.

As for the plot—which is a good one—you only catch fleeting glimpses of it through the scenery. The settings are so big that there is only one answer to make them: "Aw, go on! I don't believe it." I take it that the picture was filmed at the time Paramount's Long Island studio dug up King Tut. Unfortunately, King Tut is dead again and about forgotten, so Alan Dwan's best stuff has lost its flavor.

The high spot in the picture is the dancing of Gilda Gray and one lovely close-up of her. Miss Gray is as natural as Jackie Coogan—only in a different way—and she makes the other actors and actresses seem stilted and artificial in comparison. But just think, boys and girls, for one small movie admission you can see her original dance as performed at the Rendezvous. This is, indeed, a poor man's country! By the way, I thought I saw Conrad Nagel and Lew Cody somewhere in the flash of diamonds and the waving of plumes.

Pasteboard Crowns.

Ruritania is the name of an imaginary Balkan kingdom and not a new Cunard steamship. Anthony Hope made it celebrated in "The Prisoner of Zenda" and also put it on the map in its sequel, "Rupert of Hentzau." Rex Ingram filmed "Zenda" and now Victor Heerman comes along with "Rupert."

Well, if you are all tied up with Ruritanian affairs and really believe the country should be included in the League of Nations, you will want to see this picture. But if you are just an innocent bystander in Balkan matters, the goings on of Sir Anthony's characters are apt to get the better of you and you probably will find the picture much too long and much too involved.

The settings pretend to be large and lavish but they carry about as much illusion as a model "house beautiful" in a "Better Homes" exposition. The cast is

supposed to be "all-star" but most of the acting is phony. When I watched the picture, I felt like exclaiming, with Alice in Wonderland, "You're nothing but a pack of cards."

Bert Lytell, in a dual rôle, acts all over the place, while Elaine Hammerstein, as *Queen Flavia,* wears her crown as though she knew it were pasteboard but was too proud to admit it. Lew Cody gets out of the picture by doing some genuinely good romantic acting. Cody has been stealing lots of pictures lately simply because he isn't afraid of work. I am glad to see him coming on. Claire Windsor is in the cast but she doesn't have much of a chance to prove that she, too, has something better than "all star" stuff in her.

The Lowest Depths.

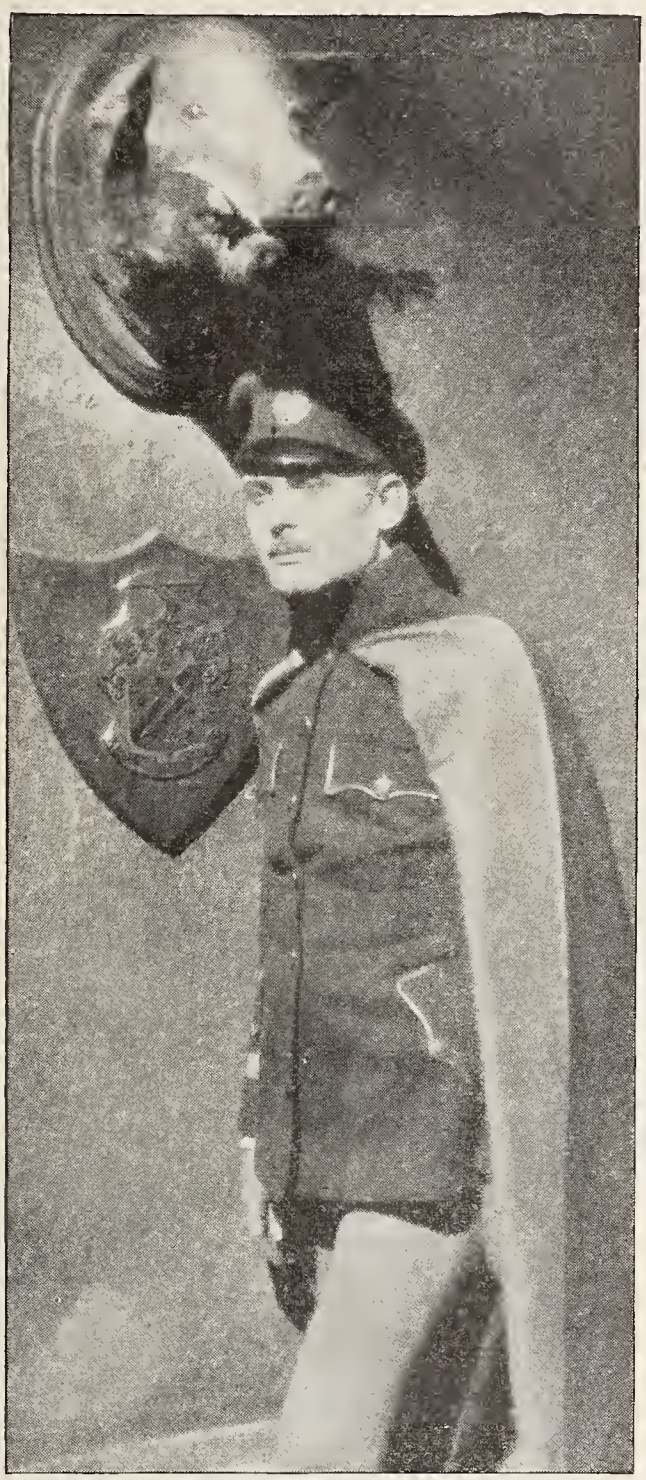
There has been a lot of discussion as to what is the worst picture of the year. Some claim that the zero mark was struck by James Young in "Wandering Daughters," while others argue heatedly for Jerome Storm's "Children of Jazz." Still others think that Anita Stewart's picture "The Love Piker" deserves the poison-ivy laurel wreath.

All these pictures aim to bring the younger generation back to the straight and narrow. After seeing "Children of Jazz" I hope that none of our young folks will leave a New Year's Eve fancy-dress party to fly to Cuba in a blizzard. This sort of conduct has caused just one case of tonsilitis after another in New York society. Eileen Percy, after being good in "Within the Law," slips back to her old ways in this picture, while Theodore Kosloff, as the hero, looks like something that should be playing a violin somewhere. Probably in a movie cafe scene. Ricardo Cortez, another "second Valentino," makes us believe that the producers are kidding us.

"Wandering Daughters" proves that you musn't sell the old furniture to buy De Mille settings for the daughter. It also proves that James Young was asleep when he directed it. One subtitle sticks vividly in my mind. Bessie goes to a party and, while there, obeys an impulse and goes in swimming. Some one takes the poor girl's clothes and the hero shouts to the villain: "I believe you know who stole Bessie's clothes." That's society, all right; you can't go to a smart coming-out party these days without having one of the four hundred run off with your best chiffon velvet.

The villain also gets the heroine in wrong with her parents by painting her face on a figure representing the Spirit of Sensible but Snappy Winter Unionsuits.

"The Love Piker" is not so bad as all this because the heroine, played by Anita Stewart, is not one of these mad impetuous flappers who teaches grandma to smoke opium, but a haughty society girl who ritzes her inferiors after the grand manner of an extra girl who has been raised to stardom. It is a problem play and the problem is this: Should a refined girl ask her fiancé's papa to the wedding when the old gentleman smokes a corncob pipe? On my honor, that's the plot. When you think that Frances Marion adapted the scenario from a story by Frank R. Adams and that E. Mason Hopper directed it, you can't believe that it is as banal and as stupid as it is.



Lew Cody does some real acting in "Rupert of Hentzau."

The Most Tragic Picture Ever Made.

Mrs. Wallace Reid has followed her intention and produced the anti-drug propaganda picture called "Human Wreckage." It has been splendidly produced, it has a dramatic story and it is beautifully acted not only by Mrs. Reid but by James Kirkwood, Bessie Love and George Hackathorne. As a reviewer, I had to see it; as a fan, I scarcely want to remember it as the memorial to the strong young actor who started so valiantly as the *Fighting Blacksmith* in "The Birth of a Nation."

Wigs and Whiskers.

"Success" is a story of the stage—of actors and actresses and their trials and tribulations. It is a theatrical picture of the theater with Brandon Tynan giving a technically fine and sometimes emotionally appealing portrait of an actor who "comes back." The story reminds you of "The Music Master." Tynan does a few scenes from "King Lear" and Mary Astor plays *Cordelia* in a blond wig. It's great to be a movie critic and not have to sit through Shakespearean plays. A little is enough.

Take 'Em or Leave 'Em Alone.

"Divorce" mirrors life as the scenario writer finds it, which means that it looks like a rehash of all the other stories in the world ever written on matrimony. Jane Novak deserves better than this. "The Chase" is a foreign-made picture without a plot. But it's a good novelty because it has some magnificent mountain scenes in which one Alp is more beautiful than the Alp that has gone before. And the ski running is superb. You might suggest this one to your exhibitor as an attractive subject to run with a weak feature picture.

"Smashing Barriers," with William Duncan, is an old-fashioned Western, full of heavy comedy and a few good stunts, taken from serials. On the other hand

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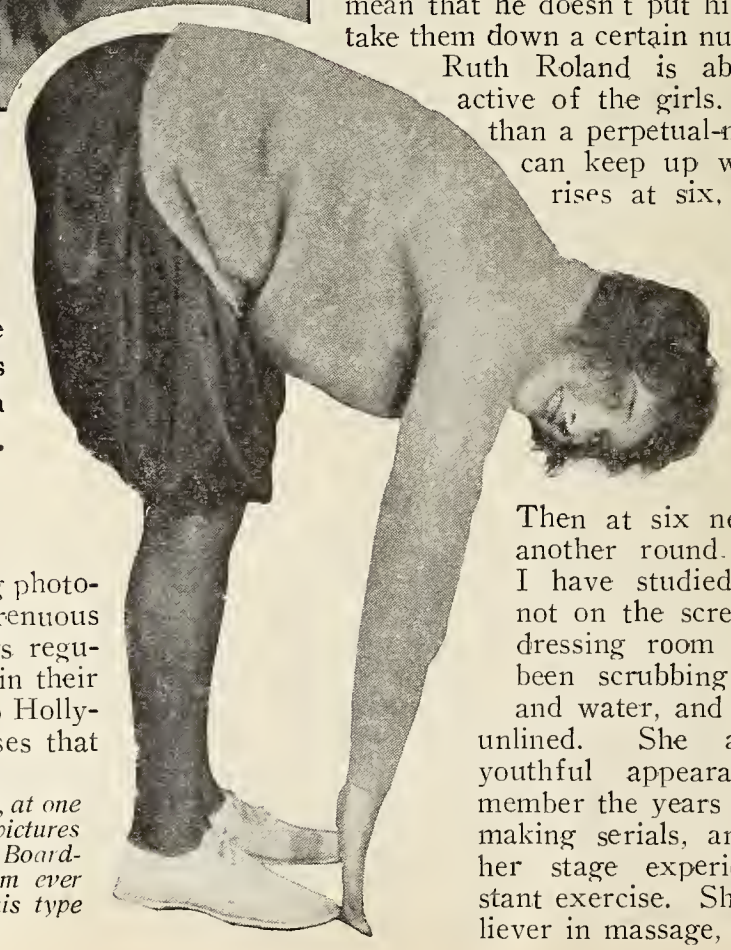
Gloria Swanson is really a splendid horsewoman.

Keeping Nature's Gifts

Motion-picture stars don't often go in for all the beauty fads and health cults their press agents design for them, but most of them have a few simple rules for retaining health and beauty.

By Helen Ogden

HAVEN'T you often wondered upon seeing photographs of motion-picture stars doing strenuous athletics if they really did those things regularly or if they just posed for the camera man in their fetching gymn suits? I have, and since coming to Hollywood two years ago I have found in many cases that they are just publicity stunts. But even if they don't go in for the daily dozen most of them do have certain rules by which they retain their health and what beauty Nature has endowed them with.



Most stars have posed, at one time or another, for pictures like this one of Eleanor Boardman—but few of them ever take systematically this type of exercise.

Many are the careers that have been built on a diet of vegetables and salads. In fact, there are few stars who eat anything they want, Gloria Swanson being one of these lucky few.

Mary Pickford believes in a simple régime. She finds her work at the studio sufficient exertion for every day, but on Sunday she frolics with Doug in their swimming pool or plays on the lawn with little Mary, her niece, and Zorro, their dog. She is a very light eater and has no breakfast except fruit and seldom anything but spinach for luncheon. For dinner she eats sparingly of anything she wants except sweets. She has her dinner soon after she returns from the studio and retires promptly at nine. She believes in this commonsense method rather than systematic exercise or massage with pungent oils, and she also believes in "thinking young thoughts." She is studying young thoughts and believes that a serene mind is mirrored in a youthful countenance.

Doug is extremely active. They have all kinds of iron bars and gym contraptions at their studio, where all the chaps try to beat Doug doing stunts and sometimes succeed. The other day I saw a prop boy doing a swing on a rope over a high bar—and the prop man beat Doug all hollow. But the hero of "Robin Hood" kept at it until he did it. They have a game of inventing new stunts—climbing buildings, jumping fences, et cetera—and when one gets an idea he lets out a whoop and Doug and the others all follow. Doug does not believe in systematic exercise, but rather in vigorous play. By which, I mean that he doesn't put his arms up and take them down a certain number of times.

Ruth Roland is about the most active of the girls. Nothing less than a perpetual-motion dynamo can keep up with her. She rises at six, and after the day's work of fighting, hard riding and falling down cliffs is over, attends to business, answers letters or goes to the theater. Then at six next morning—another round of the same. I have studied Ruth's face, not on the screen, but in her dressing room after she had been scrubbing it with soap and water, and it is positively unlined. She attributes her youthful appearance—and remember the years Ruth has been making serials, and before that her stage experience—to constant exercise. She is a firm believer in massage, too, and often



Mary Pickford is a very light eater; here she is at luncheon with Doug.

takes invigorating salt baths. Her food consists of simple, wholesome dishes—but she doesn't pass up the sweets—she exercises off their fattening influence.

Some of the stars—Gloria Swanson and Nazimova—use oil and aromatic vinegar massages to preserve the fine texture of their skins. Mildred Davis uses nothing but a good unscented soap and water. When her skin is parched or tanned she softens it with a home-made cold cream composed of almond meal and oils. Mildred has the loveliest skin of any one I know—a delicate pastel pink and white. Every Sunday morning she shampoos her golden curls herself. Occasionally she takes a corn-meal bath.



Viola Dana had a real training in acrobatics.

Nazimova, on the other hand, uses little soap and water on her face, cleansing it with cold cream. She favors massage and oil rubs and, though she poses in a gym suit for the photographer, detests all forms of athletics except swimming. This she does not do in an exerting manner, but just lolls around in the pool.

Constance Talmadge had "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien outline some exercises for her—they made a nice pair for the publicity man's camera. But as a matter of fact, Connie disdains systematic exercise and when she feels the need of letting off youthful exuberance, she rounds up a party for a dance. Norma plays golf, washes her face in soap and water, and acts insulted when I ask her if she has any beauty fads.

Betty Compson has a tri-rule that is simplicity itself: eat little, exercise much, sleep more. "Exercise, unless it's play, is intolerable to me," Betty told me once. "When I swim, I select a certain buoy and swim to it. I like the surfboard too. Sometimes in the evenings I walk a mile—and bully mother into going with me and dare her to beat me on the last stretch home. I eat what agrees with me, keep my system in order by rigidly refusing the delicacies I like, but know make tummy-aches. And I never go to parties or the theater except on Saturday evening. I believe," she continued with her charming frankness, "in cosmestics. Good cold cream, powder, and rouge protect the skin against the ravages of sun and wind, but they must be applied deftly, under a glare of unshaded lights or sunlight. A face that looks lovely under rose-colored shades often appears ghastly on the street."

Marcia Manon and Pauline Frederick are ardent horsewomen—Marcia passes my house, trimly mounted, every morning at seven when I'm reaching out for my paper. Billie Dove is wild about golf. Marguerite de la Motte and Madge Bellamy, both rather slim and fragile, do not need much exercise except their toe dancing, which both practice when they have time. Marguerite does not care for outdoor sports at all. Madge is fond of tennis and, when in the East, ice skating. She is careful of her food, eats no sweets whatever. I saw her fight a stern battle with temptation at a reception recently, when she turned her back on Satan and the tempting chocolate cake.

Dancing is the sole exercise indulged in by many—Constance Talmadge, Jacqueline Logan and Margaret Loomis finding health in terpsichore. Jacqueline swims — when the

spirit moves her—but she told me recently that she hasn't felt the call of the spirit lately.

Viola Dana is one of the few actresses who exercise systematically. Her father was an amateur wrestler and gymnast and trained his three girls in their childhood. Vi goes through a series of exercises every morning. "Scientifically trained, corn-fed, that's me," she chortles. She can do all sorts of amazing flops and tumbles. Once I doubted her, whereupon she mounted the steps to the camera platform and did some hair-raising flip-flops down the steps on her head. She has an apartment on the beach, but she's never in it—when I go down there on a Sunday I always find her playing baseball on the sand with the kids.

Gloria Swanson's only exercise is horseback riding—she is really a splendid horsewoman and often rides with Lila Lee. Gloria is an advocate of massage and uses pungent Oriental oils and unguents in preserving her smooth skin which, minus "war paint," is inclined to be sallow. She said once that she had not used water on her face for years. She has oil body massages three times a week. Gloria also advocates the right mental viewpoint, combined with nine hours of sleep when working. "Happy thoughts, a calm, balanced mental outlook," she said with such seriousness that I could not doubt her, "have much effect on the constitution and consequently on the face. With a habit of cheerfulness, the things you eat don't bother you—a smile helps the digestion, really."

The younger girls are "always doing something" but follow no set system. Patsy Ruth Miller, Mildred Davis, Helen Ferguson and Helen's sister, Catherine, play tennis of a Sunday morning—when they can beg off from church. I played with them once. Never again—entirely too strenuous for me. Outside of tennis, Patsy's most violent exercise is trying out the cushions in the boys' cars parked in front of her house in a waiting row on Sunday afternoons—I've seen as many as four there at a time. She entertains her beaux in installments, samples each one's candy for a half-hour in true flapper style, then cruelly dismisses him for the next. I have never noticed that her appetite—which is hearty—has been hampered by any diet notions. And any old day she indulges in oil massages and stops washing her face in soap and water her mother and I tell her we'll ship her to the bughouse. For a while Pat had a violent affliction of the Nazimova

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One Glimpse of Glory

For a little while big, likable Norman Kerry had high ambitions—and this little story of his disillusionment will tell you why he hasn't them any more.

By Myrtle Gebhart

WHY is it," some one in the crowd remarked one evening, "that Norman Kerry, who has helped so many to fame, has been sort of stranded by the wayside? He helped Dick Barthelmess get his first job. He started Valentino, Ward Crane, Ricardo Cortez and others who have far overshadowed him. Kerry's an awfully good scout," the speaker mused. "I'd like to see him smash ahead. Why doesn't he?"

And when I set out to discover why Kerry doesn't I found a number of interesting things in the personality of this big, tanned, jovial fellow.

First, he despises and detests interviews, publicity, posing for pictures—all the hallmarks of success. Fame would rest ill at ease upon his shoulders. They would never be still long enough for it to get a hold. His nervousness is not that of the æsthete, the intellectual analyst, but an emanation of vitality, the animal magnetism of the man who lives outdoors. He shoots, fishes, plays golf, pilots a plane, drives, shows his dogs and horses at exhibitions—anything, everything, to keep going.

Instead of motoring to the harbor and going to Catalina by boat, the customary way, he takes a plane all the way, making the trip from his Hollywood home to the island in an hour and a half. Even that, he thinks, is time wasted. For, after a day of fishing, he's ready to fly home again and start doing something else. It's the restless energy of a man who can't find a peg upon which to hang himself, scorning the conventional ones.

Lots of fellows might feel a bit of rancor at the unkindness of fate—that he, who has started so many others upon meteoric careers into the starlit heavens, plods along in the same unnoticed rut. But there isn't room in the big, generous heart of Norman Kerry for ill feeling. I expected him to be slightly bitter, but found instead a good-humored tolerance. "I'd be satisfied," he grinned, "if I could get back one-tenth of the money I loaned to future stars.

"He's a very bad boy," he spoke of one of the heroes he started up the ladder to success. "He can't stand fame. I made a bad pick that time. Next time you'll have to do better, Kerry old boy, or they won't give you a job as casting-director when failing beauty and hoary age drive you from the fillums."

He had dashed down to my house in his racer to be interviewed, having attempted, by all the fibs known to mankind, to avoid the affair and having been informed that I intended coming up to his big hillside home and camping on his trim flower beds until he came out. And for half an hour, his vital energy apparently straining at the leash, he sat and answered questions, albeit I had to switch him back from fishing to acting many a time.

"But I had the old bean working when I picked Valentino, didn't I?" he waxed eloquent over the charms of the *Sheik,* whom he found, even in the days of Rudy's poverty, to be a man of outstanding personality. "Masculine appeal—that's one of his strong points. Rudy can act too, but so can I," grinning, "and you don't see the ladies sending me pink-tinted, scented effusions, do you? It was partly his mustache, too. He was acting in a musical comedy on the Coast when we first met. When the show closed he sold stocks and bonds, and then came down to Hollywood and asked me to help him get into the movies. 'What do I need?' he asked, analyzing himself seriously. 'A mustache,' I replied. So he grew one and became famous and then shaved it off. *My* mustache never got *me* any fan letters."

All the girls around the studios like Norman, for he's a sort of big brother, the kind of a fellow who gives you little glass elephants filled with perfume and

bangle-bracelets and makes you go home at eleven o'clock—the kind you never worry yourself into headaches over. You don't think of Norman and moonlight and romance, though he's only about thirty; but you do think of Norman and tennis and going swimming. You send him on errands—he's always so genial and willing—and if you're in a hurry to go some place with a dashing young swain, you don't even bother to thank him.

And this very thing, I think, is a detriment to his becoming extremely popular. The women and girls really have the determining vote at the polls where film heroes are elected; he who cannot stir the sisterhood's pulses is doomed to the smaller rôles.

There are a few men on the screen, I grant you, who stand out on the screen despite a lack of this strange appeal: Barthelmess, Charles Ray, and Bill Hart are good examples. But each of these men stands for something that is an ideal in our ordinary lives; the personality of each is unique. Generally speaking, the man who awakens slumbering fires in the imaginations of the ladies in the audience is the one they elevate to the pedestal.



Norman Kerry shoots, fishes, plays golf, pilots a plane—anything, everything, to keep going.

Norman's entry into pictures six years ago is characteristic of him, a thing of impulse, rather than of conscious effort. He and Art Acord blew into town, broke. Meeting a painter who was going out to a studio to paint some sets or the back fence or something, they went along and a director, spying Norman, offered him a bit. Soon he was playing leads in a lazy, indolent manner that won him a certain mildly pleased following; but this easy acceptance of what comes his way has kept his name just upon the fringe of glory.

A while back some of his friends remonstrated with him for not striving harder to lift himself out of the rut.

"I listened to their arguments," he said, a faint smile of self-scorn upon his lips. "I couldn't see any sense in all this personal ambition stuff—trying to put yourself over big as some kind or other of a lover, all the publicity and excitement of what is called a big success. I was getting a good salary, jogging along peaceably. Plenty of friends, my horses and dogs.

"But I listened to everybody and then said I to myself, 'Kerry, you are but the remnants of a Great Possibility. They say you're too easy-going, that you let the romantic boys take the glory away from you. They say you haven't got it in you.'

"So I kidded myself into one unusual burst of effort. I'd been playing those namby-pamby chaps whose sole duty was to kiss the girl. Then Von Stroheim started 'Merry-Go-Round.' I was cast as *Count Hohenegg,* a definite, individual character. The authentic atmosphere upon which Von insisted was the thing that got me really interested. I don't know much about these art-complexes and things that are written about so much in the interviews, but I do know the real thing when I see it.

"And I saw in those 'Merry-Go-Round' sets at Universal a reincarnated Austria—the Viennese atmosphere, the life of royalty before the war. Everything was perfect to the utmost detail. A vivid story, with gripping dramatic situations, realistic background. It's the kind of thing"—great brown fists doubled in thundering blows against the poor weak arms of my *Louis Quinze* chair with such mighty intensity that I trembled for its safety—"that *gets* you!

"So I plunged in. We worked twenty hours a day for six months on that picture. With Von there was

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Aileen Pringle of the Goldwyn forces could no more remain in obscurity than Nita Naldi or Barbara La Marr could have. Photo by Clarence S. Bull



At the R-C studios they have high hopes for little Marie Astaire, who graduated from extra parts in the "Fighting Blood" stories to a leading rôle in "Lights Out." Photo by Paul Grenbeaux

Among the

Their names are not yet in electric ahead and are looked upon as the

By Helen

THE new faces that each changing season brings forward always typify some new demand in screen personalities. Just now the trend seems to be toward intelligence rather than pulchritude. Not that the array of newcomers on the present horizon is lacking in visual charm—but one is less conscious of good looks than of yore; the main attribute of to-day's incipient sparklers seems to be gray matter. They are building less upon illusion and more upon fundamentals. They have seen too many beauty pedestals crash to depend too much upon mere looks any more.

A couple of years ago, qualifications for film fame were screenable features, personality, the ability to wear clothes well, an obvious charm.

Little flaming gamins, they rode upon scintillant personalities to the heights — such slender threads upon which to have achieved fame! Nine times out of ten, the thin skein broke and the ingénue flopped. Bang, her day was over.

But there is a resourceful, self-reliant element among the present crop of newcomers, most of whom show a tendency to carve their own paths. Doubtless some will make mistakes. Some will fail to meet public favor. But they are interesting because they show more common sense and initiative than did the novitiates of a few years back, before the bubbles of illusion that surrounded the movies had been pricked.



Edith Allen is one of Rex Ingram's discoveries. Photo by W. F. Seeley

Because of the present rush of production, the producers, eager to fill their casts with names already known to the public, have signed up on long-term contracts the fifty or sixty skilled actors and actresses in Hollywood who are known to have advertising value.

Now, realizing that the real celebrities and even the second-cousin celebrities are all tied up to all-star productions—nothing less than six names habituated to the electric lights will do these days—they find themselves

Newcomers

lights but they are rapidly forging promising material for future stars.

Ogden

confronting a dearth of proven free-lance talent. This situation—one purely of circumstance, for which they, individually may take no credit—is giving opportunity to several girls to get a foothold upon the bottom rung of the ladder. Partly, too, this surge of new talent is due to the general public's being surfeited with stereotyped personalities, its demand for new blood, that the old deadwood may be gradually forced out.

I do not mean that the ambitious extra girl will be met at the train with a gold key to the studios—far from it! The supply always will exceed the demand. But from this ever-present supply of new faces the producers are being forced to choose carefully girls of promise to groom for bigger things.

There are many more feminine novices than young men. And yet the demand is greater for leading men and juveniles. I think this preponderance of girls on the roster of new faces has its reason in the variety in feminine personalities. Men are more easily catalogued; if they do not possess the appeal of a Valentino or a Novarro, the unique individuality of a Barthelmess, or the skill in characterization of a Hackathorne, they are slated for the mere filling up of screen gaps; individually they cannot hope for much attention from the public. But girls are of many types, each with its niche in the shadowed drama, ranging from the vigorous, forceful, athletic girls like Constance Wilson to those more delicately molded, the very essence of poetry and exquisite beauty, as exemplified by Mary Astor.

These are newcomers in the sense of recognition, though not of actual inexperience, as all of them have played extra or small bits in feature productions or leads in comedies.

There is a world of opportunity for conjecture, as to what these newcomers will achieve, but the best one can do



Ann McKittrick has come up rapidly from the ranks of small-part people and now has a five-year contract with Fox.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Evelyn Brent has been in pictures for a long time but it is only recently that she has gained real recognition.



Photo by Royal Atelier

Dolores Rousse came—as so many film players have —from the "Follies."



Photo by Nikolas Muray

Jean Arthur is another newcomer of promise who has been signed up by the Fox company. She plays the lead in "Cameo Kirby."

is to select those one thinks most likely to get ahead. and then let the chips of fulfillment fall where they may. The rôle of prophet is always a sorry one. But these I shall mention are the novitiates designated by the producers as "the best bets among the new faces."*

The screen blossoms of to-day seem to have catalogued some firm little opinions and ideas in their practical brains. For, as one of them—Catherine Bennett—summed it up:

"Enid's experience showed me that stars are made to fall, the futility of one personality's attempting to carry a production. She only held her following during the last of those program pictures she made because she was so generally liked. Star-stories are almost invariably poor, the whole production that surrounds the one central personality is flimsy, because, I think," an incipient frown drove the calm from her white brow, "the producer has to pay the star such a big salary and, in order to realize any profit at all on his production, must surround her with cheaper talent.

"That's why," Catherine spoke with a conviction that I did not foresee in the white-and-gold daintiness of her, "I don't want ever to be a star—even though I should some day deserve stardom. My goal is a good rôle in a big all-star production, such as the one Enid is in now.

"But that's a long road ahead," she sighed, calm, blue eyes upon the distant hills. We were sitting on the smooth lawn of the Grand-Asher Comedy Studios, undulating green terraces dipping into white-arbored entrances to the stucco buildings glistening in the sun. "No, being Enid's sister hasn't helped me. We discussed that when I started—as an extra, a court lady in 'Robin Hood.' Fred—Enid's husband, Fred Niblo, you know—would have given me something to do in his pictures, but we realized that nothing of value to me, to my future, could be gained by favoritism. So I played extra at the different studios, then small bits and now have signed as Monty Banks' leading lady."

This younger edition of Enid is planning her career in the most poised, matter-of-fact way. It is not a thing of helter-skelter, hit-or-miss luck. Success won't come soon to her, but if it comes, I doubt that it will be a flashing, meteoric thing.

This same calm attitude is characteristic of almost all of to day's newcomers. Evelyn Brent, who signed up some time ago to play in Douglas Fairbanks' "Arabian Nights" fantasy, secured an abrogation of her contract.

"I had hung around the studio for six months and not a camera turned. That's death to an actress—to be off the screen that long," she said firmly. "So now I'm playing a leading rôle in a Metro picture. While I may not have as outstanding rôles as in the Fairbanks film, I shall have an opportunity to register sooner and to keep before the public."



After a few small parts with Tom Mix and in Goldwyn pictures, Alma Bennett was selected by Famous Players for bigger opportunities.

Photo by Clarence S. Bull

Little Mary Astor, who recently signed a Famous Players-Lasky contract, also has decided ideas anent one's attack upon the studio portals, but I believe they are to be reported elsewhere in this issue.

Dorothy Manners, now leading lady for Fox and Universal, has had a hard apprenticeship throughout three years of discouragement. Her mother sewed in one of the studio wardrobe rooms to help out; between engagements as extra, Dorothy worked as a cutter; they even rented rooms. And with all their make-

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*It will be interesting for those who follow closely the newcomers on the screen to compare the list of names in this article with the list of players of promise which Edwin Schallert gives in the "Hollywood High Lights" in this issue.



Photo by Abbe

This glimpse of one of the early scenes in "The White Sister," Lillian Gish's first picture for the Inspiration company, holds rare promise of beauty, for it seems to have caught in its very backgrounds her ephemeral charm.





Photos by Abbe

Only in Italy could be found such exquisite and time-worn walls as those which provide settings for some of the scenes in "The White Sister." Of all her portraits, the one above is Lillian Gish's favorite. In this famous old Italian garden which has been visited by scores of Americans traveling abroad, "The White Sister" meditates upon the spiritual life and seeks to crowd out of her consciousness the tragedy that sent her to seek the solace of the convent.



Photos by Abbe



Ever since the first announcement almost a year ago that Lillian Gish was going to play this widely known heroine of F. Marion Crawford's there has been keen interest in this production. For such quiet power and spiritual beauty as hers suits the character of the little romantic girl who enters a convent when her sweetheart disappears. In the scene shown above, the three nuns are played by three old and famous character actresses of the Italian stage.



Constance Tries It Too



Photos by Evans

When her sister Norma, and her dear friends Alma Rubens and Marion Davies, were getting all gorgeously dressed up making costume pictures, you couldn't expect Constance Talmadge to go on making simple modern affairs. So she started making "The Dangerous Maid," a story of the seventeenth century.

Norma's Contribution





Photos by Shirley Vance Martin

There are many big film spectacles to be shown in the fall, but there is none more promising than "Ashes of Vengeance," in which Norma Talmadge stars. It is a tale of France of the sixteenth century—a romantic tale of intrigue and ambition. There are many other important players in the cast. At the left, Conway Tearle is shown in a scene with the star.





Pola Re
Her Spec

In "The Spanish Dancer," Pola Negri returns to the sort of rôle that first made her famous in America. She plays a peasant girl who attracts the favor of the king. Above is a scene showing the star, and at the left Antonio Moreno and Gareth Hughes, who appear in her support.



turns to ialty



The period is that of the Velasquez paintings, so there are many picturesque scenes of billowing gowns and elaborate headdresses like the one above.







Zaza Again



Gloria steps into the rôle of the lively French provincial music-hall singer which Pauline Frederick created on the screen with unusual verve and abandon, and this picture promises to be one of the important film events of the coming season.

F. Scott Fitzgerald on "Minnie McGluke"

The "spokesman for the younger generation," who is having quite a bit to do in connection with the movies these days, expresses himself freely and fearlessly on the making of them.

By B. F. Wilson

WE were sitting in the cool of the enclosed porch. The most-talked-of-for-his-age author reclined at full length on a chaise-longue (we were so glad to see the latter, for the moment we espied it we knew we had the proper setting for our interview), while his fair young bride occupied a swinging divan with us. Something tinkled in tall glasses. A nurse introduced the two-year-old heiress of the Fitzgerald fortunes, and we immediately forgot the purpose of our visit in the enjoyment of infant beauty.

After a few moments of serious discussion on the phenomenal traits possessed by Miss Patricia Fitzgerald (answering, however, in the family circle to the more characteristic name of "Scotty"), we suggested the possibilities of this future beauty-contest winner taking up screen work as a career.

"Why not?" inquired the young father. "If she grows up to be a beauty, if she has any talent for motion-picture work, I shall certainly encourage her to take it up. I would never—if I could possibly avoid it—encourage her to go on the stage. I think the theatrical world a terrible place for a girl, but I think the life of the average intelligent movie star about as satisfactory as any. Certainly, to my mind, Mary Pickford leads an existence envied, and quite rightly, too, by most women in the world. And besides, I think she is one of the very few great women we have. She has accomplished an enormous amount of work. She will, in all probability, remain a part of the history of this generation long after the names and deeds of most of the famous men will be forgotten."



Photo by Apeda



The author of "This Side of Paradise." Below, his youthful daughter, Miss Patricia Fitzgerald.

We asked him if he shared the opinion of the sophisticated few about the movies.

"I quite frankly admit that I think they are usually terrible, but they're certainly here. Bernard Shaw once said that a cabinet minister who refused to 'recognize' a labor union always reminded him of a gondola refusing to recognize an ocean liner. As a writer, I feel that the movies are a tremendously important question."

He smiled a gay, young smile, which had something contagious about it.

"The movies remind me of the Triangle Club at Princeton. I used to belong to it, and we always started out firm in our decision to create new and startling things. We always ended up by producing the same old show. In the beginning, our enthusiasm and ideals discarded as rubbish all the old fossilized plots. We had everything in our favor to work with—our intentions to carry out new and brilliant plays were remarkable for their sincerity—and yet, every time the curtain went up there was the same old performance, differing by less than a hair from last year's show.

"Up till now, the movies have accomplished two wonderful things. The first is comedy—of course Charlie Chaplin is the most important product of the screen. His pictures are sophisticated and hilarious and have provided enough joy and laughter to make him immortal. Next, I think the picture of sheer action is far ahead of the serious picture. 'The Covered Wagon' and 'Tol'able David' were fine pictures. They stuck closely to the original stories, they were simple, moving dramas of American life, and they have revealed a strange fact to hard-boiled motion-picture producers—that is, that a picture dealing with sex is so handicapped by the censorship that courage or revenge, which can be dealt with honestly, are now better movie themes than poor old 'ten-foot-kiss' love.

F. Scott Fitzgerald on "Minnie McGluke"



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Mrs. F. Scott Fitzgerald confesses that "she's crazy about the movies."

"It is amazing to me to see the stupidity and sheer ignorance of the average film producer. He has created for himself a mythical creature—half child, half woman, whose intelligence is just above that of an infant. This 'Minnie McGluke' stands for the audience to them who must be pleased and treated by and to pictures which only Minnie McGluke will care for. A producer shuns a story smacking of sincerity as he would the plague. He visualizes anything that makes the slightest departure from the usual hokum story, as being highbrow. 'Minnie' wouldn't understand such a picture—therefore it is not to be considered.

"As a matter of fact, 'Minnie McGluke' is really a very small part of the movie audience. And even she enjoys just as much as any one else a meritorious picture when she is given an opportunity to see one. How do you suppose pictures like 'The Covered Wagon' and 'Tol'able David' could make a million dollars for their creators if this were not true? How do you suppose 'Robin Hood' could succeed? Most of the men in power in filmdom have tentatively tried to meet the universal demand for 'Better Pictures' in the stupidest possible way. They spend a fortune on making a picture, the story of which has been written by some famous author. Usually the characters are 'society people'—the tremendous waste in trying to give convincing results by gorgeous gowns, exotic settings, et cetera, is almost laughable. They immediately get into the realm of pure fantasy. There is nothing intelligent about such productions—they are a silly exhibition of misplaced energy.

"And then when, quite naturally, not only 'Minnie' but every one else views the super-special with a decided lack of enthusiasm, the producer decides that the public doesn't want anything highbrow—so back to the good old hokum—and that's what makes the rotten state of the movies prevail to-day."

"What do *you* think of that?" we demanded of the blond and beautiful better half of Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald, who had been sitting quietly listening to her husband's tirade.

It is beyond us to reproduce the soft, delightful Southern drawl. We wish we could—for it is rarely heard in these tinny parts.

"Why, of course, I agree with everything he says," she smiled, "but, just the same, I go to the movies all the time. I am crazy about them, and although I do think most of the stories are simply terrible—I keep on going, and when I find a good one, I certainly do enjoy it."

"I am quite sure that the greatest fault lies in the fact that the writers of movie scenarios run to such extremes," continued Mr. Fitzgerald. "Why do they permit such terrible people to do the most important work? You remember the 'Eminent Authors' business developed at so much expense by Goldwyn. You know what a fiasco it has turned out to be, because of the condescending attitude of the author. Most of the producers and most of the directors have since jumped to the conclusion that well-known writers are the last people in the world fit to write stories for screening purposes. Do you know why? Many of the men with one or two exceptions, who were commissioned by Goldwyn to write scenarios had to take up the work at a rather late period in life. Some of them were pretty nearly old men, they had written straight narrative for many years, and now quite suddenly, they were to be able to create equally successfully in an entirely new field. There are a good many different angles which have to be taken into consideration in writing continuity. The absence of words makes it necessary to be able to render powerful dramatic impressions by visualizing. This is extremely specialized habit of thought, and I believe, requires writing totally different from any other form in the world.

"If the producers, instead of turning back for relief to the most uninspired sort of hack writers, who with a few possible exceptions, have formerly limited their

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zation. The two temperamental ladies are uncertainties. Where would he stand, if he were making pictures to-day, asks Valentino?

From the standpoint of the fan, Famous Players has done a good thing to eliminate the nearlies. But, if you had a contract with the company, this cutting off of crowned heads would make you decidedly nervous.

Meanwhile, Valentino has sailed for Italy on a vacation. I saw both Mr. and Mrs. Valentino just before they left and evidently neither of them has been pining away in the year that has elapsed since Valentino left the Lasky studio flat. He is better looking than ever and I hastened to tell him that he looked fine.

"You mean, I look better than I did when I was a bigamist?" he asked.

Which reminded me that the last time I saw him he had been puzzling over the eccentricities of the California divorce laws.

His remark proved to me that he has changed a bit since his marriage to Natacha Rambova. Constant companionship with a witty, intelligent and high-spirited woman has taught him to laugh over his troubles. And if he hadn't learned this lesson, his troubles would have swamped him. Mrs. Valentino has backed him up in his fight. She has also been practical and resourceful in his hour of need.

When Valentino has been dead three thousand years and his tomb is excavated in the ruins of ancient New York, I know that he will tear off the mummy cloth and tell the archæologists that "The Sheik" was a terrible picture, that he will never return to the Lasky studio, that he would rather make no pictures at all than make bad ones. He is one of those persons who stick by their stories.

Sometimes you cannot blame him for wanting to be emphatic about stating his side of the case. He has been the victim of a great many conflicting stories. Upon his first burst into stardom, he was heralded as the "great lover" and made the central figure in the world's most foolish interviews. Then when he became the wandering boy of Hollywood, he was held up to the public as a bad example of temperament. After that came the dancing tour, which threw him at the mercy of any small-town newspaper that wanted to find a story "about those movie actors."

"But the dancing tour was not so bad," he told me, "I lived so long in a private car and spent so much time in railroad yards that I learned to switch engines.

"The tour was arranged so that we spent the cold weather up North and the warm weather down South. In one city down South the manager arranged for my appearance in a negro dance hall. I did not know it until I reached the city and found both the negroes and the Ku Klux Klan were looking for me.

"In some way or other the story got out that the winner of the beauty contest, arranged by the company that was conducting my tour, would be my leading woman."

"Leading woman in what?" asked Mrs. Valentino.

"Exactly," said Valentino. "What need have I at present for a leading woman? And when I do make a picture I shall choose my leading woman for her ability to act and not because she was a winner in a beauty contest.

"But the tour accomplished two things. It enabled me to pay the debts which I had contracted when I thought I should be receiving a regular salary."

"Rodolph was out of work eight months before he made 'The Sheik,'" commented Mrs. Valentino, "and his expenses had increased because he was obliged to maintain almost the position of a star. And then, when he signed his contract, his responsibilities doubled again."

"That is true," agreed her husband, "a star has heavy financial demands. I wish the public knew more about the stars and the business conditions that surround them. So much fiction and so much nonsense has been written about them that it is hard for the public to get a true perspective on them. I wish the men—the business men—in the country would take an intelligent interest in the movies. No one knows what it means to a star to receive a sensible letter from a fan. Every star likes intelligent criticism and sane encouragement."

Valentino's trip undoubtedly strengthened his position with a large proportion of the fans. True, those who previously had a strong dislike for him—and there seems to be no middle ground for a fan on this question—found their dislike fanned to a flame during the excitement incident to his stay in their town. But those who boasted having a Valentino crush—ah, what his living presence did to them has been recorded by some of the members of this feminine army in other columns of PICTURE-PLAY in more effective words than any at my command.

"There is another thing the dancing tour accomplished," Valentino went on. "Through the radio I was able to speak to the fans and explain to them the position of the star. I was not speaking only for myself, for I honestly believe that the trend of the day is all in favor of the independent artist. The only stars to-day, with few exceptions, who have remained in undiminished popularity are those who are in control of their own artistic destinies. As for the big companies, they create stars to suit themselves and then drop the unfortunates when they fail to please the public."

Somehow or other, we got talking about the "second Valentinos." The "second Valentinos" are the joy and delight of Rodolph's life.

"What is a Valentino?" he asked. "*I* have never been able to answer this. In 'The Four Horsemen' I played the rôle of *Julio;* in 'Camille' I was *Armand.* In 'The Sheik' or those other pictures, I didn't know who I was. In 'Blood and Sand,' I played *Gallardo.* But what is the rôle of Valentino? Perhaps a Valentino is simply Jesse Lasky's nightmare."

The title of Valentino's first picture should be "Stolen Personality." He has been flattered by excessive imitation but he ought to be encouraged by the fact that no player, outfitted to assume the personality of another star, has yet gotten away with it in the eyes of the public.

Whether you like Valentino or not, you'll have to admit that no actor, since the early days of Douglas Fairbanks, has ever so captivated the interest of the public. I happen to like him and so I admire his work and respect his opinions. When all is said and done, this one cold fact remains: if he had allowed himself to be exploited as "the great lover" he would have been drawing his salary to-day. Perhaps he is mercenary, too, but I never heard him in any of his conversations—and he has a way of covering the ground pretty thoroughly when he talks—speak of money as the basis of his kick, although it was made an issue in court.

He told me that he was going to visit Italy for the first time in ten years. A returning hero? A boy who has made good coming back in triumph?

"Oh, no," he answered. "In a small town in Italy they don't know much about such things. I am going to visit my sister and brother. They are very curious about Natacha. I think they want to see her more than they want to see me.

"I am coming back on October thirteenth." It is characteristic of Valentino to be punctilious about dates. "And then we shall see what we shall see," he concluded, with a mysterious smile.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

NOTE: Only distinctive pictures appear in this list. It does not aim to be a comprehensive survey of all pictures now showing throughout the country, but merely a selection of the most significant ones. Pictures reviewed elsewhere in the same issue are not mentioned, but aside from those, the list comprises those generally considered the most important of the current film offerings.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"The White Rose"—United Artists. The triumphal return of Mae Marsh under the direction of D. W. Griffith. Not one of his great pictures, but on the whole an appealing one. The background is the beautiful Bayou Teche country of Louisiana.

"The Girl I Loved"—Allied Artists. An old-fashioned rural love story with Charles Ray in a hick rôle as of old. A poignant film tale based on the Riley poem and designed to be enjoyed by those who love the Riley poems.

"Trailing African Wild Animals with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson"—Metro. Introducing you into the less polite circles of the jungle.

"Souls For Sale"—Goldwyn. An adventurous, melodramatic tale of the motion-picture studios designed by Rupert Hughes and executed by thirty-five stars.

"Safety Last"—Pathé. Harold Lloyd in his greatest—and, he says, his last—thrill picture. Don't miss it. Check your nerves and go.

"The Covered Wagon"—Paramount. The first great American screen epic dealing with a journey across the prairies with a band of pioneers.

"The Pilgrim"—First National. Charlie Chaplin goes into the ministry and contributes some priceless pantomime.

"Driven"—Universal. A sincere and realistic story of Southern moonshiners, squalor, and a mother's sacrifice.

"Down to the Sea in Ships"—Hodkinson. The picture that was saved by a whale, who towed part of the cast out to sea and tried to drown them. Otherwise a mawkish, sentimental, love story.

THE BEST OF THEIR KIND.

"Main Street"—Warner Brothers. A satisfying celluloid version of the popular novel, not nearly so dull as the book, and containing as little hick hokum as a conventional movie can. It is shrewd and human and contains a really great characterization by Florence Vidor.

"The Shriek of Araby"—Allied Artists. Ben Turpin in a riotously funny burlesque of the Valentino triumph. Lavishly produced.

"The Spoilers"—Goldwyn. A lively convention of the hardest-hitting bad men on the screen in Alaskan surroundings that do not look like a Los Angeles suburb. Anna Q. Nilsson plays a bewitching villainess and makes her stand out in spite of an army of real stars in the cast.

"Only Thirty-eight"—Paramount. A pretty middle-aged love story done in a refined manner. William de Mille running to stagy scenery, but the acting of Lois Wilson makes up for that lapse.

"The Mark of the Beast"—Hodkinson. An interesting and engrossing picture made by Thomas Dixon, and dealing with psychcanalysis.

"Penrod and Sam"—First National. Booth Tarkington's kid stories evolved pretty satisfactorily into screen form and played by a crowd of children who don't often act unnatural. A rich fund of humor.

"Within the Law"—First National. An underworld melodrama boasting the presence of Norma Talmadge, Lew Cody, and Eileen Percy.

"The Girl of the Golden West"—First National. The old faithful plot about the prairie flower who tries to hide her lover from his pursuers. Sylvia Breamer and J. Warren Kerrigan bear up under the rigors of the story.

"The Shock"—Universal. Lon Chaney in one of those complicated characterizations. A faith that would not die and assorted crime go into the making of the plot.

"The Bright Shawl"—First National. Richard Barthelmess as a romantic youth of the last century who goes down to Cuba and butts into a revolution. More beautiful than thrilling. Dorothy Gish plays a Spanish dancer better than you would think she could.

"Enemies of Women"—Cosmopolitan. Sinning and saving souls in the midst of luxury. Lionel Barrymore and Alma Rubens are the principal sinners, and the other attractive features of this lavish production are the casino at Monte Carlo, some wonderful European gardens and a Russian palace.

"The Isle of Lost Ships"—First National. A gloomy and thrilling Tourneur seascape, presenting Anna Q. Nilsson and Milton Sills at their best.

"The Abysmal Brute"—Universal. A high-spirited tale that is not nearly so rough as it sounds. Reginald Denny, the Apollo of the film prize ring, is in it.

"Prodigal Daughters"—Paramount. Gloria Swanson, as one of those wild young people whom the old folks don't understand.

"Where the Pavement Ends"—Metro. A sensuous and slow-moving story of a missionary's daughter and a young native in the South Seas. Rex Ingram has endowed it with much beauty and a minimum of movie thrills.

WORTH THE PRICE OF ADMISSION.

"The Snow Bride"—Paramount. Alice Brady in the frozen North with an old, old plot. There is a blinding snowstorm and some jingle-bell scenery that makes it ideal for a hot day. And Miss Brady is a clever, magnetic performer.

"Garrison's Finish"—Allied Artists. Another one of the oldest plots in the world—the race track—one this time where the doped jockey comes back and wins the race and a beautiful girl. Jack Pickford needs a better plot than this one.

"The Exciters"—Paramount. Another of those jazz-age tales through which Bebe Daniels flaps bewitchingly and breathlessly. The heroine has such a good time it is like a flapper's dream of Paradise.

"The Ragged Edge"—Goldwyn. Hardly worth mentioning if it hadn't been for Alfred Lunt, the recruit from the stage who promises in time to become one of our interesting screen actors. A heavily advertised beauty also appears, who neither acts nor looks beautiful.

"The Law of the Lawless"—Paramount. All about gypsies tra-la, tra-la, with Dorothy Dalton and Charles de Roche looking simply enchanting.

"The Heart Raiders"—Paramount. Agnes Ayres goes back to light comedy and proves that she never should have left it. Very pretty and mildly exciting.

"Children of Dust"—First National. A strong cast in a weak story. Lots of scenes with the kiddies and a great deal about juvenile love stories.

"The Man Next Door"—Vitagraph. The big, strong West tries to break into society, and though Alice Calhoun and James Morrison do their best by this picture they can't seem to make it either very real or very interesting.

"Vanity Fair"—Goldwyn. A series of beautiful animated illustrations of Thackeray's famous novel.

"Cordelia the Magnificent"—Metro. Clara Kimball Young all tangled up in society, lavish gowns, and a busy plot.

"The Rustle of Silk"—Paramount. A dramatic marshmallow which Betty Compson's sincerity saves from becoming saccharine. Includes some charming Watteau scenes.

"Masters of Men"—Vitagraph. One of Morgan Robertson's sea tales brought to the screen with Cullen Landis in a leading rôle. His winning ways distract attention from any faults in the picture.

FAIR WARNING.

"Slander the Woman"—First National. Allen Holubar's contribution to the contest for the worst picture of the season. He seems to have no shame because he let his wife act in this awful thing.

"Daughters of the Rich"—Preferred. Gasnier shakes a warning finger at a society that never existed outside of the films. If this picture were only a little bit worse it would make excellent burlesque.



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1 Butter Plate, 6 inches
1 Vegetable Dish, 10½ inches, with lid (2 pieces)
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Among the Newcomers

Continued from page 74

shifts, there were times when the family larder was almost empty.

For three years, Dorothy worked as extra at Lasky's, in many Swanson and Daniels films. Believing that her loyalty and perseverance would be rewarded, she did not seek chances in other studios. But finally, finding herself in a rut out of which she seemed, through the press of forces she couldn't understand, unable to lift herself, she turned her eyes to the Fairbanks lot. Given a bit in "Robin Hood," she has since proved herself capable of the bigger rôles that are rewarding her struggle.

But the majority of the new faces of to-day have but lately put themselves into the light of public appraisal. Vera Reynolds had had but a short novitiate in Christie comedies when, given a rôle in Gloria Swanson's "Prodigal Daughters," this little flapper with the overwhelming ambition startled everybody by making that rôle stand out surprisingly.

She is a bewildering personality—at one instant a demitasse emotional actress with a hint of depth, the next a mischievous child. She has unquestionably the thing Elinor Glyn defines as "it," the quality that reaches out in an intangible cord to lure one's interest.

Constance Wilson, another newcomer of promise, pestered sister Lois until she was permitted to play a small rôle in "The Covered Wagon." Viewing the rushes of "The Wagon," Jesse Lasky believed that he saw promise in her work and, after tests, made her Walter Hiers' leading lady in "Fair Week." They tell me at the studio that she has fulfilled their faith in her creditably.

Of a different type is Carmelita Geraghty. Carmelita is enchanting, no two ways about it—limpid dark eyes, lissome grace, a genius for costuming which sets off her vivid brunet beauty to advantage. But Carmelita has a brain. Deciding upon a screen career, she determined to learn what she was tackling from the ground up, though her father's position as supervising director of Lasky's would have paved the way for her had she said the word. Working as a script girl for Marshall Neilan and John Robertson and later commencing screen acting via the extra route, she has reached the point of a rôle in Mary Pickford's Spanish picture and seems slated for a very bright future.

Among the others of potential promise are Alma Bennett, who has attained slight prominence in films with Tom Mix, William Farnum and William Russell, and who was recently signed by Paramount; Helen Lynch, a nineteen-year-old girl who, following her screen début in Neilan's "Fools First," is slowly working her way to the front; and Elinor Fair, whose characterization of the mountain girl in "Driven" was one of the outstanding things of the spring film season and who is now playing in "The Eagle's Feather" for Metro.

Aileen Pringle, Goldwyn's newest vamp and the daughter-in-law of the Governor of Jamaica, will achieve the flaming heights more quickly, I think, than most of these others, for hers is a screen personality similar to Barbara La Marr's. She has an appeal which immediately impresses one. Julanne Johnston, who has replaced Evelyn Brent as Doug's leading lady for "The Thief of Bagdad," like Miss Pringle and Carmelita, has that intangible quality of personality which instinctively draws eyes in a crowd. Trained as a dancer by Ruth St. Denis, she has the terpsichorean's grace, the flair for making of each movement a thing of subtle beauty.

Out at the R-C studios they have high hopes for a little mite named Marie Astaire, who is of the Marie Prevost type. She came from Chicago just about a year ago and played extra parts in some of the "Fighting Blood" stories. She proved to have such magnetism on the screen that she has been given one of the leading rôles in "Lights Out."

The Fox company's scout has been busy in New York, where three girls of unusual promise have been given long-term contracts. They were tried out in productions in the East and then sent West to join the regular Fox ranks. One of them, Dolores Rousse, comes from the "Follies." Another, Ann McKittrick, went from Iowa to New York to break into the movies but for a time found opportunities for posing for photographers so much easier to get that she drifted into that work for a while. Her first sizable part is in "Six-Cylinder Love."

Jean Arthur is another newcomer on the Fox lot who shows great promise. Her ability as a dancer helped her to success, but it is in the quaint, old-fashioned settings of "Cameo Kirby" that she has done her most striking work so far.

Ethel Shannon, about as big as a minute, has been signed as a leading lady by Preferred Pictures, after, so they tell me, but three days' extra work.

Edith Allen, whom Alice Terry singled out in a restaurant one evening as a screen possibility, has a lot of good, hard common sense. In addition to playing a leading rôle in "Scaramouche"—which opportunity might turn the head of any young girl—she insists upon working in the extra mobs and is playing, incognito as it were, four or five different small parts in the picture for the experience that she realizes she needs.

All in all, it looks as though these newcomers had their futures pretty firmly in prospect, for they have the three essentials: opportunity, photographic features and intelligence.

Note: For the benefit of the fans who wish to write at once to any of the players mentioned in this article, their studio addresses—as well as those mentioned by Mr. Schallert in the "Hollywood High Lights"—will be found among the list of players whose addresses are given this month at the end of The Oracle.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 51

from London? And is she ever going to make any more pictures?"

Fanny's lip curled scornfully.

"She is back, you poor old-timer, and she has been making pictures. She made two in England—though that is nothing for any one to get excited over.

"But speaking of England, did you meet Netta Westcott? Of course, you wouldn't and I don't suppose you'll ever realize what you missed until you see her in 'Maytime.' She is supposed to have the most perfect profile in England.

"Incidentally, Clara Bow is going to be in 'Maytime' too. She just finished a picture with Glenn Hunter and signed a five-year contract with Preferred. And you'll be glad to know Winifred Allen is coming back to pictures. She is playing in 'Second Youth.' Remember her in the old Louise Huff pictures? That reminds me—they're working in McCreery's store after closing hours and they say it is awfully interesting. Wouldn't it be a great idea to go in with the extras and buy a bolt of silk from Alfred Lunt with stage money and then refuse to return it! I must get a stunning new dress somehow to wear when I see Mae Marsh off to California. Hurry, darling, and remind me to tell you about the wonderfully becoming way Dagmar Godowsky is doing her hair. You'd look much better if you would do something drastic to yours."

Who is to blame?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman"? Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks" and the world's highest authority on love, says it is generally the wife's fault—and proves it! She explains how such things can easily be prevented—how all men and women can hold forever the love they cherish.



IF you know all there is to know about the perplexities of love and the pitfalls of marriage—if you know everything about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affeetion—don't read this artiele. BUT—if you are in doubt—if you would like to know why so many married people are diseontented—if you don't know how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—*read every word below!* You will be glad you DID!

Ask Yourself These Questions Frankly

Will you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you ean get? Why do some men grow inereasingly indifferent even though their wives strive tirelessly to please them? Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate seleet your Mate? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard eonvention? Do you know how to eurb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attraet men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you teil when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you *must not do* unless you want to be a "wall-flower" or an "old maid"? Will you be able to hold the love of the one you eherish—or will your marriage end in divoree? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often beeome indifferent husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

If you have solved all of these problems, you are one in ten thousand! But if you are in doubt—if you want to get the most out of love—if you want to know all about the pitfalls of marriage—then send quickly for "The Philosophy of Love."

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Too Good for You

Continued from page 17

rate acting. Yet she got away with it this time, and she probably will again.

Theodore Kosloff and Raymond Hatton are said to be two of the most cut-against actors in all filmland. Too often, their characterizations shadow the work of the stars they support. And every pretty girl who gains prominence on the screen has stories to tell of the years she was held back because stars cut out her scenes.

In the filming of a recent picture starring one of our most famous and most exotic feminine meteors, a ballet of dancing girls was introduced to further the action, and to enhance the pictorial beauty of the story being spooled. Some weeks were consumed in planning the costumes, rehearsing the dances, and finally, in actually photographing, yet for some mysterious reason, the ballet never made a screen appearance. Those who were privileged to see it in the making claim that it was superb. It is fair to hazard the guess that it was one of those things that are *too* good for you. The star, be it added, had no place in the ballet scene.

Many leading men declare that they will not contract to play in support of stars, claiming that good acting is too often scrapped in favor of an additional closeup for the headline attraction. (This is not true of leading women acting opposite male stars, in so far as I have been able to find out, because of the few male stars now extant, as compared with the army of feminine stellar lights.) As a result, these leading men stick to those pictures playing "all star" or special casts, in which every one is equally featured, and in which, consequently, every one shines individually, if he or she can.

The other day I heard a casting-director discuss the possible actors for the leading male rôle opposite one of the screen's most beautiful stars. House Peters was suggested. The casting director shook his head.

"No," he said decisively. "No, he'd never do. Not with her! He's too good!"

Too good for you, opposite a star who has become a star through sheer beauty, unaccompanied by any histrionic accomplishments. If it were not a star picture, Peters would have been a happy choice. But because it is a star picture, you will see it played with a less able lead supporting the luminary lady—a lead who may be calculated not to outshine her limited talents. Nor is hers an isolated case. There are over a dozen stars, male and female, boasting youth and looks, who still offer no marked natural ability along dramatic lines.

There are exceptions to this rule of cutting, just as there are to every rule that was ever set down. Two of the most noteworthy exceptions are Charles Chaplin and Will Rogers. How many other stars would have given Jackie Coogan all those scenes in "The Kid?" Professional folk will tell you that was a previously unknown height of generosity. After seeing the thing in the light of the "system" you will appreciate the truth of such a statement.

Upon entering the land of sunshine and Cooper Hewitts from the calciumed "Follies," Rogers insisted that he be surrounded only by capable actors.

"I ain't much of a hand at emotin'," he explains drolly, "and so I want real good actors in all my pitchers. I'm not much to look at and they oughta see somethin'!"

This is an unusual point of view for a star to have, but Will Rogers is an unusual sort of man. You have only to glance back at his supporting casts to find how conscientiously his wishes were adhered to.

There are, possibly, other stars who would give vent to similar opinions were they not hampered to a great extent by managerial objections. Business must always precede everything else. The box office reigns supreme.

So don't blame the star for the good things you miss—blame the system.

Keeping Nature's Gifts

Continued from page 70

craze and copied the exotic Russian in everything—but the first few applications of oils to her face in lieu of aqua pura were not entirely pleasant and she soon gave up that idea.

Mildred loves to go to baseball games but goes in for no sport herself except tennis. Helen feels ambitious and takes a long hike about once every two months—and aches for a week. All of these girls drive their cars but none of them "do exercises" or follow any specific régime; they just keep their amazing vitality by chasing around "doing things" as young girls do everywhere.

Diet plays a strong part in the régime of most of the older stars, but few of the younger girls allow their appetites to be hampered, except that they don't eat as much sweet stuff as they would like. Helen Ferguson is now eschewing breakfast, but judging by the way she eats macaroons whenever I'm over there at tea time, I'm afraid the results won't be very satisfactory.

Lila Lee lost eighteen pounds in three weeks by living on orange juice. At that time she had massage treatments, kneading away surplus flesh, but found that the strenuous methods left sagging flesh and hollows that had to be filled up with rounded contours. Ordinarily Lila diets on grapefruit and toast for breakfast, salad for lunch and a wholesome dinner minus sweets. She plays tennis and rides.

May McAvoy is a perfect fiend for punctuality at meal time—she would rather miss her lunch altogether than to postpone it—and advocates showers rather than tub baths. May also is the champion water-drinker of my acquaintance and a day without at least fifteen big glasses seems utterly wasted to her. Bebe Daniels' hobby is good digestion which, in her case, results from carefully chosen food and attention to the teeth. She drinks a cup of hot water every morning, eats meat about four times a week, lots of vegetables and fresh fruit, and eschews such edibles as lobster late at night.

Colleen Moore's diet depends upon whether she is putting on flesh for a picture or taking it off. She lived practically on lemon-juice for two weeks, losing ten pounds at the start of "Look Your Best." For the last scenes she had to regain her avoirdupois, so she went to bed for a week, drank milk—two or three quarts a day—and ate cakes and everything.

They tried scientific exercise on Jackie Coogan but it didn't work, for he prefers to play marbles and ball with the kids who hang around the studio. He is a little dynamo of energy and gets a normal boy's exercise from his scooter and sand pile in the afternoons.

Most of the men-stars are athletes. Cullen Landis plays on the Long Beach ball team, Jack Holt is burned a berry-brown from his days on horseback in the sun—he always rides to and from the studio, and plays polo whenever he has the time. Both T. Roy Barnes and Richard Dix have captured cups in golf matches and Dick pilots an airplane. Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson and Buck Jones do a lot of Wild West riding even when there's no camera around. Harry Carey, too, though Harry has gone to sea lately and spends his spare time sailing his yacht. John Bowers is also a yachtsman.

So you see, in this question of do they or don't they exercise it's—sometimes. Some do, some don't.

But most all the girls diet.

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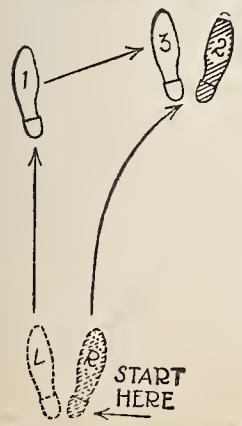
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Dale the Dependable

Continued from page 55

try to sheathe her ignorance of it with vague comments.

Sometimes I think it's easier to write about those you know only casually than those who are the closest to you, for one loses perspective. One hardly knows, from the mass of incidents that fill the past, which to select as illustrative of the person under the microscope. But, in a general way, the qualities about Dale Fuller that have won my admiration are her absolute thoroughness, her sincerity and frankness, and her hatred of pretense. A bit didactic in her opinions, varying often from the public trend, she seldom changes them; she is for or against a thing and no fear of public ridicule causes her to veer from her beliefs.

A while back, after the flop of "Foolish Wives," a number of those who had strongly tooted for Von Stroheim welched, squirmed under cover, some even changing to the other side of criticism. Not so Dale.

"He is the master director," she has stuck to her guns under fire. "Beside the artistic sense, he has the detail mind. He will spend hours seeing that the insignia on a soldier's coat is just so. A waste of time, perhaps? There is no such thing as time, when one wants to attain artistic perfection. Better ten years to do a thing well than a hodgepodge of weeks. Mr. Von's pictures are technically correct in every detail.

"Beside this attention to detail, Mr. Von has that magnetizing gift for going right to your soul, bringing things out of you. With other directors I always have a sense of pretense; I am a puppet who goes through certain grimaces and motions to earn my salary. Few people realize that good direction demands a feeling of power over, at least understanding of, the actors; Mr. Von has that sensitized thing difficult to put into words and the lack of which makes so many poor directors, the thing that brings out your bottled-up repression.

"There is no spectacular background in 'McTeague.' It is a grim, gruesome story, laid in San Francisco's junk alleys and tenement sections. I am glad that the settings are so somber—a spectacular background is for people who can't act. It cannot but dwarf any real acting that is done—it is impossible to make your work rise above gilt stairways and marble buildings."

That Dale will give to the rôle of the vivid *Maria Macapia* the same intensity that characterized her maid portrayal in "Foolish Wives" is assured by her earnestness, her feeling of having found herself again under Mr. Von's tutelage after wallowing aimlessly in the mirage of others' less skilled direction.

Dale's reward has been justly earned by a hard apprenticeship in thankless rôles. After a girlhood in stock and repertoire where the business of acting was ground into her, she played for four years her caricatures in Mack Sennett comedies.

"I want to be an actress," she continued, somber brown eyes flashing with new sparkle. "Not the word as interpreted to-day; but, as years ago, when the term was distinctive, meaning a woman bred and reared to the spirit of the theater, one who mimics the realities of life."

She lives alone—except for her menagerie—in half of a big green old-fashioned house on top of a hill, a homy place, dark and restful. Bereaved of loved ones at nineteen, a succession of accidents and illnesses that confined her to her bed for many months at a stretch, the struggle to get ahead in a business where beauty counts more than brains—her path has not been rose-strewn. Now, at twenty-six, we have an actress trained in emotional repression and response, who knows life and is not afraid of it and does not do it up in tissue and pink ribbon. Matter-of-fact, an individual who believes in making good to herself rather than to the public—which, after all, cannot but follow—Dale Fuller stands now on the threshold of the great things that she has earned.

A Letter from Location

Continued from page 54

The delicious hunks of food are served on oilcloth. Frankly, it's so terrible that I'm living now on crackers and jam. If you see the "rushes," don't think I'm getting fat on the fare—it's only the three sweaters and five pairs of socks that adorn my thinning frame. In addition, when not working, I wear a heavy coat and muffler and wool cap, as it's freezing all the time, only sometimes more so.

Gee, it's great to be in the movies. (Delicate sarcasm.) I wish I could get hold of whoever invented that phrase. I'd sentence him to one week of location in the high Sierras.

Now, don't you dare come back at me with any Pollyannaish quotations, Myrtle, or I don't know what I'll do to you. I guess I do sound terribly low in my mind to-day, probably due to slow starvation, as the crackers and jam aren't holding out very well.

When not registering joy and sorrow for the camera, I make a fire, carry water, heat it on the stove, keep the cabin clean, make the bed, kill flies, whittle pokers for stove lids—in general am now qualified for a "covered wagon" wife. Also launder my own clothes, because the cook, who does the laundering, gets 'em dirtier than ever. It's a great life, this living in the open places—the great outdoors where men are men.

To-day I'm making screens out of net to cover the windows and knot holes. Yes, I agree with the delicate sarcasm of your remark—that it's wasted effort. But I have to do something to keep from freezing and one thing's as good as another.

I'm burned, blistered, frozen, dirty, my hands and face are rough and chapped—oh, the great West and the great Western hills! I do wish they'd leave 'em in fiction where they sound so much more romantic.

I have a nice tan color now, due to the wind burn, and my eyes are more painful than Kleig lights ever made them.

The only way to keep warm is to work, and when not doing that I go out and shovel snow to keep from growing numb.

My morale is about zero—as you may have discovered from the tone of this letter.

Such wind! We couldn't work yesterday at all. The mild little lake has developed waves like the ocean. When I tried to stand on the shore for a scene, the wind was so strong, blowing a conglomeration of moss and leaves in my face, that it knocked me over.

If you get tired of driving "Patsy" around among the orange groves and geranium-bordered streets of Hollywood, just come up here and be a movie queen. And to think—a lot of girls are crazy to get into the movies!

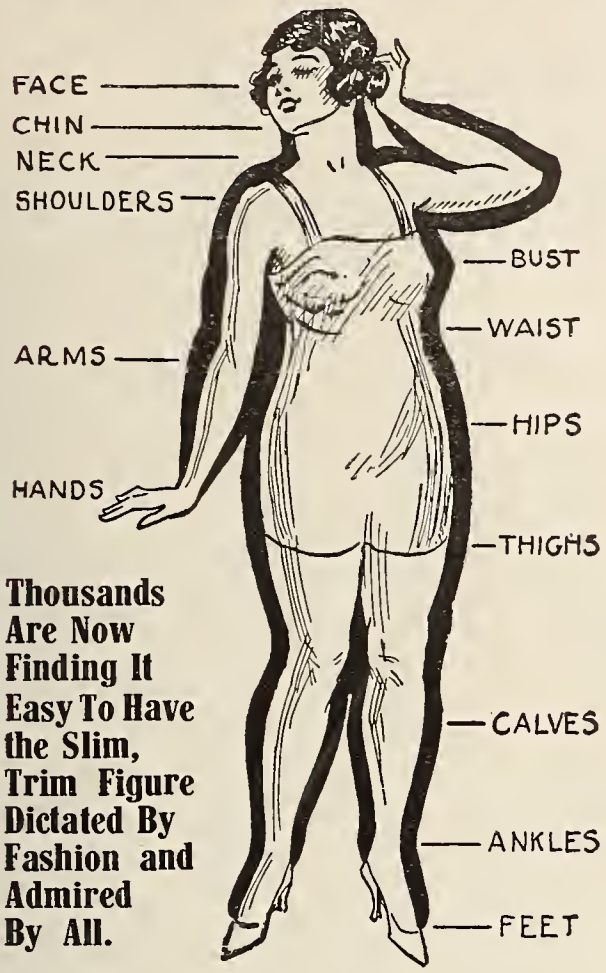
Well, don't pay any attention to my tribulations. I shall probably forget it along about my one hundred and fourth birthday. I hope—indeed, I fervently pray, on my two knees I pray!—that we'll be back where the sun shines in a few weeks.

With chattering teeth and little chills chasing themselves up and down my back—I do wish they'd catch up with each other pretty soon, for their marathon is kind of getting on my nerves—I'll say good-by for this time.

Shiveringly,

COLLEEN MOORE.

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THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

NUTTY FAN.—Lots of fans rave as much as you do, my dear, but they don't consider themselves "nutty." To them, the people who *don't* rave are the ones who are queer. And who's to say, after all, that they are not right? To date there are no new developments in the Valentino case, as far as settlement of the suit with Famous Players is concerned. Mr. and Mrs. Rodolph have just gone abroad, and I understand that he has offers to appear in pictures in Europe. That wouldn't help the languishing American fans any, though, because the films would not be permitted to be shown in this country. I think that you will "manage to live until 1925" all right. Even the most emotional devotees can stand an awful lot of disappointment.

PAULINE D.—Thanks for your nice note. I'm glad you understood why we couldn't help you with that contest. It is sometimes difficult to make fans realize why we pursue this "hands off" policy on movie contests. I hope that you won a nice prize. Conway Tearle's present wife—he has had three, so far—is Adele Rowland, the stage star.

R. T.—Why do directors wear puttees and use a megaphone? Well, I must admit that even my loyalty to the profession cannot find much excuse for the puttees, except perhaps to help visiting rotarians distinguish the director from the assistant camera man, but the megaphone is really necessary. Many scenes, you know, are directed from a considerable distance, across which the director's voice alone could not carry; hence the megaphone. Lately, though, during the filming of massive scenes, when several camera men and assistant directors are stationed at different points taking care of various parts of the scene, the director connects with all of them by means of a field telephone, and hence is able personally to control every movement of a huge scene, which would not be possible otherwise. Von Stroheim used this method in making "Foolish Wives," and Rex Ingram is another director that uses it for his spectacular scenes. The remarkable mob scenes in Ernst Lubitsch's foreign-made pictures were directed by Mr. Lubitsch in the same way, with the aid of a number of assistants. But the radiophone is the very latest addition to the directorial equipment. Many of the sea shots in "Hurricane's Gal," especially the maneuvers of the airplanes and navy boats, were directed by Allen Holubar from a hydroplane a thousand feet in the air by means of the radiophone. But, getting back to the megaphone, it is seldom used for shots taken at close range, except when there are a great many persons in the scene, or when players are so engrossed in an emotional scene that the ordinary voice of the director calling instructions would not get to them.

COMEDY FAN.—Viora Daniel was married several months ago to Wayne Cassidy, the son of a bank president. Viora, of course, is continuing her career. Kathryn McGuire played opposite Ben Turpin in "The Shriek of Araby," but Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost were the fair ones in "A Small-Town Idol." Marie Mosquini is still Snub Pollard's partner in the Hal Roach funmakers.

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

AILEEN M.—Yes, there is an Anne Luther on the screen. She started in pictures years ago, but was absent from the screen for quite a long time, and has just recently come back. She will play the feminine lead in the Fox film, "The Governor's Lady." Here is the cast for "The Birth of a Nation." This was released originally in 1916, but has been revived a couple of times since, and probably will continue to be shown for years to come. Many persons still consider this the greatest motion picture ever made, you know. But the cast: *Cal. Ben Cameron,* Henry Walthall; *Margaret Cameran,* the elder sister, Miriam Cooper; *Flara,* the pet sister, Mae Marsh; *Mrs. Cameran,* Josephine Crowell: *Doctor Cameron,* Spottiswoode Aiken; *Wade Cameron,* the second son, J. A. Beringer; *Duke Cameron,* the youngest son, Maxfield Stanley; *Mammy,* their faithful servant, Jennie Lee; *Hanorable Austin Stoneman,* Leader of the House, Ralph Lewis; *Elsie,* his daughter, Lillian Gish; *Phil,* his elder son, Elmer Clifton; *Tad,* the younger son, Robert Harron; *Jeff,* the blacksmith, Wallace Reid; *Lydia Brawn,* Stoneman's mulatto housekeeper, Mary Alden; *Silas Lynch,* mulatto Lieutenant Governor, George Siegman; *Gus,* a renegade negro, Walter Long; *Abraham Lincaln,* Joseph Henabery; *Jahn Wilkes Booth,* Raoul Walsh; *General U. S. Grant,* Donald Crisp; *General R. E. Lee,* Howard Gaye; *Jake,* a black man faithful unto death, William Freeman; *Nelse,* an old-fashioned negro, William de Vaull; *Stoneman's* servant, Thomas Wilson.

GLADYS H.—I'm awfully sorry to disappoint you, but it won't be possible for you to secure bound volumes of PICTURE-PLAY for 1919 and 1920, because we have only a sufficient number for our files, so I am afraid your PICTURE-PLAY library will have to lack these numbers. I bet you could almost be an Oracle yourself if you've been reading and studying this department all those years. Judging from your description the picture you saw in England as "The Island of Adventure" is the same production that was made in this country under the original title of "The Light of Victory." I really don't know the exact reason why so many American films are released under different titles in England. It must be very confusing for you English fans who read in the magazines about your favorite pictures under one title and have to hunt them up at your theaters under another. If you haven't seen "The Affairs of Anatol" yet, you may track it down in England under the title of "A Prodigal Knight." Yes, Alice Terry appeared in several old Vitagraph pictures, among them, "The Bottom of the Well," "Love Watches," "The Clarion Call," and "Thin Ice." The man who played the Mexican bandit in "Fightin' Mad" was not Wilfred Lytell, but W. E. Lawrence, who bears a slight resemblance to Bert Lytell. Betty Compson weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds.

PEARL WHITE FAN.—Although your idol is no longer cloistered in the convent, she is still abroad. The latest report regarding her is that she has formed a company to make pictures in France. These will not be serials, however. Apparently, Pearl does not intend to come back to America to work for some time, but you can console yourself with the thought that you probably will be able to see her pictures in this country shortly after they are completed.

Continued on page 111

Long Live the King!

Continued from page 29

"How do you like Ruth Renick, your new leading lady?" I asked, thinking I might trick him into something that would give the fans an earful.

Jackie continued to tunnel away with an air of boredom.

"All right," he said laconically, then added, "She wears those long, yellow curls. Do you think audiences demand them?"

"I think the producers think so," I replied. "Evidently you prefer dark-haired beauties. You have one all right in Rosemary Theby. She's quite a vamp in this picture, isn't she?"

"She chews gum," remarked Jackie, with an upward flash of his lambent brown eyes. "But not when she's actually on the set."

At this juncture we were interrupted. A small crowd came bustling up, Mamma Coogan plumply in the lead. Panting behind her was the press agent. Mamma Coogan's face wore an expression of ill-concealed anxiety, something like that of a mother hen who has hatched out a duckling. When she spied the sandy pair of us delving away her expression changed to one of relief.

"Oh, there you are!" she exclaimed. "I was beginning to get a bit uneasy. I can't forget that time Jackie hid out at the Chaplin studio and we dragged the tank for him. Did you get material for an interview?"

"Mrs. Coogan," I replied, "I have got the only honest interview ever given out by a movie star."

"Hey! Look here!" sang out the star in question.

Jackie had commandeered a big wooden spool, as tall as himself—one of those reels about which electric cable is wrapped. He sent it hurtling down a long wooden runway to bring up with a bang against a small cottage. Out swarmed a cloud of harried little men in shirt-sleeves and spectacles.

"Great guns!" cried the press agent. "He's wrecked the art title department!"

"Charge it to studio overhead!" remarked Jackie with a wink.

Yes, he actually said it. But investigation showed that the damage had been slight.

"Hey! The Skipper's wanted on the set!"

A fog-horn voice, springing from a distant megaphone, pursued and overtook us. Playtime over, my friend Coogan, the actor, turned again to this serious business of make-believe.



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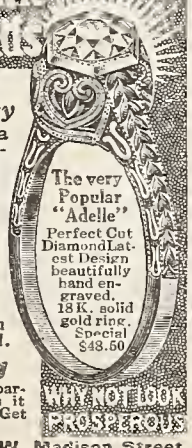
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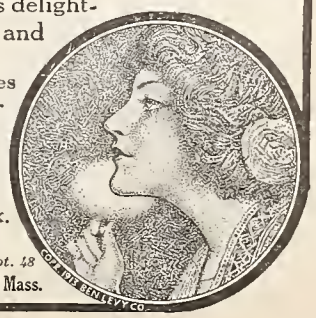
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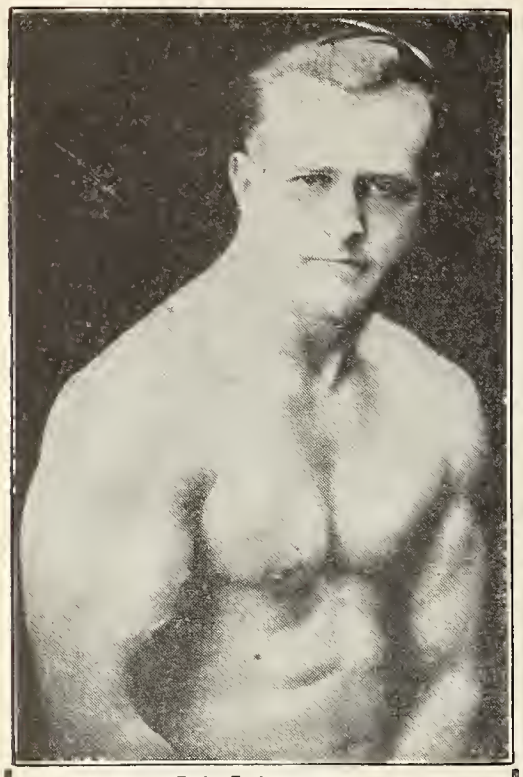
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Examine Yourself

Do you have the strong, robust body which keeps you *fit* at all times to tackle the daily tasks confronting you—always looking for bigger things to do? Do you jump out of bed in the morning full of pep; with a keen appetite and a longing to enter the day's activities? Do you finish your daily tasks still thrilling with pep and vitality? Or do you arise only half awake and go through a languid day?

PEP UP!

Don't let it get you, fellows. Come on out of that shell and make a real *he* man of yourself. Build out those skinny arms and that flat chest. Let me put some real pep in your old backbone and put an armor plate of muscle on you that will make you actually thrill with ambition. I can do it. I guarantee to do it. I will put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days and from then on, just watch 'em grow. This is no idle boast. It's the real works. A genuine guarantee. Come on now. Get on the job and make me prove it.

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The Irrepressible One

Continued from page 34

walks over moors, gathering heather—and, with no less happiness, of a police inspector who had won her heart by escorting her through Limehouse.

"You knew dear George Loane Tucker, didn't you? Well, Sir Hall Caine wrote me a darling note—no; sweet was the word for it (I mean quaint), telling me that Mr. Tucker, when he was alive, used to write him nice things about me and asking if he could come to see me. He came and turned out to be the gentlest, darlingest pet there ever was. We understood each other—zip! like that!—and later I went to his house for tea.

"I liked Barrie too. Wasn't it a shame? I mean I was bathing when he called at the Ritz and kept him waiting too long" (oh, Mabel, how like you!) "for when I came out he had gone, leaving a funny little note. It said that he had fixed the fire in the grate and hoped it would warm me. Of course I tried to make up for this later. . . . Shaw was awfully kind too—very quizzical and clever."

She had, however, no tale of him to equal the other conquests, which gave me an opening to ask if it were true she had broken an engagement to meet Princess Mary.

"Of course not! My friends ought to know me well enough to be sure I wouldn't do that. It was to have been at a charity bazaar or something. At the last moment the thing was called off. Some bigwig engineering it was sick. Then some one thought it would be funny to say Mabel Normand had been rude. That's how things start. Just because I'm a little—well, you know, *different*—people believe anything weird about me.

"I wish to heaven some philanthropist would take the time to write about me as I am. Something quite simple, natural. Not making me out a highbrow, or a stately Vere de Vere, or as a girl with no taste at all. Just as I really am—just *me*. Then the public wouldn't swallow nonsense when it's printed by those who don't care because they don't know any better. . . . It must be great to be a wharf rat."

Mabel next returned from Europe in high spirits on a slow steamer, under the impress that she had booked passage on an express.

Reporters, boarding the vessel at quarantine, still surrounded her at the pier because, I surmised, she was offering entertainment—or news.

Next morning's papers rumored her supposed marriage to an anonymous Londoner. Mabel was in tearful indignation over this wrong and, as always, spurred her sympathizers to avenge the canard. But first I probed for clews.

"I never said a thing," she averred. "A lady on the steamer was reading my palms, saw this diamond guard and kidded me about having married secretly. I kidded her back. Who wouldn't have? Then it spread. Things always spread. I'm going to take the veil."

She was reminded of what she previously complained of in newspaper misrepresentation and advised that she should have flatly contradicted the sociable palmist.

"Oh, you want me to be dignified. Dignity my eye! I can't be upstage and I can't be mean when people are nice. But I'll never even be civil to a newspaper man again."

On the morrow this sprightly queen of contradiction was hostess to a group of news gatherers, purposely to convince them of the error of their ways. How she did it you perhaps know by now. At any rate the next edition of their journals gave space to Mabel's denial.

This, then, is the Mabel Normand adjudged the leading feminine comedian of the films. These glimpses of her away from the studios, chosen because they are typical rather than exceptional, reflect, I hope, the vigor and verve and whimsicality of her acting. It is doubtful, however, if they give an idea of her professional authority, sagacity. When she is absorbed in work it is absorption indeed. Her long experience—her facile inventiveness — fundamental sense of the comic—are all whipped into dynamic activity when she attacks a picture. Should the result disappoint, Mabel's reaction is that of utter heartbreak. But she rebounds. Like all urgent souls she never accepts defeat.

"She seems to be working out as one of those very human characters," she wrote of 'The Extra Girl.' "You know what I mean—a girl one looks at and wants to know more about as she passes by, and leaves one with a little ache that one may know her better. . . . She has given me tremendous ambition. If others have failed perhaps it was misjudgment of one kind or another in attempting them. But this picture has had the same effect as the faith of those who really love me. And so, from the way things look, I think those who care for me will be rather proud of their—Mabel."

What's This About Beauty?

Continued from page 20

spectively of light or dark grease-paint and powder.

Of course, none of them can accomplish any of these things without a lot of experiment. It's been their months, and mayhap years, of experience that have enabled them to cover up the casual flaw and do this effectively. The novice in the films will, of course, nearly wreck the camera during the first few tests that are made, no matter how handsome or beautiful he or she may be, because all the worst points will, in nine cases out of ten, register at the start, and if movie aspirants haven't a high camera type of beauty or distinction, it's a certainty that they'll never be able to photograph acceptably.

To be sure, the studio horizon of beauty—or, more properly, suitable talent—is widening. The films can admit striking personalities that, by the conventions and the drawbacks of picture-making, would have been barred a few years ago. This affords an ever greater opportunity, perhaps, for the beauty of classic line, of whom Andrée Lafayette, who plays in "Trilby," is an example. The tall girl is no longer in disfavor, as she was for so many years, either. Eleanor Boardman, who was seen in "Souls for Sale," and Claire Windsor, as well as Pola Negri, are more than the usual height. Beside, some of the old-time favorites of the pictures, who are small in stature, now wear gowns that give them more feet and inches than they naturally possess.

The craze for youth, and youth alone, is showing some signs of abating, though, absolutely speaking, this has nothing to do with beauty. A person with a well-defined career is, however, often more valuable than one without a career at all. Such a person may afford difficult obstacles to the cinematographer, but succeed by virtue of a gift of personality.

An instance of this was Laurette Taylor. She had to use nineteen different kinds of make-up and undergo test after test, and she could never be filmed except with the utmost care, but still she made a great hit in "Peg O' My Heart." She was far beyond the age for an ingénue rôle, but she had "something," as they say on the lot, and that "something" got over appealingly to her audiences. Despite the fact that she has attained her maturity on the stage, she could probably go far in her acting for the silver-sheet in rôles of a quaint and rather youthful type.

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films has meant much for the screen life of our stars. They don't have to look forward to being relegated to the ash heap of cinemadom at thirty. Many an ambitious wrinkle now vanishes in the glare of the studio lamps, or has its life cut short by a judicious touch of yellow make-up, and if wrinkles can be thus easily obliterated they become assets instead of liabilities. They mean experience and that has a lot to do with personality and poise.

The girls who appeared at The Writers' Revue suffered criticism chiefly because they were immature in their talents and unfamiliar with the stage. They exhibited their lack of assurance glaringly, and they had little celebrity to endow them with an advance of public favor. You should have heard the demonstration that was made at a similar show a year ago when Mary Pickford, clad in a simple white dress, came forward to accept the title of queen of the movies. There was shouting and cheering until the dome of the auditorium quaked.

It is, of course, vastly unfair to rate any group of screen favorites down just because they don't happen to match in with unsatisfactory surroundings. They are often required to appear in pictures, shine in settings, and wear costumes which don't belong to their type. I myself have felt the utmost dismay at seeing Miss La Marr, whom I consider exceptionally attractive, put on gingham dresses such as she wore in "Quincy Adams Sawyer," or "Poor Men's Wives." I think she was atrociously miscast in both those pictures, because if any one is fit for velvets and brocades it is the exotic Barbara.

I also viewed with irritation the business of making Pola Negri wear a riding habit in "Bella Donna." It suited her about as well as a flannel undershirt would a king. There are only a few women in pictures who can wear riding habits with grace, anyway. In fact, there is nobody that comes to mind at the moment except Miss Swanson, and she is an expert clothes model by training, and perhaps even by nature. Most women look like dowdies in pants, and Pola's clothes should never be aught but picturesquely European. She is not an all-around beauty, and above all not a manikin, but a great throbbing actress of realism and emotion, and a personality.

If the attractiveness of our successful screen favorites is ever in doubt, I believe that it can generally be traced to a misapplication of the principles of lighting and make-up and costuming, rather than to any exceptional physical fault of the stars themselves. As a rule, these are possessed of the rarest set of charms in the modern generation. At least, it is the most suitable set for screen purposes. Unskillful producers and directors can occasionally damage a star's claim to beauty for a time, by emphasizing faults of feature or form, but they cannot take away that lasting quality of screen personality and screen fascination which most of the filmy famous undoubtedly possess.

The Conquering Hero Comes Back

Continued from page 45

killed the movie because it has something that can't be squashed: an idea that appeals to the masses. It is for the people. Therefore it has struggled on, breathing stronger all the while despite the senseless extravagance. We have a few far-sighted producers and directors who are going to win out some day with that idea. Then we will have epics of truth like 'The Covered Wagon.' I'm marking time now waiting for another rôle like that."

He can well afford to wait for the opportunities to create vital rôles that stand for something, for he is financially secured, through saving his money during his matinée-idol days and wise investments, against the necessity of ever working again.

I asked him how it felt to be staging a comeback in a blaze of glory.

"Darned good," he mused. "To prove to these know-it-alls that I *could* come back. Three years ago I got tired of the senseless things they started doing and quit. I had plenty of money, so I bought this hill, and built me the home I'd always dreamed of. Here, with my mother and my dog, I sat me down, contented. I did three things: ate, slept and read. Wonderful!

"Then, when I dropped out, the tongues began to wag. 'Kerrigan's a has-been,' they said. I had offers, but nothing that interested me. A year or so ago my mother's health began to fail and she asked me to return to pictures. I am glad now, so glad, that I had those three wonderful years with her." He was silent for a moment, and I felt, strangely, the presence there of that dear soul who has passed away. "But when I saw that her wish was for me to return, to prove to them that I wasn't a 'has-been,' and when the



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chance came to do 'The Wagon' rôle, I accepted it.

"While I was away on location she left me. I couldn't get back in time . . . and when I returned I thought I could never endure to come into the house again. But when I entered the door I felt her presence. And all of a sudden I was contented."

It is a big, rambling white house, built in the shape of an "L" atop a hill commanding a view of Hollywood and the surrounding country, this home that Kerrigan built for his wonderful mother. Her touch is still there to comfort—her piano, her sewing basket. Big, long rooms with white woodwork, furnished simply and comfortably, tenanted by Kerrigan and his dog; it is a man's abode except for the shaded lamps and the few knickknacks that keep alive his mother's presence. At the end of the long hall hangs her portrait—a lovely, gracious mother, a half-smile of contentment on her lips.

Kerrigan's devotion to his mother has been one of the sweetest real-life love stories I've ever encountered. It is to fulfill her last wish that he intends keeping on with his picture work when the right opportunities offer themselves. So he sits on the porch of his hilltop home and smokes his pipe and throws sticks for his ambitious white dog to bring back to him—and ponders. Even the sixteen assistant chair-bearers can't disturb his calm.

My request that he pose for photographs to illustrate this interview was met with hesitation.

"I hate to have 'stills' taken," he confessed ruefully. "I'm getting along—and they show it. That sort of thing—the fuss they make over an actor—I used to think great. It appealed to my vanity. But now——"

Scuffling with his dog, puffing away at his pipe, he didn't seem to me any less agile or virile than in the days of his greatest popular favor. A little quieter, perhaps. An introspective, quizzical air, the boyish eagerness mellowed now by a great loss into tolerance and sympathy. That's the matinée idol who has come back to you now as a friend—J. Warren Kerrigan.

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Our Screen Children Are Growing Up!

Continued from page 03

life. Dear me, no. She has had a chance to do some real acting. In her years on the screen she has played in "The Chorus Girl and the Kid," "The Old Toy Maker," "Jack and the Bean Stalk," "Babes in the Wood," and "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp." She has just finished "Youth Triumphant," in which she plays the little waif, *Patsy*, who fades out for Anna Q. Nilsson to appear in the grown-up part. But just you watch out. Some of these days Virginia is going to quit playing somebody-or-other when a child and somebody-or-other is going to be doing that little affair for her, and then we are all going to wake up to the fact that it's a great asset to be raised as a film baby with an inside road toward stardom.

Following in Wesley Barry's footsteps and playing the same sort of parts which he used to play, comes Bennie Alexander, still several laps behind in the growing-up process, but going some. Bennie has recently finished playing *Penrod* in the "Penrod and Sam" production which J. K. McDonald has put on for First National, and it has been one long lark for him. Bennie is just another of the youngsters who are in the family group over the mantel, and you will see him if you look closely to the right of father's mustache. Oh, yes, he's in the picture.

As long as we are on the subject of children with a film past, a rosy present and the set all prepared for a merry future, by no means must we leave out the Messingers. Messingers they are in truth, Buddy with his savoir-faire and avoirdupois, and Gertie a-stepping right behind him with eight of her nine years devoted to the making of pictures.

Buddy is a typical mischief-making American younger brother, the kind who is perpetually getting ready to be squelched or recovering from the process. He has played in a long list of pictures, but then think of Buddy! He has been gathering weight for ten years in the pictures and at present he looks pretty nearly grown-up in spite of the uneven age of thirteen. Speaking in the bulk, Buddy has spent ten solid years as a film youngster and he's going strong. So, fat boys down on the farm, get the barrel and start rolling. Lay off that third helping for it isn't exactly a sure thing to kid your weight along by thinking that motion-picture directors are pining for your waistline. Not with Buddy Messinger on the inside growing up.

And so the "great family of the films" is being built up from the inside. It is like coming to the circus at five in the morning to get a seat for the afternoon performance. Who knows, by two o'clock the seats may be filled. It is a case of an eight-year past, plus ambition and talent equaling a nice smooth sailing future. And so it seems that in order to get that choice ringside seat one of the essentials in the future would be an eight or nine-year-old début into the pictures, for at the glittering, heady age of seventeen you then have that most intriguing of attributes—a past.

A Spring Maid

Continued from page 43

She was on the point of taking the step, when parental influence intervened. The stage was not the thing for a young girl in that generation, and so she married.

But you cannot quench an ambition thus easily. Mother Astor's own ambition lived with her by day and night, though it was suppressed. And as her daughter grew the ambition awoke in a new form, and finally crystallized in the hopes for a professional future for Lucille, as Mary's own name goes.

Her father, a teacher of languages in high school, being in accord with the plan, her mother did everything in her power to encourage and stimulate in her daughter the desire for fame. At home in Quincy, Illinois, and later in and around Chicago she played in amateur theatricals, and spoke her set of pieces. She was still only a mere child when they heard about the contest and she entered, and she was but fifteen years of age when she made her first appearances on the screen.

Curiously, she looks older filmically than she is—sometimes when she puts on, say, a tailored suit, and a fur neckpiece, you might take her for twenty-five. "Beside Bobby Agnew in our first tests—my word!" she exclaimed characteristically, "I looked as if I might be his mother. They wanted us to play opposite each other, but at the time it seemed so impossible. In the later tests we saw that with different make-up everything would come out all right, and so in 'Spring

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Magic' he and I *do* play opposite each other."

There are few girls who at the outset of their experience would, perhaps, become so identified, as did Miss Astor, with the first high-brow strivings of the cinema. Hers has certainly been a unique baptism. Notable among her recent flutterings were those as the Maid of Old Salem in the version of Percy Mackaye's "The Scarecrow," made by the Film Guild.

I do not know under just what circumstances these guild productions have been made, but I suspect from Miss Astor's talk that they were exuberantly like the infantile struggles of a community theater for self-expression. I know she told me how she had invented a song to use on the sets which was a favorite with the prop boys and the electricians about "Turn up Them Lights," rendered with a coonish accent. Her voice verges on a deep contralto, if not an actual baritone. I don't know whether she acquired the deep tones as a result of singing that song, but I believe it was a natural heritage. At any rate, I can imagine what the effect of such a schoolgirl chant would have in the formal precincts of the Lasky studio.

"They used to have Mary look through the camera sight, and tell them whether the picture seemed right or not," said her mother with half-amused pride. "'Now, Mary, how do you like this?' they would say."

"And then I would squint my eye through the camera," Mary burst in, "and look at the picture rather wisely and say, 'I think that's pretty good, but you might change the position of the vase just a little.'"

And then the thrill of going on location up in Connecticut! That must have been a thrill indeed for both Mary and her mother. They raved about it, the stillness of the woods, the beauty of the evenings, the glory of those merry meals in the gloaming, the good fellowship and wholesomeness in the midst of nature—all in picnic style.

Truly both Mary and her mother are young in heart and in spirit, although they are correctly and carefully poised. The pictures are to them something of an unexplored realm. They are patiently and practically testing each new adventure, and I hope, although I do not really know, that the result will be the fulfillment of the dreams of the one and the springtime promise of the other.

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F. Scott Fitzgerald on "Minnie McGluke"

Continued from page 84

literary experience to press agenting, would take a few dozen of the younger good writers and first-rate newspapermen and try some such experiment as the Eminent Authors, I think it would undoubtedly lead to better stories being written for the movies. These younger men would learn the technique first of all; they would bring a freshness and enthusiasm to their work which has been lacking, and this, together with their creative ability, would certainly produce a far better method of obtaining good material than any method used up until now. Don't you agree with me?" he asked.

We certainly did and suggested that he try the idea out with some big film organization.

"I am doing something of this sort with Famous Players now," he replied. "They are going to produce 'This Side of Paradise,' with Glenn Hunter in the leading rôle. I have written first of all a ten-thousand word condensation of my book. This is not a synopsis, but a variation of the story better suited for screening inasmuch as the book was a rambling, disconnected sort of thing, and had to be changed to fit the filming of it. After it has been O. K.'d, I shall work along with an experienced continuity writer on the scenario. This is a sort of experiment made by Famous Players, and I believe it is almost the first time anything of the kind has been done. I shall also have a hand in editing, titling and criticizing the picture—in short, I will be practically responsible for the whole story when it is finished with the exception of the actual shooting of the picture."

"Are you limiting your work now to the movies," we asked.

"I should say not," replied this indolent-looking youth. "I have just finished an original story in which Glenn Hunter is working for the Film Guild. The name of it is 'Grit,' and it has never been published. I wrote it for the Film Guild and Jim Creelman, one of the best continuity writers in the business revamped it, and they are filming it now. My comedy, you know, 'The Vegetable,' has been accepted for fall production by Sam Harris. That is my first play, and I am somewhat excited about its making a hit. Have you read it? Well, it is a queer thing, and I don't know just how it is going to go on the stage. I am also working on a novel—I think I have got hold of a very big idea, and I am very anxious to finish it. Outside of the play, the work for Famous, the novel and several orders for short stories, I haven't a thing to do at present."

One Glimpse of Glory

Continued from page 71

that coördination of faculties—everybody in the company was heart and soul with him. The realism we got into the thing was startling. Then—they took it away from him and gave it to Julian to finish."

His rumbling bass stopped. I remembered the night of the "Merry-Go-Round" preview at the Ambassador Theater. Every one had applauded his work as the happy-go-lucky *Count Hohenegg* — who awakened in the grim maelstrom of war to the reality of things.

But he didn't wait to hear the plaudits. He'd been working in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and hadn't seen the picture during its editing stages, while the miles of film were being reduced to ten reels; hence it came as a revelation to him. And, towards the end of it, a heart-sick man stumbled out of the darkened theater. There were tears in his eyes, they tell me.

"I have never seen a man so broken-hearted—about a piece of work," said a pal to whom he went for solace. "The picture is not bad. With all the changes, it is, I think, an outstanding production. But the way in which it disappointed Kerry meant the murder of the thing that, for a brief while, had brought the slumbering thespic genius out in a man who had been accustomed to take things too easily."

Will he ever get that faith back, will Kerry ever *really* try again? I wonder. He's conscientious about his work, but his years of acting have reduced it to a thing of camera-wise technique. He will continue his work, because he's under contract with Universal, because he likes to act and has a good time so doing, because that nervous energy would harry him to distraction if he didn't utilize its force in work.

But what happened to him in "Merry-Go-Round" has done something infinitely more tragic, as I see it, to its hero. It raised him to the heights of effort and it let him down again to the level where for years he has drifted along.

The George M. Cohan of the Movies

Continued from page 25

repeat ourselves? Why don't we try new stuff? The gate receipts answer. Then, too, critics aren't consistent. When I made 'Hampton of Placer' they stuck up their noses at 'this old Western stuff;' then when I tried a novelty in 'Bits of Life' some of them said 'Too new-fangled to be popular.' It's a funny game."

Neilan, like Cohan, specializes in success. Dr. Frank Crane could write a sermon about the handsome young Irishman who started as a prop boy, rose to white flannels and leads opposite Ruth Roland in the ancient Kalem comedies, and progressed to manufacturing Ham and Bud comedies. Then he achieved more lasting fame by directing Mary Pickford in three of her biggest successes."

"She's the greatest actress in the world," declared Mickey. "She's got everything, she works like blazes, and gives everybody a fair chance. She doesn't get by on sex appeal, she gives all she has to a scene, and she's a wonderful trouper."

Then he told me of rehearsing and photographing a double exposure scene with Mary fifty-six times, for "Stella Maris."

"They told us it was impossible to have her follow herself through a doorway, so we did it."

In a fresh burst of enthusiasm Neilan told me of "The Rendezvous" —his first Goldwyn special — in which, he maintained, Lucille Ricksen and Conrad Nagel are certain to make the hits of their lives.

"My wife (Blanche Sweet) was watching the Ricksen girl work in an emotional scene, and she predicted stardom. I do believe the child's a comer. Only fourteen and wonderful! Absolutely *wonderful!*"

Then, as he was about to go into details, Raymond Hitchcock, looking for all the world like the Hitchy Koo known to thousands, sauntered in, spied Neilan, and started chatauqua-saluting across the room.

"Mickey!" he yelled, "Mickey! I've found it. I've found the buried treasure, the missing link, the what not! Eureka, 'tis found!"

Neilan went through an understanding pantomime.

"Yes!" said Hitchy Koo, hoarsely. "Yes! A place where they have *real beer!*"

Then Mickey lived up to his principles.

"It's fatal to take beer on top of ice cream, isn't it? Well, watch me!"

And once again, the indomitable Neilan set out to accomplish the impossible.

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Stark Realism—at Last!

Continued from page 47

American, any more than that 'Nana' is French. They are international. You can, in fact, trace the inspiration of 'McTeague' to *'L'Assomoir'* of Zola, and it appealed to me more than any other story written by an American, because it is so universal, and because, perhaps, basically the viewpoint and style are those of the European continental."

There is naught in "Greed" that looks remotely like a motion-picture set. In fact, Von Stroheim has built virtually nothing for the picture. Except for the furniture that he installed, procured chiefly from second-hand stores, auction shops, and out of old residences, the building that was his location, just beyond the district that was swept by the earth-changed.

In this building takes places most of the action, ranging from the corner dental office to the musty quarters of *McTeague* and *Trina,* and the other characters. Another part, a sort of counterplot, transpires in a junk yard. The wife of the junk dealer, named *Maria,* a janitress and paranoiac, imagines that she has a store of gold plate handed down from her Spanish ancestors. Though actually there is no such treasure, her continual harping on the subject arouses the cupidity of her husband, *Zerkow,* and preys so on his mind that he finally slits her throat with a knife. A different phase of the same motif is therefore at the bottom of each separate murder.

The players were selected, not for their charm of face or manner, but because they could be made to seem so grotesquely and gruesomely real. Gibson Gowland, remembered for his comedy creation of the Tyrolean mountain climber in "Blind Husbands," will take his place again upon the American screen after an absence in England, as the yellow-haired *McTeague.* ZaSu Pitts, that quaintest of all character comediennes, has been vividly cast as the tragic *Trina.* It will pay to watch her in this. Jean Hersholt, Dale Fuller, Cesare Gravina, are others who will reincarnate the half-mad lot who inhabit the frenzied mazes of the fateful play. The only relieving note will be the faded romance of two aged people, a bachelor and a spinster, *Old Grannis* and *Miss Baker,* that even in its way but expresses the idea of dissolution and decay.

Symbols are to be used to forecast the gradual disintegration of the various characters. At intervals throughout the film you behold an allegorical figure, a veritable bony skeleton of death, who saws through a huge log of wood, which finally at the end of the picture snaps. Only the canary, *McTeague's* much-prized possession, is expressive of aspiration and hope, but the huge bright gold tooth, a gift from *Trina,* that the bungling dentist hangs outside his office window to signify his ambition, is a token of the grinding and gnashing of destroying power.

Ghastly as are many of the details of the picturization, I am sure that "Greed" will prove an absorbing production to watch. It will doubtless help to enlarge the artistic limits of the screen. It will show that a story may be tremendously interesting in spite of and perhaps because of dull surroundings, even as such a book as "Growth of the Soil" is a vibrant, throbbing thing, notwithstanding that it narrates only a sequence of inconsequential and of the earth-earthy incidents.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 67

"Soft-Boiled," with Tom Mix, is a snappy and fast-running comedy that is going to be deservedly popular.

Why any one wants to film the legend of "The Flying Dutchman" is more than I can say. It is said to be a version of Richard Wagner's opera, but it ain't. It is one of those "animated postal-card" pictures. "The Fog" is the story of a small-town poet who is misunderstood. I don't care much for poets on the screen. Nor off, either. However, as usual, Cullen Landis gives a good performance and Mildred Harris appears surrounded by a golden halo of hair.

Wait until next month to hear about all the new super-productions that have made the banks tremble on their foundations and brought tears to the eyes of the studio managers. But let me remind you that a super-comedy called "Where Is My Wandering Boy This Evening?" is now roaming this wicked world. It presents Ben Turpin in the rôle of a farm hand who can't keep his mind on the plow after the city vamp comes to board with his mother. It contains one classic subtitle. After the siren arrives on the farm we are informed that "That evening they had dinner for supper." As a Follies chorus girl might remark, "That's a wow!"

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 13

Some Very Positive Opinions.

Yesterday afternoon I spied your magazine on the racks. I bought it, and straightway turned to "What the Fans Think."

My sis, I think, has written you, but of course one's sister cannot express another's views. So now I'm trying my own hand.

First of all, I adore Norma. Beautiful Norma! I could rave for days over that wonderful woman and then not half express my thoughts.

Gloria! Who dares to say Gloria is not beautiful, or she can't act? Perhaps the reason Gloria is "picked to pieces" is because she does in her pictures what countless women and girls would like to do in everyday life. Me? Why, every time I look at Gloria I turn green with envy because I know she stands for what I know I shall never be—yet does that keep me from idolizing her? Never.

N. M. C. in her epistle stated she or he did not care for Mae Murray or Corinne Griffith; also they did not wear enough to cover a small canary. Now, I ask you, why shouldn't any one who possessed a figure that put Venus in the shade, be proud to let the whole world see it?

And, speaking of actors, again N. M. C. riled me. One place in her letter she said: "Valentino's eyes make one think of dreamy, moonlit languorous night, tinkling temple bells, love deep, passionate, beyond all reason," and farther on—"his eyes are evil." Just what does she mean? Rudy was my favorite, but I'm a fickle girl and, while he is gone, I shall worship Dick Barthelmess, Ramon Novarro, Conrad Nagel, Eugene O'Brien, and above all others, Lew Cody and Norman Kerry, and perhaps when Rudy is again in pictures I will again transfer my affections to him—who knows?

And now comes my Hymn of Hate. I have seen in endless magazines Mary Pickford termed as "Our Mary." Well, I'm thankful to say she isn't mine. I detest that perpetual smile of hers.

And Pola Negri. I, for one, am sick and tired of seeing her on every page of our best magazines. And I feel the same about Charlie, and Mary, and Tommy, and Doug. ONLY A FAN.

Longview, Texas.

How Could Any One Dislike Mary?

I'm very sorry for one of the writers in the September issue, the girl who wanted to place Mary Pickford in the Hall of Infamy.

I can understand how a person might not care for some of the plays in which Mary has appeared. I, myself, did not care for the cheap story of "Tess." But it seems to me that there is something pathetically lacking in any one who admits a positive dislike for Mary Pickford on the screen.

To me, that is like saying that one dislikes the sunshine, the birds, and the flowers, the kindness and sweetness of those who have offered us their love and friendship. I would—like some of the other fans whose comments I have read in this department—"be mad enough to commit murder" on reading that letter if that feeling were not overshadowed by amazement that any girl could have written it, and genuine pity for any one who could harbor such a thought.

JANE REED MANQUARD.

Atlanta, Georgia.

Give Credit Where Credit is Due!

I've been reading about what these other fans think till I've come to the breaking point! I cannot stand this childish prattle about beauties and handsome heroes any longer! Why will sensible men and women, long past the sentimental age, persist in raving over these clothes-model actresses and haberdashery window actors? Why will they insist on considering a patent-leather hair comb as the all-sufficing quality for a good actor? Or perhaps a perfect marcel and the newest lack of evening-gown constituents of the stirring actress?

But here's where my real suggestion comes. Why not show some respect and admiration where it is due? Let us give due honor to Lon Chaney. He is the king of character men! Who, among the hordes of fans, has not experienced the tightening of the throat, the sympathetic pity or indignation which he *always* arouses? And with him, in his class, are Raymond Hatton and George Arliss. Perhaps not pathos, but sincere and skillful acting just as well. Where would our screen be without these great actors? Give credit where credit is due, I say! Now think, could anybody equal Chaney in his parts of men with twisted bodies—or even better still, those characterizations of twisted minds who delve and burrow in the dark far from the penetrating light of reason?

LONG ISLANDER.

Richmond Hill, New York.

The Movies in Danger.

It is a sad but true fact that pictures are being relegated to a position of minor importance in many of the big city theaters. The old-time movie houses have been supplanted by gaudy cinema palaces that almost dazzle one with their splendor. In Chicago, especially, "presentation" is the order of the day, and the feature picture is often obscured by a program of music, art, and diversified acts. Grand-opera singers, super-jazz bands, star numbers from vaudeville and the musical comedies, scenic effects that delight the eye, and a musical program of rare merit combine to force the film numbers into the background.

Since most of the "presentation" theaters are either owned outright, or controlled, through contracts, by the big picture interests, it has become necessary to add the newer form of entertainment in order that their weaker screen offerings may be given profitable first-run showings. It enables them to get by with their own program pictures instead of going out and buying the best films obtainable.

In their mad race for patronage, there is one great danger that the owners of the "presentation" theaters overlook. By educating the public to expect symphony concerts, glorified vaudeville, and million-dollar lighting effects, the men in control are creating a condition which may lead to the decline of the picture industry. With "line-ups" a block long at the big theaters, the smaller houses are already suffering from a competition that threatens to close many of their box offices.

I can see but one method of relief for those who own the theaters which specialize in pictures only. If they expect to hold the patronage of the fans, it will be necessary to buy their films in the open market and refuse to be dictated to by a few big producers and distributors.

I am willing to admit that motion pictures are in no great danger in the smaller cities and towns; but as far as metropolitan consumption is concerned, the movies are becoming just a part of the program. There are, and always will be, thousands of loyal fans in the large cities, but the chop-suey type of entertainment has weakened the allegiance of many who formerly were for pictures first, last, and all the time.

JOHN D. CAHILL.
2101 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

A Criticism.

My one criticism of your splendid August issue goes to Mr. Oettinger. In his article concerning Mr. Barthelmess he remarked that the movie fan "forgets easily and often." Being a movie fan myself, I can't allow such a remark to pass unheeded.

It isn't true that we forget easily. We really do not forget at all. But we do get rather fed up on mediocre pictures. However, we are always ready to accept our favorites whenever they prove worthy. When cases of forgetfulness do occur, they can usually be traced, not to the "fickle fan," *but to the failure on the part of the star to continue to improve his or her ability to act.*

The sensible movie fan admires true and sincere portrayals, regardless of who or what the star is. My sentiments, consequently, run like this: The public in general applauds and admires the worthy new and at the same time is stanch and true to the old.

(MRS.) A. E. THOMPSON.
410 Rightor Street, Helena, Ark.

The Public's Fickleness a Virtue.

Varied opinions have been freely expressed regarding Rodolph Valentino, who, personally, I think, has too much sang-froid, but he will soon have to look to his laurels, as there is reason to believe he will have a most formidable rival in the person of Ivor Novello, whom D. W. Griffith discovered in London. Mr. Novello is far more handsome than Valentino, and, happily, lacks that contemptuous manner which numerous fans so object to in "The Sheik." He has previously acted for the screen in "The Bohemian Girl," with great success, and as he is of that dark type so favored just now, let us hope for great things from him.

As a protest against the idiotic notions of some writers that "Sweet Seventeen has a crush on every good-looking male star she sees," I wish to say that my list of screen heroes commences after one hundred ladies, and numbers a dozen at most, headed by Eugene O'Brien. We young girls are far more interested in those beautiful summery dresses, so essential to Mary Miles Minter, or that simple yet bewitching coiffure adopted by Ethel Clayton, and favor the masculine stars by their suitability to woo our special favorites.

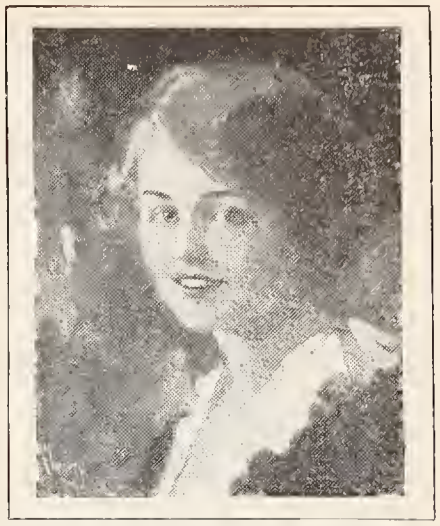
The fickleness of the public has been continuously talked of, as something of which the fans ought to be ashamed. I think it our contribution toward better players and pictures. If we remained loyal to a star because he or she pleased us when films were a greater novelty than they are to-day, we would not only suffer ourselves—since the stars would find it unnecessary to make efforts to improve—but we should also be depriving more deserving talent of the chance to make good. That the film public can be faithful where good players are concerned is shown by the perpetual popularity of Mary Pickford.

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MARGARET LYNCH.
3 Annfield Street, Dundee, Scotland.

Really, it's Wonderful!

I never thought it possible for a person to become so angry as I did when I read Elsie Browning's letter about Rodolph Valentino in the August number of PICTURE-PLAY.

It made my blood fairly boil!

I should think a person would be ashamed to be so plain spoken about a man who is loved by as many people as he. I realize this is a free country, but too much is too much.

I, too, saw Rodolph at Memorial Hall, Columbus. Every one thought he and his wife were perfectly wonderful and were fully satisfied with the entertainment. At least, if they weren't, they were not so impolite as to *hiss.* I do not remember one instance where he spoke of "hating" the producers. He blames them, in a measure, of course, for his poor pictures, but never once did he use the word "hate."

Rodolph had the most charming personality I have encountered. I do not think it possible for any person to see him smile and not smile in return. How his teeth flash! They are so even and so white. His words were very well chosen, and he has the most adorable accent. Not like a foreigner, but—oh, I can't explain it! Really, it's wonderful!

DOROTHY BEELMAN.
680 Park Avenue, Mansfield, Ohio.

Fans Will Be Fans

One of your interviewers, *who really can write,* gives a wonderfully convincing and a very frank picture of Lila Lee in the July PICTURE-PLAY, which was entitled "The Genuine Ingenue." I can just visualize little Miss Lee from the evidently candid and sensible article. But you know all about the silvery halo encircling the head of all motion-picture artistes, not to mention the glamour that is part and parcel of their personality—which *nothing* seems able to displace.

In proof of which I might mention the never-forgettable incident of Rodolph Valentino's appearance at the Seventy-first Armory. Despite the fact that we were a weary, fagged mob, having waited several hours for him to put in an appearance, when he did arrive, the crowd was almost beside itself with hero worship! At one time, the scene was set for a very glamorous moment; just the colorful forms of the twain—Rodolph and wife—flitting about in an exotic tango, and like the wind, from all sides you could actually hear moaning and sighing for their idol. Rodolph was glorified *that* night, all right! Despite all that has been printed against him, even the fact that he had made us wait so long and pay so heavily for the privilege of seeing him dance for a few moments could not dim *by one degree* that ardor which is inspired by glamour.

Which explains why I write the following, offered in defense of my excessive enthusiasm on beholding something which was, originally, the possession of one of these favored children of fortune.

It was a borrowed book, formerly the possession of Lila Lee, who had presented it to a friend of hers, who, in turn, had loaned it to me for a very little while.



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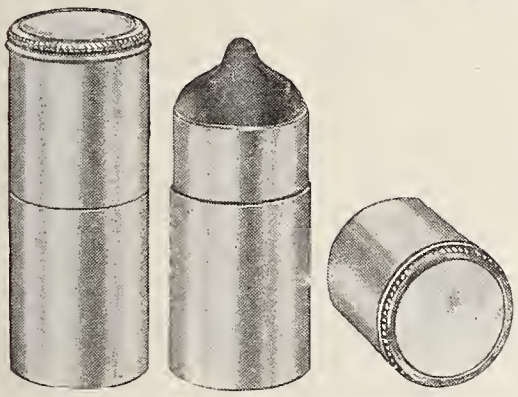


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Oh, just think of it!

MISS FANNIE CISCH.

1757 Seventy-eighth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Poor Pola!

I wish there wouldn't be so much printed about Pola Negri and Charlie Chaplin. And, speaking of Pola, that poor woman has never lived through any of her pictures that I have seen. I have seen her guillotined, choked, run over by a train, and left out in the desert with the jackals. If I should ever see her smiling happily in the final close-up, they would have to carry me out of the theater.

Percy Moore certainly did babble wildly about Bebe Daniels in the July issue. I like Bebe myself, but I could never go into such spasms as that about anybody.

I suppose no letter could be complete without mentioning Rodolph. I saw him dance at the Trianon Ballroom, Chicago, this winter. I must say he came up to my expectations.

My favorite child star is Miriam Battista. I am the daughter of a vaudeville performer, and we were on the show with her a week in Baltimore. She is one of the most pleasant persons it has been my luck to meet. JUNE MEREDITH.

214 S. Washington Street, Kokomo, Ind.

From Another Pola Fan.

I am not a crab, but I thought I would write to this department because I have so much to say about whom I like and whom I dislike. Last night I saw "Within the Law," starring Norma. As I see it, she is losing her pep slowly but surely. Where is the Norma of "Smilin' Thru," and "She Loves and Lies?" Those two were *very good*.

I think Pola Negri is the greatest of all our players. She is not as beautiful as Norma, but she is a far greater actress. And she has more pep in one minute than Norma has all day. I like Constance, too. She has Mabel Normand —or anybody else beat for comedy.

I will now name six players I like best, and why:

(1) Corinne Griffith: She is always interesting and beautiful.

(2) Pola Negri: Because she is not afraid to act. And she surely is beautiful.

(3) Mae Murray: I never saw a play she was in that I didn't like. And she is different from all others. In a class by herself.

(4) Gloria Swanson: Because she knows how to dress, and that's more than some of her knockers know.

(5) Rodolph Valentino: Because he is wonderful. I don't know what it is about him, but I like him, and am missing his wonderful plays. He also sent me a photo, large size, and a letter.

(6) Last is little Leatrice Joy, because she is a born actress, and will some day show us. JOE KENNEDY.

222½ E. Main Street, Columbus, Ohio.

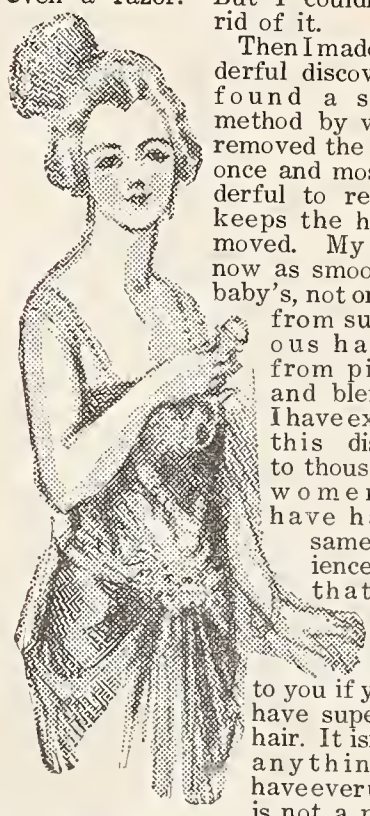
Too Much Business Sense.

It seems to me that Paramount is fast catching up on Vitagraph as "the graveyard of film players." To my mind that company has ruined more good actors and actresses recently than any other. The

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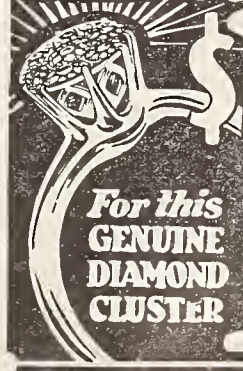
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reason? Lack of vision, and too much business sense. We hear that the organization has bought a good book or play, that a good cast is selected to play in it, and when it is released it is just another movie, made by the movie formula. The directors show little originality in adapting stories, and give the players very little opportunity for distinctive work.

Tom Meighan, for instance, is not where he was a year ago, because he needs big stories, and the company has tried to make a juvenile out of him.

May McAvoy will have to start over from the bottom, now that she's through with Paramount. She is a distinct type and needs whimsical, emotional rôles. She is too intelligent to play ingénues in the accepted fashion.

Gloria Swanson is slipping fast, because her pictures are just so-called fashion displays—artificial, tawdry.

Betty Compson needs better stories and better direction than she has had. Right now she is just about as good as the average, no better.

Constance Binney was utterly ruined in her Realart pictures; it may be that Pola Negri is unmanageable, but in her Paramount début she was dressed up and made to act in the American-Paramount style.

Dorothy Dalton has lost in popularity. Jack Holt has had one good picture, "While Satan Sleeps," in the past year. Bebe Daniels' directors seems to expect nothing from her but her gorgeous self; she hasn't acted in months.

I admire Rodolph Valentino for staying out of films rather than appearing in some of the things selected for him.

BEN KARTMAN.
1840 S. Kedzie Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Too Much Make-up.

I certainly agree with that writer who says many of the stars make-up too heavily, and let me say here and now that Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels are the two worst offenders. Now, wait, you loyal fans, I didn't say the young ladies couldn't *act!* Just hold on a moment. Remember "Male and Female?" Was there ever a more gloriously beautiful female than Miss Swanson was in that picture? Compare it with those of her to-day. Her face has a hard, set look. And why? Too much black around the eyes, lips made up too heavily.

The same goes for Bebe. I got the surprise of my life when I saw her in person. Boys, she's an honest-to-goodness beauty, but I wouldn't give you a penny for her looks on the screen.

Come on you defenders! Say what you will, but dog-gone it, I *mean* it! And it gets my goat because it isn't necessary that these two stars in particular go to such extremes.

In closing, may I ask these questions:

Why does Milton Sills always keep his eyes half closed?

Why does Bebe Daniels always look at the camera?

Why doesn't Nita Naldi lose a few pounds?

Why don't we see more of Bessie Love?

Why can't we all be as beautiful as Agnes Ayres or Barbara La Marr?

Why can't they all act as well as Pola Negri?

MRS. E. BUTTIMER.
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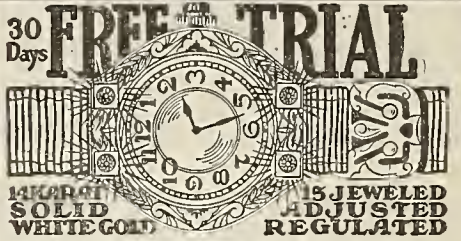
A Word for Marjorie Daw.

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I want to say a word for Marjorie Daw. I think she is one of the sweetest

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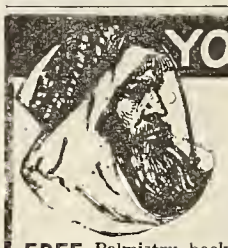
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girls on the screen. She is always so dignified. In the July issue of PICTURE-PLAY Malcolm Oettinger called Miss Daw "a young poseuse." I wish he would give his reason for that statement. As *Kay Parker* in "The Pride of Palomar" she essayed a rôle that will always keep her in my mind as one of the screen's sweetest actresses.

DOROTHEA CRANE.

5606 Ellsworth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 94

EVERETT G.—Skin eruptions show up very noticeably on the screen, and it is impossible to pile the make-up on thickly enough to hide a skin that is not clear and smooth. That is why a clear, smooth skin is one of the first essentials for a screen aspirant. It is true that several players, such as Gloria Swanson and Conway Tearle, have tiny moles on their faces, which are sometimes noticeable in close-ups, but such a mark would not matter very much, and, in fact, adds a touch of distinction. Some persons seem to think that make-up covers all kinds of defects, but when you consider the searching eye of the camera and the degree of enlargement to which the features are subjected, one would have to have a pretty presentable face, especially as to complexion, to begin with in order to look attractive on the screen.

CURIOSITY.—Your name certainly does suit you. You managed to crowd an awful lot of questions into your short note. Rodolph Valentino has not made any pictures since "The Young Rajah," and is still at war with Famous Players-Lasky over his contract. In the meantime he stays at his Hollywood home, and the fans are seeing other attractive actors on the scren regularly, though a great many are inconsolable without Rodolph. Yes, Valentino is fond of sports, especially horseback riding and swimming. He is quite athletic. Alice Terry has the principal feminine rôle in "Scaramouche." Alice's own hair is chestnut-brown, but ever since "The Four Horsemen" she has always worn a blond wig in pictures because her husband, Rex Ingram, thinks it suits her personality better. Malcolm MacGregor was born October 13, 1896, in Newark, New Jersey. He is married, and has a four-year-old daughter.

JERRY FROM CALIFORNIA.—So you think this department is "devoted mostly to idle and movie-crazed girls." Well, *I* think that some one is seeking to stir up the dullness of his life. I can almost see the outraged faces of some of the "idle and movie-crazed" as they reach for scorching pen and paper. Since joining Inspiration, beside the pictures you mention, Richard Barthelmess has made "The Seventh Day," "Sonny," and "The Bright Shawl." He is now engaged on a costume drama called "The Fighting Blade," in which Dorothy Mackaill appears opposite him. Richard was born in 1895. I do not think there would be much chance of your meeting him personally "to shake his hand" if you come to New York unless you have the entrée to the studio or the Barthelmess social set. Like most stars, Barthelmess changes his director every once in a while. Henry King directed all his Inspiration pictures up until "The Bright Shawl," which was supervised by John Robertson. Mr. Robertson also holds the megaphone on "The Fighting Blade."



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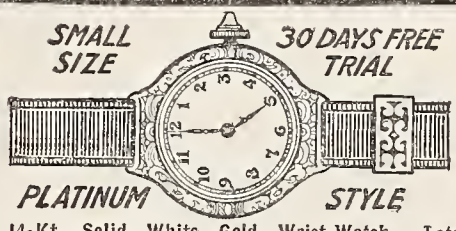
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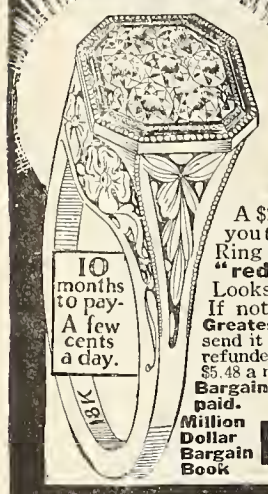


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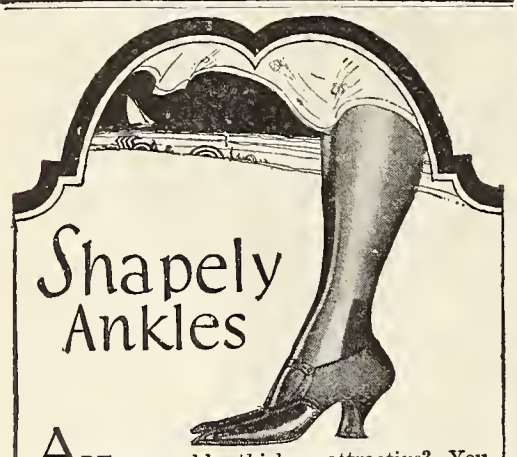
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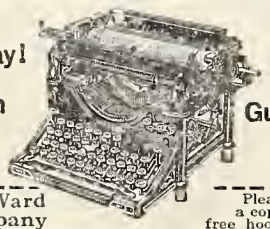
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BETSY.—Goodness, you went through such a long declaration of puzzlement that I was prepared to be asked anything from Doug Fairbanks' favorite necktie to the state of my bank account. But it is only John and Jack Gilbert that trouble you. It is the same man, of course. He is labeled John on the screen, but offstage he is usually called Jack. Yes, he is married to Leatrice Joy. Glenn Hunter is still playing on the stage in New York in "Merton of the Movies," but he is making pictures at the same time. He has just finished "The Scarecrow" for the Film Guild, and will most likely start on his Famous Players-Lasky contract with "This Side of Paradise." He will work at the Eastern studio, so that he can continue with "Merton" as long as it proves popular, which will be for a long time, judging by present indications.

CUDDLES MCD.—The average pay of an extra is seven dollars and fifty cents a day, but they get that, of course, only when they work. As a rule, extras do not work on a picture more than a few days, unless it is some big special, or unless the company goes on location. There are so many hundreds of experienced extras enrolled at the studios now that the chance for a newcomer to break in is growing slimmer and slimmer. But I suppose that would not keep you, or any other determined aspirant, from trying. So long as there is the tiniest chance, there will always be people to take it, I guess.

E. D.—No, T. Roy Barnes is not under contract to Cosmopolitan. He just made "Adam and Eva" and "The Go-Getter" for them. Mr. Barnes has deserted the feature drama for two-reel comedies, and will make a series of the domestic type for Grace Page Productions. Wyndham Standing has a rôle in "The Gold Diggers," in which Hope Hampton plays the lead.

EDDIE.—Peggy Hyland some time ago completed a picture called "Shifting Sands," which was made in London and North Africa by an English company, but I have not heard of any plans for its release in this country so far. Miss Hyland was born in England, near Worcestershire. She is five feet one, and has brown hair and green eyes.

S. AND F.—No, my dears, Baby Peggy is not Mary Pickford's little girl. Where did you get that idea? Mary has no children of her own, but she has a little niece, Mary Pickford Rupp, to whom she is devoted, and with whom she spends a lot of her time. Baby Peggy's family name is Montgomery. Her mother is not on the screen. All her talent goes toward keeping her clever offspring in line—seeing that she doesn't work too hard and that she studies her lessons—and that she is spanked when she deserves it. Oh, yes, movie children are reprimanded when necessary—that is, the ones that have wise parents. Charlotte Burton was married to William Russell, but is divorced.

GOLDIE.—Yes, Wallace and Noah Beery are brothers. Noah is a member of the Famous Players-Lasky stock company, but Wallace free lances. "A Rogue's Romance" certainly is an old picture. It was originally released by the Vitagraph Company in 1919, but was among several old productions in which Rodolph Valentino appeared in comparatively small rôles when he was practically unknown, which were taken off the shelf and reissued following his extraordinary success. Bryant Washburn starred in "It Pays to Advertise," and Lois Wilson played opposite him.



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Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month.

Joseph Schildkraut, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Marjorie Daw, Jack Mulhall, Conway Tearle, George O'Hara, Holbrook Blinn, Mary Beth Milford, and Buster Collier at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

William Duncan, Jack Hoxie, Hoot Gibson, Gladys Walton, Priscilla Dean, Virginia Valli, Art Acord, Reginald Denny, Edith Johnson, Norman Kerry, Herbert Rawlinson, and Richard Talmadge at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California. Also Mary Philbin.

John Barrymore, Walter McGrail, Percy Marmont, and Lionel Barrymore at the Lambs Club, 130 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Elaine Hammerstein, Bryant Washburn, John Bowers, and Maryon Aye, care of Principal Pictures Corporation, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Mae Marsh, Ivor Novello, and Carol Dempster at the Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, New York.

Pola Negri, Richard Dix, Charles de Roche, Jack Holt, Theodore Kosloff, Jacqueline Logan, Estelle Taylor, Rod La Rocque, Mary Astor, Bobby Agnew, Gloria Swanson, Eileen Percy, Ernest Torrence, Theodore Roberts, Lila Lee, Bebe Daniels, Casson Ferguson, Leatrice Joy, Gareth Hughes, Antonio Moreno, Lewis Stone, Lois Wilson, Walter Hiers, Maurice Flynn, Agnes Ayres, Thomas Meighan, William Boyd, June Marlowe, Vera Reynolds, Constance Wilson, Alma Bennett at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Mabel Normand, Mack Swain, Ben Turpin, and Katbryn McGuire at the Mack Sennett Studios, Edendale, California.

Eugene O'Brien, care of The Players Club, Gramercy Park, New York City.

George Arliss, Mimi Palmeri, Alfred Lunt, and Alice Joyce, care of Distinctive Productions, 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Elsie Ferguson, Dorothy Mackaill, Nita Naldi, James Rennie, Mahlon Hamilton, and Alice Brady, care of Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Johnny Jones and Ben Alexander, care of J. K. McDonald Productions, Hollywood Studios, Hollywood, California.

Lillian Gish, Ronald Colman, Dorothy Gish, and Richard Barthelmess care of Inspiration Pictures Corporation, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Also Gail Kane.

Mae Busch, Eric Von Stroheim, Dale Fuller, ZaSu Pitts, Bessie Love, Carmel Myers, Claire Windsor, Helene Chadwick, Conrad Nagel, Lucille Ricksen, Frank Mayo, Goesta Ekman, James Kirkwood, Aileen Pringle, Eleanor Boardman, Kathleen Key, Blanche Sweet, Pauline Starke, and Sydney Chaplin at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Marion Davies, Seena Owen, Bert Lytell, Anita Stewart, and Alma Rubens, care of Cosmopolitan Productions, Second Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, New York City.

Mary Pickford, Anna May Wong, Julanne Johnston, Douglas Fairbanks, and Jack Pickford at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, California.

Alice Terry, Viola Dana, Malcolm MacGregor, Ramon Novarro, Edith Allen, Truman Van Dyke, Evelyn Brent, House Peters, Elinor Fair, Mary Alden, Renee Adoree at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Johnnie Walker, Warner Baxter, and Marie Astaire at the R-C Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Ralph Faulkner, care of Associated Authors, Incorporated, Hollywood, California.

Catherine Bennett and Monty Banks at Grand-Asher Studios, Hollywood, California.

Shirley Mason, Tom Mix, Dolores Rousse, Charles Jones, Ann McKittrick, Jean Arthur, William Russell, Gladys Leslie, and John Gilbert at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Gaston Glass, Netta Westcott, Kenneth Harlan, Ethel Shannon, Huntley Gordon, and Norma Shearer at the Mayer Studios, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, California.

Gloria Gray, John Roche, and Carmelita Geraghty, care of Finis Fox Productions, Hollywood Studios, Hollywood, California.

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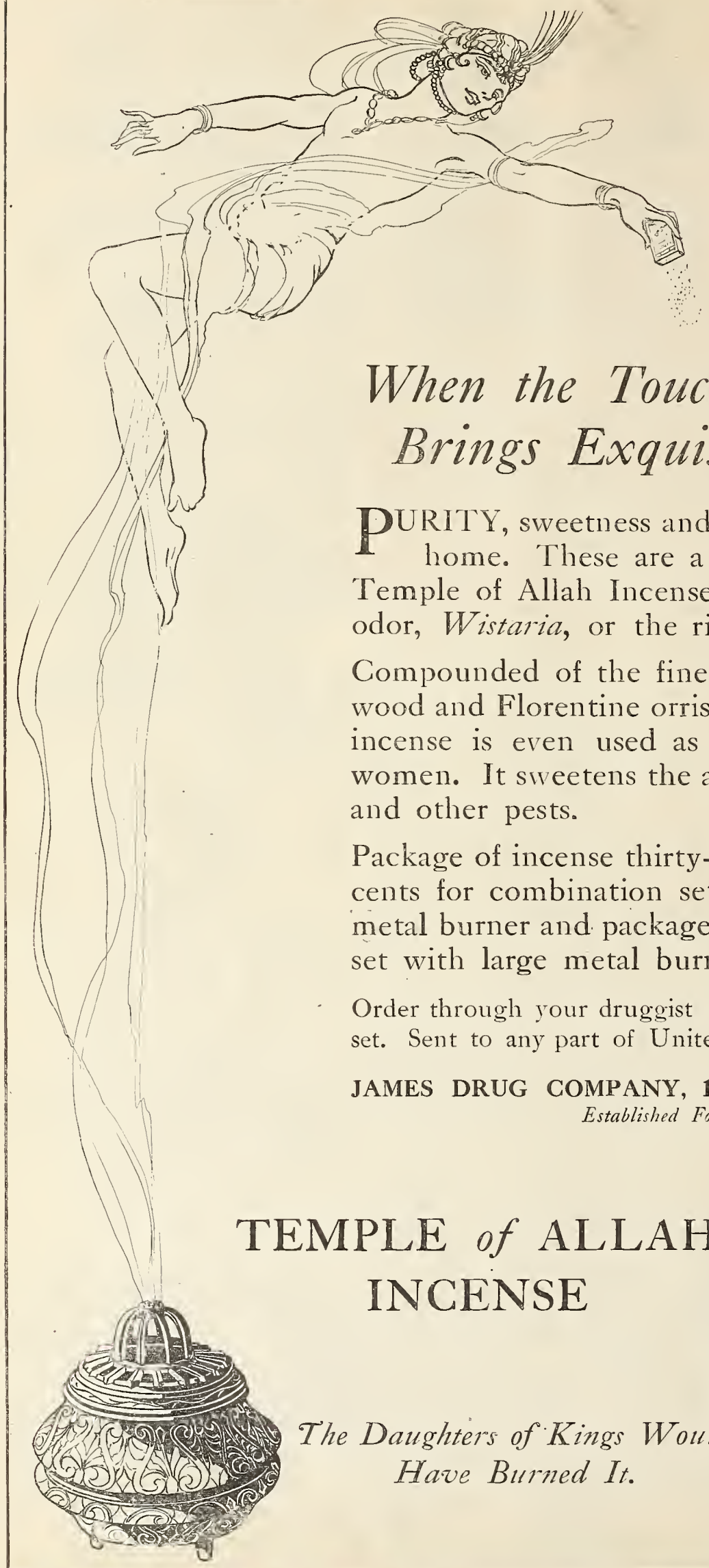
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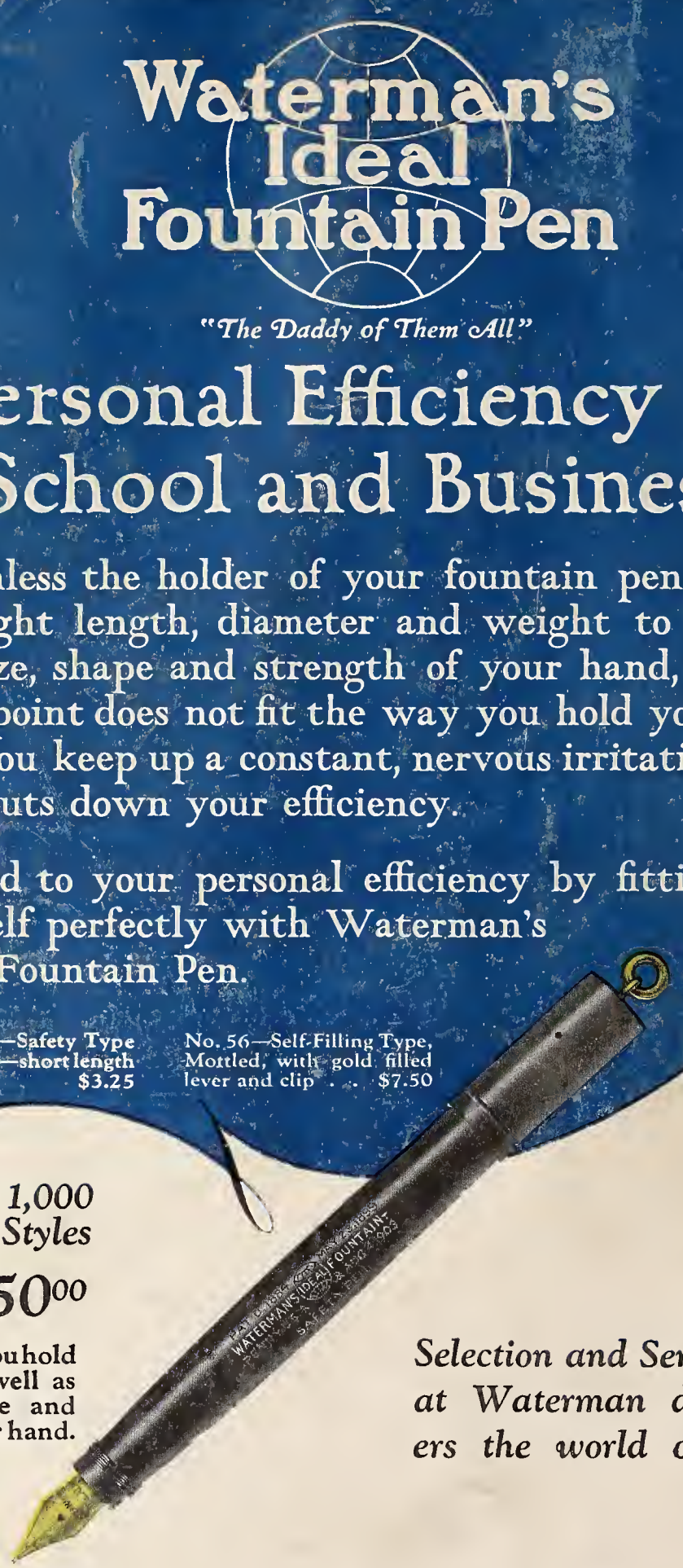
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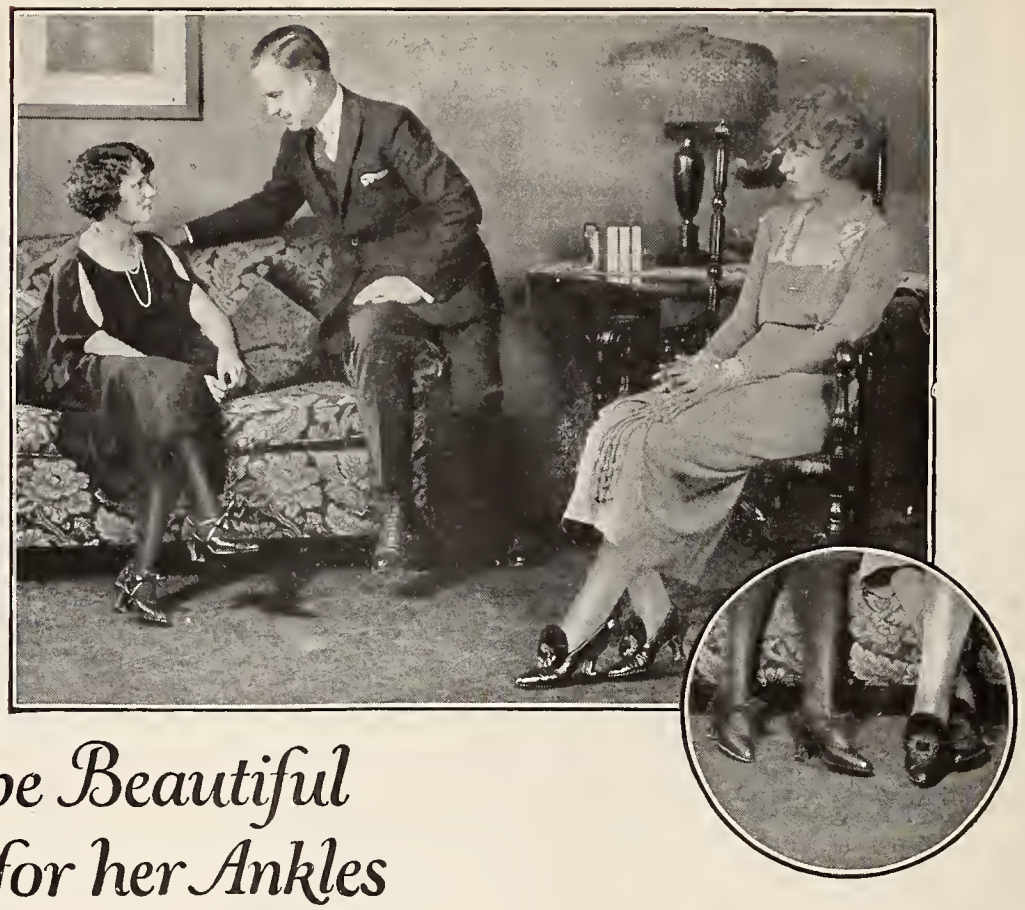
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ELEANOR BOARDMAN

The Best Magazine of the Screen

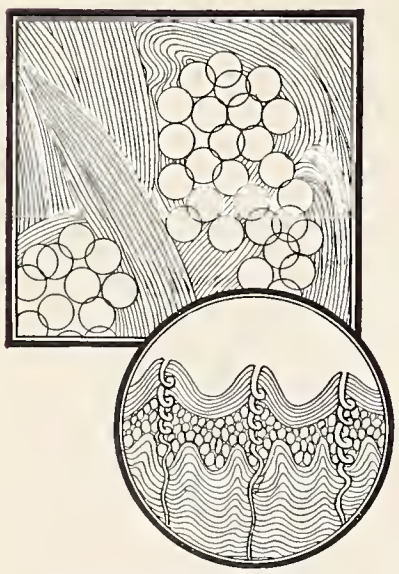


She would be Beautiful if it weren't for her Ankles

But *Now*, Every Woman Can Have Pretty Ankles

NO MATTER how lovely her face, how graceful her figure, no woman can be truly beautiful if her ankles are flabby and thick. Unshapely ankles give an impression of coarseness and awkwardness that all the charm of feature and form cannot dispel.

Thick ankles distress so many women! And yet today it is easy to transform them into slender, delicately modeled ankles that will appear bewitchingly beneath the hem of one's gown. A new system—The Mme. Wilmarte Method—simple, safe and sensible—gives to every consistent follower the pretty ankles that should be every woman's pride.



Mme. Wilmarte Special Reducing Cream opens the pores as shown in the lower picture, and allows the Electrolastic Ankle Reducers to function more readily.

Your physician would tell you, if you asked him, that with the pores now open, the Ankle Reducers are ready to do their work. They stimulate the secretion of the fat cells which lie between the normal tissue cells, thereby reducing the amount of fatty tissue, as shown in the upper picture.

What Causes Thick Ankles

Modern modes of living—of riding instead of walking—pay for their comfort in fat accumulation. This is especially noticeable in the ankles where superfluous fatty tissues build themselves into a shapeless wall thickly padding the natural slim ankle lines.

The Electrolastic Ankle Reducer Removes the Padding of Fat

The most important step in the Mme Wilmarte Method is the Electrolastic Ankle Reducer which can be slipped on and off in a second—simply drawn over the foot without lacing, straps, bandaging or bother of any kind. This ankle reducer, made of rubber containing natural drawing properties, not only carries off the fatty tissues through perspiration, but healthfully stimulates the secretion of the fat cells. Thus the ankle is reduced to its normal graceful proportions.

While many women prefer to wear Electrolastic Ankle Reducers at night, they may also be worn comfortably during the day; light, yet exceedingly durable; flesh-colored and snug fitting, they will not be noticed beneath your stockings.

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Department 10C

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FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY

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This unusual offer makes it possible for you—if you act at once—to get a $3.00 pair of Electrolastic Ankle Reducers and a $2.00 jar of Reducing Cream, all for $2.98.

Send No Money

Simply send us your ankle and calf measurements. We will send you a pair of reducers and a jar of cream in plain container. Simply pay the postman on arrival $2.98, (plus a few cents for postage), or if you prefer, send us a money order. If, after examining the Mme. Wilmarte Ankle Reducers in the privacy of your own home, you are not entirely satisfied, you may return the Ankle Reducers and the Cream, and we will refund your money at once and without question. You take absolutely no risk.

For Size, Measure Just Above Ankle Bone

If you wish to reduce your calves as well as your ankles, the Mme. Wilmarte Extra Length Ankle and Calf Reducer, at an additional charge of $2.00, will meet your needs.

Mme. Wilmarte, Dept. 10C

12 East 42nd St., New York City

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(Measure Just Above Ankle Bone)

My Calf Size Is .....

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Science Discovers the Secret of Caruso's Marvelous Voice

WHY is it that the humble peasant boy of Italy became the greatest singer of all time? This diagram of his throat will show you. Caruso's marvelous voice was due to a superb development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle. Your Hyo-Glossus muscle can be developed too! A good voice can be made better — a weak voice become strong — a lost voice restored — stammering and stuttering cured. Science will help you.



We Guarantee —

Your Voice Can Be Improved 100%

EVERY normal human being has a Hyo-Glossus muscle in his or her throat. A few very fortunate persons —like the late Caruso — are born with the ability to sing well. But even they must develop their natural gifts. Caruso had to work many years developing that muscle before his voice was perfect. Whether your voice is strong or weak, pleasant or unpleasant, melodious or harsh, depends upon the development of your Hyo-Glossus muscle. You can have a beautiful singing or speaking voice if that muscle is developed by correct training.

Prof. Feuchtinger's Great Discovery

Professor Feuchtinger, A. M. — descendant of a long line of musicians — famous in the music circles of Europe for his success in training famous Opera Singers—discovered the secret of the Hyo Glossus muscle. Dissatisfied with the methods used by the maestros of the Continent who went on year after year blindly following obsolete methods, Eugene Feuchtinger devoted years of his life to scientific research. His reward was the discovery of the Hyo-Glossus, the "Singing Muscle"— and a system of voice training that will develop this muscle by simple, silent exercises.

Opera Stars Among His Students

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The Perfect Voice Institute guarantees that Professor Feuchtinger's method will improve your voice 100%. You are to be the sole judge—take this training—if your voice is not improved 100% in your own opinion, we will refund your money.

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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"His Children's Children"

A Sam Wood production, with Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Mackaill, James Rennie, George Fawcett, Mary Eaton, Warner Oland, Hale Hamilton and others. Adapted by Monte Katterjohn from the famous novel by Arthur Train.

"The Light That Failed"

By Rudyard Kipling. A George Melford production, with Jacqueline Logan, Percy Marmont, Sigrid Holmquist and David Torrence. Scenario by F. McGrew Willis and Jack Cunningham.

"The Spanish Dancer"

Starring Pola Negri. A Herbert Brenon production, with Antonio Moreno, supported by Wallace Beery, Kathryn Williams, Gareth Hughes, Adolphe Menjou and Robert Agnew. Written for the screen by June Mathis, and Beulah Marie Dix from the play "Don Cesar de Bazan," by Adolphe D'Ennery and P. S. P. Dumanoir.

"Stephen Steps Out"

Starring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., with Theodore Roberts, supported by Noah Beery, Harry Myers, Forrest Robinson. Directed by Joseph Henabery. From the story by Richard Harding Davis. Scenario by Edfrid Bingham.

"The Call of the Canyon"

A Zane Grey production, with Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix and Lois Wilson. Supported by Noah Beery, Ricardo Cortez and Charles Ogle. Adapted by Doris Schroeder. Directed by Victor Fleming.

"Speejacks"

A motion picture record of A. Y. Gowen's famous voyage around the world in a 98-foot motor boat.

"West of the Water Tower"

Starring Glenn Hunter, with Ernest Torrence and May McAvoy. Supported by George Fawcett and Zazu Pitts. Directed by Rollin Sturgeon. Adapted by Doris Schroeder from the novel by Homer Croy.

"Wild Bill Hickok"

Starring William S. Hart (in an original story by himself), supported by Ethel Grey Terry and featuring Bill Hart's Pinto Pony. Screen play by Albert Shelby Le Vino.

"Big Brother"

By Rex Beach. A Sam Wood production, with Tom Moore and a distinctive cast. Adapted for the screen by Monte Katterjohn.

"Flaming Barriers"

A George Melford production, with Jacqueline Logan, Antonio Moreno, Theodore Roberts, Walter Hiers, Sigrid Holmquist. By Byron Morgan. Adapted by Jack Cunningham.

"The Humming Bird"

Starring Gloria Swanson. An Allan Dwan production. From the play by Maude Fulton. Screen play by Julian Johnson.

"Every Day Love"

A William deMille production, with Jack Holt and Nita Naldi. Supported by Theodore Kosloff, Robert Edeson and Rod La Rocque. From the novel "Rita Coventry," by Julian Street. Screen play by Clara Beranger.

"The Heritage of the Desert"

A Zane Grey production, with Bebe Daniels and Ernest Torrence. Directed by Irvin Willat. Adapted by Doris Schroeder.

"Pied Piper Malone"

Starring Thomas Meighan. Supported by Lois Wilson and a big cast. By Booth Tarkington. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Adapted by Tom Geraghty.

"My Man"

Starring Pola Negri. A Herbert Brenon production. Supported by Charles de Roche. Written for the screen by Fred Jackson from the play "Mon Homme" by Andre Picard and Francis Carco.

"When Knights Were Bold"

Starring Glenn Hunter. Francis Wilson's famous comedy. By Charles Marlow. Edited and titled by Ralph Spence.

"Triumph"

Cecil B. DeMille's production, with Leatrice Joy and Rod La Rocque, from the Saturday Evening Post story by May Edginton. Adapted by Jeanie Macpherson

"The Stranger"

A Joseph Henabery production with Richard Dix, Leatrice Joy, and Lewis Stone. From the story "The First and the Last" by John Galsworthy. Adapted by Bertram Millhauser.

"Argentine Love"

Starring Gloria Swanson. Screen play by Julian Johnson from the story by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. An Allan Dwan production.

"North of 36"

James Cruze's production, with Jack Holt, Ernest Torrence and Lila Lee. By Emerson Hough.

"Woman Proof"

Starring Thomas Meighan. Story by George Ade. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN!

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President
NEW YORK CITY

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THE CRUEL SPOTLIGHT

Great scandals from little rumors grow, and so if a player would escape from unpleasant criticism he must do nothing that the public does not fully understand and approve. He must weigh every word carefully and consider every action.

But—who would have thought it scandalous for Buster Keaton to go down to the beach with his sister-in-law, Constance Talmadge? Especially as his wife and child were in the party? Some one did.

Who would have supposed that Glenn Hunter would be accused of conceit just because of his studio address?

Who would have believed that Lila Lee could cause trouble for her company just by a casual reference to Panama?

Agnes Smith will explain these ridiculous mishaps and many others in the next number of Picture-Play. She will give you a glimpse of the tremendous responsibility of the stars and show you how they are subjected to foolish and dangerous criticism.

THE BOY WE LOVED

Charles Ray has gone and done the hardest thing an actor can do. He has not only come back after a series of hopelessly bad pictures; he has caused a second sensation as great as his first. Once we hailed him as a lovable boy; now we must consider him as one of our truly great actors. Edwin Schallert, who knows Charles Ray as only a few close friends know him, has written an analysis of him that throws a whole new light on his career.

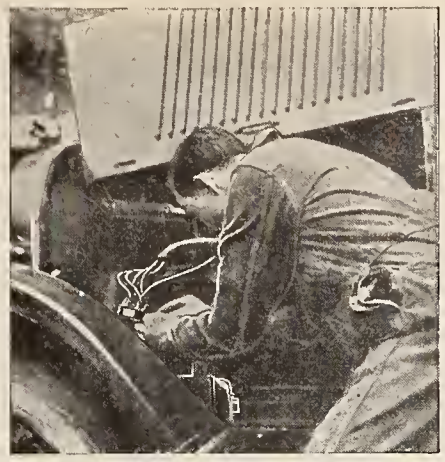
OTHER BIG FEATURES

There will be many novel and fascinating stories in the next issue of Picture-Play, unusual off-stage glimpses of popular players, personality stories of Harrison Ford, Lenore Ulric, Evelyn Brent and George Hackathorne, and all the latest news in picture and story of important motion-picture events.

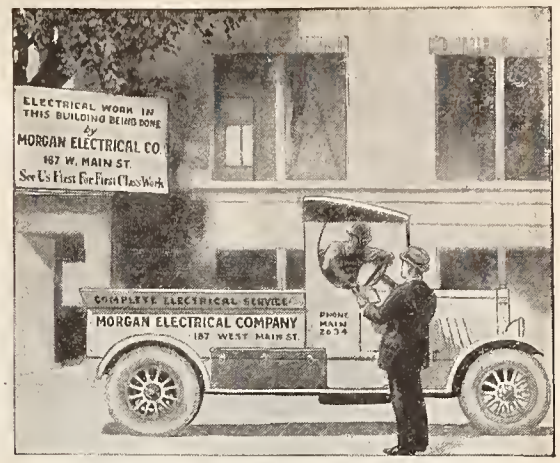
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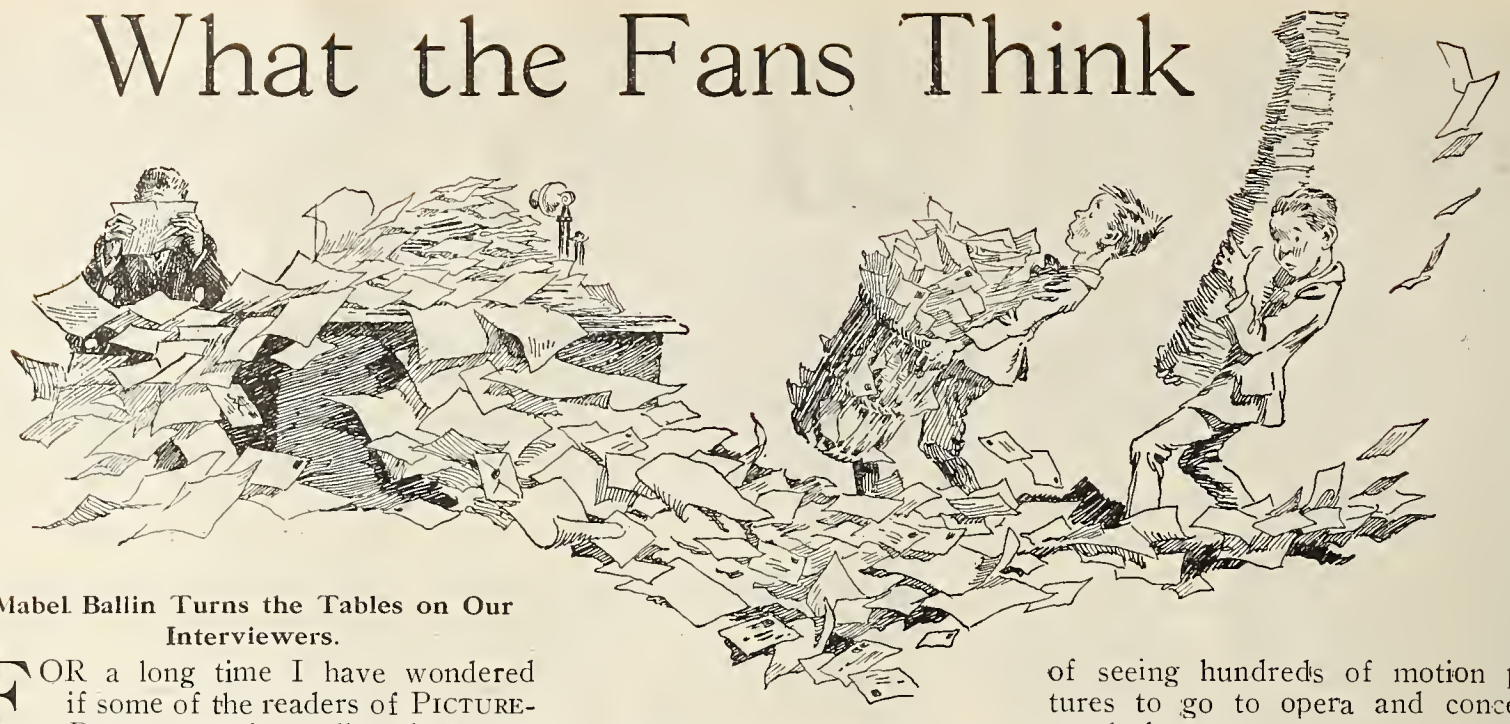
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What the Fans Think



Mabel Ballin Turns the Tables on Our Interviewers.

FOR a long time I have wondered if some of the readers of PICTURE-PLAY weren't really almost as much interested in the personalities of the writers in your magazine as they are in the personalities written about. Lately I've been convinced that they are, for in the letters to "What the Fans Think" I find controversies raging about Malcolm Oettinger and his opinions, Myrtle Gebhart and her enthusiasms, and so on.

So now I am going to turn the tables on the interviewers and tell a little about them, at least, about the ones I know. Just as they are in a position to meet us and interpret us to the fans, we have a chance to get to know some of them pretty well. Although the professional interviewer is a canny soul, skilled in drawing people out, even the best of them is off guard sometimes.

There is Malcolm Oettinger, for instance. I am sure that readers feel that he is always trying to give an absolutely truthful portrait of the people he writes about.

I met Mr. Oettinger only once about a year ago, but I recall him as a polished, well-groomed young man with a gift for trenchant questioning. He's a University of Pennsylvania and a Harvard man, and began writing for PICTURE-PLAY while still in college, not so long ago. He is as modern as to-day's newspaper. If I ever meet him again I would like to be warned in advance so that I might study up the very latest in and about *Life, Vanity Fair,* H. G. Wells, Shaw, Will Rogers, the New York dance clubs, and the daily columnists.

A contributor has rebuked him for comparing the subjects of his interviews to other players, to the detriment of the absent ones. Mr. Oettinger is of the opinion, evidently, that perfection does not make one interesting, and yet we all try for it. So the deduction follows that to some our shortcomings represent individuality. Perhaps many of us may take a grain of comfort from this.

Another person the fans would enjoy knowing is Agnes Smith. I don't need to tell them that she is witty, well-informed, or definite in her judgments; they know all that from her articles. But what they should know is that Miss Smith's random remarks in person sparkle just as her articles and reviews do. She has a disarming, languid manner. In fact, her manner is so impersonal that when she makes a lot of clever remarks she sounds as though she were reading or quoting. She knows more about music than most orchestra leaders do, and seems to find time outside of seeing hundreds of motion pictures to go to opera and concerts regularly.

While I was in Hollywood I was always hearing about Myrtle Gebhart, though I never met her. She seems a most impetuous young person, always on the go in her roadster. As you have probably gathered from her articles, she is of ingénue age and goes around with Patsy Ruth Miller and Mildred Davis rather than older people. She is a dynamo of energy, and I notice, from her stories, that she has small patience for the persons in our profession who seem to her not to be making the most of their abilities and opportunities.

Of all the contributors to PICTURE-PLAY, my personal favorites are Inez McCleary, Helen Klumph and Norbert Lusk. Perhaps it is because I really feel that I know them as well as we ever know any of the people we are fond of outside those we live with. Inez McCleary is tall, dark, beautiful, clever and chic. She is a Vassar graduate and is author of innumerable serials that have run in newspapers all over the country.

Helen Klumph is perhaps the most wholesome person I know, although she will probably scoff at the idea. I believe that she thinks she is sophisticated. She has light-brown bobbed hair and gray eyes that are sufficiently languid to disarm one, thereby causing the subject to reveal all. She is apparently not curious, nor inquisitive; just simply interested. You feel quite free with her, not inhibited. She has an enormous collection of lipsticks of every color and brand, and rather favors a piercing light yellow. She laughs at all my husband's jokes and lets me help her select hats, so of course we think her sense of humor and her judgment are splendid.

I cannot write calmly about Norbert Lusk. I have known him since his early Goldwyn years and besides I have seen some of his baby pictures. As all of you know who have read his articles, he has known almost every one in pictures. I need not add that his technique, or style, is what people call "finished." He is tall, with a wondering look that entirely belies his sophistry. That no doubt comes from so much star gazing. He is very reserved, but kindly. However, the fact that his friends may not possess stability in no way seems to affect him. I suspect that the only way to fluster him is by being too personal, even as I am now. He has survived more vamping than any one I know of. He is more vamped against than vamping. He always presents you with such wisely selected flowers, just at the moment when you think no one cares whether you draw another breath. But

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Who is to blame?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman"? Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks" and the world's highest authority on love, says it is generally the wife's fault—and proves it! She explains how such things can easily be prevented — how all men and women can hold forever the love they cherish.



IF you know all there is to know about the perplexities of love and the pitfalls of marriage—if you know everything about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affection—don't read this article. BUT—if you are in doubt—if you would like to know why so many married people are discontented—if you don't know how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—*read every word below!* You will be glad you DID!

Ask Yourself These Questions Frankly

Will you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get? Why do some men grow increasingly indifferent even though their wives strive tirelessly to please them? Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you *must not do* unless you want to be a "wall-flower" or an "old maid"? Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become indifferent husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

If you have solved all of these problems, you are one in ten thousand! But if you are in doubt—if you want to get the most out of love—if you want to know all about the pitfalls of marriage—then send quickly for "The Philosophy of Love."

The Most Daring Book Ever Written

"The Philosophy of Love" is a new book by Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks." It is the most daring book ever written. It will thrill you as you have never been thrilled before. It may also upset some of your pet notions about love and marriage. But it will set you right about these precious things and you will be bound to admit that Madame Glyn—who has made a life study of love—has written the most amazingly truthful and the most downright helpful volume ever penned.

Madame Glyn boldly turns a gleaming searchlight on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how delicate or avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

We admit that the book is decidedly daring. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of great value, could not mince words. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade, while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner, she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can be safely read by any man or woman.

Certain shallow-minded persons may criticize "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world-wide reputation on this book—her greatest masterpiece!

SEND NO MONEY

YOU need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent in plain wrapper on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

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the nicest thing he ever did was to prepare a most inviting little dinner for my husband and myself in his apartment. His lobster à la Newburg is incomparable. He will never forgive me for rushing into print, eulogizing him in this fashion.

Miss Harriette Underhill, of whom every one knows, was the founder of the first motion-picture review column, in the New York *Tribune,* which meant prestige for the pictures, and incidentally must have boomed the circulation of that paper, for I know people in every walk of life who would not miss this feature. She has an amazing capacity for living. If she had elected to shine in any other form of endeavor I am sure she would have succeeded, although her bodily strength, after having had a great illness, must be sometimes depleted. She is always a familiar figure, principally because of the distinct quality of beauty of expression and excellent grooming which characterize her at every première performance. She doesn't understand any one feeling tired of life. She wants to go on forever. She may seem at times, to many of us, captious of our endeavors. but we must remember that a great deal depends on the quality of work exacted of us, and perhaps the reviewer views the potentiality of the motion picture as very great.

While in Hollywood I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Edwin Schallert and his wife, who writes as Elza Schallert. It is encouraging to meet people who so thoroughly comprehend a condition where if one's copartner in the business of making motion pictures chances to be one's own husband it is forgiven. Edwin and Elza Schallert write sometimes together and often under separate signatures. They are the proud parents of a young hopeful. They are considered highbrow by the lowbrows, and well-informed by the highbrows. They are very human. Mr. Schallert is, I think, more contemplative than his wife, who arrives at very prompt conclusions. But if they disagree very often, which I don't fancy they do, it would be interesting to hear the pros and cons.

I should like to tell you something about Charles Gatchell, the editor, but there's no use. He'd blue pencil it, I know. Perhaps he'll just let me tell you, though, that he lives outside the city in a house all surrounded with trees, with a brook running through the back, and that his main hobby is his interest in the short stories which his wife writes under her maiden name, Fannie Kilbourne.

MABEL BALLIN.

A Fan from the Philippines.

I am raving for PICTURE-PLAY always. The voice of fans from the different spots of the world is concentrated in your department "What the Fans Think." It is indeed interesting. There we sift the movie fans' opinions and get the fine particles of sincerity and truth. I know that if a fan says that Miss Ayres is so dull, Swanson a manikin, Pola is Polish, there is no truth in it, but only selfishness and hatred behind it. I know that they are actresses. And surely they can act! There can be no gainsaying about it. It is the main truth.

My favorite stars, and what I consider tthe world's galaxy of the best stars are: Chaplin, Pickford, Dempster, Gish (old), Elsie Ferguson, Betty Compson, Fairbanks, Hunter, Dix, Meighan, the late Reid, Valentino, Swanson, Joy, Nilsson, Nagel, Lloyd, and McAvoy.

The best pictures I have seen of late are "Dream Street, "Manslaughter," "Orphans of the Storm," "Tol'able David," "Grandma's Boy," and "Prisoner of Zenda."

Whoever agrees with me in my selection, let me hear from them. And whoever disagrees with it may tell me, too, the reason why.

ERNESTO D. ILUSTRE.
P. O. Box 2604, Manila, Philippines.

An Appeal to Mary Pickford.

Why has Our Mary gone and forsaken her child parts? In "Rosita" she is to appear as a grown young miss. We have many screen stars who can play such parts. But how many can play the part of a wee kiddie, and bring back the recollection of when we used to make mud pies, have barn shows, or roller skate upon the sidewalks? Only one can do that, and that is Our Mary.

So, Mary, please don't change—please be yourself again—just as you were when we first learned to love you.

"JUST CHEERFUL."
Staunton, Ill.

This Fan Can Appreciate "The Covered Wagon."

I wish to praise the producer, director, and all of those who helped to make "The Covered Wagon." To me it seems like a review of the past.

Though a young man myself, I have many times heard the tales of those days told by my old pioneer friend. He is not a screen character, but one of the real men who took part in one of the long "covered wagon" trains years ago.

Time and again has he told me about how the wagon train would often wait for days at some treacherous river for the vast herds of buffalo to cross ahead, making it possible for the train to cross, after the quicksands had been packed by the huge animals, and of how the red men would follow them for days, lined up on each side. Also, he says, well does he remember the day when the great train was divided, and when he looked back for the last time to see part of the wagons passing out of view, going in the opposite direction toward the great Oregon. The train he was in headed for California.

Again, lucky fellow am I! Having lived among the Indians all my life I claim one "Chimook Jim" as a rare old friend who, for hours, has sat and told me exciting tales when he first saw a "pale face" across the opposite shore on the beautiful Columbia River, of how he listened to the "gee, woo, how, oxen!" as he says, making their way across unknown lands. He relates how he and the other red men followed them on the opposite shore in great amazement. Neither is he a screen character, but a real red man who witnessed part of the long train himself, giving me the particulars as he saw them.

Why, then, should "The Covered Wagon" not seem as a review to me? When you see "The Covered Wagon" you see something real, something worth while.

SAM BEEKS.
Care of 7 D Ranch, Sundale, Wash.

"Dreams Come True!"

I wrote to the "What the Fans Think" department a year or so ago, when I was just an ambitious movie-struck girl, like so many fans. I pointed out stars I liked and ones I didn't like, and wondered right out loud—rather, in print—for my letter was one of the lucky ones chosen to be printed, which fact puffed me up quite a lot—how it would feel to be a star.

Well, I'm not a star yet, but I'm considerably farther along the road to my goal now than I was then, for, as you know, I recently signed a splendiferous contract with Famous Players-Lasky.

I have been very happy out here; have had a wonderful vacation just playing around. I am learning to swim, ride horseback, drive a car—oh, just think of it, I am talking about our own car! It's not a Rolls-Royce, but it's our first car, and I love it.

You know I came out here to make "To the Ladies," which, however, was postponed, and before starting "The Marriage Maker," they didn't have any work for me to do, and I felt really guilty to take all my nice salary without working for it. After the lean years we've been through it seems too wonderful to be true.

I used to have daydreams, imaginary conversations with myself and the saleswomen, about all the gorgeous clothes I'd buy when I got to be a star or featured player with a big salary. I had such a hard time getting started in the movies—I was either too young, too short, too tall, too inexperienced or too something, the casting directors said. Mother used to make my clothes over for me—oh, the way we used to scrimp so I would look nice when going around to the studios looking for work! Silk stockings were so expensive I used to buy the kind that had silk only halfway up, with lisle the rest of the way. In those days a trip to the theater was a frightful extravagance.

Really, I believe the two greatest joys that I get out of my newly acquired wealth (well, not wealth, but a fortune compared to those days a couple of years ago) are being able to see all the plays I want to and to buy all the books and magazines I want.

As to clothes, I have succeeded in maintaining a bit of reason—rather. Mother insists that I still practice economy—so the ermine wrap is still far away. But I can indulge my dreams of silk stockings, and I buy scads of 'em—*silk all the way up,* too!

And I get to wear such lovely clothes in "The Marriage Maker"—sort of satisfying my dreams secondhand, for the studio furnishes our clothes for our scenes. One gorgeous evening gown I could hardly bear to take off after we had finished the scene. I have three lovely new evening gowns of my very own, though, now. But mother says, "Plenty of time for such things when you need them and when you have a lot of money saved up."

It's lots of fun to go shopping nowadays and to feel I *can* buy out the shop, though I don't. But with our new home in New York, the car, and a few clothes (including the aforementioned silk hosiery) I feel I've done pretty well for the time being.

I have just finished "The Marriage Maker" with Mr. William de Mille. He is so wonderful to work for. Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt are one couple; Charles de Roche has done a lovely piece of work as *The Faun,* also Ethel Wales as my mother, while Bobbie Agnew and I get our affairs all straightened out and elope, that is only out of the range of the camera, for we both have to be back to start in Tommy Meighan's picture right away.

Pardon me if I've taken up too much of your time by writing such a long letter, but I'm so wonderfully happy with this little bit of success that is coming to me now that I just couldn't help writing and telling everybody about it.

Continued on page 12



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Anyone Who Can Remember a Tune Can Easily and Quickly Learn to Play Popular Jazz or American Rhythm By Ear at a Very Small Cost. The New Niagara Method Makes Piano Playing Wonderfully Simple.

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Ronald G. Wright, Director, NIAGARA SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

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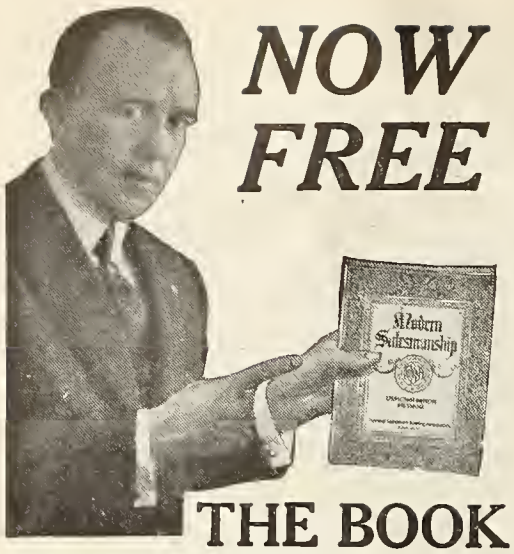
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Age..... Ever take piano lessons?..... How many?.....



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The N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training and Employment Service will enable yon to step into the ranks of successful salesmen—will give you a big advantage over those who lack this training. It will enable yon to rise from small pay to a real man's income.

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Send me free your book "Modern Salesmanship," and Proof that I can become a Master Salesman.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Age.....Occupation.....

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

You should see my mother! She has gained pounds and pounds out here in this wonderful California climate. She calls me her "dreams-come-true." It's all so thrilling I'm almost afraid I'll wake up and find it still a dream.

MARY ASTOR.

Hattie Speaks Her Mind.

Three little high-school girls, all in a row,
One cannot knit, the other can't sew—
And the third—she can't write—just attempting, you see—
And now you know about all of us three.
(That is, as far as I'm concerned.)

You have heard from two of my dear sisters, the high-school girls, and now I hope that you'll allow me to be a third?

First—Gareth Hughes, then Glenn Hunter, and, running close—George Hackathorne. Funny, isn't it, all G. H.'s.

I loved that interview of Glenn Hunter in the June issue. Atlas—something, wasn't it? I've loaned the magazine to a girl friend, and I simply can't remember the title. Whenever I am in the dumps I race for one thing—a scrap book in which I have pasted every interview of Glenn Hunter that I could beg, borrow, buy, or steal. I can't understand it: it must be that Mr. Hunter exercises some influence (though it would probably embarrass him terribly if he thought such to be true) over the interviewers—because there always is, in *his* interviews, an atmosphere of—"Be happy and of good cheer, luck will soon turn your way—and—try, try again." I've just been wondering whether or not others are affected in the same way.

I adore May McAvoy, and I thought that she was wonderful in "Kick In." I do wish that the Lasky officials, or whoever is holding her contract just now, would take a hint and costar her with Gareth Hughes—you understand—in much the same way in which Doris May and Douglas MacLean worked.

May, Gareth, Glenn, George, and the lad who had the small rôle of Sandy, the bedridden boy hero, in "The Go-getter," are my crushes. Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Ramon Novarro, Dick Barthelmess, and of course Mary and Doug—are my steadies. I like Bert Lytell very well, and I think that if Lew Cody acts sans mustache, as he did in "Within the Law," I will soon be writing him passionate fan letters. And, speaking of "Within the Law," Jack Mulhall gets my "goat." I think he's too darn immature to play opposite Norma Talmadge. I did so want her to love *Joe Garson* (Lew Cody).

I detest Cecil De Mille pictures. They are either goody-goody, or *bad!* There is always that historical flash back, and it is certainly utterly sickening. (Is that thunder that I hear, or is it merely angry voices?)

On the other hand, I am absolutely *wild* about D. W. Griffith pictures. It makes me so *darn* mad to read what all these "highbrow" critics pound out on their trusty typewriters, dreaming of some far-off land which is prepared for all good little critics, when they decide to take an eternal rest from making or damning a picture.

I expect that I'll have to consult a brain expert on this—it's got me! Here is the case, just as it stands at present. I can't stay in a theater after a picture of Rodolph Valentino comes on the screen! (Now, girls, please don't get angry with me, it's really not my fault at all. I'd love to like Rudy, but it seems quite impossible.) The same darn thing is true of Agnes Ayres, Corinne Griffith, Katherine MacDonald, Claire Windsor, Elaine Hammerstein, and Mary Miles Minter. I know that some of you can understand the reason for my dislike of some of these stars, but of some others!

I think that Lon Chaney is perfectly wonderful. He is supreme in his position of character actor, and I like him the best of all the character men, except Theodore Roberts. His *Grumpy* was a gem! But, quite as usual, some one had to be miscast, so they stuck May McAvoy in a perfectly thankless and quite subordinate rôle! Now, I'm not saying that she didn't handle her part quite to perfection—because she did. It is simply not the sort of rôle that Miss McAvoy should play.

I should like to congratulate Richard Dix on his interpretation of the part of *John Storm* in "The Christian." It is, with the exception of Lillian Gish's *Henriette* in "Orphans of the Storm," and her work in "Broken Blossoms," the most wonderful piece of acting that I've ever seen.

In closing (aren't you glad to read that I'm closing!) I firmly hold and maintain——

That Helen Ferguson is wonderful.

That ZaSu Pitts Gallery is an absolute dear, as is her husband and her dear little baby.

That Glenn Hunter is my idea of American youth—clean and good.

That Cecilly Marsh is laboring under a very, very great misapprehension when she says that Glenn Hunter is conceited.

That Gareth Hughes has been continually, horribly miscast since "Sentimental Tommy."

Also that Gareth Hughes should be *Peter Pan* and that Tony Moreno should be *Ben-Hur.*

That Ramon Novarro is—well, I guess that I've just about exhaused all my best adjectives, so I'll just have to be satisfied with "wonderful."

Gushingly (as you'll have to admit) and critically yours,

HATTIE, THE HIGH-SCHOOL JUNIOR.
Detroit, Mich.

From our New Zealand Fan.

There has been a tedious offering of very ordinary program pictures in New Zealand lately with few breaks of something better. "Blood and Sand," "Manslaughter," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Clarence"—with "Robin Hood" included because of its spectacular magnificence—are the few really worth-while films we have had. "The Flirt" was quite good but "Clarence" beat it by a head at its own game, that of being a sincere, human, witty tale, well told, and well acted.

There also has been here a judicious working in—or off—of old stuff disguised and covered by flamboyant advertising. With knowledge of our subject, a good memory, and the magazines to help us, we can't be fooled with "Judith of Bethulia" carrying a cast which contains almost all of the most prominent stars of the day, and stills which show Blanche Sweet with ancient hair arrangement. The only real merit in these films is to show how far motion-picture photography has progressed. If New Zealand exhibitors read this, let them think it over.

Was Griffith "pulling our leg" with "One Exciting Night," as an English critic suggested? As another English critic said: "It is time he justified the

faith placed in him." What a ridiculous hotch-potch it was. As I couldn't sit it out I don't know yet how the (supposedly) thrilling thing ended. At this and at "Dream Street" our public expressed its disappointment by remarks such as, "It isn't a 'Way Down East,' is it?" Let us hope his latest, with a real Griffith heroine in Mae Marsh, realizes our anticipation.

We regret the absence from the screen of one of its best actresses, Florence Reed, whose work in "To-day" we always remember, as we remember Tom Santschi in "The Garden of Allah." New Zealand is still true to Eugene O'Brien's twisted smile. Kathlyn Williams is always great and entirely charming in whatever part she plays. We don't think the publice is nearly as clamorous for new faces as the producers make out, at least we in New Zealand would prefer that some of the present and past favorites were given full and adequate opportunity to find an abiding place in our favor. Film favor as described by Agnes Smith in your June issue is too short lived to be healthy. Let me here pay tribute to her article, "How Can They Be Artists?" Her words, if listened to, are capable of doing the screen a lot of good. She has the gift of putting concisely into words that which is puzzling most brains. Often it proves more alluring to buy a picture magazine and read so splendidly of films and filmdom before a cozy fire than to venture forth to view screenings of doubtful and meager interest. We always use your reviews as a guide. You are to be so commended on your honest statements. We know when you say a film is good we can safely invest in a seat.

May McAvoy is a lovely, able, and big bet in the films, and when will her talents be fully realized? George Hackathorne is splendid, too, and should be intrusted with big chances. I was present recently during the last day at a murder trial where every one knew of a surety that the poor wretch in the dock would hang. I thought, "This is one of the poignantly tragic situations of a real drama," and looked at the prisoner to see how stark reality conducted itself in comparison to acted drama. How true it is that repression is realism! The accused man was fighting as hard as he could to be calm, but his nerves and strained emotions warred with his calmness, and each did battle with the other all the time. He had to have movement to hide his tense nerves demanding to jump out of control, and so took a stub of pencil out of his pocket and, when things were most unbearable, he scrawled on a twisted bit of paper. When not writing, his protruding knuckles showed the emotional pressure pent up in his hands. These things and his eyes were the only outward signs of his distress. Two screen actors I thought of as so ably giving true emotion and tragedy. They were Sessue Hayakawa and George Hackathorne. These have sensitive faces which, by expression—not contortion—can depict their thoughts. We want more of Hackathorne. He's no Valentino, but he's clever, appealing, and true to normal life. His acting is a joy, and we are more for acting and a good story in New Zealand than we are for the star system.

MRS. CLEO NEALE.

215 Adelaide Road, Wellington, New Zealand.

S'Matter with D. W.?

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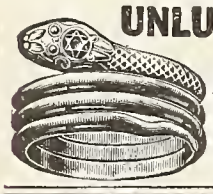
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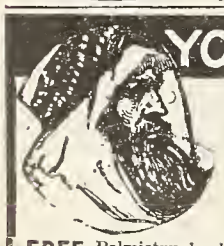
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Sez I, "I likes Mister David W. Griffith better'n all them other directors put together, an' I'm gettin' durn sick hearin' 'bout his faults. Ain't none of us humans faultless even at our best, an' it 'pears like the writers and critics spends more time pickin' on pore ole David then on any one else. S'matter with him? I reckon his style might be what some mean ole critter of a critic would call a bit florid, but it's so peculiarly his own, an', anyway, D. W.'s a poet an' you've gotta forgive a poet mos' anything, now, haven't you?

I thought his "One Exciting Night" wuz a durn good picture. 'Course 'twas impossible all them goin's on in one night never could have happened in real life, but most of us people don't want real life when we go to the movies. What we want is *thrills*—great gobs of 'em! We got 'em sho' nuff in "One Exciting Night." Gee, I got shivers up an' down my spinal column an' my bobbed hair stood on ends when that ghastly hand wuz pawing over the *Fairfax* mansion—— Gee *whiz!!* The show wuz packed with kids, an' they had a scrumptious time—me, too. I forgot I wuz growed up and mos' perched myself on my neighbor's lap I wuz that excited. That pore skeered stiff nigger an' his brown-skin flapper tickled me plumb to my gizzards. The house wuz in an uproar. Ole David shore can make us people laugh an' cry, an' after all, that's the supreme test in the movies. Now ain't it?

Speaking of those sort of things, I ain't overfond of critics. What I mean is the real sho nuff dyed-in-ink critics. Them an' me never do agree 'bout pictures. They're so full of style an' they make me madder'n a hatter. That's a low-down job, too, gettin' paid to pick on other folks, but I reckon some one's gotta do the dirty work.

Speakin' of sich, there's a lady what wuz in September's magazine. Me an' she don't agree 'bout Douglas Fairbanks. I'm one gal that gets all thrilled up over Doug's wide grin, an' I ain't a Babe Ruth fan, either. I shore do hate baseball, but I shore do like Douglas. An' I shore do think "Robin Hood" wuz one of the best pictures of this year of our Lord. I wuz up in the pit of my home town's mos' exclusive show when I saw it. The pit wuz filled with kids in knee breeches. It wuz more fun than a box seat. Even the cop wuz friendly. He plumb forgot he wuz a cop an' let the kids whistle softly them gay liltin' tunes that went with "Robin Hood."

Gee, we all got so interested in the picture we almos' thought we wuz living in them glowin' darin' days of *Robin Fitz Hugh*. I wish we wuz, anyway. Lady, how can you deny the blithe bonny grace of him—Doug, I mean? It's clear cut, too. Shucks! some of us people are gettin' durn tired of them slick-lookin' critturs that are beginning to crawl all over the screen. An' speakin' of heroes an' sich, I think Mister Griffith has durn good taste in pickin' leadin' ladies—ladies is right, they look it—empty-headed—humph, none of us folks know what's in the other fellow's head. An' what's more, Mister Griffith ladies have brains enough to look girlish an' sweet and what's more, plenty of us people are gettin' durn sick of flappers an' flippers, an' vamps, an' sheiks, therefore I contend Mister Griffith ladies are smart. Now Carol Dempster is a mighty pretty little body, an' Lillian Gish reminds me of Lancelot's *Elaine*, an' I shore do wish Mister Griffith would put Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" on the screen. Some of us people would like to see Lillian Gish as the fair *Elaine* under D. W. direction. I sorter like ole-time stuff, an' them Idylls are mighty romantic, powerfully so, an' plenty of us people still want romance, so there you are. There ain't no pleasin' all of us, an' some of us are jus' bohn cranks anyway, and at our best the general cussedness of us is enough to turn a director green.

Lan's, how we do growl! 'Nuff sed.

MAY G. NELSON.

129 South Dupre Street, New Orleans, La.

What a Fan Learned by Playing as an Extra.

So many, many people who write to your department pick motion-picture actors and actresses all to pieces when, I dare say, they don't know a single thing about dramatic art. If some of the fans knew what hardships are endured by film actors, I am sure they would not criticize each minor fault so ruthlessly. Last summer it was my fortune to play as an extra for a short time in "The Headless Horseman." In a very short time it became evident to me that Will Rogers was not only a fine impersonator *but also a fine man.* Whenever any one needed assistance Will Rogers was ready to give it. He was generous and kind to all the admiring small boys who clustered about him, and he never made a fuss about anything.

M. P. H.

White Plains, N. Y.

A Word About Books.

May we discuss books in this column, provided the books are being—or about to be—filmed? All right? Here goes.

I am wondering if it was necessary to change Charles Norris' novel, "Brass," as much as was done? I went to see it after reading the book, and coming in at the end, discovered, to my amazement, *Mrs. G.,* alive and happy—she who had died (in the book) long before the finish—giving *Phil* a chance to marry some one else. And there was his son *Paul,* never passed beyond the boyhood stage, an innocent child of about eight, while in the book he grew up and became a convict.

Of course, I admit that the story wasn't nearly as pretty as the picture, but it was a slice of life, such as a lot of folks find their lot. And in real life things aren't always pretty. There are, to be sure, rosy places, but if we didn't get a bump and a dark cloud now and then, how could we appreciate the good things when they arrive? Taking it all in all, the picture disappointed me greatly.

I hope that "If Winter Comes," which I have not yet seen, did not suffer a similar fate at the hands of the Fox Company. At least, I have hopes because Percy Marmont is, I feel sure, ideally cast as *Mark Sabre.*

To me the joke of the season is Kenneth Harlan being cast in the title rôle of "The Virginian." Dustin Farnum did it once and was great.

I am sure that many of us will await with great interest the release of "Black Oxen." There is a story with possibilities if handled right.

Now that Warner Brothers have done "Main Street," I wonder whom they will cast for *George Babbitt,* as I believe they are to do Sinclair Lewis' book about the famous "realtor." I hope it won't be necessary to change it the way they did "Brass."

I am mighty fond of reading, and also of pictures, but it so often spoils a story to read the book first and later see it on the screen.

OLD-TIMER.

Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

What More, Indeed?

I just wish to say that we have some stars who have time to think of their fans. I wrote a letter to Patsy Ruth Miller a month or so ago, and to my great delight I received a wonderful picture of her. I also wrote Miss Ferguson, and, not knowing her address, sent it in the letter to Miss Miller, who gave it to Miss Ferguson for me. Now what more could a person ask of such a wonderful girl?

JOSEPHINE.

St. Louis, Mo.

More About "Fan Critics."

I have never before written to your magazine, but in your last issue so many of the letters in "What the Fans Think" made my blood boil in sympathy or antipathy that I just had to "let off steam."

First of all, let me at L. George Edelhauser, Jr., and his—well, I simply can't characterize his letter—I know the editor would blue pencil all my adjectives. When Mr. Edelhauser, Jr., answers those so-called "ridiculous assertions" is he not showing how ridiculous he himself is? The fan who said that a knowledge of drama, the classics, and of pantomime was needed in order to pass verdict on a picture—meant that this knowledge was necessary in order to judge *the acting ability* of the players, the "punch" and quality of the story, and the setting of the scenes. She did *not* mean that this knowledge was needed to decide whether Miriam Cooper was a poseuse or not. Madame Sarah Bernhardt was a self-confessed poseuse, but she was also the greatest actress known to our generation.

The writer shows the caliber of his mind when he says "Shakespeare bores me to a splitting headache. Barrie invariably puts me to sleep." It is for such as he that so many of the movies are made. For such as he not only the industry, but many movie goers have to suffer. Before the above naïve remark he refers to "My adored Mae Murray." Mae Murray's stories, I take it, are the kind he likes.

Oh, Mr. Edelhauser, you are so maddening! I must stop before I lose my temper entirely.

By the pink-toed prophet, Miss Langhron, but you have put the case into a nutshell about Tommy Meighan. And I'll tell you something. I happen to know that Mr. Meighan was pleased with your letter, because I saw him looking delighted while reading it.

LILLIAN PARTOS.

Billings Castle, One Hundred and Ninety-sixth Street at Fort Washington Avenue, N. Y. C.

Concerning Reissues.

How many ardent movie fans have been tricked into seeing an old picture which they were led to believe was new? This happens when a newly risen star makes a big success and the public starts shouting for more of that star's work. Some companies don't care if the picture is five or seven years old, or whether the story is bad or not—if it is one in which the new favorite appeared in a few scenes the production is reissued for the sake of cashing in on the star's name. No matter with how many new art titles the reissue is dolled up, or how many scenes are rearranged, it is almost sure to be a disappointment.

So many old pictures are being shown nowadays that the public has to shop wisely and carefully for its entertainment. I read a great many trade papers, and I find out quite a bit about reissues.

Continued on page 102

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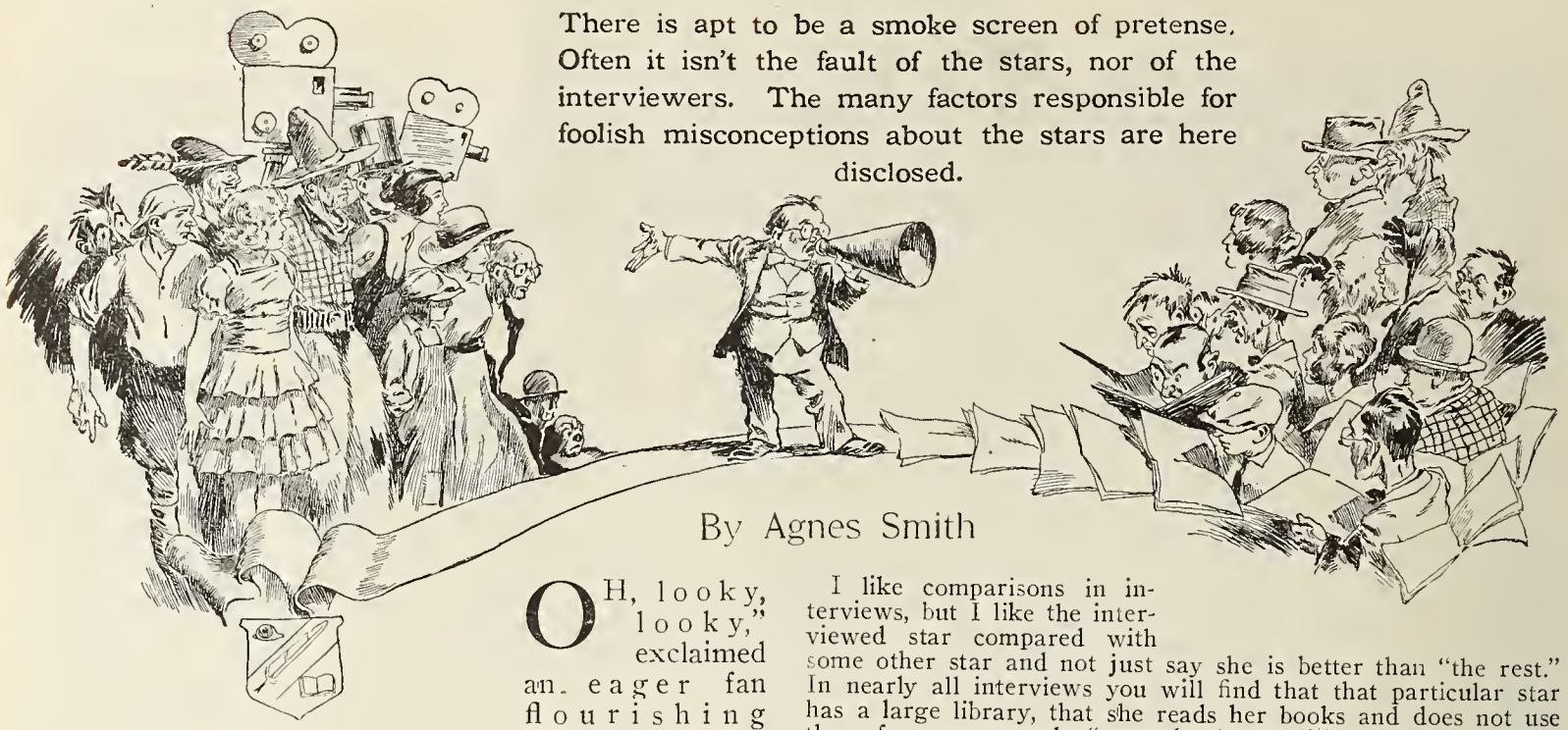
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Photo by Russell Ball

It begins to look as though the leading part in "Zaza" might be to the emotional queens of filmdom what the title rôle of "Camille" used to represent to stage stars. Until she had played the part of *Camille* a stage favorite of a few years ago was looked upon as a novice. Our fiery film stars seem to prefer *Zaza,* for Pauline Frederick, Geraldine Farrar, and now Gloria Swanson all have essayed the rôle. Here is evidence that Gloria can look the part of the little provincial French singer.

Between the Stars and You



There is apt to be a smoke screen of pretense. Often it isn't the fault of the stars, nor of the interviewers. The many factors responsible for foolish misconceptions about the stars are here disclosed.

By Agnes Smith

"OH, looky, looky," exclaimed an eager fan flourishing a newspaper before my eyes, "I see that Peggy Joyce is going to marry Lou Tellegen!"

"What makes you think it's true?" I asked cynically.

"Why, I know it's true. I saw it in the evening paper. And it also says that Mike Sunburn, the he-man star, has deserted his wife and children and run off with a fifth cousin of Queen Marie of Roumania. And I read only last week that he was so happily married. And that Angela Avery, the beautiful ingénue, has shot her old grandfather. And she said in an interview that she just loved the dear old fellow. And that Pola and Charlie have broken their engagement again. And that——"

But why go on? I instantly recognized the eager fan as the hero of George Ade's story of the man who was hit on the head as a child and thereafter believed everything he saw in the newspapers. However, you can't exactly blame the fan for getting all tangled up and excited over the stories he reads about the movie stars and you can't exactly blame him when, in a fit of despondency, he decides to place no more faith in the published words of the fair creatures and when, in a burst of cynicism, he gathers the children about him and tells them, in a sobbing voice, that Mary Pickford's curls are false.

More conflicting stories have been written about the personalities of the movie stars than any group of persons in the world—unless you except the former German royal family. And when in the course of one year, the fan learns that Corinne Griffith is married and yet she isn't, that Katherine MacDonald never intends to marry and yet she has eloped, that Agnes Ayres has never married yet she is divorced, you can see the justice in the viewpoint of the fan who wonders whether the movie writers think he is easily fooled or whether the movie writers are easily fooled themselves.

I am a constant reader of the "What the Fans Think" department of PICTURE-PLAY magazine, and I especially enjoy the letters which give pointers to interviewers. There is more than a touch of skepticism in the letters but it is the sort of skepticism which proves to be healthy criticism. I am going to quote a letter, written by M. M. B. of Visalia, California, because it brings up some interesting questions. M. M. B. writes:

I like comparisons in interviews, but I like the interviewed star compared with some other star and not just say she is better than "the rest." In nearly all interviews you will find that that particular star has a large library, that she reads her books and does not use them for a pose as do "several other well-known stars." And so forth and so on. Why not compare one star with another and not each one better than the rest?

I happened to come across an interesting article recently in *Harper's Magazine*. The author, writing on Hollywood, said: "No woman since Helen of Troy is so beautiful, no woman since St. Catherine of Sienna is so good, as practically all the movie actresses are in the fan magazines. No marriages are so happy or so cooed over—until divorce proceedings have been started. Mothers are honored in Hollywood as nowhere else in America; children are nowhere so adored by their parents. The origins of these people are always romantic; if they are not, like Charlie Chaplin, children of the slum elevated by sheer genius, they are descended from one of the oldest families in the South. They all work hard and go to bed at nine o'clock and, when they are at home, live virtuously in Cecil De Mille interiors."

The author's claim in this essay is that more harm will be done our morals by the reports of the goodness of the movie colony than by the reports of the badness of Hollywood. In other words, she thinks the interviews are misleading the public by giving false impressions and by setting up absurd and false standards.

The only interview I ever read in which the star was not set forth as having a wonderful personality, great beauty, ability to wear her clothes well, clever and interesting talker, et cetera, was the interview in your April number of Jacqueline Logan by Malcolm H. Oettinger. If we could only have more like that!

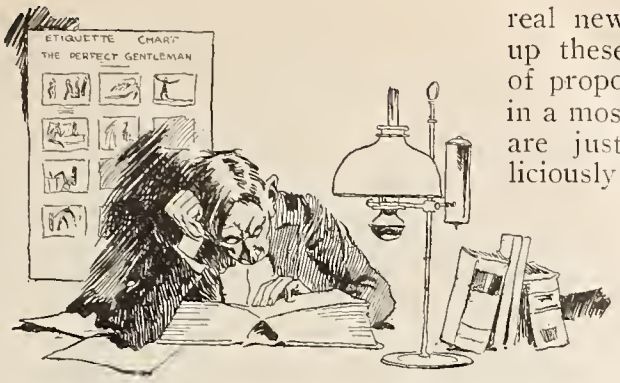
By way of answering M. M. B.'s letter, I shall proceed to give instructions on How to Read Interviews. And I shall attempt the unusual feat of trying to explain the mind of the interviewer as well as the mind of the person interviewed. It is a deep plunge into the realm of the subconscious.

In the first place, almost every actor on becoming a public personage adopts a mask. You may, if you like, call it a pose. This pose is something like what we call "party manners," raised to the *n*th degree. And, when done in moderation, it is just as proper for the star to assume this mask as it is for you, when you arrive at the reception given by the banker's wife, to assume a manner somewhat different from the one you had in the morning when you were hurrying to get the housework done. The star, whenever she is anywhere except with her own family or most intimate friends, is in the center of a party in which not only a few eyes are watching her—the entire world is looking on.

But in one respect this pose differs from "party man-

ners." The star in question often has little to do with fashioning it, for it usually is designed by those in charge of her professional career, solely for practical reasons.

For instance, if an ingénue *looks* like a sweet young thing, her managers try to make her appear a sweet young thing through her entire professional career. She poses for girlish pictures with her dear mother even though there may be thoughts of matricide in the depths of her mind. If an actress is determined to be a siren on the screen, she keeps it up even though she chokes on the smoke of incense. If she is a flapper, the public sees her in nothing but one-piece bathing suits. If she is a devoted wife, she goes on being represented as a devoted wife in the newspapers until the court grants her the prayed-for decision. In this they do not differ from most other persons in public life.



Some stars got busy brushing up an education that had been neglected for pie-throwing.

The studio publicity departments often assign the rôles which the players are supposed to play in their public life. And when an ingénue breaks loose and turns into a home-wrecker, or something equally disastrous occurs, it is only natural for the publicity men to attempt a defensive barrage.

In times of peace and quiet, they are content with the usual statements that their own galaxy of stars is still turning out wonder-pictures at the old factory. But when a disturbance threatens, they go in for a highly effective form of diplomacy. It is the press agent who gets erring husbands to pose in domestic photographs with reluctant wives, who brings quarreling mothers and daughters together before the camera, who tells the studio manager that it would be better to send little Miss Trixie to New York before Mr. Somebody's wife throws her into the Pacific Ocean. It is the press agent who assures you that Mr. Cremo has no intention of suing the company, while all the time Mr. Cremo is sobbing his tale of woe to his lawyer.

Many of the stories you read about the movie stars in the newspapers or in the less-particular magazines are either written or inspired by the studio press agents. Nor are they all barefaced lies or elaborate deceptions —for there are, if you will believe it—many, many happy homes and peaceful families in the movie world—but stories of others are often deliberately manufactured. When the press agent sticks to straight information about the new pictures, he is a reliable person; when he begins to tell you about the personalities of the stars of his company, he often forgets the fate of Ananias.

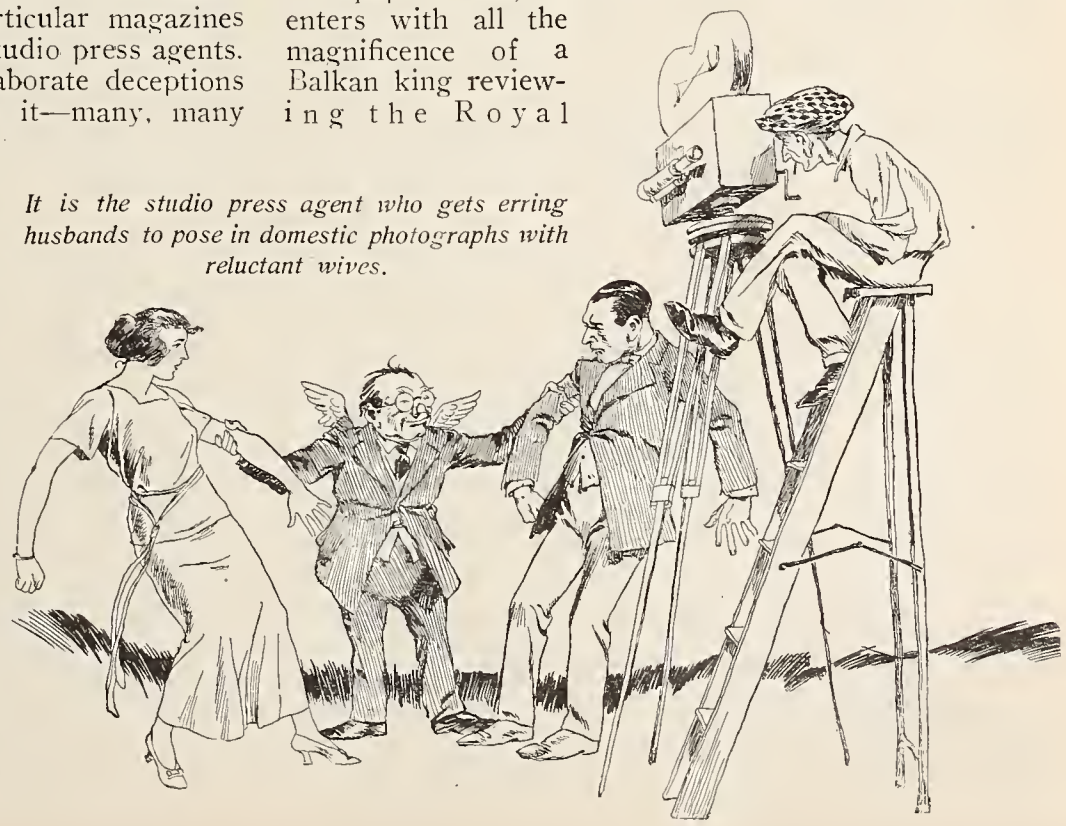
But the press agents are less to blame perhaps for misleading impressions than are those in charge of the type of paper or periodical that wants to appeal to the less discriminating portion of the public by means of sensational stories, or just by good, old-fashioned hokum. And newspapers interested primarily in startling the general reader, can be counted on to seize every scrap of what is considered real news about the movie players and to play up these items in their news columns, all out of proportion to their real importance, and often in a most misleading way. Some of these stories are just well-meaning drivel. Some are maliciously harmful. Many stars have writhed in agony over the deliberate falsehoods printed about them. But it doesn't do them any good to kick. The newspapers always have the last word.

The outline and the purpose of an interview with a movie star is no different from the outline and purpose of an interview with, say, an automobile manufacturer or a leading club woman. It is supposed to be a study of a successful personality and it is up to the interviewer to give the reader an idea of what has made the personality successful. The object of the interviewer is much the same as that of a good photographer who wants to obtain an interesting portrait and yet, at the same time, make the portrait a fairly good likeness. Sometimes it is necessary to retouch the picture a bit and carefully conceal the fact that the subject's face is a trifle askew.

To obtain a glimpse of the real face of the star, instead of copying the mask furnished to all players by the publicity department, is quite a trick. Just as the big politician, the woman social worker, the society leader who has gone in for art, and the opera singer have their special "line" for interviewers, so has the movie star a publicity pose, except when the interviewer happens to be a personal friend. And usually this "line" makes a readable story and is exactly what the public wants to hear. The public person—movie star or congressman—who is perfectly natural, doesn't make as good a subject for an interview as the public person with a pose.

As an example, take the cases of Charles Chaplin and Harold Lloyd. They stand almost as equals in the favor of the public. But when Chaplin arrives in New York or London, the police reserves are called out. When he steps on the street, he is mobbed by crowds. His suite at his hotel is a reception room for the press. On the rare occasions when he visits a newspaper office, he enters with all the magnificence of a Balkan king reviewing the Royal

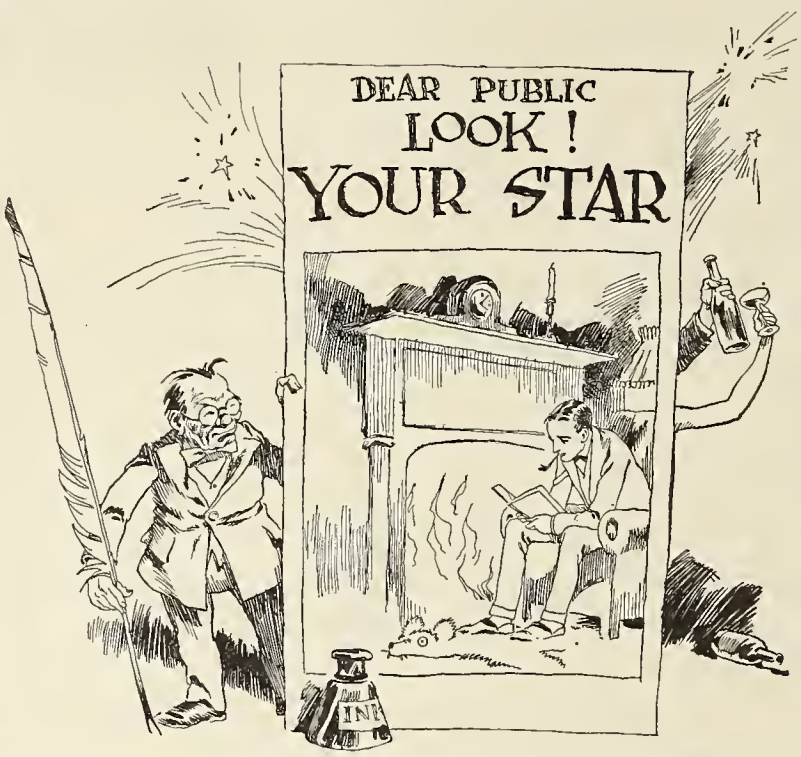
It is the studio press agent who gets erring husbands to pose in domestic photographs with reluctant wives.



Guards. His supposed engagement to Pola Negri netted the romantic young couple a million dollars' worth of advertising. Chaplin is the grand actor—the Emperor of Clowns—off and on the screen.

On the other hand, Lloyd is a frank and natural young man, absolutely without pose. No one ever recognizes him on the street because he doesn't travel around with a retinue. When he visits a newspaper office, he sneaks in quietly and in five minutes every one, from managing editor to office boy, is calling him Harold. His marriage to Mildred Davis received no more attention than would the marriage of any other wealthy young man. He is not "good copy" for an interview but he has plenty of loyal friends in the newspaper world.

In the early days of movie interviewing it was the polite thing to paint all the movie stars as just such paragons as Katherine Fullerton Gerould describes in the article which M. M. B. has quoted. In the files of a magazine, I find the following hymn of praise dedicated to Dorothy Dalton: "There are two sides of this little actress. There is Dot, the tomboy, always ready for a game of tennis, a horseback ride, or a brisk swim in the ocean. And there is Dorothy, the serious-minded, who loves nothing better than to spend a quiet hour at home with a book by Schopenhauer or some other philosopher." And, in looking back to those days of care-free movie interviewing when anything went, I run across this pearl which was used to adorn a story about a now-forgotten star: "She has such a clean, wholesome sense of fun that one never would suspect she was a Red Cross girl."



When the press-agent tells you about the stars in his company, he forgets the fate of Ananias.

Several years ago, the milk-and-honey interview was the only sort that was in demand. Why? Well, for one thing, the public knew very little about the motion-picture players and was willing to believe that these newly discovered wild flowers were very different from the stage actors and actresses who spend their life in a vile theater instead of performing in God's open spaces. Acting in motion pictures seemed hazardous, adventurous and thrilling, as compared with the formal acting of the theater. The movie players seemed ingenuous, as compared with the stage players, simply because acting before the camera is more naturalistic in method than the technical acting of the stage.

I believe that the very earliest interviews with the movie players were chiefly devoted to the perils of making films, to the dangers of the stunts performed in the interests of art. And then some one discovered that such stories were pretty crude stuff and the trend of publicity shifted to intellectual channels. A few of the stars got busy brushing up an education that had been neglected for the more pressing business of making one-reel pie-throwing dramas and began to exhibit books. The interviewers fell for it because it gave them a chance to make a few intellectual flourishes on their own account. A few casual references to Nietzsche gratifies both star and interviewer alike; it makes them both believe that they are stifling their finer natures in the interests of the frivolous business of amusing the public.

To trace still further the trend of interviews: a few stars got into domestic mixups which hurt their popularity with the public. The public began to believe that some of the money that went into the box office was being thrown away in wild living. Immediately all the stars accumulated wives and mothers. Many forgotten relatives were dragged from the kitchen to the front porch where they had their pictures taken with the darlings of the public. The kiddies had their faces washed and were lured into the front yard to have snapshots taken romping with their famous mas and pas.

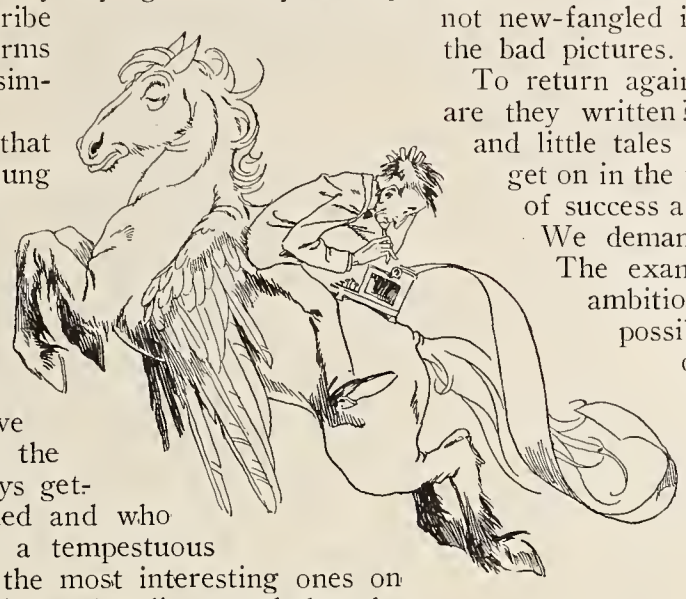
Just now it is the fashion to paint movie stars as human beings, like you and me or even more so. They have their little faults and their little virtues and, on the whole, they are much like other people. Hollywood is neither a heaven of a California realtor's imagination nor the seething hell of the equally vivid imagination of a Kansas clergyman. It is just an average sort of town.

This, you may say, is a sensible idea. It is quite proper that we should not look up to the stars as gods nor look down upon them as demons. However, I am not so willing to grant that the actors and actresses are entirely human; that is to say, I am not willing to grant that they are plain, everyday people like you or me. That, also, I hold to be bunk. The actor is no more a plain, every-day sort of person with a Main Street outlook than is a prize fighter, a European monarch, a diplomat, or a circus clown. Simple and kindly they may be, but they are not everyday persons like you and me. The conditions of their occupation, like those of the other professions I have named, are so different from those of the average individual as to give them an outlook on life, a mental attitude, that the average person can never understand. And so I string with Raymond Hitchcock, who says that after a man has been on the stage for five years, no human being can understand his mind.

Here, then, we come to the secret purpose of all *honest interviews*. Whether you like it or not, between the actor and the layman, there is a deep gulf and a wide breach. The interviewer tries to bridge this gulf as best she can; to keep you on friendly terms with your screen friends. She likes to paint them as moral persons in interviews because the chances are that they are, and at any rate that's what the public wants.

And it is this curious attribute of the American public, this credulous, childlike acceptance of the belief that its movie folk are demigods until proven otherwise by a newspaper scandal, and the unreasoning way in which a large proportion of the public avoids seeing such a player thereafter, that is the direct cause of the misconceptions and false stories being foisted upon them. What the public too often fails to under-

stand is that some of the most brilliant players, judged by the standards of Main Street, would have to be set down as disreputable persons. If you condemn them for what you may call their immorality, you are also condemning them for the imagination, the charm, and the emotional force that has made them glittering exceptions in a drab, meat-and-potatoes world. I am not advocating loose living as a means to attaining success in the movies. I am merely trying to tell you why it is often hard to describe exotic personalities in terms that will be understood by simple and natural folk.



Have you ever noticed that the nice, well-meaning young people of the movies whom the interviewers, in perfect sincerity, can describe as moral and home loving are usually not the most interesting or exciting personalities on the screen? And have you ever noticed that the flighty ones who are always getting married and unmarried and who are always the center of a tempestuous scrape are usually among the most interesting ones on the screen? Perhaps you have also discovered that the girl in your own circle who is just a little wild and neglectful of her parents and her home duties is usually the girl who dances well, sings prettily, plays the piano, and is always the center of a crowd. It's an odd trick of Fate that genuine talent and an erratic disposition often walk hand in hand.

As for the question of whether or not tales of the goodness or badness of the movie colony injure our morals, I am reminded of a story told about George Bernard Shaw. A London newspaper was running a symposium of answers to the question: "Are Actresses Moral?" A number of prominent persons gravely answered the foolish question. When a reporter approached Shaw, the dauntless G. B. S. answered, "Why should they be?"

Morals have nothing to do with art; morals have nothing to do with making good pictures. And when the movie magnates, through the press agents and Will H. Hays, attempt to confuse the issues, they are making a bad mistake. The campaign is apt to prove a boomerang. The movie industry ought to be able to keep its hold on public interest on the strength of the fascination of its stories, the beauty of its pictures and the excellence of its acting.

All this talk, in and outside of the industry, about the morals of Hollywood has obscured the more important question: Does the movie colony, with its immense resources and its huge income, make good pictures? Incidentally, plain, old-fashioned stupidity and not new-fangled immorality is responsible for most of the bad pictures.

To return again to the subject of interviews. Why are they written? They are little stories of success and little tales of how the lucky and gifted mortals get on in the world. As an optimistic nation, stories of success are our strong meat and stronger drink. We demand them because we thrive on them. The example of a Charley Schwab stirs our ambitions and reminds us that anything is possible in this best of worlds. The stories of our Gloria Swanson remind us anew that an ugly duckling may become a swan if she knows how to fix her hair and wear her clothes. Douglas Fairbanks serves to prove again that success is the reward of an ingratiating personality and a winning smile. The movie stars represent the national ideals of all fans under the age of thirty and we like to read about them, provided the tales about them do not exceed the riotous imaginings of Scheherezade.

In closing let me remind you that movie stars have no corner on all the trick publicity in the world. The McCormick family of Chicago still holds the prize for landing on the front pages. Ganna Walska and Harold are still several columns of free newspaper space ahead of Charlie and Pola.

You musn't ask too much of the interviewer. She is acting as an agent between the public and its screen friends. The position is one which requires tact and discretion. If you complain that she doesn't tell the whole truth about her talks with the screen stars, please remember that she isn't trying to print petty gossip. And if she doesn't draw comparisons between stars, if she refuses to come out with bold, blunt statements, and declines to be drawn into fan controversies, remember that she has but one life to give to her calling.

NOTRE DAME

(An impression of Universal Studios' set for the filming of Hugo's famous novel.)

By Marjorie Donaldson

ROUGH cobbles, round stones, with dry earth between
Ring sharp with our footsteps.
The square of this little French city looks old.
And see, there are vegetables there in the market place:
Cabbages and lettuce heads, green and purple fruits
Tumbling out of that old tip-cart.
Before us the cathedral of Notre Dame, gray and high,
Wide steps up out of the square.

Inside the cathedral,
A mournful little organ drops quivering, soft chords.
Violins are hushed; the deep, throbbing note of muted 'cello
Gray arched distances reach, light of hundreds of yellow candles.
A hunchback, a tragic figure, is lighting the altar tapers
And weeping. We'll not be able soon to forget that face,
The agony of it. One eye is gone, the other, terribly bright,
Weeping. Distorted features, ugly teeth, terrifying realism.
The hopelessness, the suffering, the hunchback of Notre Dame.

What does it matter if there is no roof for the cathedral,
But instead a barrage of cameras to "shoot" the mob scenes?
Or that if we look a bit to the right, there is the director
With his megaphone?
We had forgotten. We had been in Paris. We had seen the hunchback.

Sapristi!—How Foreign!

Possessed of an arresting name, Jetta Goudal does all in her power to live up to it.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

IF you were to arrange a rendezvous at the Plaza with Jetta Goudal without having met her, without knowing definitely what she looks like, with little more than a telephone conversation to guide you—if you were to follow such a plan, you would find little difficulty in picking her out of the four-thirty tea crowd, no matter how various it might be. In a Fifth Avenue assemblage, Jetta stands out like a lighthouse on a dark night at sea. She did, at least, when I met her, and it is a comparatively safe guess that she always does.

Jetta is one of those slender, sloe-eyed foreigners, galvanizing the lobby-lookers into staring unabashedly. She looks like her name. Whoever decided to call her Jetta Goudal had a precocious gift for title writing. Indeed, one might say, succinctly and finally, of this svelte, exotic creature, "Jetta is all that the name implies."

It's more than a name. It's a revelation.

The *Jetta* suggests her black hair with the glossy high lights, the dark eyes, somber as night, glinting as steel. . . . The *Goudal* savors of Old Madrid and Young Paree and violent Petrograd: she looks Spanish, and sounds Franco-Russian. Her accent is perfect, with all the rich flavor of sparkling Burgundy; her r's hit your ear like the roll of a snare drum; her pronunciation is ever and again charmingly confused. Now she reminded me of Nazimova, now Lenore Ulric.

There is a cosmopolitan, continental air about her, emphasized by the scarlet straw hat she was wearing, the flowing afternoon gown, the cascading earrings and the diminutive peacock fan.

"Nevair am I promp'!" she explained. "To hurry is so ver' *difficile.*"

Then there had been traffic blocks, friends, delays. The conventional excuses tripped forth in fresh guise. When Jetta talks she flutters. Yet she would still be an interesting figure were she to discard the various little trick gestures and affectations that have become part of her repertoire.

On the speaking stage she has essayed French rôles (most recently in "The Elton Case"), in "The Bright Shawl" she was a convincing Chinese half-caste lady, "The Green Goddess" finds her Hindu, and for Sidney Olcott she became Italian, so it is apparent that La Goudal bids fair to become something of an international star. She is not a star, as yet, but she certainly is a personality.

"I did not weesh to enter ze pictures," she said. "I come to America only five years ago. I am French. I act on ze stage in many big plays. The critiques zey say I am a good actress. Maybe so."

Then Sidney Olcott met her at a symphony recital at Aeolian Hall (she assured me that she nevaire goes on regular parties, so she's positive she didn't meet Mr. Olcott at the Ritz or the Club Royal) and he suggested that she was an ideal photographic type. Would she try pictures? *Mais non!* She could not sink of it!

As has happened before, however, Miss Goudal changed her mind and, in due time, appeared under Olcott's direction. That was the beginning, and "The Bright Shawl," more recently, has marked the high tide, thus far, of her cinematic existence.

She realized the Barthelmess picture meant her big chance, and as a result, she attended the première at the Strand with fear and misgiving. These were, in fact, her only companions.

"I was so nervous that I had to be alone. Some one spoke to me, calling me by name, but I look and no recognize at all. I was ver' excite. But the picture! All my scenes are cut to flash."

This took me back to the happy Hollywood days. In Hollywood you hear the artists and artistes lament the dear departed scenes—always the *best* scenes have been cut. And for the reason for such cutting permit me to refer you to "Too Good for You" in the last issue of this journal.

"Then I go home disappoint', but all the critiques say 'Jetta Goudal is fine' and 'Jetta Goudal give striking performance' and so I go back to see it twice more."

When the Inspiration forces engaged her she supposed that it was for *La Clavel.* She was asked to report for test pictures in Spanish costume. Then, at the last minute, she was switched to the *Pilar* rôle. It is hardly necessary to add that she was infinitely more the type of the Spanish dancer than Dorothy Gish, but casting is strange business. Goudal is *La Clavel* without making up. So she was cast for *Pilar.*

Fairly faithful to form, Jetta smokes slender cigarettes, swears by Sauterne, and says "Sapristi!" when the waiter spills water near her, or the cutting room deletes her favorite close-up. She is foreign in a highly theatric way. Not for ze one moment does she permit you to forget that she is an importation.

Regarding screen work she seems to be altogether sincere. Fearful of being labeled a type—the death of many a potential star—she has seized parts as they have come—French, Spanish, Hindu, Chinese.

"When I was doing ze 'Bright Shawl' wiz Mr. Bart'mess and Miss Gish, people would see us, in Cuba, and zey say 'Ah, a Chinese lady is in your comp'ny, *n'est-ce-pas?* Always they would insist that I am Chinese, simply because I make up to resemble Chinese.

"During the 'Green Goddess' wiz Mr. Arliss visitors sink I am native Hindu or Indian. And you know, you once do a Chinese or a native and *sapristi!* they cast you always for Chinese or native. It is ter*rib*le!"

Not unlike Nazimova, Goudal acts out her conversations. As she told me of the waiting prevalent at all studios, her oval face grew drawn and almost haggard. When she spoke of John Griffith Wray, the Ince director, her eyes fairly flamed. She found him an inspiring man to work under. Her long slender hands aided her in talking, moving gracefully, eloquently.

There is something wholly theatrical about the woman. She is one of our autobiographical dramatists.

"I come out ze hotel," she says breathlessly, "I look for—how you call him—a tax'. There is none. I wait. It grows later and later. I mus' leave. *Then*—at last he come!"

The climax of even so slight an episode as that becomes exciting in her hands. She is possessed of the high-strung Latin temperament: it becomes her.

"It is my ambition to play wiz Mr. Griff'. He is ze great artist among directors. He is sympathetique—

Continued on page 97



Photo by Pach Brothers

Cynic in the Soup

Maurice Tourneur must feel awfully lonely in optimistic Los Angeles.

By Don Ryan

Illustrated by K. R. Chamberlain

IT is recorded of that memorable occasion upon which Will Hays delivered his justly famous inaugural address before the crowned heads of moviedom, assembled in the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, that there was just one discordant note. As the inspired apostle of bigger and better films concluded the sermon in which he pledged himself to a cause with a capital C, vowing to make Los Angeles both the commercial and artistic capital of the world, it is recorded that just one of the assembled throng laughed. Fortunately this untimely laughter was drowned in the general applause.

The unspeakable traitor who dared to laugh was a broad-shouldered man with pale blue eyes set on each side of a large nose, and above the eyes a brow both high and broad. His name—Maurice Tourneur. He is a director — sometimes called the Great Director in press-agent copy. But this appellation means nothing. Hollywood is full of Great Directors. Some of them are working at it.

Tourneur is the one pessimist in the most optimistic city in the world—Los Angeles. He is the one cynic in this ideal republic of Plato. And he is down on the black list of all the Babbitts who write, direct, or act, in the movies, because he has a habit of puncturing their favorite bubbles with deft pin-pricks of sarcasm.



Maurice Tourneur.

He isn't a good mixer. He just can't be one of the boys. He doesn't give a hang whether or not Los Angeles has a population of two million in 1925. He refuses to join in memorializing Congress to pass a resolution declaring motion pictures the world's greatest educational influence. You see he just doesn't belong.

That's the reason I like the man. I sincerely believe that it would be a good thing for motion pictures if there were more pessimists and fewer optimists in them. If Tourneur made pictures as well as he talks about them —but that is another matter.



"Rich people are uninteresting," says Tourneur, "especially in the movies."

I like to watch Tourneur direct. Not because I think he is a transcendent technician of the celluloid medium—because I don't. But he has a way of courteously, and at the same time witheringly, depressing the tumefaction of anybody on his set who happens to have this tendency. It is an operation all too rarely performed in the movies and one that I never tire of witnessing.

So I went out recently to watch him shoot the initial scenes in "Jealous Fools"—the title that the producers decided on as the best box-office appellation for Pierre Decourcelle's play, "Les Deux Gosses." For this picture the United Studios have signed Earle Williams, Jane Novak, George Seigmann, Bull Montana and Ben Alexander—another boy wonder.

In the story the boy is kidnaped from his rich mother and is brought up with a gang of toughs. Like nearly all Tourneur pictures, it has plenty of melodrama in it.

The director was showing me some of the stills.

"Do you see?" he demanded, in the voice in which a trace of Gallic accent still lingers, "Do you see the contrast here? There are two elements—rich people—poor people. Look how much more interesting are the stills of the poor.

"Yes, it is as usual. The rich are uninteresting—especially in the movies. When the nice people are on the screen everybody will be bored to tears. But when the crooks come on—*ah!*



In some studios the orchestra even follows a galloping horse.

"Ah, well, there's not much to see," he added gloomily. "But come on over to the set—come over and watch the agony. Isn't it true? The more we see of motion pictures the more we wonder why they're not even worse."

So I went over to the set to watch the agony. A wind machine was just drying things off. It seems that a high fog had dampened the trappings of the handsome bedroom depicted—a bedroom that, alas, was all too apparently a bedroom of the rich.

Property men were making up the bed—a luxurious affair with a yellow counterpane, which would photograph white.

Enter Jane Novak, blond, with molasses-taffy hair—the kind of hair which looks like thinly spun sunshine—when it has the proper back lighting. A devoted maid bears a suit case full of make-up behind the star.

Tourneur squinting through the camera. He is one of those directors who insist on seeing what they are shooting with the camera's eye.

"Now, Mr. Tourneur"—from an assistant—"now what happens in this close-up?"

"Nothing. She's crying. Nothing at all."

And the director leaves off fussing with the camera to begin fussing with the composition of some articles on a table. In France Tourneur was a painter before becoming a director, which explains the splendid composition which he sometimes achieves on the screen.

This day he whisks Miss Novak from a comfortable contemplation of her make-up in a hand mirror into the depths of grief with a suddeness that must take away her breath.

"Miss Novak would you mind—good morning—get on this bed and sob!"

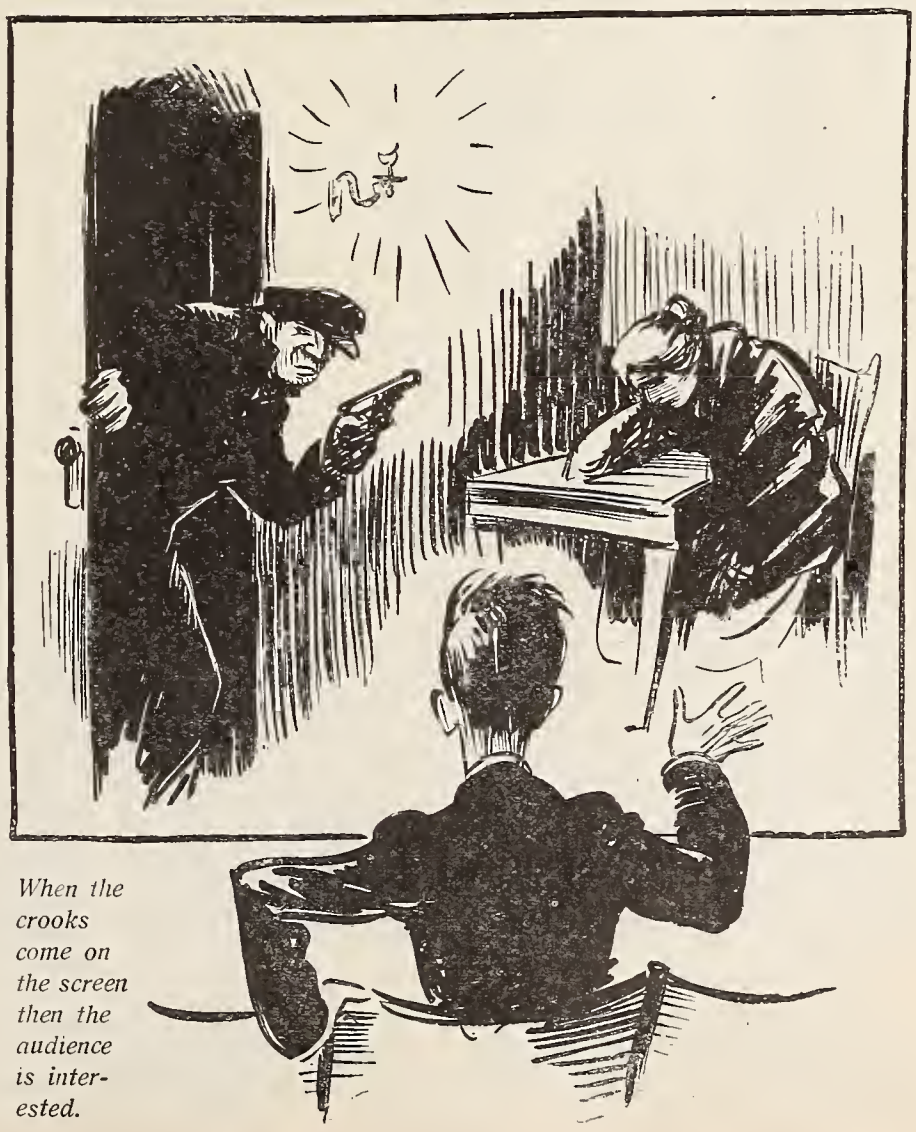
Miss Novak obediently gets on and sobs. For a while Tourneur — expressionless—watches the agony. Then he remarks:

"Enough—thanks. The lighting is not so good. We go to lunch now."

Luncheon was over and we were seated in Tourneur's office, of which the sole decoration is a calendar advertising that famous English book which tells you how to become a connoisseur of wines.

I asked the director why I didn't see around his place any of the miniature studio orchestras which are contributing their share this season to the birth pangs of nearly every movie in the making.

"I don't like them," he replied. "For two reasons.



When the crooks come on the screen then the audience is interested.

First, the actor, if he is an artist, should be able to put over his emotions without recourse to such a contrivance. Second, it fools everybody. The director sitting by the camera, listening to the soothing strains, thinks he has a fine thing—and is being kidded by the music.

"If it could be used once in a while—without tipping the cast—all right. But heavens! I go into studios—they're using music for everything. The other day I saw a horse galloping and there was the orchestra galloping too—oh, Lord!"

The talk drifted to other traditions of the films. I think in the course of an hour that Tourneur applied his chilled steel hammer to every joint and rivet of the movie business.

He struck the first clanking blow when I asked him about the art of the movies—a favorite question with which to bait directors.

"How can the movies—be artistic?" he countered. "They can't, because we cater to too many people. The thing that satisfies millions cannot be good. As Ibsen said, it is the minority which is always right!"

This was treason—nothing less. I thought of Cecil De Mille, who once declared in my presence that the majority is always right—the great, big public! I stared at the apostate, expecting to see the roof drop on him or else the chief executioner of Will Hays appear in the doorway with his ax.

Instead my host went on talking—about the puerility of the films.

"Nine-tenths of our thought is directed to love. It is the obvious theme for pictures. But in the pictures we have to see love with the eyes of Bertha M. Clay or Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth. The lovers must sit on a beautiful stone bench in the moonlight. Love is not made like that at all—but in the kitchen—on the back steps—everywhere! We are not allowed to show on the screen any love except puppy love.

"We still have the old-fashioned idea in pictures," Tourneur went on. "Everything must be beautiful—as in the old-fashioned stage productions. We make pictures as the old-time photographer did portraits—with the sitter in a chair, a brace holding his head.

"Instead we should be snapping them, like an amateur in the street with his kodak. Then we could get real life.

"We not only cater to the majority, but we try to please them, which is much worse. No artist ever tries to please the mob. Fancy Rodin asking a popular vote on what group he should make next."

Tourneur leaned back in his swivel chair. His blue eyes were earnest. A Gallic frenzy seized him.

"No! The artist is a man who has a crazy idea and spends all his money—all his life, to accomplish it. An artist is one who goes out by himself on the desert and yells his head off. Years pass. Somebody hears him—maybe. One comes. Then another. After years maybe more come. If they come or if they don't—it is no concern of the artist."

The actor came in for his share of shaking up. My friend complained bitterly that the movie actors—unlike their prototypes of the stage, fail to get into their parts and live them. Tourneur himself played on the legitimate stage in France, toured with Réjane and others.

"What makes me mad," he said, "you have a scene—you're struggling like sin to express something. If you stop a second in the middle of the third rehearsal the actors drop everything, step out of character, light their cigarettes, begin talking about the Montmartre Café and the boxing bouts in Hollywood.

"There always comes a moment in every picture where an actor has to give something. Very seldom they do. If I were trying to be a movie actor, why, I'd work like thunder—practice pantomime—try on different funny make-ups—go around all the time watching people in the street—everywhere—thinking about my work. Do they think about it in Hollywood? Pah!"

The director paused and then went on with a more contained dignity.

"I love the pictures. I'd rather do them than anything else. But I wish I could do for the screen the things that smell of life. There is a satisfaction to me in the work. It gives the impression of really building something. Please don't think that I am knocking the business which helps me to make a very nice living. I want to help it!"

He raised his arms in an expressive gesture. I could visualize chains on his wrists.

"I am shackled by censorship and by the wishes of the men who hire me. If I have a pet story I have to sell it to the man I am working for, then he has to sell it to the man who is putting up the money. If it is off the beaten path or shows any hint of being what you might term artistic, the public will never see it. The small-town exhibitors will not consider showing it.

"The more organization there is—the worse the picture. Some of the best pictures have been made with small organizations under the most unfavorable conditions.

"The producers follow some recognized success like sheep. If a sheik picture succeeds—then we all have to make sheik pictures.

"Pictures should be the work of an individual. We are in this business either to make money or to give ourselves the satisfaction of creating something as we wish. But if the picture isn't deliberately designed as a money maker, the public doesn't even get to see it. So if we made the pictures we wished we should not only fail to make any money—we should not even have the satisfaction of an audience."

Tourneur's eyes narrowed. Again a wave of Gallicism encompassed him. He spoke rapidly.

"It is a beautiful thing—that rectangular white sheet—the screen. We could show anything in the world there. We have the money to do it. There is no limit to the possibilities.

"But what do we show? A little country girl in curls—with a sunbonnet—beautiful backlights. Man in an office, feverishly bending over the ticker. Those Riverside Drive homes in which nobody could ever live—big as the Grand Central Station—so far from life—and those café scenes. Oh!"

His voice shook. The memory of what he had seen was affecting the man.

"I can't stand them! But the ballroom scenes! Only they are worse than the café scenes. Horrible!

There were tears in the voice—almost in the eyes of the fervent Frenchman. I felt a Celtic impulse to weep with him.

But his voice took on a cadence of hope.

"We'll do it some day. Some new generation of writers will come up—men who will think in pictures instead of words. And when the time comes America is the place. In this new country where minds are so direct, where there are no traditions, here will be the birthplace of——"

"A new art?"

"Well, of something."

I came away liking this fellow Tourneur immensely. If only he made pictures as well as he talks about them—but that, of course, is another matter.



Seeing Movies in London

Where the English fan goes for his screen entertainment.

HERE are three of the principal theaters in London that are given over to the showing of motion pictures. Just as film production itself has been held up and retarded in England for nearly eight years because of the war, so too has the building of theaters especially for motion-picture exhibition been neglected. For that reason, most English theaters now devoted to the exhibition of films were built originally for other purposes. But because of the amazing growth in popularity of the cinema, one after the other of these theaters has slowly lowered its curtain on former glories of light and color and sound to serve as a dim background for the strange, silent weaver of illusion—the silver screen.

At the top of the page is shown the Kennington Theater, situated in the southeast of London. At the right is the Palais de Luxe, in the West End.





To the left is shown the Stoll Picture House, Kingsway, in the West End of London, magnificent memorial to the brilliant but impractical Oscar Hammerstein, who built it as an opera house.

THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

Another Historic Achievement is Filmed

When "The Covered Wagon" burst upon the screen it was predicted that producers would learn from it the value of filming other significant achievements in our history. This seems to have been done in "Little Old New York." Almost as impressive as the march of the long train of prairie schooners in the former picture is the sequence in the latter which shows the first trip of Robert Fulton's first steamship, the *Clermont,* a sequence which brings to a dramatic climax the first half of the picture. No one who has any interest in what America has given to the world can fail to be thrilled when, before his eyes, this historic little vessel starts to move and gayly plows its way up the Hudson.

An Argument About "The Covered Wagon"

A number of correspondents have written to The Observer rather flippantly about certain details in "The Covered Wagon," asking him what, if any, justification there is for them. "The wagon tops remain white," one correspondent remarks, "even after they have gone through rain, sleet, sand and holocaust. Each time they appeared I looked eagerly to see if they had become soiled. But no! They were so pristine in their freshness they might have been advertising laundry soap."

Well, *The Observer* had noticed that, too, and it had annoyed him a little. And yet, he felt sure that there must have been some good reason for it because he knew something of the vast amount of research and camera experiment that went into the making of that particular production. A man connected with the production offered this explanation for the condition of the wagon, which seemed plausible:

> "The sails on boats at sea always appear white," he said, "even the ones which on close inspection prove to be patched and dirty. Likewise the hoods on these old prairie schooners took on the appearance of being white when actually they were streaked and dirty. Many of the wagons which were used in the production of "The Covered Wagon" were very old. They were out on the Western plains several months for the making of the picture alone. Naturally, they got dirty. But like sails at sea they continued to look white.
>
> "This puzzled the technical men who were working on the picture. They experimented by making marks on the wagon tops, by throwing mud on them, and by darkening great patches. They found that nothing short of daubs of paint made any impression that the camera eye would record.
>
> "Now people ought to remember that much of the time these wagons were traveling under scorching sun, and there is no better bleaching agent in the world. The dirt that got into the wagon tops from smoke and sand on one day might easily have been bleached out the next."

What is more important to you, that a picture should be correct in every detail or that it should look right to you? Perhaps those wagons would have impressed you more if they had shown more evidence of what they had gone through. Yet, painting great streaks on the wagon tops would have savored of dramatic trickery—quite all right in its way, but entirely foreign to the spirit of the rest of this particular production.

And now, assuming that you have swallowed that explanation quite as The Observer did, he would like to add a few remarks attributed to Mr. Cruze by an acquaintance of his.

"We wanted the whole string of wagons to be seen," Mr. Cruze is quoted as saying. "Had we allowed them to get dirty, the ones in the distance could not have been seen. We wanted the wagon tops to show against the horizon, to heighten the sweep of the caravan and give an epic quality to the picture. My orders from Mr. Lasky were to have wagons as far as the eye could see. Had their tops been the color of the soil over which they were traveling, only the first few could have been seen and there would have been none of that tremendous sweep—that endless curve of wagons in the distance—that has been more praised than anything else in the picture."

The Observer puts it up to you. Now, what do you think of the white wagon tops?

Exchanging Pictures

Some time ago we published a letter from a fan who had thought of a novel way of procuring a large collection of pictures of her favorite star. She had started to save all the published photographs of the different players she could get, and by exchanging with other fans, was rapidly getting a large collection of the pictures of her own idol.

We have since received many similar letters. Naturally we cannot print all of these, as they would soon fill the columns of "What the Fans Think," to the exclusion of other letters on different subjects.

But the idea, which is a good one, can be carried out by fans who wish to adopt it, by finding other fans in their own town who wish to exchange pictures.

No More Visitors

Where in the past it has been difficult to get permission to visit the motion-picture studios in southern California, it is now next to impossible. Not even friends of the actors or studio employees are to be allowed the privilege of visiting the studios in the future.

Don't blame the producers for making this rule; blame the people who have made it necessary. The producers stood them just as long as they merely held up production, got in the way of the actors, and wasted every one's time asking questions. What they couldn't bear was to have a woman come to them with letters of introduction, accept in an apparently friendly spirit every courtesy that was extended to her, and then go out through the country lecturing on "vice" in Hollywood!

Motion Pictures of the Mighty

A stirring account of the adventures of news camera men abroad showing that it takes real daring as well as diplomacy to get a camera within range of royalty.

By John Taylor Parkerson

European manager of Fox News Reel

Illustrations from the Fox News Reel

PHOTOGRAPHING the great and near-great for the movies has become an art as interesting as a bootlegger's valise, and sometimes as intricate as the work of a second-story burglar. Few among the millions who daily occupy comfortable seats in the theater and see the news of the important happenings of the earth being flashed on the screen in rapid succession have any conception of the difficulties that were overcome in the making of these pictures.

In America it is not so difficult, as a rule. The United States is the camera man's paradise. There are few Americans who are not willing, at least, if not eager, to get into the news reels. And if it's something with a thrill he is after, there are more nuts from Maine to California who would sign their lives away for two-bits' worth of publicity than you'll find in all the armies of the earth combined.

But not so in Europe. Our esteemed brethren of the Old World have their own notions about new-fangled things. They have been living in an atmosphere of centuries'-old suspicion that affects them all, regardless of nationality. With rare exceptions, however, it is a false atmosphere that holds itself above reason, but sinks to the depths at the first sign of the big, round, shiny American dollar.

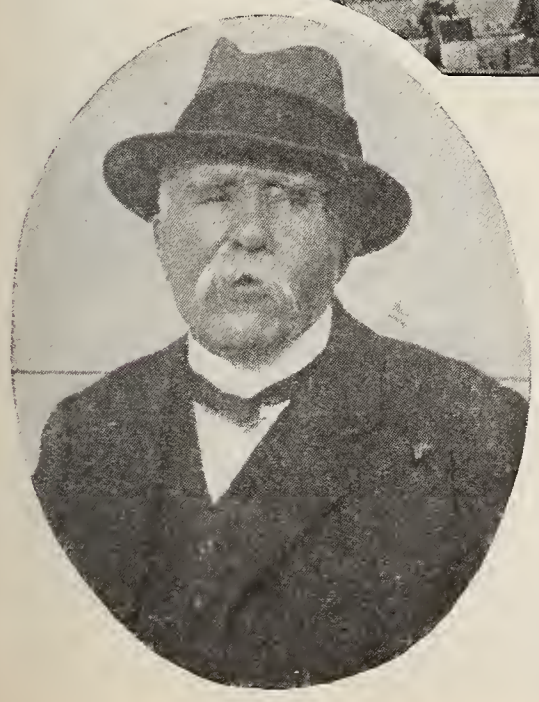
For the past four years I have been sitting over in Paris on the top rung of a ladder leading to a veritable Tower of Babel, out of which has come motion pictures of every crowned head, potentate, politician and palaverer of note in Europe, together with such minor details as Russian famines, Smyrna disasters, premiers' conferences, wars, and the usual run of things that follow in their trail. My job has been to direct several hundred camera men scattered over Europe, Asia and Africa, in the interesting research for motion pictures giving a close-up view from the eye of the camera of what has been going on in the Old World.



Premier Poincare has disliked the news reels ever since a news camera showed him smiling as he left a funeral.



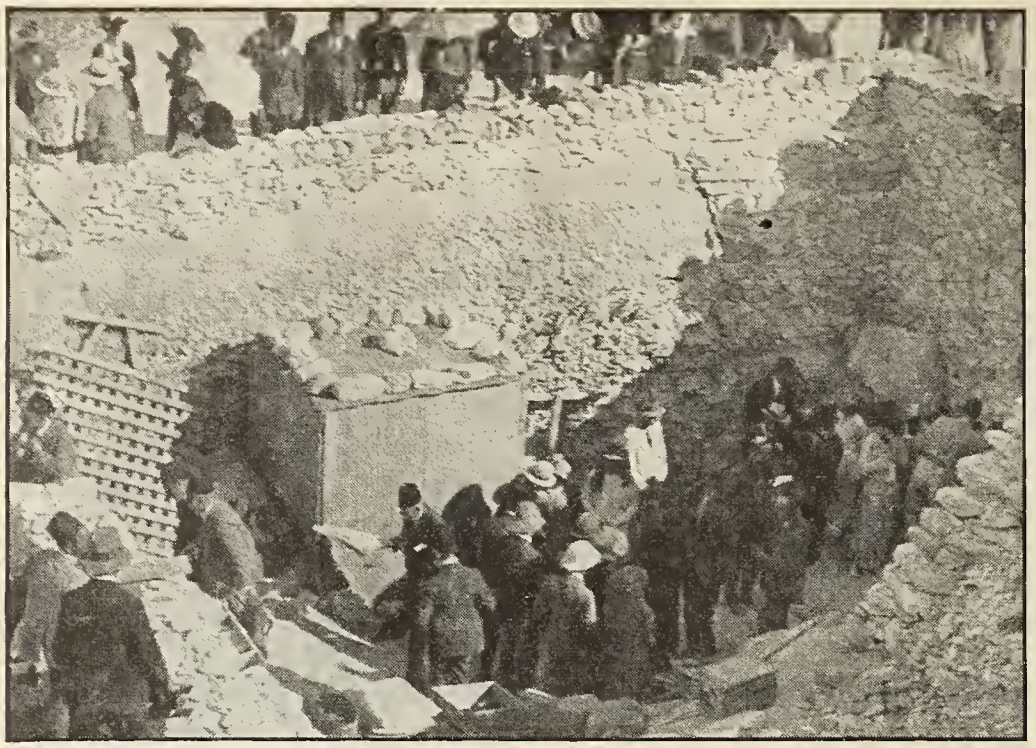
One of the greatest coups of a camera man was the filming of ceremonies in Belvedere Court from inside the Vatican.



Clemenceau always refuses to pose for the news cameras, but occasionally they get him by stealth.

To enumerate the many important personalities and subjects of international interest that have been recorded on the film during the last few years of tumultuous peace would be to recount the complete history of events of that period, with one exception—Soviet Russia.

But apart from that strange country, where camera men are not allowed, the difficulties of the news photographer abroad are many and varied. Europeans have an exaggerated idea of the value of motion pictures. Whenever there is a spectacular event—an automobile race, airplane competition, or anything calculated to draw a crowd and attract widespread interest—those in charge begin to wonder how much money they can make out of the film rights. They have been fed so much press-agent material about the fabulous earnings of cinema stars in the United States that their



Although the officials in charge tried to thwart him at every turn, the Fox camera man got a complete record of the excavation of King Tut's tomb.

brains begin to dance with figures at the mere mention of motion pictures. The desire to commercialize everything filmable extends far beyond the domain of sport and commonplace news subjects—even to European royalty itself. On three different occasions within a year I have been approached by persons with undoubted credentials from a reigning queen whose income has been considerably curtailed as a result of the late war, and who apparently makes no secret of the fact that she is ready to place herself and the royal household at the disposal of the camera man for a fixed sum. Needless to say, her majesty has also arrived at an estimate of her photographic value that no producer has as yet found to be consistent with possible box-office receipts.

Another thing (unknown, of course, in America) is the aversion of many public men in Europe to motion pictures. Why they object is a mystery, but no amount of influence can induce them to pose for the camera. M. Clemenceau, the Tiger of France, is one of them. Not so very long ago he was asked to unveil a statue of himself erected by popular subscription in Sainte-Hermine, a small French town where he spent his boyhood. A great crowd gathered and there was the usual battery of camera men on hand. M. Clemenceau shot a defiant glance at the latter and announced he would not mount to the speakers' platform until all the cameras had been removed.

"I'm too old and ugly for that," was the Tiger's characteristic comment.

During his visit to the United States, M. Clemenceau tolerated the camera men, but it was evident from his attitude toward them that he was ill at ease.

Premier Poincare also dislikes the motion picture, and not without some reason. Soon after he became the ruling force in France he participated in a memorial service at one of the large war cemeteries. After the ceremony he and the American Ambassador, Mr. Myron T. Herrick, left the cemetery arm in arm. Some camera man caught them partly in the act of smiling. One of the extreme Socialist newspapers of Paris seized upon this to launch a bitter attack against the premier, reproducing the photograph showing him smiling as "proof" of M. Poincare's mock sincerity. The incident caused a sensation throughout France, and there was talk of suppressing the newspaper in question.

The two most difficult persons in the world to film are the Pope and the former Kaiser of Germany. After several visits to Rome, and careful planning for several months, I succeeded in obtaining the first motion pictures of his holiness to be shown in America. But no one, so far as I know, has ever been able to photograph the ex-kaiser for the movies, since he became an exile in Holland. The nearest any one has got to him was to make a picture of his back at the time of his wedding to the Princess Hermine. I assigned three camera men to the wedding, one of whom was stationed before the main entrance to the ex-kaiser's estate, another circled the grounds, while the third mounted his camera behind a chimney on the roof of a private house overlooking the gardens of Doorn-Haus. It was the fellow behind the chimney who secured the picture of the ex-kaiser's back, with the aid of a long-focus lens. A Dutch policeman discovered him a minute later and forced him to descend from the roof.

Somebody did get a chance photograph of the ex-kaiser while at Amerongen, and a picture post card has been taken of him at Doorn. But thus far he has escaped the movies.

A Living Record of Our Times

While schools are struggling to interest their pupils in great personages of the past, the motion-picture camera man is bringing them into close touch with the men who are making history today. Through the magic of the camera they go to places where conferences of world importance are held, they see the men who are representing their country and others.

Haven't you wondered how the camera men got all these pictures? This story will tell you.



The ex-crown prince, also an exile in Holland, has been less fortunate in avoiding the camera men than his father. The best of several films made of him was one taken from a closed wagon without his knowledge. The camera man had installed his apparatus in the back of the wagon, so that only the objective of his camera showed outwardly. This was so small and innocent-looking that one might easily have mistaken it for the end of a metal pipe. The wagon was halted along the country road near the ex-crown prince's modest domicile, and when the former heir to kingship appeared with Dutch wooden shoes, sweater and cane, for one of his customary strolls the wagon jostled along ahead of him. It was then that the camera man, concealed from the ex-crown prince's view, obtained his pictures.



A camera man won't balk at fire, flood or raging battle, but sometimes he is puzzled about getting through a crowd as dense as this one outside Princess Mary's wedding place.

How the pope was filmed in the Vatican grounds without his knowledge, or, for that matter, the knowledge of a score of detectives and many others on guard to prevent just such a thing, is one of the most interesting stories connected with the activities of the American motion-picture industry abroad. All the important news reels had been endeavoring since his elevation to the papacy to photograph Pius XI. Influences were brought to bear on the Vatican from high ecclesiastical authorities and persons prominent in Roman Catholic affairs in nearly every country in Christendom. The holy father himself, perhaps the most practical and progressive of all the popes, probably would have been the least averse to the idea of any of the Vatican dignitaries, had it been possible to reach him personally with the request. But the Vatican, which is steeped in tradition, moves very slowly. In their zeal to safeguard the pope from the army of camera men who camped in the square of St. Peter's like a swarm of excited bees, those in charge at the Vatican unconsciously made the subject of his filming one of scheming commercialism. In some mysterious manner, which no one seems to have been able to fathom, an Italian concern obtained exclusive rights to make motion pictures within the Vatican during the Eucharistic Congress a little over a year ago. This combination had the whole thing "sewed-up" and demanded an enormous sum of money for its pictures. Obviously the film had no such value for news purposes. It was clearly up to somebody to circumvent the Italians and, with the aid of two camera men—one Italian and the other French—I set about to do it.

The picture all of us wanted was the reception of the visiting delegates to the Eucharistic Congress by the pope in the famous Belvedere Court. This was scheduled to take place at five p. m. on a certain Wednesday afternoon. The next fastest ship leaving for the United States was the *Mauretania*, from Cherbourg, France, the following Saturday. Whoever succeeded in making the film independent of the Italian concern,



Within two weeks of the burning of Smyrna a film record of it was being shown in America.

The camera man at the outer edge of Vesuvius got none of the thrills of the men flying over the crater, but he did record them.



and there were at least a dozen of those, all armed with tickets of admission and small pocket motion-picture cameras secreted about them in the hope of "stealing" the picture, would strive to get it off to America by the Saturday boat. To do so, the film would have to leave Rome for Paris on the train de luxe, starting from the Eternal City at two-thirty p. m. on Thursday, the day following the Vatican ceremony.

I had provided my Italian camera man with a pocket camera and the necessary ticket of admission to the Belvedere Court, but frankly had no faith in the plan. I knew there would be too many strong-arm men scattered through the crowd, and that the mere sound of the automatic click of the little machine would attract immediate attention and result in confiscation of camera and film. Indeed, this is exactly what did happen to all who tried to "steal" the pope's picture with the pocket motion-picture cameras. Fortunately, I had taken other precautions.

Early on the morning of the ceremony four packages were carried into the Vatican by four different entrances. One of them contained a motion-picture camera, and the other three contained parts of the tripod, several bottles of choice Italian wine and some sandwiches. All were concentrated in a small room on the top floor of the Vatican overlooking the Belvedere Court. This room had at some time or other been used by the Vatican coachmen as a place in which to dress.

Next came the perplexing problem of smuggling the camera man into the Vatican. I had obtained, after some difficulty, a floor plan of that part of the vast chain of buildings he was supposed to traverse in the roundabout way in which it had been decided he was to enter the Vatican and make his way to the old cabmen's dressing room. This I studied at length with my French camera man and a certain lay member of the Vatican household who had condescended to aid us in the enterprise. In addition there was a disguise, which necessitated slight changes in the facial characteristics of the Frenchman and a costume in which he looked every bit the part for which we had cast him. The hour agreed upon was long in advance of the time for the ceremony, hence wine and sandwiches. The French camera man left our hotel in company with the lay member of the Vatican household. They carried a suit case and started off in a closed cab. The transformation of the Frenchman was accomplished in the cab within the very shadow of the great dome of St. Peter's, and he soon found himself groping through a narrow passageway into which he had been admitted via a side entrance by two sleepy-looking Swiss guards as if he had been a lifelong inhabitant. In a few minutes he had made his way to the coachmen's dressing room.

Half an hour later a telephone call from our faithful aid informed me all was well. The Frenchman not only had got into the little room overlooking the Belvedere Court, but also had taken the precaution to bolt the door behind him.

"If they find out he's in there, it'll take 'em a week to break down that door, unless they use dynamite," laughed the chap over the phone.

Now I was not worried half so much about getting the film out of the Vatican, provided my French camera man turned it, as I was about getting it to New York ahead of any possible opposition that might arise from the Italian company which had obtained the motion-picture rights for the occasion. I knew nobody would be foolish enough to pay the price the Italians were asking for their pictures, but we had already gone so far with our own plans that I determined to take no chances. The Italians had tried to interest me in their film, but like the others, I simply smiled and said no, with thanks. But I realized that some good old-fashioned American ingenuity would have to be employed, if I was to insure the exclusiveness of the pictures I hoped the Frenchman would make. So I called on the head of the Italian company a couple of hours before the ceremony and told him that if he would give me an option for thirty-six hours on his film, I would cable to my New York office and recommend that his proposition be considered. I had him stipulate in writing that no part of his film would leave Rome during the thirty-six hours we were to await a reply to my cablegram from New York.



Before the war Kaiser Wilhelm was always posing for the cameras, but no news reel camera man has yet succeeded in getting a satisfactory picture of the "prisoner of Doorn."

I took the agreement (which cost me nothing and bound me in no way, in the event of an unfavorable reply to my message) and returned to my hotel.

I remained in Rome a couple of days later so as not to attract suspicion. The reply to my cablegram to New York came within the thirty-six-hour limit of my option, but, of course, not until after the train de luxe had left Rome with our film aboard. The reply from New York was more than I expected:

"Price asked outrageous. You must be as crazy as the Italians."

My associates in New York were not aware at the time that I had sent my message to them from the office of the Italian company—a request the Italians had made in giving me the option on their film. Of course, I sent a covering message later, but it did not reach New York until after the reply to my first cablegram had been dispatched to me.

The same French camera man who made the film of the new pope scored another great picture news success at the time of the collapse of the Greek armies in Asia Minor. Nobody had succeeded in photographing Mustapha Kemal at close range. The world had suddenly become intensely interested in this rising young Napoleon of the Near East, and newspapers and maga-

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Absolutely, Mr. Gallagher

Two men who became famous overnight and whose patter became a national byword have come to the films. You may not think their humor is suited to the screen—but a lot of wise guys who are poor to-day felt that way about the Gallagher and Shean stuff on the stage.

By Helen Klumph

THIS is the story of two great comedians, but it isn't funny. It is grotesque.

They have been on the stage since you and I were children, playing vaudeville and musical comedy, sometimes in good theaters, sometimes in ramshackle barns out in the "sticks." They have done acts together and they have played individual engagements—no better and no worse than a thousand other comedians.

They have worked hard—this Ed Gallagher and Al Shean have—and like good old stagers they have studied their audiences and calculated the value of sure-fire gags. They painstakingly built up an act that looked like great stuff, and like many other such acts it got over pretty well, and that was all.

And then one night Ed Gallagher began to take notice of the men back-stage. They were always saying, "Oh, Mr. Gallagher," or "Absolutely, Mr. Gallagher," with a funny little emphasis on the first syllable of his name. He couldn't see why that was so funny but it always got a laugh from the bystanders. It gave him an idea. He took the patter songs that he and his partner were singing and put their names into it. "Absolutely, Mr. Gallagher?" "Positively, Mr. Shean," concluded each verse. And soon they had every one in the theaters doing it. There were a lot of good jokes in his act, there were a lot of comic effects that only a veteran comedian can put over. But these two men were made by the catchy swing of that "Oh, Mr. Gallagher," that defies analysis.

Flo Ziegfeld put them in the "Follies." The first night after the audience had seen dancing and singing (seen singing is right in a Ziegfeld show), had been convulsed by Will Rogers' comments and edified by gorgeous pageants, out came two stagy-looking comedians, and as soon as the little one sang "Oh, Mr. Gallagher," the audience roared.

Why, not even the experts know any more than they can explain our recent nation-wide furore concerning the shortage of bananas.

Within a short time the phonograph records of their song scored a sale of a hundred thousand—and still kept going. Imitations of them sprang up in shows everywhere and orchestras in restaurants and in vaudeville offered as a novelty act an imitation of their patter on saxophones.

They had achieved what every actor dreams of; their patter was the talk of Broadway as much as "Skidoo" or "Every Little Movement" ever was.

Another theatrical manager who had allowed them to slip out of his grasp claimed that he had them under contract. They claimed the right to go on working for

Continued on page 88



Shean is the short one. You can tell Gallagher by the Harold Lloyd spectacles.

Milady—from Jamaica

An exotic, with a background of social distinction, is Aileen Pringle.

By Elza Schallert

IN a tall Flemish chair at the end of a long, narrow dining board she sat, Milady from Jamaica.

Her parted raven hair was drawn in a straight line to the nape of her neck.

Jet pendants swung in circlets of brilliants from her ears.

Russian perfume scented the warm air.

Ropes of silken fringe dropping from her black gown shimmered in the white sunlight that gleamed through stately glass doors of a picturesque salon in one of Hollywood's hillside villas.

"A Velasquez painting—a nocturne by——"

Thus I mused over Aileen Pringle, a new exotic type who has been disturbing the equilibrium of Hollywood, and who threatens to establish a vogue, even as did Barbara La Marr and Nita Naldi—a girl who deserted a brilliant society career to try for cinema honors—and Elinor Glyn's one and only protégée since Gloria Swanson.

It is she whom Elinor Glyn has selected to portray that choicest heroine—*The Lady*—in "Three Weeks." Certainly, a distinction for a newcomer. And one that Madame Glyn feels is not without honor because to her *The Lady* of her novel is a "sacred soul child" and worthy to be portrayed only by a gentlewoman.

But then, it must be stated in Miss Pringle's favor that she has been and is a lady, and has had the cultural background that tradition and madame demand as a qualification to the coveted title. European education—travel—being the wife of an enormously wealthy Jamaican planter—a leader in the continental social life of the island—enjoying the luxuries that riches can buy. All that sort of thing has been Miss Pringle's life.

Perhaps you know her on the screen. Perhaps not. The first work that won her recognition was the rôle of the half-caste Eurasian girl in "The Tiger's Claw," starring Jack Holt. Then followed bits at Goldwyn's as *Lady Robert Ure* in "The Christian" and *Mrs. Schuyler Peabody*, a society woman, in "The Stranger's Banquet."

And the next part of any consequence was an aristocratic crook in "Souls for Sale." You may not even recall the character. There were just three shots of her in the act of perpetrating a very slick badger game on Lew Cody in India. But they were impressive enough to catch the contract eye of Goldwyn's and she was promptly signed by them for five years, and as the *Princess Eboli* in "In the Palace of the King," she will make her début as a member of the Goldwyn stock company.

Of course, there are any number of players who have recently been signed by various companies in Hollywood, as members of stock companies, whom you probably will never hear from. Just as others before them have been signed and have made a slow and uneventful fade-out from the screen.

But I believe the case of Aileen Pringle will be different. Because she herself is different. Her unusual life has stamped her with distinction. It has given her poise, savoir-faire, assurance, discrimination in the choice of her associates, the ability to recognize and select "powers," and an air and a manner that make people and "powers" take notice of her.

"I am not one of the 'gah-gah' girls who accept any and every condition that is thrust upon them with a curtsy and a 'Yes, Mr. Smith,' and an 'Oh, certainly, Mr. Jones,' she tells you.

"I feel that I am an intelligent woman," she continues, flipping the ashes from a cigarette and dropping her classic head against the back of the chair, "and that I should always be able to discuss things pertaining to my work intelligently with intelligent men under whose jurisdiction such matters fall. I have always found that it is not difficult to achieve results when you have contact with intelligent people.

"I may sound tyrannical. But I am not, I assure you. I am humble. That is one of the many things pictures have taught me."

"Humble?" I queried. "Then you played 'extras?'"

"No, never!" She punctuated this by crashing out the life of the cigarette.

"I figured that once an extra, always an extra. Besides I had had stage experience. Played in 'The Green Goddess' with George Arliss. And I felt it shouldn't be necessary, therefore, for me to join the ranks of 'extras.'

"Oh, I don't deny that I had a rather lonesome time of it for three years, but I was determined to make a go of pictures, so I sort of hung on until I got what I wanted. Of course, I never wanted for food or clothes, so I wasn't handicapped for the necessities of life. But I lived *simply* in a New York apartment with one maid, and then gradually came westward."

An apartment and a maid! What luxurious equipment with which to fight the picture game. How different from the lot of the average girl who has the cinema bug.

But, of course, Aileen Pringle isn't an average girl. And like Pola Negri who can talk about her art with a very big A, she can refer to herself as "an intelligent woman" and "a lady" and get away with it.

I was wondering as she lighted the seventh or eighth cigarette, delicately touching her lower lip with a black kerchief, whether she didn't miss the glittering social life she had in Jamaica.

"Not at all!" She surprised me. I was hoping she'd get sentimental about her seventeen servants, titled friends, and the polo games and tennis teas that were given at her pretentious estate.

In Hollywood she has only four servants. A colored chauffeur who speaks good English, a cook and a house and a personal maid.

She intimated hers was a lowly opinion of people who discussed their servants. So like Elinor Glyn's lady!

"Society is a superficial life. All the time I was 'first lady' on the island, I was hungering to create something artistic that expressed all the thoughts and emotions I felt. I always wanted to act. The desire was like a burning fever within me. But pictures have satisfied it. So you see I have no repressions. There is nothing I would rather do in the whole world than have a picture career."

We went upstairs to powder our noses. I needed

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Favorite Picture Players



ONE of the most vivid of the new personalities is Aileen Pringle, who will play *The Lady* in the Goldwyn production of Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks." On the opposite page is the story of her unusual career.



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

AS the colorful *Countess Fedora* in "The Slave of Desire," which Goldwyn is making, Carmel Myers will have an opportunity to disclose her talent for the exotic that has been more or less smothered until recently.



EVEN though dressed in the lovely costumes of medieval Spain, Pauline Starke has another of her pathetic rôles as a blind girl in the Goldwyn production of "In the Palace of the King."



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

OF course, no Paramount picture dealing with temptation would be complete without Nita Naldi, so she has been cast in Cecil De Mille's "The Ten Commandments."



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

SPRING MAGIC" is the title of Agnes Ayres' next picture, which may account for her rapt expression in this photograph. Jack Holt will share the glory in this production.



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

AFTER wild, free riding and shooting in "To the Last Man," Richard Dix has settled down to complicated domestic life again in the modern story of "The Ten Commandments."



SOME impatient fans think that Ramon Navarro does not appear often enough, but "Scaramouche" is expected to convince them that it was worth waiting a long time to see.



Photo by Richard Burke

ADVANCE reports on Richard Barthelmess' "The Fighting Blade" say that it will bring sure fame to Dorothy Mackaill, a practical newcomer. Miss Mackaill is now working in "His Children's Children" for Paramount.

The Best Answer to Criticism

Lois Wilson knows what it is, and she puts her theory into practice, which may account for her extraordinary success.

By Harriette Underhill

LOIS WILSON paid us the greatest compliment we have ever received during a recent trip to California, where we met the young woman face to face for the first time. We should say rather that she met us face to face. We had seen her at close range many times—for what can be closer than a close-up—though she never had seen us. Now, if you want to be disagreeable you will say that that was nothing to worry about; but Miss Wilson thought otherwise. If a humility complex is unusually obtrusive in our writing at the present moment it is because we have just received a letter from a young woman who lives in Bridgeport, Connecticut, who doesn't care very much for us. She says among a great many other things, "All my admiration for you fled when you said that at one time you had thought Lois Wilson ugly. That was a despicable thing to say and it isn't true. To me she is a good-looking girl who can act, and she has intelligence, which is more than I can say for some others." After a blow like that we should be nursing a broken nose but we're not because we feel that the reproaches were uncalled for though undoubtedly sincere.



Lois Wilson is a perfectly charming girl, but a plain one.

In the comment which roused our critic's ire we said that we had wondered how we ever could have thought Miss Wilson plain, because she was such a clever actress. Why should even the most ardent fan take exception to our reversing a decision and agreeing with her? And why should she object to our placing ability before beauty?

But the Bridgeport fan should have heard what Miss Wilson herself had to say on the subject when we met her in Hollywood. She said, "I'm delighted to know you because you have been an inspiration in my picture work. You said some pretty harsh things about me in 'Midsummer Madness' and when I had finished reading them I looked in the mirror and said: 'This Harriette Underhill person is quite right. But I'm going to work now to get a good review from her. That shall be my aim.' So I stuck your criticism up in my mirror where I could see it all the time and started out to please you. You see the reason I wanted to please you was because I always have agreed with you about everything and I felt that when I pleased you I should also be pleasing myself."



Lois Wilson doesn't really care about getting all dressed up.

Now that is the sort of person Lois Wilson is—charming and frank, no nonsense, no egotism. Every one, everywhere, had constantly told us that she was "sweet," but that arouses pleasurable anticipation in us only when applied to cherry pie or hot chocolate. But Miss Wilson had not finished her story. So we must let her go on and tell it all before we present our case even though it does seem terribly conceited for us to do so. "Well, I kept right on trying to please you for a year and then one day some one sent me a clipping which was dated three months back. It was a review of 'Our Leading Citizen' in which Thomas Meighan was the citizen and I was the lead. You said that overnight I had become clever, attractive and graceful. You said that I used to be——"

But we stopped her; we remembered what we had said.

"Well, anyway," Miss Wilson went on, "there was the approbation which I had been working for and it was three months old before I saw it. For three months I had been striving to please you, and here I had already done it. Think of it!"

"We are thinking," we replied, "and there's a lesson in that, we think. Just subscribe immediately to all the publications we write for. And now let me speak my speech. I want to defend my platform."

"You don't need it," she laughed. "It is all right with me; and there is William de Mille calling me away to be 'Only 38.' May McAvoy, here, is my child."

"And we're just the same age," added Miss McAvoy.

But we insist on defending our stand, or at least on explaining our viewpoint. Since the girl from Bridgeport took umbrage at our mode of expression, perhaps others have done so, too. And we do not like to be misunderstood.

Miss Wilson is what one would call a nice girl. She seems especially designed by Providence to make some man a wonderful wife, and when you hear the words "a woman's place is in the home" your mind immediately flies to Lois Wilson. She has a pleasant, homy look. You feel that if her hand ever rocked the cradle then it might indeed rule the world, but not otherwise. Miss Wilson is the epitome of womanliness, but she is not the stuff that vamps are made of. In short, she is a perfectly charming girl, but a plain one. Every line of her, from her intelligent forehead to her efficient hands and her sensibly shod feet, breathes reliability. When we say plain we mean relatively so, for we probably never should have thought anything about it if we hadn't been asked to accept her as an irresistible creature who drove men to "Midsummer Madness" with her sheer loveliness.

Now, the whole plot of that particular picture depended for its plausibility on whether the spectators would believe that any woman could be dazzling enough to make a nice quiet married man—the kind Conrad Nagel always portrays—forget everything in one mad moment when "he swept her into his arms."

It was after we saw that picture that we said Miss Wilson was "plain" and unless we are mistaken we added, "Who ever conceived the brilliant idea of making a screen star out of her, anyway?"

Even now, knowing Miss Wilson as we do, we feel that we were justified. It seems, too, that the person most concerned was not the only person who agreed with us. For right after that Miss Wilson was taken away from pretty parts and was cast for "homy" rôles.

She did "What Every Woman Knows," and every woman knows that *Maggie Wylie* was a plain little thing whose chief characteristic was fidelity. We missed the picture but they did say that Miss Wilson was excellent in it, and we can believe it because later we saw her give a corking performance as *Miss Lulu Bett,* one of the world's most famous martyrs of fiction; and more recently in "Only 38," when she played the martyred widow of an intolerant, and apparently intolerable, D. D., though he was defunct when the story started.

In both of these she was wonderful, but this statement is not incompatible with our previous one.

We do not remember it, but Miss Wilson says that we once suggested her suitability for a school-teacher rôle. "It was funny," she added, "because that was just what I escaped from when I got into screen work. I didn't think I was suited to it, even if you do.

"So there is *one* thing about which we do not agree."

Miss Wilson lived in Birmingham, Alabama, and it was there she became a schoolma'am. As a matter of fact, she was a teacher of English and expression or elocution or something which is next door to drama, if it isn't silent drama. And Miss Wilson's début was in the spoken drama. She became a member of a stock company and went to Chicago. Here she met

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Following in Father's Footsteps

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., not only aims to make pictures like his father's, but wants to be like him in every way.

By Myrtle Gebhart

THE announcement that Famous Players-Lasky had signed Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., on a starring contract occasioned much speculation as to the talents and personality of Doug's son. Inasmuch as this is the first instance of the second generation in filmdom, of a star's son being brought prominently before the public, it not only awakens our wonder as to the capability and personal charm of this boy over whom they are making so much fuss but it also brings realization of the swiftly passing cinematic years.

That Paramount has what is considered within the ranks "a good bet" one feels the moment one approaches Doug's set. They are making a great deal of to-do over him, over the glamour that surrounds him. Even the blasé stenographers peek in to see what Doug's son is like. I couldn't help wondering, as I watched this youngster enacting a scene with Harry Myers, what would have been his lot had he come to the screen untrumpeted. But the slight annoyance that I felt over this acclaiming of a youngster who himself has as yet done nothing to win plaudits passed when I talked with him, for he shows no evidence of conceit.

"I'm tickled to death over acting and—well, everything," he began heroically but ended lamely, his blue eyes taking on a look of panic. "Yes, I like to read sometimes—aw, gee, mother, you talk to her."

Thus passing the buck to mother, he fled forthwith, it being clear that his first interview was a trial he would gladly escape. I rather liked his boyish bashfulness.

"It has been said, and unfairly too, that I've been training Douglas for a movie career, to exploit him," his mother told me. "From the time he was a tiny kiddie he has been wild about the movies. His father is his idol. He'd see Mr. Fairbanks' pictures and then invariably come home and try to copy the athletic stunts his hero had performed.

"I have encouraged this adoration of his father. I might, as other mothers similarly placed sometimes do, have turned him against Mr. Fairbanks. But that would have been ungenerous and not fair, either. I've tried to teach him fair play and I had to illustrate that ideal myself or he would have lost respect for me. Yes, it has been a problem. But every boy must have some idol, some older man to imitate, to look up to. And I'm glad that Douglas' ideal has been his father. This

worship—really, it is that—has taught him many beneficial things."

Considerable publicity has been printed to the effect that Douglas, Sr., is helping to start him on his picture career, advising, guiding his youthful feet over the first rocks. This his mother says is untrue. It is known that his father did not welcome the boy's début as a movie actor. Not every player of heroic rôles would care to have such a strapping young son out as a star—it brings home to one, and doubtlessly will to many, how the years are flying. When queried upon the matter, Fairbanks said: "I did not want the boy to go into pictures until he had completed his education but I am willing to help him all I can, now the step has been taken."

"Each year, when Douglas persisted, I'd hedge, 'Next year, son, maybe,'" his mother continued. "I knew that those offers which came to me so frequently for his services were bred solely by the desire to commercialize his name and I did not think it fair either to the child or to his father to take advantage of them. So I promised him, 'When you are capable of standing on your own two feet and making good on your own account, I'll let you try.' I tried to interest him in other things. He'd study a bit, quickly tiring of everything except painting and modeling in clay, which he does with more than a little talent, and his athletics.

"He attended boys' private schools in Pasadena and in New York and each year I've taken him abroad, not only that he might speak foreign languages with the familiarity possible only through constant usage and close association and that he might see the world, but also to take



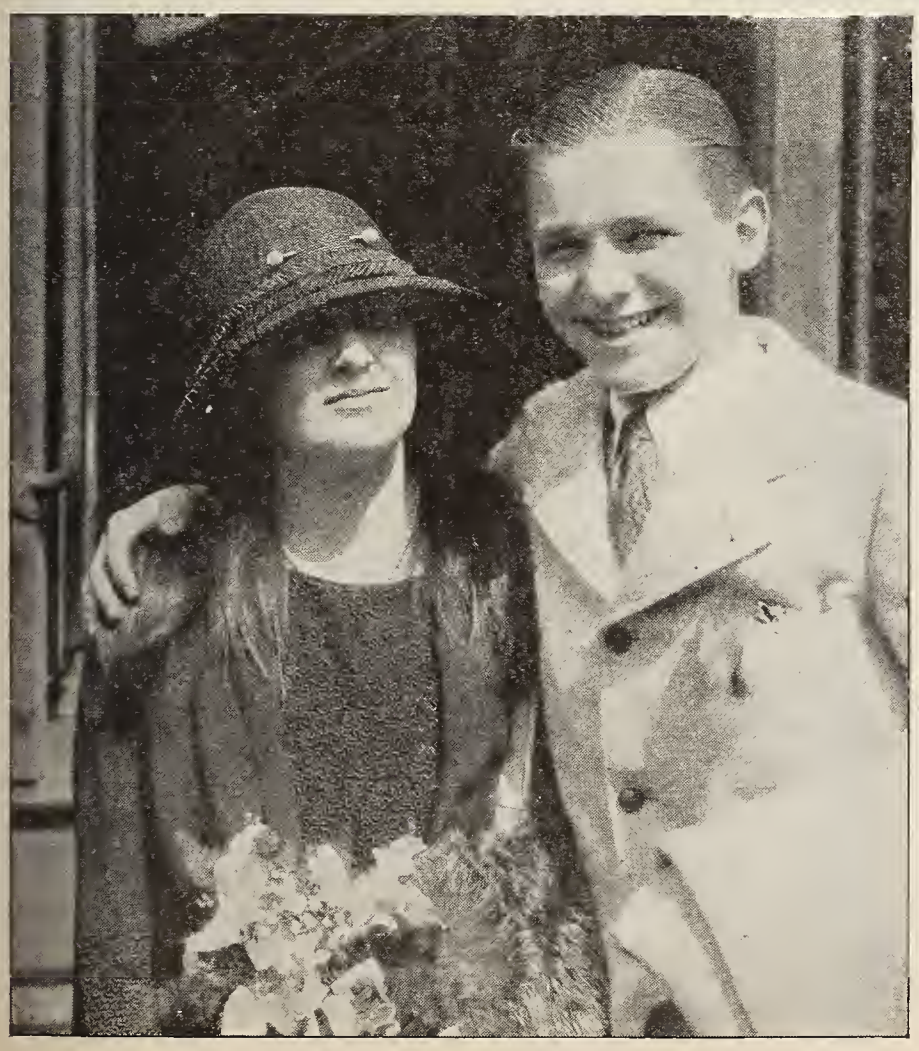


Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

Making pictures is great fun for him but Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., likes to have his mother along to take care of the interviewers.

his mind off the movie career he wanted. But it was no use. So finally, when Mr. William Elliott, formerly of Elliott, Comstock & Gest, and a friend of ours for years, took his side and promised to look after him as a father would, I consented.

"Naturally he is enthusiastic about being in the movies at last. He's very athletic. At Watch Hill, Rhode Island, they have summer training and meets in all kinds of athletics—swimming, football, hurdling, marathon-running—the boy making the most points as an all-round athlete winning the cup. Douglas won it two summers. Otherwise, he is just like any other boy, wildly excited over the thing of the moment. Now, this story being laid mostly in Turkish locale, he's crazy about Turkish customs, asking innumerable questions of the technical expert and regaling me with all of his information every night."

His first picture, "Stephen Steps Out," an adaptation of Richard Harding Davis' story, "The Grand Cross of the Crescent," is the logical expression of his personality.

"This fellow, he's a regular one," Doug,

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Photo by William Ballinton

Like many another "Follies" girl Mary Eaton was to make "just one motion picture to see what it was like," and so she played in "His Children's Children." And now like many another "Follies" girl she may decide to stay in the movies.

Over the

From a tea-table in the Plaza, Fanny Fifth Avenue and make-believe and offers

By The

I'VE a fine idea for a parody," Fanny announced confidently. "The tune is old and the meter isn't right but I maintain it is a good idea anyway. 'How you gonna keep grandpa down on the farm after he sees "Hollywood?"' With just a little practice you can juggle the words so that they will fit!"

"You might pick some place beside the quietest corner of the Plaza to sing it," I suggested, not without rancor; "in front of the Rivoli Theater, for instance. It might make a good ballyhoo, though goodness knows, 'Hollywood' doesn't need one."

But Fanny was not to be diverted. Alternately, she hummed the song and offered foolish suggestions.

"Wouldn't it be great if James Cruze would direct a sequel to 'Hollywood?' He could show a whole army of old men and women confidently setting out for Hollywood expecting to go into the movies. If they started soon enough the doddering graybeards could get into the Biblical sequence of 'The Ten Commandments' but there wouldn't be anything for the old ladies to do but stay home and knit socks for the old men out on location. That would put women back into the home, the place where they belong, according to the old-fashioned scenario writers.

"And speaking of songs—did you know that 'Yes, We Have No Bananas' is in the movies at last? C. F. Zittel, a veteran theatrical writer who is always discovering and helping talented people, produced the picture and Gilda Gray plays the leading rôle. It ought to be great. And speaking of Gilda Gray reminds me of Mary Eaton."

"Why?" I murmured idly, looking out at the throngs on Fifth Avenue.

"Oh just because the day that Gilda Gray did her South Sea Island dance in 'Lawful Larceny' Mary Eaton was there and I met her. And when I asked her why *she* didn't go into the movies she said maybe she would act in just one some day for the experience. Lots of 'Follies' girls feel that way about it when they start, but the fascination of it—to say nothing of the money—gets them and most of them that are any good stick to the movies. Every one says that Mary Eaton is darling in her first picture, 'His Children's Children' so I've an idea that instead of going into a musical comedy this fall she will go right on making pictures.

"Before she started making the picture she had made arrangements to go abroad so the director arranged to shoot all of the scenes that she was in first. That made it nice for Bebe Daniels and Dorothy Mackaill; they had a week's vacation. Dorothy went down to Asbury Park for a rest. Her idea of a rest is to go swimming twice a day and play baseball with the youngsters on the beach in between times. The last day she was down there she skinned her knees sliding to first base, so you can imagine her horror when she reported to the studio and found that she had to make scenes in a one-piece bathing suit.

"I read in a newspaper that Dorothy kept her lovely complexion by never eating anything in warm weather but fruit. Immediately I decided to make the great sacrifice. I avoided all my friends who have good cooks and subsisted entirely on melons and berries and lemonade. And then Dorothy phoned me to meet her for luncheon one hot day and what do you think she ate? Melon and chicken à la king and peach ice cream and hot rolls and goodness only knows what all. Providence and not a fruit diet is responsible for that beautiful skin of hers."

While Fanny was talking I glanced idly across Fifth Avenue watching the crowds and thinking of the day Sam Wood filmed scenes for "His Children's Children"

Teacups

the Fan comfortably surveys the world of a few comments on rising and falling stars.

Bystander

over in front of the old Vanderbilt mansion on the corner. When he hung a sign out, "Auction To-day," such a crowd gathered that he really needn't have hired any extras.

"Have you heard," Fanny asked idly, "about the man down in Newport who caused quite a sensation by comparing some of the society leaders to movie stars? He said that Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, second, reminded him of Norma Talmadge; that Mrs. Howard Cushing resembled Nazimova, that Mrs. Joseph Widener was like Gloria Swanson and Mrs. Sylvanus Stokes like Nita Naldi.

"Funny, isn't it? People are always saying that our motion-picture stars don't look like real society women and here is a man who has been going to Newport for twenty years who points out how much some of the society leaders resemble film favorites. I cannot figure out whether our motion-picture actresses are less individual and therefore easier to copy or whether by any chance the society women are better at acting."

"Not that it matters," I announced superciliously, reaching for the stack of books Fanny had dumped on the chair next her. "What are all these for? Trying to appear intellectual?"

"Just trying to catch up with the pictures that are being made. I'm reading 'McTeague' because ZaSu Pitts got me all enthusiastic over it and I'm reading 'Romola' because Lillian and Dorothy Gish are leaving for Italy in a few days to make it. It is a real proof of my devotion to them that I've survived eighty pages or more of it. And that," Fanny indicated the thickest book of the lot, "has a lot about the psych-analytic interpretation of dreams in it. Any one who goes to see 'Hollywood' a second time without trying to figure out that dream of the hero's is downright foolish."

I had hardly had time to notice that Fanny's hair was cropped à la *Pat O'Day*, when she started raving about the opening of "Little Old New York."

"It was the most gorgeous first night any film ever had," she announced with an air of finality. "The picture would have been wonderful in any playhouse, so you can imagine what it was like in a perfect little jewel of a theater designed by Joseph Urban and with an audience full of society and stage and film celebrities, not to speak of the mayor and his cohorts. What interested me most was trying to decide whether Irene Castle or Catherine Calvert looked more stunning. I couldn't. Elsie Janis was there, and so was Billie Burke, and Anita Stewart and simply mobs of smart-looking people. Marion looked just like a little girl at graduation exercises.

"Remember when we used to look on the Griffith openings as the big event of the season? When he created a sensation by putting pictures on at regular Broadway theaters with special musical scores? It looks as though 'them days are gone forever.' Now there are about a dozen pictures playing in Broadway theaters. And this picture of Marion's not only has a specially decorated theater to house it, Victor Herbert himself is there at every performance to conduct the orchestra.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

ZaSu Pitts came to New York to play in "West of the Water Tower."

"I think the theater is the prettiest one I have ever seen. Mr. Urban calls the decorations modern Colonial. That is, it is Colonial in feeling with a lot of interesting Viennese ideas added. The lobby walls are of Sienna marble and the floor is of black Belgian marble. The metal work is bronze and the lights come from behind bronze cornices. The stage is perfectly beautiful. There are exquisite crystal chandeliers and genuine old Flemish tapestries, and charming oil paintings of Marion, and——"



Photo by Evans

Colleen Moore's twenty-first birthday party was her marriage to John McCormick, the Western manager of First National.

"I take it you like the Cosmopolitan Theater," I commented in one of those gushing tones guaranteed to make any one change the subject, if they don't murder you first. "Norma Talmadge's picture had a nice opening too, didn't it?"

"Yes," Fanny admitted but without great enthusiasm. "Everybody who was in town was there. What interested me most was the stunning shawl Mabel Ballin had on. She looked beautiful."

"And what interested me most at the opening of 'The Green Goddess' was the band of jade beads that Jetta Goudal wore in her hair," I broke in. "Of course, the picture was splendid but the audience is always more engrossing at an opening."

"Nowadays, of course," Fanny added. "Just look who's in town. ZaSu Pitts and May McAvoy are here to play in 'West of the Water Tower.' So is Ernest Torrence. Barbara La Marr and the rest of 'The Eternal City' company are back from Italy. Lillian and Dorothy Gish are in town but they're so busy getting ready to go abroad to make 'Romola' that they never go anywhere. Tom Gallery is here with ZaSu, of course. Ramon Navarro is here and so is George Hackathorne. And who do you suppose is coming very soon?"

I would have known from the wild look of enthusiasm in her eyes, but she went right on and told me anyway.

"Mr. and Mrs. John McCormick, Colleen Moore, you know. They were married on her twenty-first birthday. They couldn't go away for a honeymoon right after the wedding because Colleen was right in the midst of making 'Flaming Youth' and John was terribly busy with production plans for First National. He is their Western manager, you know. They're going to have a deferred honeymoon in New York in a few weeks though. As soon as she finishes 'Flaming Youth' or maybe not until she makes 'The Swamp Angel.'

"They just had a quiet little wedding. Carmelita Geraghty was the bride's only attendant. I'm heartbroken that I wasn't there."

She really looked so sad that I tried my best to think of something to cheer her up. But when I mentioned Corinne Griffith, I just made matters worse. She almost burst into tears.

"Corinne came East for a few days," she intoned mournfully, "and I just happened to be out of town so I missed seeing her. Isn't that tragic? And I did so want to talk to her. Every one says she looked perfectly beautiful. She is going to play in 'Black Oxen' and to play that part a girl must be beautiful. I can hardly wait to see 'Six Days.' Every time I see any one from the Goldwyn company I hear raving about her wonderful work in the Glyn story."



Photo by C. Heighton Monroe

At last Norma Shearer is coming into her own. "The Wanters," a Louis B. Mayer production, gives her big opportunities.

"Speaking of Glyn stories——" I chimed in.

"Yes, I know what you're going to say." Fanny wore a martyred look of resignation. "You're going to object because Conrad Nagel is going to play *Paul* in 'Three Weeks.' I felt that way about it too at first but now I think it isn't such a bad idea. If Conrad Nagel plays in the picture that will set the censors off their guard. They won't expect shocks from him."

"You might try reading the book," I suggested, "and you would find out that it wasn't *Paul* who was shocking."

Fanny pretended to be so preoccupied that she didn't hear me.

"If I could look like any one in the world I wanted to," she announced apropos of nothing, it seemed to me, "I don't know whether I'd rather look like Alma Rubens or Aileen Pringle. You know, there is a prominent woman novelist whose publisher asked her for a photograph of herself to use in advertising and she didn't like any of her own so she just sent him one of Alma's. It would serve her right if Alma used her name."

"Yes, on checks or charge accounts or something like that," I suggested recklessly. "If you want to know who I'd choose to look like if I had my choice——"

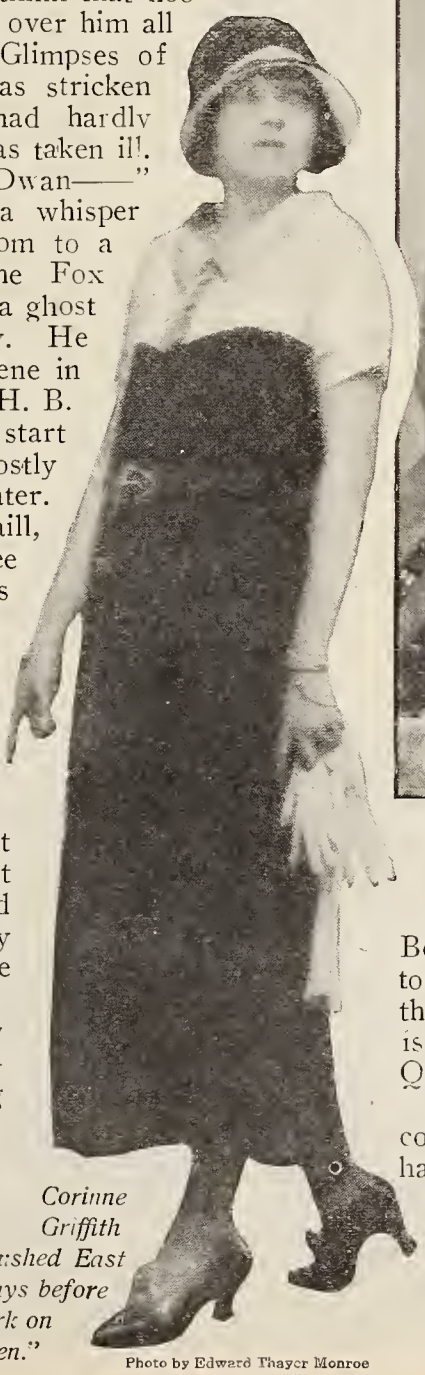
"It would be Claire Windsor," Fanny cut in. "And I don't know as I blame you."

She retreated behind the cover of an enormous vanity box while she made up her lips in a long thin yellow line, but a moment later she was prattling on. "Shirley Mason's in town and the poor girl is terribly worried. Her husband was taken ill while he was directing Gallagher and Shean in a picture and he insisted on trying to go on with his work and he got much worse and now Shirley is afraid he is going to have pneumonia. And Gloria Swanson is in the hospital recovering from an operation. The last few days she was working on 'Zaza' she was so ill she could hardly stand up. Alan Dwan must think that hoodoos and jinxes are hovering over him all the time. When he made 'Glimpses of the Moon,' Bebe Daniels was stricken with appendicitis and he had hardly started 'Zaza' when Gloria was taken ill.

"But speaking of Alan Dwan——" Her voice trailed off into a whisper as she waved across the room to a cunning little girl from the Fox studio. "He thought he saw a ghost out on his set the other day. He was just ready to shoot a scene in 'Zaza.' Gloria Swanson and H. B. Warner were all ready to start work when in walked a ghostly figure carrying a glass of water. It was Dorothy Mackaill, dressed in a flowing negligee for a scene in 'His Children's Children' and she had blundered on to the 'Zaza' set by mistake. That has always been one of my pet horrors—that I'd walk out in front of a camera some time when I was going through a studio.

"Mr. Dwan had never met Dorothy before. Wasn't that a funny introduction? And wouldn't it make a funny scene in a studio picture like 'Hollywood?'"

"You're like that crazy character in Dickens that always introduced King Charles into every conversation. No matter what you start to talk about you wind up with a few remarks about James Cruze's masterpiece. Heard from the Bettys lately?"



Corinne Griffith rushed East for a few days before starting work on "Black Oxen."

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe



One of the most interesting newcomers to films is Ina Anson, a little dancer who is appearing in Goldwyn pictures.

"Not directly," Fanny admitted. "But I heard that Betty Compson has been offered just loads of money to stay in France and make two or three pictures. And that Betty Blythe has finished 'Chu Chin Chow' and is making another. I heard she was playing 'Mary, Queen of Scots,' but I don't know how true that is.

"Oh, but have you heard that Carl Wallman has come over to work in Goldwyn pictures? He is a handsome young Swedish actor who came over winter before last looking for engagements but that was during the motion-picture slump and he couldn't get in any big productions, so he went back home," she rambled on breathlessly.

"He was the one we used to see at the quaint little

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The Real

How the camera magicians help to put

By Edwin

THE finish of the comedy was on. Down a crowded thoroughfare, Harold Lloyd was to make a bold dash in and out among automobiles until he arrived breathless at the point where the traffic cop, impersonated by the giant, John Aasen, was stationed. Excitedly he was to yell—"It's a boy!" and then he and Aasen were to gallop away together, pushing a couple of machines out of the way as they went, and leaving the street corner traffic to take care of itself. Immediately afterward there was to be a grand rush of touring cars, limousines and flivvers into the center of the crowded intersection in Hollywood, and the final scene in "O My Heart" was to be shot.

I had been advised that every detail had been planned in advance, and that consequently the entire proceeding would go without a hitch, and all be over in a few minutes. Regular traffic had been halted to make way for special groups of studio machines, which lined up on each of the four highways that ran into the crossing. At a given signal they were to slide in their clutches and speed madly into the intersection, piling up one nearly on top of the other, to create a realistic and profanity-inducing jam.

Standing near the corner, leaning on the edge of a truck, I watched the action where Lloyd dashed up to the giant, and the preparations for the final smash. Above my head on the truck was placed the camera, and as I looked at the uniformed policemen clearing the way for the rush, my ears were caught by a conversation going on between a second camera man and an assistant director, apparently, seated on the truck, which ran something like this:

"They want to get a sizzling effect here—a regular traffic maul. Lloyd wants the picture to end with a laugh. Better slow down a little."

"I'll shoot it at about twelve, I guess, maybe eight or ten. It depends on how fast they make it."

"Anyway they want to get it over with a bang, so it won't hurt to underspeed."

In a moment I had forgotten the rather cryptic conversation—for from the howling of sirens, and the chugging and humming of engines, I knew things were about to start. There was a grinding of gears, explosions of exhausts, shouts and cries. Two abreast and three abreast the machines came forward, about fifty of them in all, grumbling, growling and sputtering.

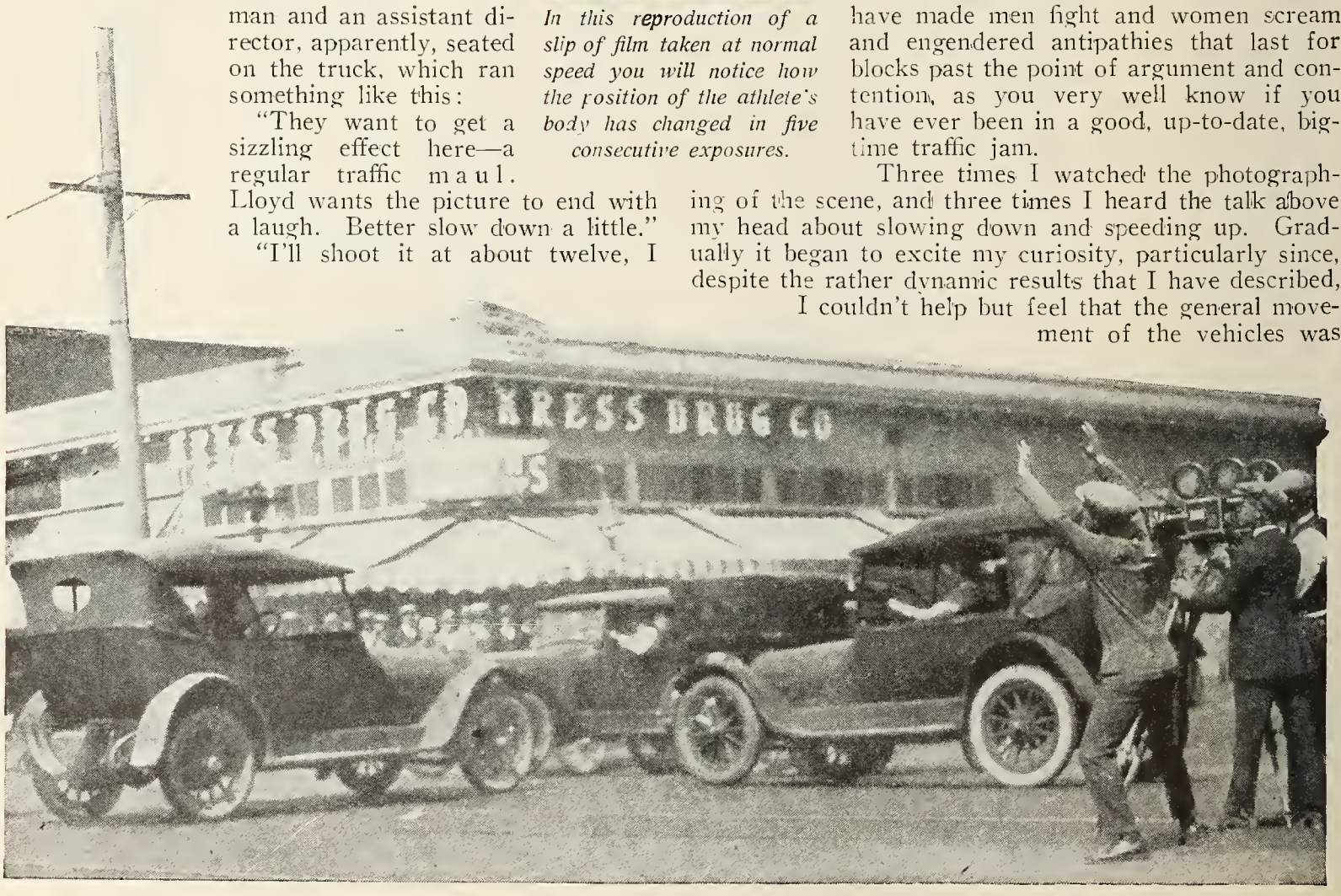
A big touring car reached the center of the intersection first, apparently claiming the right of way, but immediately was opposed by a Ford. The two met and tangled, as their brakes were applied, and the respective drivers stood up and delivered panegyrics of hate at each other.

By this time a dozen more cars had forged into the fray with a noise of scraping fenders and grinding gears, fighting and pushing, struggling and battling for room. It was a maelstrom of screeching steel, from which emerged a haze of gas vapor, the like of which is probably rarely seen. In real life such a situation would have made men fight and women scream and engendered antipathies that last for blocks past the point of argument and contention, as you very well know if you have ever been in a good, up-to-date, big-time traffic jam.

Three times I watched the photographing of the scene, and three times I heard the talk above my head about slowing down and speeding up. Gradually it began to excite my curiosity, particularly since, despite the rather dynamic results that I have described, I couldn't help but feel that the general movement of the vehicles was



In this reproduction of a slip of film taken at normal speed you will notice how the position of the athlete's body has changed in five consecutive exposures.



Speed Demons

the laughs and thrills into pictures.

Schallert

a little too cautious in a way to make an impression of tremendous excitement and speed on the screen, where we are in the habit of demanding an overexaggeration of such effects. I concluded finally that the conversation was for a purpose, and that that purpose was the increasing of the tempo, the producing of an extraordinary thrill in what was happening that would make everybody doubly happy when they saw the actual smash on the silver sheet.

It struck me too that here was perhaps a solution to a certain peculiar and perhaps perplexing effect that is attained in comedies wherein the action becomes exuberant and violent, as when you see people narrowly avoiding being run down by madly racing street cars, and miraculously escaping certain death after being run over by ten-ton trucks and steam rollers. I was by way of being convinced that the manner in which the camera was operated had something—perhaps much—to do with the success of these wild stunts.

At the risk of being a little didactic, I am going to explain to you something about the film-taking apparatus and the way that it works. Otherwise I feel it will be difficult for you to comprehend the way that your eyes are ofttimes tricked by the abnormal evidences of action and motion on which you gaze in the theater. The explanation, I hope will open up a new vista of what can be accomplished in the fantastic pictures that promise soon to come into vogue. There is no telling what weird effects may be attained in some fairy tale or "Arabian Nights" spectacle, such as Douglas Fairbanks is making for instance, where flights on magic carpets, and vanishings behind invisible helmets and cloaks and other quick-change witchcraft, is desired. For practically anything of this nature, in which motion or disappearance is involved, requires the development of all those resources for surprise and mystification which lie literally within the grasp of the camera man's fingers.

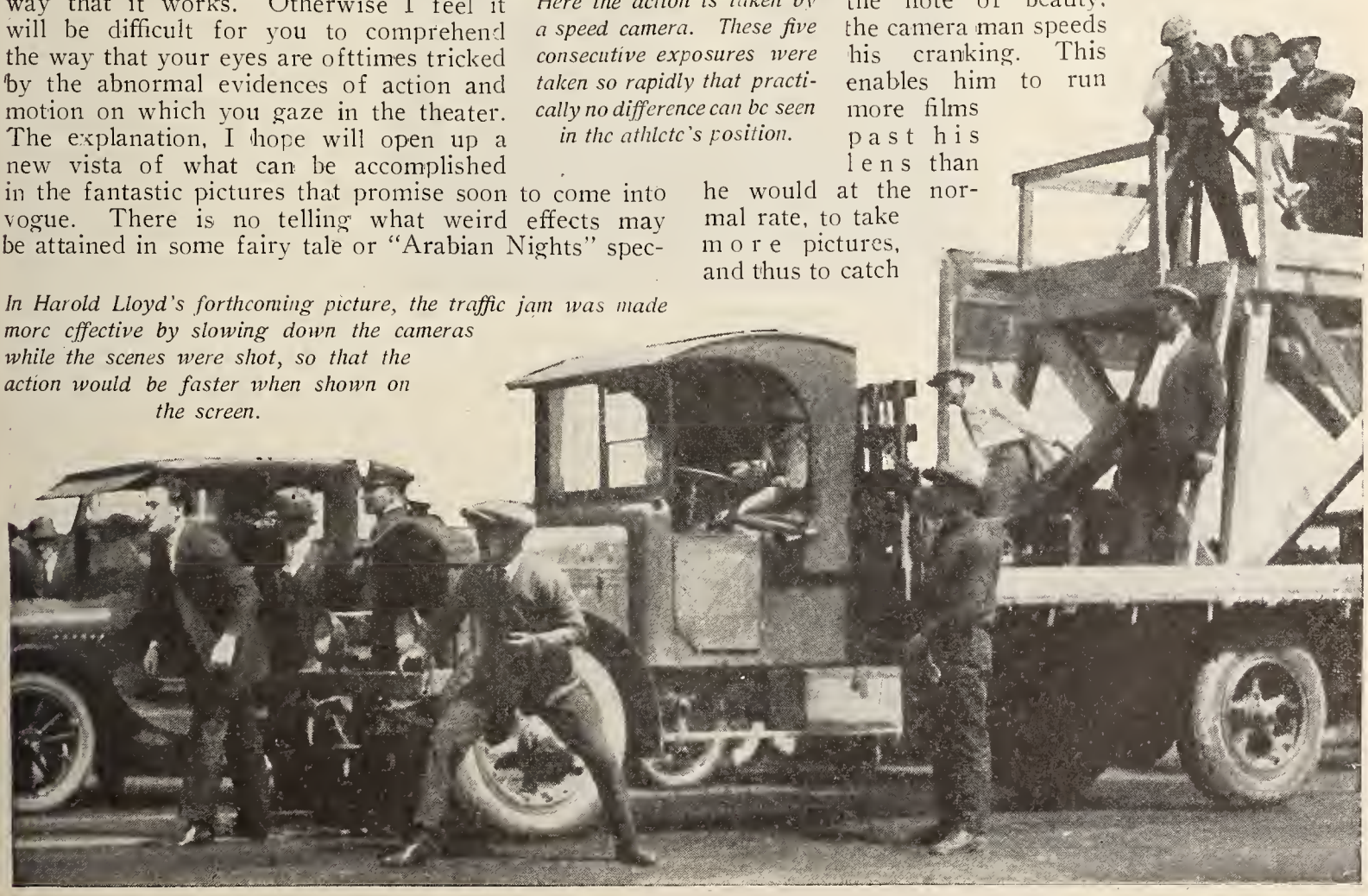


Here the action is taken by a speed camera. These five consecutive exposures were taken so rapidly that practically no difference can be seen in the athlete's position.

Normally considered—and the understanding of this is very important—the movie camera takes pictures at the rate of sixteen per second. That is, sixteen tiny photographs are registered on the strip of celluloid that everybody knows as film, and when these photographs have been developed and later printed on another piece of celluloid, and are illuminated by the projection lamp in a theater, they flash on the screen life and action.

There is no law, of course, that prescribes that pictures shall be taken at the rate of sixteen constantly. Nor are they. A good camera man varies the motion of his crank, which he generally turns by hand, to suit the requirements of his players, his plot and his situation. If he is a real artist he obeys no laws or instructions, but turns according to the way that he "feels" the scene. He has a delicate sense of values photographically, and he regulates the motion of his hand accordingly. In its way his technique is being as highly perfected as that of any art, like playing the violin, or sculpturing, or painting.

If there is an emotional love scene, in which every detail of facial expression must be caught, to add the note of beauty, the camera man speeds his cranking. This enables him to run more films past his lens than he would at the normal rate, to take more pictures, and thus to catch



In Harold Lloyd's forthcoming picture, the traffic jam was made more effective by slowing down the cameras while the scenes were shot, so that the action would be faster when shown on the screen.

more of the action, so that it will extend over a longer time, revealing more minutely the expressions of the actors when the film is shown on the screen.

If there is a fight between two characters, and the camera man feels the need of hastening the action to give it more reality, he slows down the speed of his crank so that he will take fewer pictures to the second, and the action will consequently pass before your eyes more quickly when exhibited.

For the sake of clarity let me explain that the normal speed at which the film is run in a theater is about sixty feet per minute, and as one foot of this passes in front of your eyes per second, the speed at which you are seeing the pictures is exactly the same as that at which they are normally taken. The speed of projection in the theater never varies more than a trifle, unless the exhibitor gives orders to speed up so as to get his show over in a hurry; and this happens only in poorly run theaters—never in a really high-grade one.

Long before camera men found means of speeding up the taking of photographs, they found the way to slow it down. In fact, they started from the simple principle of the kodak—that is, one picture at a time. Consequently the early pictures were naturally much more jumpy than those which are taken nowadays. The camera didn't used to be able to keep up with the action, because it wasn't geared up for speed.

This, of course, was a long time ago, but despite the improvements which have made for smoother and better photography, the camera is still provided with a device for taking one picture at a time. This is an auxiliary crank, and it is this crank that is so often used to secure effects of quick motion. It can be turned at a rate that will permit the taking of three or four pictures per second at the most.

This auxiliary or so-called trick crank is used for some very neat effects, known as stop-motion work, at times. The results are occasionally weird. Inanimate objects, for instance, like plates and saucers, can be made to come to life in dreams that are supposed to be experienced by some character in a play.

Not long ago in the Larry Semon comedy, "The Barnyard," I saw a pair of shoes cavorting around all by themselves. Of course, they could possibly be moved around with wires, but the effect is better where the stop-motion trick is used.

The shoes were really moved by hand, but this had to be done in such a way that no signs of the person who animated them were to be seen. With the utmost care, therefore, their position was changed a step at a time. As soon as they were moved, the person who shifted them got out of the way, and they were photographed with the trick crank. Then they were pushed forward again another step and the crank given another twist.



In the dream sequence in "Hollywood" every kind of trick camera work was resorted to, in order to obtain the weird effects that are shown.

Slowly and tediously several hundred pictures were secured in this wise—enough in fact to fill about fifty feet of film. The stunt brought a laugh because the shoes walked up to a mule and frightened him so that he showed his teeth and scampered away.

In the primitive days of picture-making, audiences used to derive a tremendous kick out of pictures made with the trick crank that showed knives and forks climbing out of a cupboard and getting up on a dining table, and plates scrambling across the floor to find their places for a meal. Occasionally too you would see ten-pins bowled over by an invisible ball and apparently setting themselves up through some ghostly assistance.

The thrill of this sort of pictures, minus story or other attractions, soon wore out, and they were relegated to the ash heap, but the technique of their making has persisted even to this day, and is sometimes employed in feature dramas as well as comedies—as it was in Jackie Coogan's "Oliver Twist," where Oliver dreams about dishes and spoons and bowls scrambling around on his chest and squabbling with one another. Too, this stop-motion technique is constantly employed in cartoon comedies, where the figures, like Felix, the Cat, or the animals in Aesop's Fables, generally modeled, are moved about by hand and photographed in each of their separate maneuvers, and thus animated.

Of course, you can see that where it is possible to cause even inanimate things to come to life and walk and run about quite humanly, it is very simple indeed to induce autos and other motor-driven and man-guided contraptions to do astonishing things just by adjusting the speed at which the pictures are photographed, as in the Lloyd feature, where only a slight variation, if any, was made from normal. Nearly all high-speed illusions on the screen are obtained, as a matter of fact, simply by slowing down the camera crank, and giving everybody plenty of time to get out of the way of the moving wheels of vehicles by reducing the pace of these as well.

Strange to say, the line of progress in camera technique nowadays is in an entirely different direction, namely, toward high-speeding (instead of low-speeding) that permits the analyzing of the stride of the runners in a race, the jumps of tennis players, the galloping of horses. Whereas the ordinary speed of the camera is about sixteen pictures to the second and, with stop motion, any time from one in a moment to one in a year (as for instance when the slow natural process of the growth of a tree is to be observed and shown in a hurry on the screen) the ultrarapid cameras may buzz along fast enough to take one hundred and sixty, or ten times the usual number of photographs.

Not long ago I saw in process of filming a scene showing a waterfall, over which two small boats were supposed to race to destruction. It was for the Dorothy

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A Letter from Location

Julia Faye writes of the pleasures of working ankle deep in sand far from home and hair-dressers where Cecil De Mille's company made scenes for "The Ten Commandments."

To Myrtle Gebhart

Camp Cecil De Mille, Guadalupe, California.
June 9, 1923.

Dear Myrtle:

Did you ever get sand in your hair?

If so, I need hardly explain to you one of the principal pleasures (?) of being on location where the wind blows, and on a spot completely surrounded by towering and insecure sand dunes.

It has all been wonderful here in two ways: first, there is the huge setting for which twenty-five hundred people are playing children of Israel and Egyptians at the time of the oppression of the Jews by Pharaoh and Rameses II.; then, there's Camp Cecil De Mille, the young city which sprang up in six weeks on a spot where no humans had ever before lived, I guess.

Perhaps even more interesting than the set and the work before the camera is this annex-to-Hollywood, set suddenly down on the Pacific sea-shore. It is a tent city but a city with electric lights, fire department, police department, a huge restaurant, plumbers, electricians, a school for the youngsters and a well-equipped hospital! Our tents are wired and we each have a little electric stove with a cord and push-button thing that I tuck under my pillow. When I wake up in the cold mornings I just punch the button and get forty more winks while the tent warms up.

But, oh Myrtle, that sand!

Of course, it all looks very artistic on the screen. There never was anything more charming than wind-blown draperies. But, unfortunately we, and not the camera, get the full effect of the wind and flying sand. And at such moments for some reason we don't think so much of our "art."

I can tell you that when we get back my hair dresser is going to have a good half-day's work. If you should be able to come up here, prepare to bid those bobbed curls of yours a fond and lasting good-by, for the combination of sand and salt air is fatal to wavy hair, be its kinks natural or otherwise.

You probably won't believe it, but at four-thirty we are up and out of our narrow cots. A very noisy bugler makes sure of this. We are quite military up here. We are all divided into companies, each with an assistant director at its head, and we march to and from meals in quite the army style.

Our military atmosphere, however, goes further than this, because camped with us are two troops of the Eleventh United States Cavalry and a battery of Field Artillery. These boys are going to drive our chariots. They are marvelous horsemen and, what is still more interesting to us girls, equally marvelous dancers. We dance every evening in the large tent called "Pop's Place" (honoring Mr. Liner, who is our camp manager). Here little Ruth Dickie holds forth with a group of musicians, who operate as a classical orchestra on the set during the day time and as a very peppy jazz band at night.

Returning to the soldiers—what a gorgeous time we girls have when they declare "Soldiers' Tag Dance!" Really, in one such "tag," I danced with not less than fifty, and the most marvelous thing was that not a single one stepped on my feet. You will admit that you can't say this of all the civilian boys around Hollywood.

Some days we work before the huge set and other days we travel down to the ocean to film scenes of the exodus of the children of Israel to the Red Sea. The

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Many a beautiful girl has proclaimed that she wanted to play character parts that were different but few of them have gone to such lengths to accomplish it as Anna Q. Nilsson has done for "Ponjola."

Anna with the

With her lovely golden hair shorn for store of frank, arresting observations Nilsson made a vivid impres

By Gordon

WHERE would the Ethel Barrymores and Blanche Bateses of the screen come from if it were not for our Anna Q. Nilssons?

We are watching the process of a great screen actress in the making. You can choose your embryo Sarah Bernhardts of the present-day screen, and you can press-agent 'em to the skies—but after all, when the years pass, who are to be our "grand" actresses—our standbys?

I pick Anna Querentia Nilsson—hands down.

Here is a young woman, a girl, almost, who in eleven months has created nine—count 'em—outstanding parts in as many pictures. She is the leadingest leading lady the screen has ever seen.

And despite the fact that she is very beautiful she will not hesitate to enter into a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match with any rôle, providing it is big enough, and meaty enough—let the chips of beauty fall where they may.

She is the one leading woman on the screen whom directors of Hollywood claim has never fallen down on a part.

Toward what is she headed? And how did she get where she is?

Say what you have a mind to about the screen being in its infancy, and all the other smart cracks that go with it, the screen is very, very young so far as the development of any tried-and-true favorites such as the stage has produced in its Leslie Carters, Ethel Barrymores and Grace Georges.

Some players have to give our screen a background—a feeling of stability. Mary Pickford promises to last through the coming years, and Norma Talmadge. Can you name any others? When all is said and done, and the pillars of the movies are labeled—watch for that of Miss Nilsson.

When any young woman allows a strange gentleman to see her with her hair cut short—not bobbed—and her face greased, then you can bet there is something real about that young woman. She can have very little to conceal.

Anna Q. Nilsson is the realest young woman I have met in a long succession of interviews. She is also the most frank. It was while she was playing in "Adam's Rib" that I saw her first, some months ago. At that time her hair was coiffed within an inch of its life, and she was gowned within an inch of her life—and of her waistline.

But oh, what a difference just a few months, and another part make! Her eleventh rôle, and the occasion of our meeting for this exposé of her career, was the making of "Ponjola"—the Cynthia Stockley tale which Anna herself picked.



Around the studio they introduce Anna Q. Nilsson as "Mr. Desmond" when she is in this make-up for "Ponjola." And she gets away with it!

Gone was the golden glory of her hair and gone was the elaborate gown. She didn't even have her street make-up on. She was just a boyish young woman who makes a living by acting in motion pictures. Even her eyebrows were back-combed to look mannish and her features glistened with grease which she applies in her dressing room before putting on the professional paint. It was as if she said, which she didn't, heaven be praised: "Here I am with nothing to deceive you about.

Lid Off

the part of "Ponjola," and her usual about motion pictures, Anna Q. sion on this interviewer.

Gassaway



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Before essaying the part of "Ponjola" Anna Q. Nilsson looked like this.

Take me just as I am and if I have to be painted up for you then I'm not worth a nickel and you aren't worth much more!"

But when she starts to talk! I wish some inventor would find a way to make articulate the pages of our fan magazines so that we could hear the voices of all our favorites! You would love the voice of Anna Q. Nilsson. It is low and vibrant and compelling, with a strong indication of determination in it. Here is a young woman who knows just exactly what she is doing every single minute. And I suspect that she has known for a long time, ever since, perhaps, she left her little Swedish village—"because her family simply could not stop her," as she explains—and came to New York to find out why and how all the Americans who came to Sweden were so well dressed and had so much money.

"People tell me I should not play 'heavies.' They say that the fans won't like me if I do. But I love 'em—*human* heavies—not the kind who get into mischief for no apparent reason.

"And I get more fan letters after my heavy rôles than I ever did. And I get the jobs."

She is so open and aboveboard in her statements that she seems almost abrupt. She abruptly fired this at me when we had been acquainted only about five minutes and just after she had explained that she scrubs her face so often with soap and water that she has to grease it to keep it from cracking.

To understand why Anna Nilsson is about the most in demand of any leading woman in filmdom, we must first understand Anna Q.

In the first place, she does not care to play herself upon the screen, always. Other players have made this same assertion, but not all live up to it. Miss Nilsson evidently does not feel that her face, in repose, is her fortune. A great many suddenly boosted stars never mussed their faces—and where are they now? Anna has done everything possible to play all kinds of parts, even to forcing "Ponjola" down Sam Rork's throat. And I'll bet he's verra glad she did it.

And she is particular. She works like all get-out when she's working. Just how particular she can be is shown in what she told me of her childhood days in Sweden.

When she was a little girl she always wanted to be very neat and clean. She couldn't stand a speck of dirt. She hated dirt so that she used to drag her playmates to her mother and have them scrubbed before she would play with them.

"I loved the children of the neighborhood," she explained in the positive, fascinating voice, "but they had to be clean. If I went to a party and spilled some refreshments on my dress, I had to have the spot washed out before I could go on playing."

She loves people now, but they have to pass a rigid test, I think, before they qualify to her gallery of specially selected friends. And likewise she is meticulous about her work.

She wants to pick and choose her rôles.

"I've had many, many offers to tie up to some company for a long-term contract ever since I left Kalem

in 1916," she said, running a firm, white hand through her short, tousled hair where she lay curled up in one corner of the dressing-room stock day bed, "but I don't want to be put in a position where any one can pick and choose my parts for me.

"That has scuttled many a fine actor. Sometimes I have several parts offered me at the same time, and then I can choose the one that fits me the best."

"Haven't you ever made any mistakes?" I asked.

"One horrible one. But that is about all. I've played in a picture called 'Youth Triumphant' and I had no business in it. But that's that, and it's done now anyway."

"You see, I'm not infallible. And I am a poor business woman," she deprecated, shrugging her shoulders a little more firmly into the cushions at her back.

It is reported that she got fifteen hundred dollars a week for making "Ponjola." This is probably pretty close to the truth. She may be a poor business woman, but——

"I hate injustice," she went on. I rather suspect that she would stand for very little injustice to Anna Q. Nilsson. "And I hate flatterers and liars." That seemed to let interviewers out into the air of the great open spaces, and it cramped my stuff, as I was just about to do a little flattering myself.

But you can't be insincere or camouflagy with Miss Nilsson. She hits from the shoulder, and she carries a charge of TNT in every verbal wallop.

It is related that one feminine interviewer was told, at every other question she asked Miss Nilsson, that "It was none of her business." I asked Miss Nilsson if she really told the poor lady that.

"I prob'ly did," she replied unhesitatingly. "I do not remember the occasion, but it sounds like me—if she was asking things about my personal business—my husband and how we get along at home and things like that."

Just then I got to wondering how her new hubby liked her shorn locks, but I didn't dare ask her.

In shifting and sorting out the veritable barrage of personal experiences with which this disconcertingly plain-spoken young woman bombarded me, I light upon one sequence which seems to throw an illuminating light on her successful and lone-handed career. It is the sequence of events which she herself terms her "bakery days."

And I wish that more of our night-blooming stars, who have prematurely faded, might have tasted of Anna's bakery days! These are the kind of days from which great players are made.

When the little Swedish girl first came to America, with some friends, to see what made the wheels go round over here, she had no idea how she was to make a living. All she knew was that she had had enough of her small Swedish village. So she shook down her long golden hair and went to posing as an artist's model. Meanwhile, she took up her abode in a Swedish boarding-house in a not very fashionable part of New York.

"Some weeks I made only a dollar and a half," she said frankly. "The boarding-house people were awfully nice, and used to ask me in to dinner, but I was too proud or something and I didn't go. Sometimes they'd fool me and call upstairs: 'Oh, Anna, come down if you want to, and help with the dishes. When I'd get down they'd make me eat with them in the kitchen, and then I'd help with those dishes.

"I always had to pay my way.

"But just across the street was a little bakery shop, and over there I could get three rolls and a cup of coffee for five cents! I lived on that bakery."

Anna's era, I believe, begins just about a year ago. Since then she has planted her personality all over "Pink Gods," "Hearts Aflame," "Adam's Rib," "The Isle of Lost Ships," "The Rustle of Silk," "The Spoilers," "Youth Triumphant," "Thundering Dawn," and "Ponjola."

She has educated herself.

"I didn't get very far in school," she admitted, "but I have read about everything that was ever printed—except 'Main Street' and one other book I can't remember now."

"How does it happen," I asked, "that your accent is so perfectly British, instead of having any trace of Sweden?"

"The reason probably is that when any one is learning to discard their mother tongue, they are most careful in learning to speak the language they are taking up very correctly."

Just as she had to have her playmates washed before she would play with them, and cut off her hair to play "Ponjola" instead of monkeying with a wig, so she was meticulous in learning our language right while she was about it. She doesn't slur over every other word, as some of us do.

"Tell me," I said, with what I took to be a winning smile, as she stood leaning against the edge of the door and I was within running distance of the studio gate, "just why are you in pictures?"

This is my "hopeless" question. I've fired it at every big star in the movies except Mary Pickford, and I didn't have to ask her—or Charlie Chaplin. Always, I had hoped that just one of them would tell the truth. Listen to Miss Nilsson's reply:

"Oh, for the money, I guess."

Just that. Nothing more. Not one word, Mahomet be praised, about art. But you and I know that Anna Q. is an artist, even if she is afraid of not being frank enough!

LIFE'S OLDEST FILM

First Reel.

A maiden longs through life to star,
She vamps an aged Lochinvar,
He prates of jewels—gowns—a car,
Subtitle, Matrimony.

Second Reel.

But her hopes he soon dares mar,
He worships Mammon from afar,
His coffers he *just won't* unbar;
Subtitle, Parsimony.

Third Reel.

So Cupid's stock soon falls from par,
The maiden weeps, the lawyers spar,
Soon Hymen's gates are rent ajar,
Subtitle, Alimony!



As the scene was finished the director rushed over to give Madame Bernhardt some dark glasses to protect her eyes.

The Last Rôle of Sarah Bernhardt

One who was privileged to watch her at work, shortly before her death, on a motion picture which you probably will have an opportunity of seeing before very long, describes it for you.

By Daphne Carr

"AT her age! and I have never seen her act better," said a great actor, his eyes dimmed with tears, of Madame Sarah Bernhardt but a few days before her death.

The incident took place in Madame Bernhardt's home on the Boulevard Périerre. The actor was Harry Baur, who had been personally chosen by Madame Bernhardt to take a leading rôle in the motion picture which she considered her last gift to the world.

Plans for the picture had been evolved during one of Madame Bernhardt's periods of frail health. At last her doctors said that she was strong enough to play, and her own determination prevailed. She would create the rôle. *"Quand même,"* her motto of "Just the same" was not to be dropped because of age or ill health. To prevent unnecessary fatigue the working studio was arranged in her own house. Her famous conservatory was transformed from a veritable treasure house of *objets d'art* into a typical Montmartre living room, the home of an aged clairvoyant. Where priceless paintings and rich cloth of gray and gold once covered the walls, a surface, bare except for ordinary wall paper and a few simple prints, was visible. Where a handsome carved table, the gift of a European monarch, had stood, an inexpensive and serviceable table took its place. But for the battery of arc and mercury lights, the uninitiated visitor might have fancied himself in the room of a modest scholar, and at the same time would have been impressed by the sense that a strange and wonderful personality inhabited the room.

I saw Madame Bernhardt when she was carried into the studio on a sort of improvised palanquin for her first session before the camera.

"Bonjour, messieurs!" and with an inimitable gesture she caused an abrupt silence in the little group of assistants.

Proud and smiling, in spite of infirmity, she was carried in as only royalty is carried, the bearers four servants who had remained with her through the triumphs and troubles of years. A dozen arms reached for the honor of helping to lower the palanquin. In the midst of an awe-struck silence she was placed in her chair behind the *Clairvoyant's* table.

The mercury lights sputtered. Spot lights played in a weird way from concealed locations. Every one was ill at ease with the exception of Madame Bernhardt, who at once interested herself in the technical end of the arrangements, seemingly oblivious to the profound impression that her personality produced on us.

To avoid any sacrifice of the great actress' strength, work was immediately begun. Cameras and lights were trained on her. In the midst of a superb gesture she suddenly stopped, and with a gracious smile demanded Jaqueline. Who was Jaqueline? The director remembered. He snapped his fingers and a trained monkey, which, in the play, takes the part of the clairvoyant's servant and pet, appeared. A slight motion of Madame Bernhardt's hand and Jaqueline leaped to her lap. From somewhere the great artiste produced two crackers and a banana. While Jaqueline nibbled these delicacies the

Continued on page 88



Photo by Pach Bros.

Alfred Lunt is a comedian of decisive originality, and quite as engaging and likable a person as his appearance would lead you to believe him to be.

A Come

Alfred Lunt frankly admits in his forthcoming pictures, been characteristic of his the favored

By Norbert

WHEN an artist of the stage ventures into the movies, something happens. Either he develops an entirely different personality, is submerged altogether, or, in rare instances, is brought out by the camera to such an extent that he acquires new values and achieves a position far greater than the stage seemed ever to offer.

For example: Douglas Fairbanks. In his first Triangle picture, "The Lamb," he found the touchstone of success. His appearance on the stage, Broadway star though he was at the last, had neither the scope nor the definition of his screen acting.

The celluloid record of his buoyant comedy at once was flung, after the manner of film distribution, to the four quarters of the country and, in fact, the globe itself.

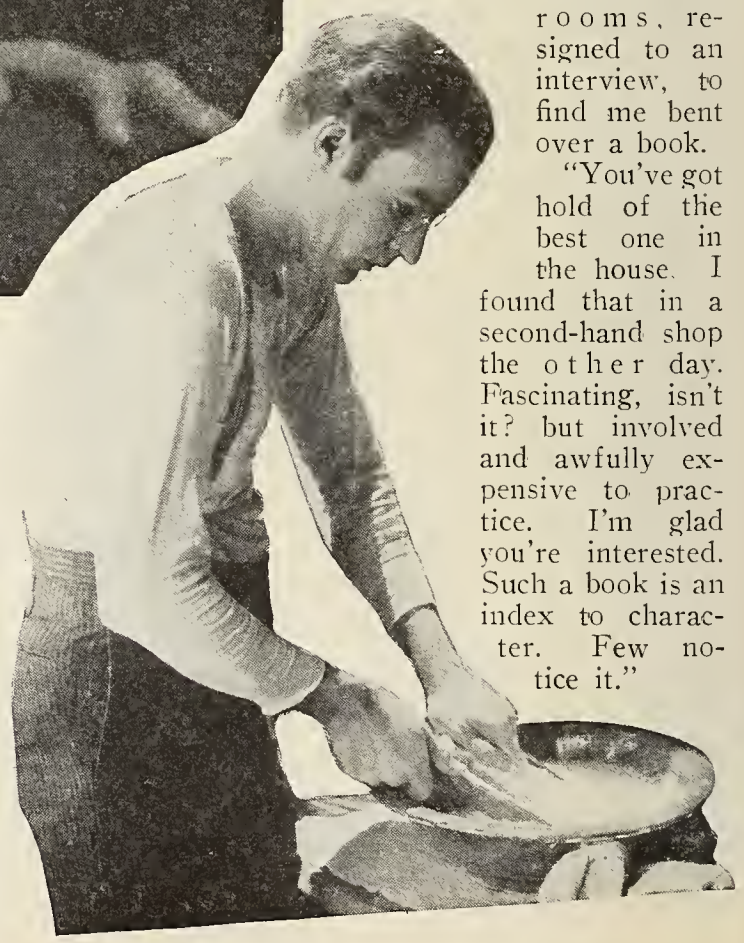
He became a star of the first order because he offered no subtleties, either featural or histrionic, that eluded the lens, and gave much that was fresh to the screen. Moreover his first picture was shrewdly chosen to display what he had to offer to the best advantage. It enabled Fairbanks to emphasize on the screen precisely what he had given to the stage.

All of which is by way of a preamble to the case of Alfred Lunt, adroit and ingratiating comedian of the stage, whose picture début was effected in "Backbone" and further exploited in "The Ragged Edge," but hardly with that distinction wished for by those who admired his ability behind the footlights.

Why should a player with methods facile and individual, unique in the field of high comedy, elect to mask those qualities in rôles of straight heroics? we asked among ourselves.

That inquiry sent me in quest of Alfred Lunt. The same brings this story to the moment he entered his rooms, resigned to an interview, to find me bent over a book.

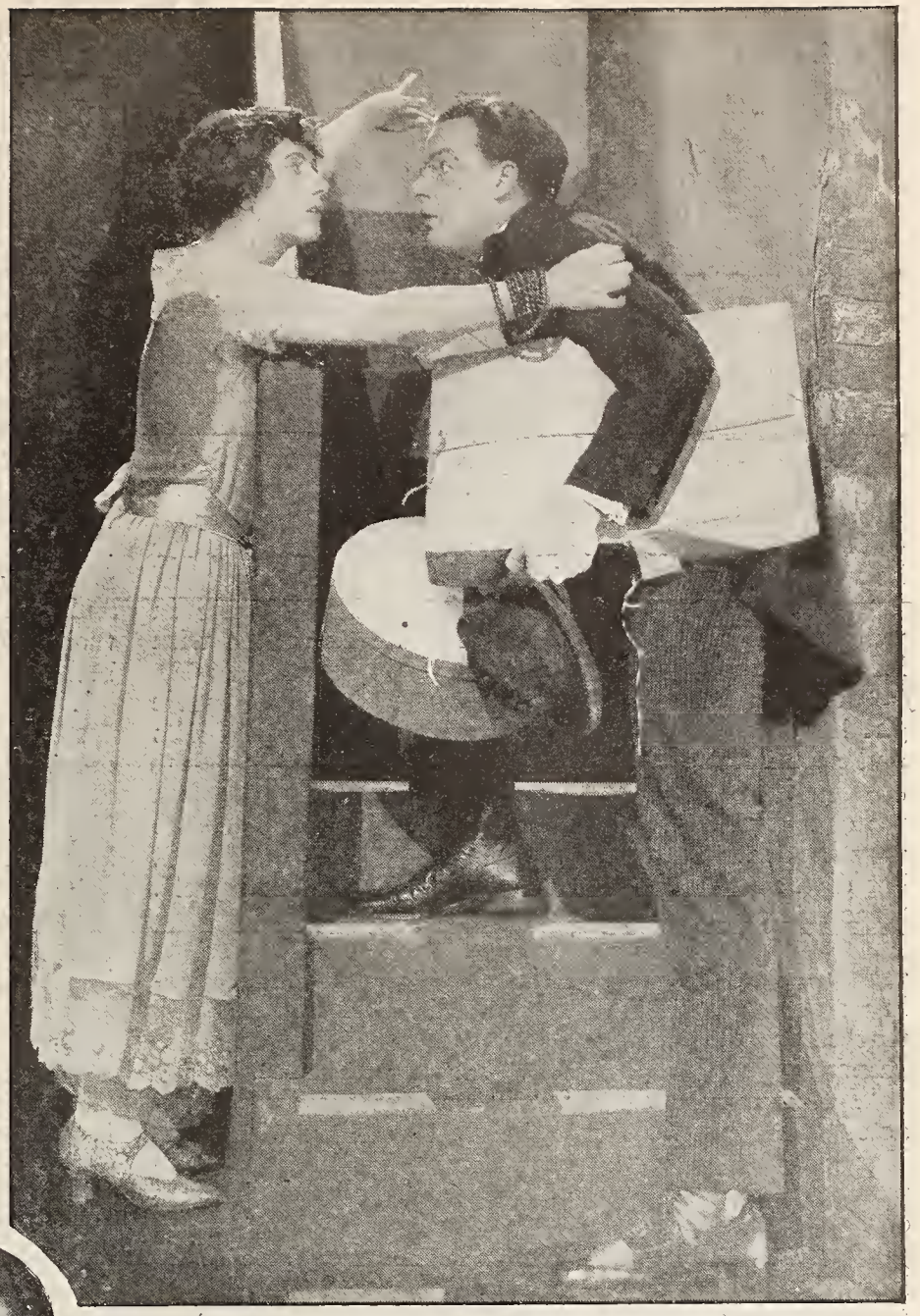
"You've got hold of the best one in the house. I found that in a second-hand shop the other day. Fascinating, isn't it? but involved and awfully expensive to practice. I'm glad you're interested. Such a book is an index to character. Few notice it."



dian—Not a Hero

the heroic rôles are not for him. But if, he expresses the humor and charm that have stage rôles, he will soon take a place among players of the screen.

Lusk



These pictures of him in character are from "Second Youth," in which, it is predicted, he will come into his own, on the screen.

Mr. Lunt, primly garbed as a silk salesman in a department store, airily indicated the old cook book that engrossed me with its lavish directions to soak the filets of sole in a quart of white wine, to toss into the jelly a bottle of champagne, adding thereto twenty nectarines, a gill of maraschino, et cetera. . . .

But this, I admit, is irrelevant, though to me not unimportant. Epicurean tastes seldom are found in commonplace or unimaginative people. An indirect compliment to Mr. Lunt, understand, not the writer.

While Alfred (we'll drop the prefix right here and now) chose, for purposes explained later, to get himself up in the sedate black-and-white of a vender of ladies' dress goods, as the term goes, his manner was volatile and his mood gay.

Anything in the world, you would have said, but a commonplace man or, to an interviewer, a movie hero in the sanctity of the family circle.

It was engagingly informal, this family circle, the flavor of it being most apparent when Alfred bowed low and gave his weekly studio wage to his wife, Lynn Fontanne, *Dulcy* of the stage, with a facetious remark about dutiful husbands and good little boys.

She, in turn, about to dine out, removed the dim embroidery that covered the piano and draped it over her shoulders in lieu of the traditional gorgeous evening wrap. . . . Here, I thought, are people who know the ways of pleasant living and have the uncommon gift of making a first caller feel a part of their integral scheme.



"Look at these *shoes!*" Alfred squeaked and grimaced in amusement. "I got them in a bargain basement. They told me they would wear a year or more. I pretended to hesitate in doubt, to draw out the salesman. Comfortable I will say that."

He thrust out feet shod in the style that used to be called vici kid—the joke, you see, being that in costuming himself for his part in "Second Youth," his new picture, he was mistaken for a department-store worker in search of shoes that were first of all easy to stand in for long periods. He had just come from the studio for a hasty dinner and was due to spend the evening in one of the big shops doing additional scenes: hence the character make-up.

"We've a wonderful cast," he volunteered. "Margaret Dale, Jobyna Howland, Walter Catlett—oh, and my wife plays a small part, her first on the screen—the rôle of a librarian whom I meet on a bus. Just for the fun of it, you see. We enjoyed it immensely because we play well together at all times."

Naturally influenced by values as they obtain in the theater, he had particular enthusiasm for a company that comprised artists recruited from the stage.

I asked him, midway in our vegetable dinner, about his first picture.

"Oh," he replied, his flexible voice sliding down the scale, his eyes, for the moment, engaged on buttered squash. Then I pressed the question aforementioned: Why did a plastic comedian choose to forget himself and be merely a big-boned hero?

That query, or one like it, aimed at a regular star of the studios, usually evokes a revelation of duplicity on the part of the "front office," the scenario writer or the director. In instances of deep wrongs, meaning especially bad pictures, it is sometimes termed a plot—a cabal—involving all three in a united effort to force the star to act against his or her better judgment. For, in my experience, stars assume blame for nothing.

"Did you know what you were doing?" I pursued.

"Of course I did! I thought I was a good actor. I thought I could play *anything*. Now I know I can't. This is a bitter moment," he finished in mock dismay. Cabbage seemed to alleviate his distress, however, for he went on.

"Really, you know there aren't any leading men in real life—I mean heroes, like this," he illustrated with lofty gesture and orotund tone.

"It is a false type exactly as the curly-haired movie girl is false to life. People have weaknesses and faults and peculiarities—inconsistencies, we'll say. These are the characters that interest and fascinate me. They're the ones I'm cast for in the theater. But being a hero pays better. I thought I could be one in pictures, but didn't quite make it. No one to blame but myself. 'Second Youth,' now, is wholly my style."

Rarely, very rarely, is equal candor found among artists in any medium. It is nothing short of astonishing among workers in a studio, where the elements that enter into a film fable are many and varied and responsibility shifts with the breeze.

"I think," said Alfred, "that in the movies a good actor can be more quickly spoiled than on the stage. No; this has nothing to do with myself—just an observation. I mean the methods of work are so different. In the theater we have time to build up a scene gradually, word by word; before the camera time is lacking in the short space given us before we are asked to do another scene in a different mood. All this has been said before, I've no doubt, but it is what the actor of the stage finds when he begins photographic acting."

He got up to pace around the room, to pick up a book or just to change his position. Always he is on the move, his conversation darting here and there, with graphic gestures galore. Alfred Lunt distinctly is a kinetic individual. What he said was dropped in bits and his digressions were no less entertaining. Something like this:

"Albert Parker is a splendid director . . . Resourceful. . . . He invents details that make a scene *live* . . . great feeling for the comic, too. . . . They tell me his 'Sherlock Holmes' was a beautiful piece of work. . . . Don't hurry with your dinner; we have plenty of time. That is, I think we have. . . . What time is it anyway? . . . My wife is glorious. . . . Often we ask if any other people are as happy as we are. . . . It comes from liking the same things, the identical friends. . . . We've been married over a year. . . . She reminds me of my mother in one respect. . . . She doesn't bind herself or me to any routine. . . . Because it happened to be Monday my mother didn't insist that the washing be done then. . . . She was more likely to say it was a great day for a walk or a picnic, and send every one out for one. . . . Lynn is like that. . . . Did you see us with Laurette (Taylor) early in the engagement, or late? . . . If it was late you saw a better performance. . . . We all improved. . . . It surprises me to know that you remember 'Romance and Arabella.' . . . Ran only two weeks, years ago. . . . A good play, I thought, but one loses his perspective when he is concerned in a production. . . . The critics didn't like it at all. . . . Good-by, dear (to Lynn Fontanne), have a good time and tell everybody at the party about your new job for next season. . . . I was talking about the screen ruining good actors, wasn't I? . . . It certainly can make poor ones seem good, too. . . . The very methods that confuse the experienced actor are a safeguard to the one who isn't an actor at all. . . . Short scenes, cut at the instant they tax the player's limitations. . . . Painstaking direction . . . discreet lighting . . . sympathetic situations in the scenario. . . . These can put over a negligible actor in pictures more than on the stage. . . . Am I talking too much? . . . Let's have coffee. . . . I've been working in every scene at the studio since nine this morning and I've a night of it ahead of me. . . . I like it, though. . . . Here's the coffee. . . . There's the bell—and the taxi's come. . . . What time is it? . . You'll go with me, of course?"

At this point Alfred did a little thing that revealed much. A trifle that I looked upon as a salient detail in building a comparison in the manners—the ethics if you will—of the screen versus the stage. He left his coffee untouched. And he very much wanted it.

The significance of this was its novelty. Stars, or even featured players, alive to their importance as controllers of a studio situation, are not, as a rule, so imbued with the idea of punctuality that a couple of minutes are allowed to stand between work and their pleasure—or whim.

The more capricious of our favorites have been known to plunge into a complicated bath, and read the morning newspaper, while waiting motors chugged their insides out at the curb and directors tore their hair. In the theater the spirit is otherwise, because rehearsals and performances are governed by routine, schedule.

When Alfred was reminded of this he agreed that it probably was true. "To show that I'm not weak-kneed, though, I'll take two gulps of my coffee." Which he did, but went no farther toward the bottom of the cup.

At the department store I noted rigid, almost military, attention on his part, and silence. Though distant only a few yards he seemed suddenly to be on a far stage. His face changed, his expression altered, he slipped out of his own into the character of the silk salesman. And in the simple scene that followed he displayed his bolt of orange charmeuse to Mimi Palmeri, his customer, with no diminished zest as the episode was repeated more times than I remember.

Each time the silk was meticulously rolled up, smoothed and replaced on the shelf by himself. He was an actor, personally responsible for the props used in the scene. Whereas in the studio the player undertakes no responsibility of this kind at all. A knickered assistant director does the rolling, smoothing and replacing, to spare the star all strain—and to have it done right.

These points are perhaps unimportant, you say? It is true they do not sway your opinion of the finished picture but they indicate the part played by character, tradition and habit in the work of those you see on the screen and the interviewer sees away from it.

Alfred Lunt is from Milwaukee, probably of Scandinavian descent, and might have gone on playing old men—they were getting older each week, he says—in the Castle Square Stock Company of Boston, had not a stage director brought his possibilities to the notice of Margaret Anglin who, when the need arose, offered

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The Screen in Review

Good news about the long-promised, big, special productions for this season and frank critical estimates of some other pictures.

By Agnes Smith



In "Little Old New York," a picture which inspires loud cheers, Marion Davies accomplishes the feat of playing artificial comedy so that it really is funny.

THE open season for art has begun in New York and all the movie first-nighters have shaken the camphor balls out of their dress suits to pay tribute to the brave producers who have shot their bank rolls on super-productions. Such an adding up of production costs and such a figuring out of how many dollars it takes to turn out screen art as you never heard before!

The old Egyptian contractor who estimated how many tons of onions were consumed by the builders of the Pyramids had nothing on the movie sleuths who are obliged to consider how much it cost to hire the extras for the newest pictures.

For the keynote of the early crop of world beaters is money. Unless you are a fan living in a big city with expensive theaters you won't have your eye knocked out by these new pictures for some time to come. Many of the old factories for films aren't assembling jitneys any more; they are turning out Rolls-Royces and somebody—probably the ultimate consumer—will have to pay and pay and pay to see them.

The new movies are like the little girl with the little curl; the good ones are very, very good and the bad ones are simply hopeless. You have your choice between paying higher admissions and getting a good show or paying the old price and getting a black eye.

The loudest cheering has been inspired by "Little Old New York" and Marion Davies. If you haven't seen "Little Old New York" you simply cannot hope to keep up your social position. It would be like admitting that you hadn't been to the "Follies." The picture has caused such a stir that even Mayor Hylan, New York's mayor, and Heywood Broun, its favorite feature writer, got into a controversy about it. But both parties to the argument admitted that it was a good picture.

"Little Old New York" was adapted from a stage play by Rida Johnson Young. It was a nice little play and Genevieve Tobin, a nice little actress who will soon be seen in films, made quite a hit in it. Mr. Hearst bought it for Cosmopolitan, gave the leading rôle to Marion Davies, hired Josef Urban to design the settings and assigned Sidney Olcott to direct it. By using the magic of money and the talents of a perfect staff, he turned it into a rarely beautiful picture. And, what is even better, a marvelously entertaining one.

The story itself is artificial. It concerns a young Irish girl who masquerades as a boy in order to come to America and collect a fortune. But the background of New York in the first years of the nineteenth century is a genuine one. Those were the days when the first Vanderbilt ran the ferry boat to Staten Island, when John Jacob Astor sold furs and pianos and when Delmonico peddled sandwiches.

And those were the days when Robert Fulton invented the steam boat. When the old *Clermont* goes chug-chug up the waters of the Hudson you get the same sort of thrill that comes over you when you see the starting of the covered wagons. It is history brought to life and made dramatic. And it is the screen brought to an understanding of its best powers; the power of telling epic events in terms of pantomime, motion and pictures.

I don't know whether to cheer loudest for the steam boat or for Marion Davies. If any one had told me two years ago that Miss Davies would be one of my favorite actresses, I would have stopped going to pictures. But here she is giving none other than Mary Pickford a run for her money by stepping into the very first place among light comediennes.

Miss Davies' rise in real popularity has been dramatic in itself. For years, she was one of those stars we all could do without. A sullen, rather pretty, hopelessly self-conscious and dumb little thing, she walked through a series of bad pictures. Then came "Knighthood" and, by dint of a tremendous effort, she gave



Photo by Abbe

In "The White Sister" Lillian Gish has perfect technique combined with the face of an angel.

her first good performance. The critics praised her for it and the public began to like her.

Before that Miss Davies had received miles of publicity but she never earned one word of genuine praise or real admiration. What she needed all along was a few sincere kind words. She got her first boost from the public and now nothing can stop her.

In "Little Old New York," she accomplishes the difficult feat of playing artificial comedy so that it is really funny. Moreover, she plays an unbelievable character in a way to make you believe in it. In the early part of the picture, she appears in a curly wig and is pretty bad. But soon she comes out in her own straight bobbed hair, looking so refreshingly natural and so different from the over-made-up stars, that she wins you immediately.

I lay great stress on the triumph of Miss Davies because it is important. It brings to the screen a new favorite. It proves that a pretty girl with latent talent can be groomed to stardom. But, more important, it proves that the spontaneous actress can win over the posed beauty. Miss Davies is most charming when she is least beautiful; she is most attractive when she goes ahead and acts without regard for the position of the lights and her make-up so light that the freckles around her eyes are visible.

"Little Old New York" and Marion Davies are worth all the time, trouble and money spent on their development. And that's a sweeping statement.

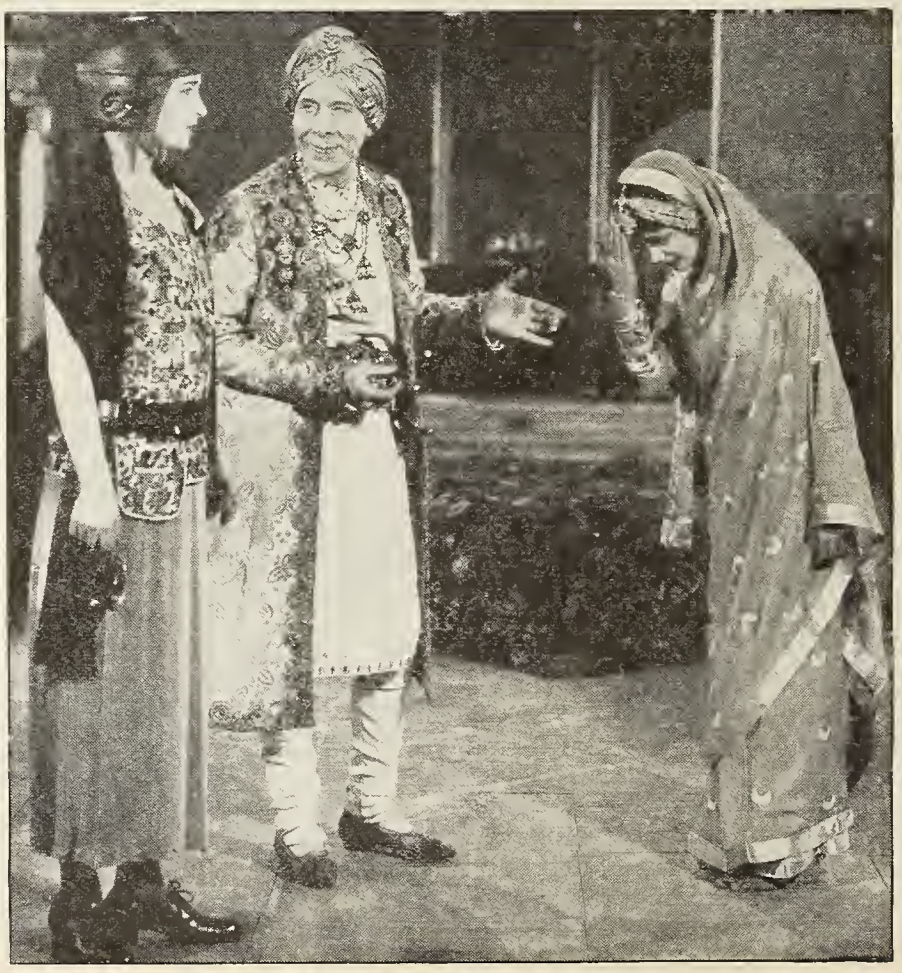
One of Those Family Jokes.

Will little James Cruze kindly step up and have another "excellent" mark written on his report card? Mr. Cruze directed "The Covered Wagon" and now he steps out again with "Hollywood." After "Hollywood" had been presented, all the critics ran around snickering because Mr. Cruze had certainly made a monkey of Rupert Hughes.

Mr. Hughes wrote "Souls for Sale" and took the movies seriously. His little heroine actually made good in the films. Mr. Cruze directed "Hollywood" from Frank Condon's story and proved that Mr. Hughes was all wrong. Does the movie-struck girl blossom out as a star? She does not. She hangs around casting offices waiting for a job and sees directors bid for the services of grandpa, grandma and auntie just because they have funny faces.

"Hollywood" shows the movie business in the humiliating but healthy state of making fun of itself. None of the high gods are sacred and the stars appear in scenes which burlesque sudden success and hero-worship — the two very qualities that predominate in the movies. Surely this is a sign that the movie colony is not taking itself so seriously any more!

I laughed con-



George Arliss' performance in "The Green Goddess" is full of deviltry and charm and is the slyest piece of character drawing of the year.

stantly during the showing of "Hollywood" because, being more or less bound up with the business, I appreciated all the family jokes. It reminded me of a banquet with a lot of after-dinner speakers making jokes and taking digs at the guests, all in a good-humored way. It is great meat for the gossip hounds and for the fans who eat up all the inside stuff about the movie stars and their ways.

Speaking seriously, there is one episode in "Hollywood" that is quite the best thing I have seen recently. It shows the dream of a young man going to Hollywood to rescue his girl from the fate that is worse than death. Mr. Cruze allows his imagination to soar into the realms of fantastic comedy. Some one ought to ask him to direct "Alice Through the Looking-Glass."

"Hollywood" is a pleasant novelty and it is a good little lesson for the pretty girl who has been told she is the White Hope of the screen. Some fans I know didn't care much for the picture because they still prefer the illusion of a good story to the dillusionment of seeing the movies kidded.

By the way, will the unknown Hope Drown who plays *Angela* share the fate of the movie-struck girl and remain in obscurity? I hope not. She's a refreshing and natural young comedienne.



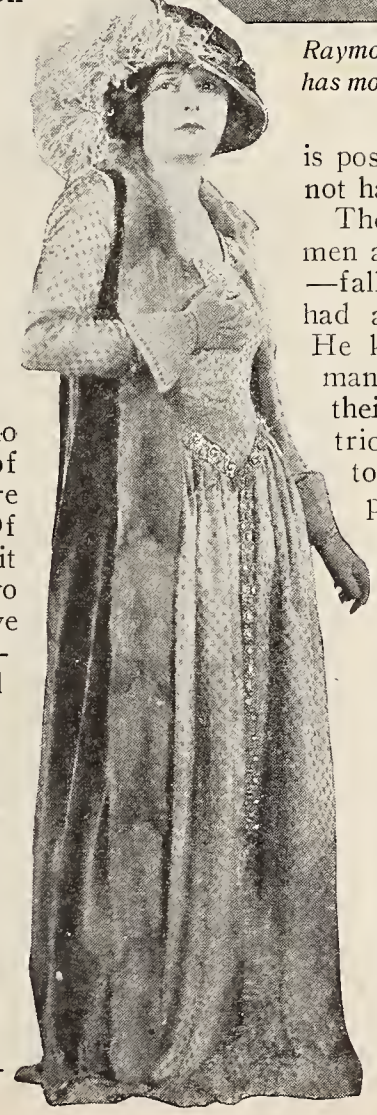
Raymond Griffith and Alice Lake appear in Goldwyn's "Red Lights" which has more clutching hands and hidden menaces than the old Pearl White serials.

Another Round of Applause.

If you are looking for illusion and a great story, don't pass up "The Green Goddess." It was adapted from William Archer's melodrama and George Arliss brings to the screen his matchless stage performance of the *Raja of Rukh*. It proves that two intelligent guys like Mr. Archer and Mr. Arliss can be twice as entertaining as the lowbrows.

You will be perfectly justified in shooting any one who tries to tell you the plot of "The Green Goddess" before you have seen the picture. Of course, once you have seen it yourself, you are tempted to go around bragging that you have seen a picture with an honest-to-goodness plot and a thrill a minute.

"The Green Goddess" was written by William Archer, one of the foremost English critics, to prove that melodrama can be as intelligently put together as a piece of well-running machinery. Moreover, he proved that it is possible to build an exciting story about characters who are not half witted.



In "Ashes of Vengeance" Norma Talmadge wears her gorgeous costumes with great dignity.

The main theme of the story is satirical. Two Englishmen and an Englishwoman—representatives of a superior race—fall into the clutches of an Indian raja. The raja has had an Oxford education and reads "La Vie Parisienne." He knows all about Western civilization. His subjects demand that the three English persons be sacrificed to avenge their injuries. The raja courteously explains to the doomed trio that, if he were an Oriental autocrat, he would be glad to spare their lives but, as he has been taught by Western political ideals to respect the will of the majority, he must bow to wishes of his subjects and kill them off.

This is but the outline of the theme of the melodrama. The details of the plot are too ingenious to repeat.

Mr. Arliss gives a performance that is full of deviltry and charm. It is the neatest and slyest piece of character drawing of the year. After failing to ensnare the beautiful Englishwoman, he shrugs his shoulders and says, "She probably would have been a damned nuisance anyway." If only all our villains felt that way about the lovely heroines!

"The Green Goddess" was directed by Sidney Olcott. And, believe me or not, the spectacular scenes are cut to a minimum. What is still more incredible, while the story assures us that the heroine is rushing to her kiddies, we are mercifully spared even the slightest glimpse of the motherless darlings. "The Green Goddess" actually scores a tremendous success without resorting to hokum, false sentiment, dancing girl episodes or other fool traps.



Maurice Tourneur had the chance of a lifetime when he made "The Brass Bottle" but he didn't live up to it.

Why all this restraint? Well, for one thing, I imagine Mr. Arliss had a thing or two to say about it.

Alice Joyce returns to the screen in "The Green Goddess" and gives a straightforward and intelligent performance. She has less beauty to rely on than she had in former days but she is still easy to look at. Harry Morey, David Powell and the lovely Jetta Goudal keep up the high standard of acting, while a member of Mr. Arliss' original cast, Ivan Simpson, creates one of the best bits I have seen in a long time.

Some Souvenir Postal Cards.

Lillian Gish went to Italy to make "The White Sister," and the result is some beautiful scenes showing native life and some shots of that great dramatic star, Mount Vesuvius. Miss Gish's error was, not in going to Italy, but in taking a scenario of F. Marion Crawford's novel with her. Of all the aggravating and annoying plots in the world, "The White Sister" is the worst, except maybe a few by Hall Caine. Mr. Crawford lived in an age when it was popular to pump up artificial sentiment by playing strongly on religious young ladies and by making a lot of fuss about the difference between worldly and spiritual love. And then he turned on the soft music of Italian scenery to ease the story over on the public.

Why any one in this period of the world's history wants to film a religious story is more than I can figure out. Unless you handle it with care, the Catholics are apt to be offended while, on the other hand, a great many non-Catholics can get none too excited over the girl who takes the veil. I am not trying to imply that "The White Sister" will stir up feeling, I am only saying that there are certain rational aspects of the public mind that demand consideration from producers.

Most fans are apt to look at "The White Sister" merely as florid and romantic melodrama. The postal card views of Italy have a certain charm and the unreal story works itself up into a good thrill climax. Dear old Vesuvius jumps into action and obligingly kills off some of the characters. However, the hero, in the midst of the eruption, for some strange reason goes and gets drowned. A dam bursts and floods the city. It seemed an unnecessary trick to bring in the flood and a nasty crack at the destructive talents of Vesuvius besides. The incident was as foolish as though I should get mixed up in an earthquake and die of hay fever.

Miss Gish gives Vesuvius and the flood a winning race for the honors. The girl has a habit of breaking my heart. Once she gets that heart-broken, woebegone look on her face, I am simply overcome by emotion. Miss Gish has a perfect technique, combined with the face of an angel. She deserves more reliable material than "The White Sister." Her new leading man, Ronald Colman, breaks all records by playing an Italian rôle without imitating Valentino. He gives a splendid, sincere and truly convincing performance, even though he is called upon to do all sorts of ridiculous things. A recruit from the stage, he is an addition to the screen. And he has such a way with him in love scenes that I suppose he'll have to engage a secretary to answer his fan mail.

Tons and Tons of History.

A peculiar case of near-sightedness must have come over me when I attended "Ashes of Vengeance," because I couldn't see the thing at all. Lots of fans inform me that they are crazy about Norma Talmadge's picture and that they were perfectly thrilled by it. But it seemed pretty clumsy spectacle and rather soulless romance to me.

"Ashes of Vengeance" is a costume story of the time of Charles the Ninth, and it begins, cheerfully enough, with St. Bartholomew's Massacre. Josephine Crowell instigates the dirty work, just as she did in Griffith's "Intolerance." One gentleman saves the life of his enemy and spares his enemy's best girl, in return for which courtesy he claims a fiendish revenge by saying, "Now you must work for me and be my servant for five years."

Norma is a sister of this *Simon Legree* and when she sees Conway Tearle in tights performing menial labor, she falls in love with him. Wallace Beery enters and acts the brute all over the place and there is plenty of fighting, narrow escapes and such like movie stuff before two happy hearts are united.

To me the picture carried none of the fascinating illusion of far-off times or distant places. All the big scenes looked like movie sets. There was none of that happy and disreputable abandon that give life to the German historical pictures. The court of France was as proper and refined as a movie party chaperoned by Will Hays. Even the massacre lacked the swing and relish it ought to have had to make it an enjoyable affair. Anyway, fans aren't so crazy about the bloodthirsty incidents of history any more. They want scenes like the invention of the steamboat or the signing of

the Emancipation Proclamation. Any producer who shows the apple falling on Newton's head is going to clean up.

Miss Talmadge wears a great many beautiful costumes in "Ashes of Vengeance" and wears them with great dignity. Her acting is easy and matter-of-fact. Conway Tearle goes through the picture looking very sour on the world but he has neat legs—if a lady may comment on such things—and he fences well. Wallace Beery gives what is known as a "strong performance" in the studios; that is to say he makes more faces than Emil Jannings. But making faces isn't acting. Not this year.

Gloria in Excelsior.

I wasn't nearsighted when I saw Gloria Swanson in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." Not half! Not half! The theater was crowded with girls who would attend every one of Gloria's pictures even if all the ushers were hungry lions. A wonderful time was had by all. That is, by all except a bereaved man who had seen and enjoyed the play on the stage.

All the spicy French comedy of the original play has been carefully removed from the picture, leaving nothing but a fashion parade by Gloria and a few indistinct flashes of some other actors, at present unidentified. My idea of complete obscurity is the rôle of the leading man who helps Gloria on and off with her wraps.



A wonderful time is had by all who go to see Gloria Swanson in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" except those who enjoyed the stage play.

The Missing Link in Pictures.

A pleasant evening is in store for the boys in the insane asylum when "Red Lights" comes along. The lads who think they are Sherlock Holmes can try to puzzle out why Goldwyn purchased the notorious stage flop, "The Rear Car." Said play failed gloriously and conspicuously all last season.

"Red Lights," alas, is nothing so inspiring as an underworld melodrama. Words fail me when I try to describe the plot. It has more clutching hands and hidden menaces than a Pearl White serial. The characters are always crawling out from under rugs or falling off the back of trains.

The picture has one thrill to recommend it. A private car is cut loose from the back of a train and slides down a long incline at terrible speed. Unfortunately, it isn't wrecked and the cast is saved.

"Red Lights" has all the fine flourish and the outward show of a great melodrama. But it was filmed with such a hash of a plot that if you try to reason it out you are apt to worry yourself into a nervous breakdown.

Asleep in the Deep.

After making a great fuss over all the big pictures, it is pretty hard to come down to earth and record the doings of the producers who haven't heard the good news about screen improvement. The end of the world, however, is not at hand because there are still plenty of directors making old pictures in the old way.

Maurice Tourneur, for instance, had the chance of a lifetime in "The Brass Bottle." F. Anstey, the author, allowed his imagination to rove in pleasant pastures when he wrote the story of a modern young man who has an Oriental jinni for a servant. But Tourneur couldn't keep up with the possibilities of a tale that might have taken the edge off Douglas Fairbanks' production, "The Thief of Bagdad."

Goodness knows, Tourneur got help enough from Harry Myers, Ernest Torrence and Ford Sterling, who do their best to be funny. But nine-tenths of the comedy fails to get across because the director didn't have the imagination to dig it out for you.

Johnny Hines is so dead set on being comic in "Little Johnny Jones" that he ends up by throwing you into a fit of the sulks. The screen adaptation of George M. Cohan's play goes to such lengths to be light and breezy farce that it nearly blows away entirely. The original comedy of the show was out-of-date anyway and the stuff the director put in to make it funny only made matters worse. Still, there is no telling what people will laugh at and the fine line between good slapstick and vulgar slapstick is an indistinct one.

Somewhere, as in an awful dream, I saw a picture called "Marriage Morals." Can it be that it was at one of the Broadway theaters? Yes, yes; it was! And it all comes back to me—too vividly.

Business of presenting William Nigh, the director, with the handsome hand-crocheted automobile tire.

A poor little girl in a beauty shop is loved by a wild, bad boy. Going to sleep one night, as was her custom, she dreams that they are married. Zing! Out comes the champagne. Zowie! Along come the wild

Continued on page 100

Morning, Noon Fashion's

Claire Windsor and Ruth Clifford of their type will wear

Directed by



Photo by Apeda



Peggy Hamilton.

FOR evening Claire Windsor likes filmy combinations of delicate and colorful materials. She is particularly fond of orange and canary shades and with her golden hair, blue eyes and exquisite complexion she can well afford to indulge in gowns of these tones. Her dinner-dance dress shown in the picture below is of violet and gold changeable taffeta combined with lace and embroidery. The lines are simple as in all her gowns, and the materials rich and soft.



CLAIRE WINDSOR was recently proclaimed the Lillian Russell of the screen because of her beauty and good taste and when one looks at these gowns of hers one doesn't wonder. In the picture above she is shown wearing a breakfast robe of hand-embroidered net combined with filet lace. The only suggestion of color is found in the baby-blue sash and French flowers. The picture in the center shows her dressed for an informal luncheon and matinée. This chic three-piece costume, designed by Frances, is of black royal satin. The jacquette blouse is of pleated white crape, and the overjacket is trimmed with bands of ermine.



Photo by Apeda

and Night on Clock

obligingly illustrate what well-dressed women every hour of the day.

Peggy Hamilton

BELOW Ruth Clifford is shown wearing a smart walking costume suitable for cool fall days in the East or midwinter days in California. She prefers this type of jacquette to the three-quarter coat, and has introduced this brown-and-black Paisley outfit with a shaded underblouse and a suggestion of monkey fur here and there. The combination of brown and black promises to continue in popularity. She wears a figured turban, bag and sandals that harmonize.



Photo by A. Cooly



Photo by A. Cooly

Photo by A. Cooly

RUTH CLIFFORD affects dark tones only in street frocks. She likes pastel shades better, and they are best suited to her delicate coloring. The charming dinner frock pictured in the center of this page is of mountain-haze chiffon beaded in orchid design. A bow and a few loops of violet ribbon complete the trimming and the picturesque, drooping lines of the hat add grace to the costume. Above she is shown garbed for the very early morning, just before breakfast in fact, for she is wearing a black crape chiffon night robe.



Photo copyrighted by Strauss-Peyton

Stedman & Son, Inc.

Both good troupers and the best of friends off the screen, Myrtle Stedman and her son Lincoln are a unique combination in the film world.

By Helen Ogden

WHY shouldn't the mother of a grown son continue her work?" Myrtle Stedman, whose characterizations of middle-aged motherhood are deftly done in the lights and shadows of realism, smiled. "Just because Linky is capable of supporting me now, why should I give up what I have fought for all my life, it seems, what I had to fight to keep?"

The Stedman mother-and-son combination is unique in that it is, I believe, the only such relationship in pictures. Mrs. Stedman was one of the first stars, if your memory goes back to the puny days of pictures. An early marriage and the arrival of a small son—well, no, they tell me Linky, who now boasts considerable circumference, was a chubby, round baby—kept her from the screen but temporarily. For many years while Lincoln wrestled with the three r's, Myrtle maintained the little home—and her own stardom, despite the onslaughts of new faces.

But finally, something stronger than her own iron-willed determination won—the years that won't be denied. And then, when Myrtle looked in her mirror and saw the faintest tracings of crow's-feet lines about her lovely blue eyes, she sat her down and thought it all out.

"Many careers are blasted beyond recall by a too tenacious hanging on to past glory," she reminisced for me the other evening at dinner in her Wilshire apartment.

Six of us—Myrtle, serene and matronly at the head of the table, Linky, the man of the house, trying to act natural despite the obvious responsibilities of carving, Myrtle's aged father who lives with them, two other friends and myself. Everything about the Stedman apartment moves as on oiled wheels. None of that jerkiness or friction that one encounters sometimes, no reprimanding of servants. Mrs. Stedman's home bears the imprint of her own serenity and firmness; like her own thoughts and beliefs, everything is apparently catalogued and one is but dimly conscious of the wheels going round.

"I had to learn my lesson—the lesson that a number of actresses on the screen to-day are due to learn shortly—to step aside when the time comes. But not out! Many actresses who have been stars won't play character rôles. Why not? The screen must have mothers and fathers—and these rôles offer an opportunity to *act* that the insipid star-parts seldom give one."

Myrtle Stedman made the transition from star to character-actress with more grace than any one I know of. In "The Famous Mrs. Fair," she virtually ran away with the show. She has tact and an iron firmness that is encased within an outward veneer of equable temperament—and a sense of humor.

We spoke of a former well-known vampire star—whose back, alas, was in the olden days given more publicity than her face. She had been selected for the rôle of the thoughtless mother in "Dust in the Doorway," the First National picture which Frank Borzage is now directing. But, after a few days' work, the lady was diplomatically removed and Mrs. Stedman was asked to take the rôle.

"The trouble was that, being away from the screen so long, she had lost touch, was unable to adapt herself

Continued on page 98

Hollywood High Lights

The merry-go-round of affairs in the western cinemetropolis.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

IN the future the stars of the pictures may never see the settings on which they are supposed to play. That is what a clever and advanced thinker in the films recently told us, and personally, we believe that this is approximately true. What he meant, of course, is that miniatures will eventually take the place of actual scenes. Double-exposure photography will solve the riddle of how the acting will appear to merge with the backgrounds on the screen.

Really, the technique of film-making is advancing at an astonishing pace. Some of the latest innovations are startling in their cleverness. In the photoplay, "Six Days," made from the Elinor Glyn story, the characters appear to be walking down a real street in a city in France without being anywhere near the place. There wasn't even a semblance of a setting, we are told, except possibly for a series of stone steps, supposedly leading up to a cathedral. For the most part, the surroundings consisted of what are known as white "flats"—that is, just plain pieces of white cloth tacked up on frames to cut off all signs of extraneous everyday life.

Exactly how the effect of a French background was thus secured, is something of a studio secret. This much we do know and that is a photograph, or at least a picture of some sort, did the trick. We understand that it was complete to the cobblestones, over which the players were presumed to walk, and that their feet actually seemed to touch this alien road.

We hear that there is now even a scheme for inserting in the motion-picture camera itself some sort of small contrivance, possibly something like a stereopticon slide, or an artistic photographic reproduction, that will transfer the locale for certain types of scenes, to any part of the world desired from Patagonia to Kamchatka. A greater actuality will thus be secured than with the constructed sets, and the players may eventually more truly seem to be picking figs in Smyrna and shopping in Paris than they could in the past, in sets built within the studio.

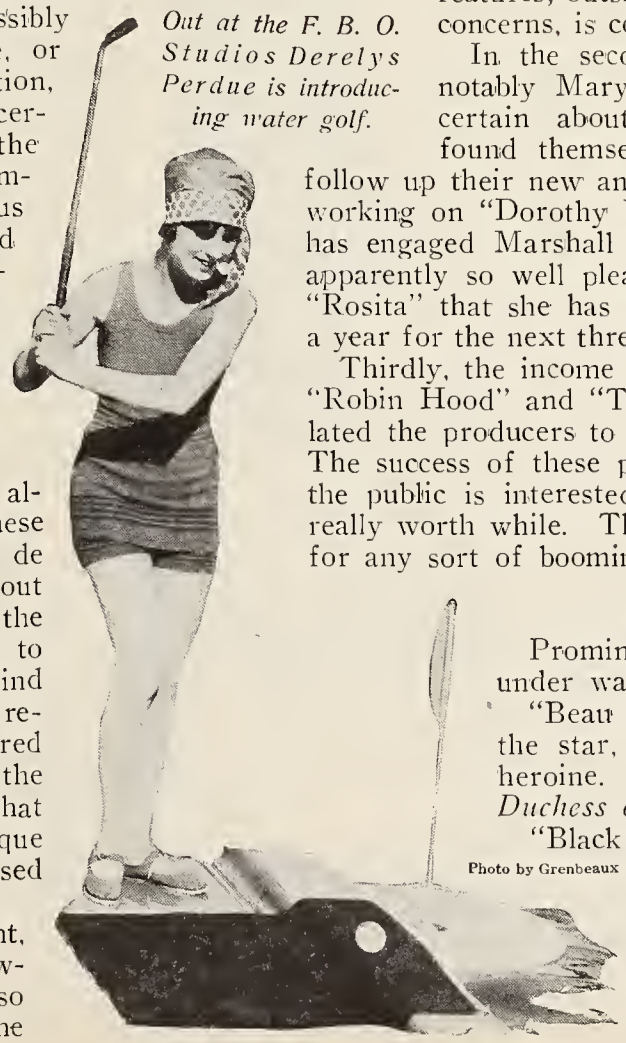
Hush Stuff.

Curiously enough, somebody is always crying "Sh-h!" whenever these things are mentioned. William de Mille, for instance, recently sent out notice that he was going to put the ban on any publicity that tended to throw light on what went on behind the scenes. He argued that he had received several letters that deplored revelations that tended to "destroy the illusion." He said, in addition, that showing the secrets of his technique would be as if a magician disclosed how he did his tricks.

Of course, this is perfectly all right, no doubt, from the De Mille viewpoint. The letters possibly were also sincere, but they are rather beside the point. So too is the comparing of the technique of the pictures to that of a magician. It places the producers in the class of vaudeville performers rather than serious dramatic artists. It makes their success dependent on deceiving the public.

We have never seen the need for this deception. What difference does it make how much the public knows of how effects are produced if the effects themselves are good? These things are purely incidental anyway to the worth of the story and theme. They are wonderful, and tend to prove how far the pictures may go in visualizing nature and life and phenomena, either real or imaginative.

A knowledge of what can be done in the use of miniatures, and the great vista that this opens up, will undoubtedly interest in the films more and, perhaps, even finer minds than have been attracted heretofore, and in the end this will work toward a higher artistic fulfillment.



Out at the F. B. O. Studios Derelys Perdue is introducing water golf.

Photo by Grenbeaux

No Time for Play.

It has been a busy fall season. Nobody has had any time to go frivoling in New York, buying Frances gowns, dining at the Ritz or attending premières as is usually in order at this time. The stars are all working harder than ever before.

Several explanations may be advanced for this. The first is that picture making is proceeding at a much slower and steadier rate. The big costume productions require a lot of time, and the number of small features, outside of those made by fly-by-night concerns, is constantly diminishing.

In the second place, several of the stars, notably Mary Pickford, who have been uncertain about their future, have suddenly found themselves, and are making plans to follow up their new anticipated success. Mary is now working on "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." She has engaged Marshall Neilan as director, and also is apparently so well pleased with what Lubitsch did in "Rosita" that she has secured him for one production a year for the next three years.

Thirdly, the income from the larger productions like "Robin Hood" and "The Covered Wagon" has stimulated the producers to a tremendously increased effort. The success of these photoplays is proof positive that the public is interested in paying money for what is really worth while. This is, after all, the major cause for any sort of booming of endeavor.

On the Preferred List.

Prominent among the features now under way are:

"Beau Brummel." John Barrymore is the star, and Mary Astor the lily-white heroine. Irene Rich will portray the *Duchess of York*.

"Black Oxen." Corinne Griffith is to be seen in the much-coveted lead, and that's saying a lot for the welfare of the picture.

"Three Weeks." Tiger-skin-rug thrills, with modern elaborations. Aileen Pringle will

be the undulating heroine, and Conrad Nagel has been selected as the *Paul,* principally, we judge, because of his angelic countenance and halo of blond hair.

"Dust of Desire." Norma Talmadge's latest adventure among the Bedouins. It is her third film with differences this year.

"Wild Oranges." Citric acid of romance and realism that King Vidor has gone clear to Florida to distill. James Kirkwood and Virginia Valli, among others, will brighten the screen.

"Everyday Love." Romance à la William de Mille. Adapted from the novel, "Rita Coventry."

"Hospitality." Buster Keaton busts into costumes of "befoh de wah" days. He carries his frozen face as well as usual, and Natalie Talmadge plays his lead.

"The Marriage Circle." Ernst Lubitsch exploiting waltzing Vienna, with Florence Vidor, Marie Prevost, Warner Baxter, Creighton Hale, Adolphe Menjou and Harry Myers leading the dance.

"The Girl Expert." Harold Lloyd as a small-town youth who thought he knew all about women, but found he had to learn about them from "her."

These may be added to the list of features that we have in the past several issues submitted as worth-while plays to see.

The Shrinking Vines.

The list of solo stars is steadily shrinking. Even the most famous seem to be concentrating on their productions rather than their careers. The situation is growing more and more hopeless for any one who is bent on carrying his or her picture on the strength of reputation alone.

Look at the season's slaughterings—

Reduced from individual prominence to the status of featured players:

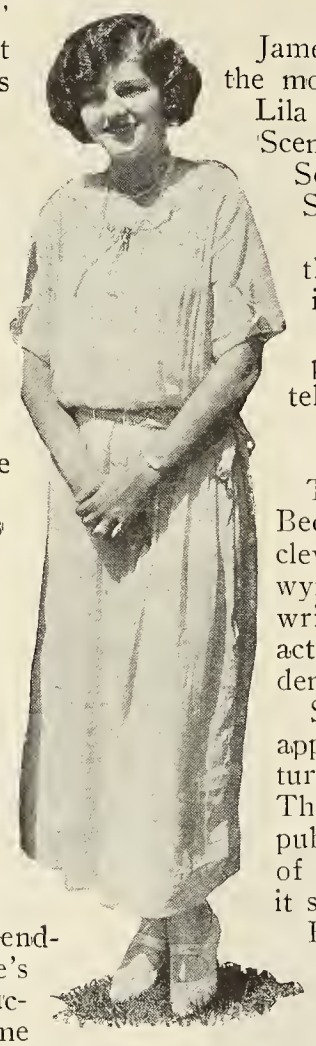
Jack Holt, Corinne Griffith and Agnes Ayres. Also Walter Hiers.

Concentrating on productions rather than their own personal high estate; Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Ray and even Charlie Chaplin. They are, of course, holding their luminous place the while.

Hoping to have a chance to get a nice fat part: All the girls and boys who had their own companies two or three years ago.

Of the list mentioned, we look for a large access of brilliance in the instance of Miss Griffith. "The Common Law" showed her talents, and she is said to be even more resplendent in the coming release, "Six Days." There's a chance that when she begins her own production with "Lilies of the Field" she may become a super-favorite.

Among the popular lights still shining by virtue of their own glory are Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Harold Lloyd, Thomas Meighan, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, William S. Hart, and the United Artists group. That is about all in the West, and one or two of these may even be wavering.



Hollywood now has a million-dollar extra girl—Mary Louise Hartje, who is working at the F. B. O. Studios. Not that they pay her that much, oh no! She gets the title because of her father's financial rating back in Philadelphia.

The Stellar Peril.

Edwin: Elza—how would you like to be a star?

Elza: Star of what?

Edwin: Oh, a super-jewel-de-luxe-diamond-spectacle-special-drama, with an all-star-special-supreme-featured cast, directed by a master-producer-director-genius——

Eliza: Sh! This is too much. I'd rather help write the High Lights.

Titling is certainly tough. It's hard on the producers, and it keeps us busy trying to note, let alone be present at, each separate christening of the current pictures. Focus on "The Faun," for instance. First it was called "Spring Magic," and now they've decided on "The Marriage-Maker." Also "Harbor Bar," with Monte Blue, Evelyn Brent, Joan Lowell and Ralph Faulkner. It has gradually evolutionized into "Cap'n Ben." "Havoc," with Anna Q. Nilsson, J. Warren Kerrigan, Tom Santschi and others, is now "The Thundering Dawn."

Figure out, too, how "The Master of Women," filmed by Reginald Barker can be called "The Eternal Struggle," and "The Master of Man," directed by Victor Seastrom, "The Judge and the Woman." This may be perplexing, but it's not hard to tell why "The Magic Skin" was renamed "The Slave of Desire." It's a story of greed, but the producers were afraid somebody might have taken it for the fantasy of a beauty parlor.

Drama of To-day.

CHARACTERS.

James Kirkwood, a well-known leading man of the movies.

Lila Lee, a well-known young lady ditto.

Scene 1. They met.

Scene 2. They married.

Scene 3. They separated.

Note: It is only a temporary divorce, though, because Jim had to go on location in the South, and Lila had to stay in California to appear in a Thomas Meighan production. In the next issue we'll probably tell about their deferred honeymoon.

A Slick Debut.

There is a new way to break into pictures. Become a press agent, but be sure to work out clever stunts. That is what Tom Reed, Goldwyn publicity man, did and now when he isn't writing superfluous words about some star, he acts in the films. It all happened quite accidentally, this double-careering of Tom's.

Several months ago in PICTURE-PLAY there appeared in an article on exploitation a picture showing Reed in a *Sherlock Holmes'* outfit. This illustrated the stunts he worked out for publicizing John Barrymore in a film version of the Conan Doyle detective story when it showed at a Los Angeles theater.

He donned the double-visor cap and long cape, stuck a deeply-curved pipe in his mouth, carried a huge magnifying glass, through which he peered intently, walked mysteriously through the streets of the city, madly looking for something, and got himself arrested for distracting pedestrians, or some such cause. It proved very sensational and profitable publicity for the picture. But here begins the real romance.

When the cast was being selected for "Ponjola," in which Anna Q. Nilsson plays the lead, the producer and his assistant were debating who to place in the part of a British lieutenant. Several players were discussed and thrown in the discard. Finally the assistant exclaimed enthusiastically:

"Ah, I've got the very man. Tom Reed."

"Tom Reed? Who's he?" queried the producer.

"Why—why—Tom Reed! Don't you know? He played in 'Sherlock Holmes.' Wait, I'll show you his picture."

Whereupon the magazine was produced.

"Oh, sure," agreed the producer.

The Goldwyn people were phoned, the peculiar circumstances were explained, everybody laughed, but Tom won the part of the lieutenant in "Ponjola."

A Temperamental Geezer.

Luck is certainly not kind to Helene Chadwick. In fact, they don't even seem to be on speaking terms at all. Up in Yellowstone Park, for example, where she was working in "Law Against Law," she tried to see what made the geysers spout, and she selected the largest one for her investigations. This giant hot-water shower is supposed to operate only once or twice a year, and it wasn't scheduled for another performance in months. But something went wrong with the time-table, or the geyser's alarm clock, and instead of remaining quiet while Helene looked into its depths, it commenced to gurgle and growl and emit other advance mutterings of an eruption.

Miss Chadwick and her companion, an assistant director, drew back but not in time to avoid being burned. In fact, all the members of the company had to scoot away as fast as possible from the spot which they were using as a location, and which they had thought absolutely safe by all the laws of geyserdom.

Miss Chadwick was not seriously injured, but suffered enough just the same for a few days from the effects of the scalding.

Lew Cody is the most conspicuous figure in "Law Against Law," which is a Rupert Hughes production. The reason is that he will, in the course of the story, have no less than three wives. One of these is played by Miss Chadwick, and the other two by Carmel Myers and Hedda Hopper respectively.

For a time they were talking of calling the picture "Who's Whose," so you can imagine that Cody has a time of it deciding who's his.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is going to be the idol of thousands of youngsters for his generosity. He was one of the first recently to offer to help finance a concert especially for their pleasure at the Hollywood Bowl. Incidentally, the boy has just about finished his first starring picture, "Stephen Steps Out," adapted from the Richard Harding Davis story, and he seems to be enjoying his experience in the films immensely, as would, no doubt, almost any youngster.

Two Country Affairs.

"I worshiped the very ground he walked on, and it will be a long time before I can ever think of marrying again" —that was the most significant comment that Corinne Griffith had to make in connection with the downfall of her domestic peace. The marriage between her and Webster Campbell, who directed her in pictures for a time, looked once like a very happy one, but a little over a year ago they decided to separate. It was at that juncture that Miss Griffith came to California and secured a release from her Vitagraph contract.

She is now contemplating staying on the Coast, for she has bought herself a lovely eight-room house in the fashionable part of the Wilshire district in Los Angeles, and so anxious was she to get in her new home when we saw her last that she said she would probably be willing to sleep on the kitchen stove and use the ice box for a dressing table.



Boisterous Ma Pettingill, one of the most entertaining characters in modern fiction, has stepped out of the pages of Harry Leon Wilson's "Ruggles of Red Gap" and on to the screen. To Lillian Leighton fell the honor of playing this part in James Cruze's production of the story.

It came out in the newspapers finally, after being kept a secret for all of eight years, that Marie Prevost was married. The revelation was incident to the filing of her divorce suit. Her husband's name is Gerke, and in view of this fact—that is the divorce and not the name—she and Kenneth Harlan will probably have to wait a while longer before they are wed.

Thumbnail Criticism.

We have several predictions to make regarding Charlie Chaplin's production, "A Woman of Paris," which is now about to be shown generally. First, it will cause everybody to be astonished at the work of Edna Purviance. Second, it will make the reputation of that excellent player, Adolphe Menjou. Third, it will upset the present notions of acting on the screen.

Outside of this—well, the story is a peculiar one. It indulges in many subtleties that may not be readily understood. But you can put it down in your note book that it is going to be far reaching in the respect that it does not wait at any point for some star to clog the camera with his attempts at registering a thought. It revives the good old days when action was action, and words were words, and the screen was not overburdened with its modern verbiage.

More Domestic Problems.

Filmdom's intelligentsia have discovered a new occupation for their leisure hours that is curiously different. They have prevailed on Sadakichi Hartmann, the Eurasian mystic, to explain to them the reasons for divorce.

Mr. Hartmann is busy in the daytime on Douglas Fairbanks' picture, "The Thief of Bagdad," but his evenings he frequently gives to enlightening a group of assiduous devotees on life and customs of various times and peoples. We understand that he works out his theories regarding marital happiness and marital troubles quite mathematically, with a sort of illustration via diagrams.

The process seems a little too complicated to repeat here, but it is all very interesting because Hartmann delves deeply into the past and tells just why Cleopatra was attracted to Mark Antony, and why she gave Julius Cæsar the air. His explanations are so convincing that several people who were just on the point of racing to the courts have put up their aggravations to him, so we hear, to see if he can't find out what is the proper algebraical formula for them to live by and be happy.

Other evidences of a scientific trend are not lacking in Hollywood. There is a sudden interest in astronomy. It all started over the eclipse of the sun which was observed in September in California. Among others, Lloyd Hughes secured a telescope, while he was playing in "The Huntress" and started in to explain to Colleen Moore about the constellations. As they could only look through the contraption satisfactorily at night, and Hughes was safely married, and Colleen quite safely engaged, their lessons didn't get

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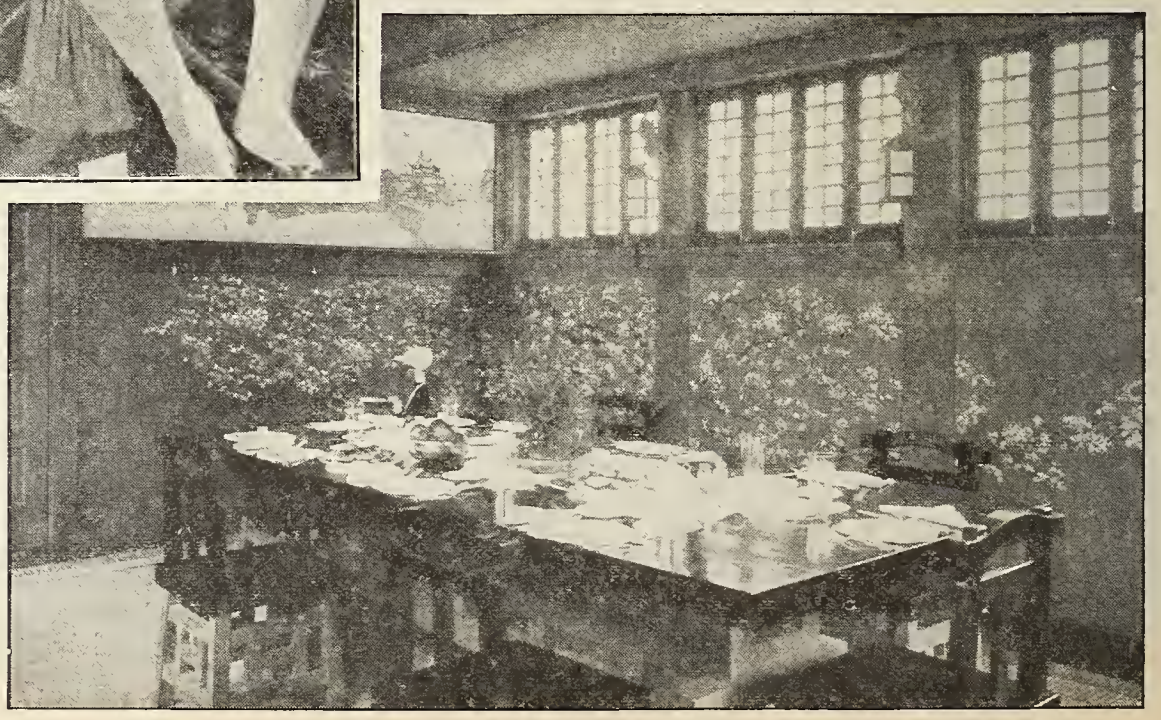




When the

Film stars hasten to gorgeous dining rooms or bare

can have a quiet hour in which to enjoy their luncheon. A few of the more celebrated stars are now acquiring their own dining rooms, where they may indulge in a certain formality and entertain a few choice guests. Below you may see the Japanese dining room of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, which has been the scene of many an impromptu luncheon party, dispensing the bantering fun and good fellowship for which Mary and Doug are famous. Many distinguished persons have enjoyed the Pickford-Fairbanks hospitality in this celebrated little establishment. Charles Ray, who is inclined toward more formality, recently



LUNCHEON is seldom an elaborate function in the screen world, and when the noon whistle blows stars and extras alike usually make for the nearest available lunching-place. At the studios, the cafeterias claim most of them, but there is such a grand rush and clatter at these self-service institutions that many featured players, such as Richard Dix, shown in the center on the opposite page, prefer to be served in their dressing rooms, where they



Whistle Blows

camp tables, according to the location of the moment.

completed the Gothic and English dining room shown in the picture below, in which he plans to entertain his friends and important visitors to his studio. He uses a smaller room when lunching alone.

But when they go on location, even the most important stars are very democratic. On the opposite page Norma Talmadge shows the style in which her company lunched on location for "Ashes of Vengeance," while below that group Irene Rich and Holbrook Blynn abandon their royal rôles of Spanish king and queen in "Rosita" for the enjoyment of an American picnic lunch. Virginia Valli and Earle Foxe,





in the picture above, with the aid of a cleverly devised luncheon kit, are able to lunch with almost all the comforts of home while camping out for "A Lady of Quality."

If stars are on a diet, they generally have their luncheons prepared at home and take them along in baskets.

Whenever possible every player lunches according to his taste, but when work prohibits this they all cheerfully make the best of what offers.

A Candle Flame

which may some day flare into a beacon.

By Myrtle Gebhart

IF you have seen "Merry-Go-Round," that brilliant picture of the butterfly-life of Vienna in the prewar days, you will regard with amazement the work of little Mary Philbin who, by past performances, seemed slated for the oblivion in which most such beauty-contest winners end their screen days.

There are flashes of poetry in her performance, keenly vitalized by something puzzling. That thing that you can't quite put your finger on in Mary's portrayal of the little organ-grinder who loves not wisely but too well, is an unvoiced rebuke of circumstances that are doing their very best to ruin the talent born, by the grace of God, into this girl.

One day I watched a "Merry-Go-Round" scene in its initial stages. Out at Universal had been recreated the joy pool that was the Prater of Vienna before the war. Young dandies of the nobility, with the license of their class, flirted outrageously. In the corner, grinding the hand-organ, stood a little girl, forlorn. So tired of futile dreams were her eyes; now they shone like pools of mystic dark-blue water in the light reflected from the gayly colored incandescents of the whirling merry-go-round. Her thin, tight little lips relaxed, pouted in the merest suggestion of desire; she was restless, eager. Nobody's face was smeared with ludicrous make-up; there was about this scene a certain realism that made it seem scarcely a picture set.

Darting here, there, everywhere, the dictator of it all. A booming voice, a sharp rebuke, a guttural command. The scene bore unmistakably the imprint of Von Stroheim's masterly hand. He dominated. Once a motherly figure seated at the side lines rose as if to retaliate for a cutting reprimand to the little organ-grinder who drooped under its harsh lash. A gesture from the director sent her, though ill at ease, back to her chair. Again the incandescents twinkled—again the girl's eyes grew sad with unfulfilled dreams—the scene went on.

Months later I saw Mary Philbin again, working in a Fox picture, "The Temple of Venus." But there was little response; the fragile figure had a certain restraint, stolidity; the blue eyes that sometimes lighten until they seem a dull, apathetic gray, were strangely perplexed. The talent that had glowed that day on the "Merry-Go-Round" set, brought out of its cocoon by a buffeting yet sympathetic force it scarcely understood, had flickered out.

Mary Philbin is like a candle, an uncertain, pale light, easily smothered, as easily surcharged to a higher flame. The candle is there, but alone it is apt to die out; its life depends upon circumstances.

Three years ago a Chicago newspaper ran a beauty contest. A number of girls were assembled for Von Stroheim's final selection. There were beautiful young creatures there, vivid personalities. Way down the line stood a little person of some fifteen or sixteen summers. People wondered how the dickens she got in there—for she was very shy and, though graceful, bore no mark of distinction. But before her the director paused, questioning. He dimly perceived that in this fragile piece of girlhood there breathed some flame. And so he insisted that she be one of the two girls chosen for an opportunity in Universal pictures.

Three years have passed since that day when, after a frenzy of packing, Mary and her mother boarded the train for California. All this while Mary has been working and, I must in frankness state, failing to register especially. Though photographing with a childlike prettiness, she seemed to lack the depth of feeling of which successful pantomimes are made. Not as shallow and vapid as they thought her, it was just her inability to give expression to the thing inside of her, the thing that beat its futile wings against barred doors.

"I wanted to act but somehow it wouldn't come out," she told me at luncheon the other day. Like a prim child, very careful of her manners, she appeared in her lavender frock, her brown curls down her back, palpably proud of the ivory bracelet set with tiny diamonds that a girl friend had loaned her for the occasion of her first interview. "I could feel it inside of me, what they wanted me to do, but I couldn't make my face show it.

"All the while I was trying so hard and failing so terribly, I thought Mr. Von had forgotten me and it made me miserable. But he hadn't. One day he told me he had written a story called 'Merry-Go-Round' with a part just for me. When he described it to me, I *knew* I could play that girl. The other directors didn't understand things the way he did. He'd talk to me for hours, explaining things. And when he'd be cross with me, I couldn't help crying.

"Then when Mr. Von left some said I'd never do anything under Mr. Julian's direction. I made up my mind," her thin little lips pressed firmly together, "I'd show them. I tried to remember all the things Mr. Von had told me. I felt all keyed up. Sometimes I knew I wasn't doing well and it seemed as if my heart would break."

It is that nervous feeling that Von Stroheim awoke to expression from the plastic clay of little Mary's soul that gave to her rôle those high lights of realism, that undercurrent of leashed frenzy as of a girl-soul starved. She idolizes Mr. Von; he is almost a god to her. He took her from the monotony of her childhood; he gave her this big chance. After he left, nobody understood her. And I think a lot of credit should be given her for trying to keep the light shining that he had touched aflame in her.

Mary Philbin's talent is utterly unconscious. Not a thing of the mind, of technique, rather a capacity for feeling, born into her, over which she as yet has little control. It is shut in, has no chance to develop, for she is denied almost every contact which would teach her the things she should know about life. Her mother, tenacious to her faith in her daughter's talent, self-sacrificing, devoted, saw ahead a fulfillment of hopes, a release from the drabness of their Chicago life. Many have been her hardships, her denials, that Mary might put her best foot forward. Her concentration upon Mary's career is to be commended.

But in some respects her overzealousness has retarded the development of the very one for whom she would give her life blood. Realizing as mothers do the dangers that beset the path of innocent young girls, Mrs. Philbin has guarded Mary even too closely for her own good. She is seldom allowed to go out alone or with other young people. In most girls, that fetch-

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Photo by Freulich

MARY PHILBIN



Fulfilling ....the.... Promise

Years ago Blanche Sweet gave promise of being one of the screen's greatest emotional actors. Then we saw no more of her, for ill health forced her to give up her work.

To her has fallen the honor of playing the title rôle in "Anna Christie," one of the greatest of contemporary emotional rôles, and the photograph at the left suggests what an interesting characterization it will be.



The lower pictures show her as *Dolores*, the heroine of Goldwyn's "In the Palace of the King," a medieval romance in which she has the most decorative rôle of her career.





Photo by Hoover

Ethel Shannon plays the part of a pretty young girl in "Maytime," which is easy enough for her, but it requires ingenious make-up to make her look the part of the young girl's grandmother, which she also plays.



Photo by Fraker

Carmel Myers' coming of age, artistically, was celebrated in "The Famous Mrs. Fair" several months ago, and since then she has been much in demand for interesting and mature rôles. She will soon appear in the Goldwyn production of "The Slave of Desire," an adaptation of Balzac's "The Magic Skin."





The Slave of Desire

One of the interesting fantastic productions soon to be shown is Goldwyn's film version of "The Magic Skin," by Balzac. The scene above shows an antique shop where *Raphael*, played by George Walsh, goes to pawn a scarab. At the right is Edward Connelly, who plays the grim spirit of death.





Hall Caine's preachment "The Master of Man" is being filmed by the Goldwyn company, with Mae Busch in the leading rôle and will be presented under the title "The Judge and the Woman." She is shown at the left. Conrad Nagel and Patsy Ruth Miller are in the scene above, and Evelyn Selbie and De Witt Jennings play the rôles pictured below.





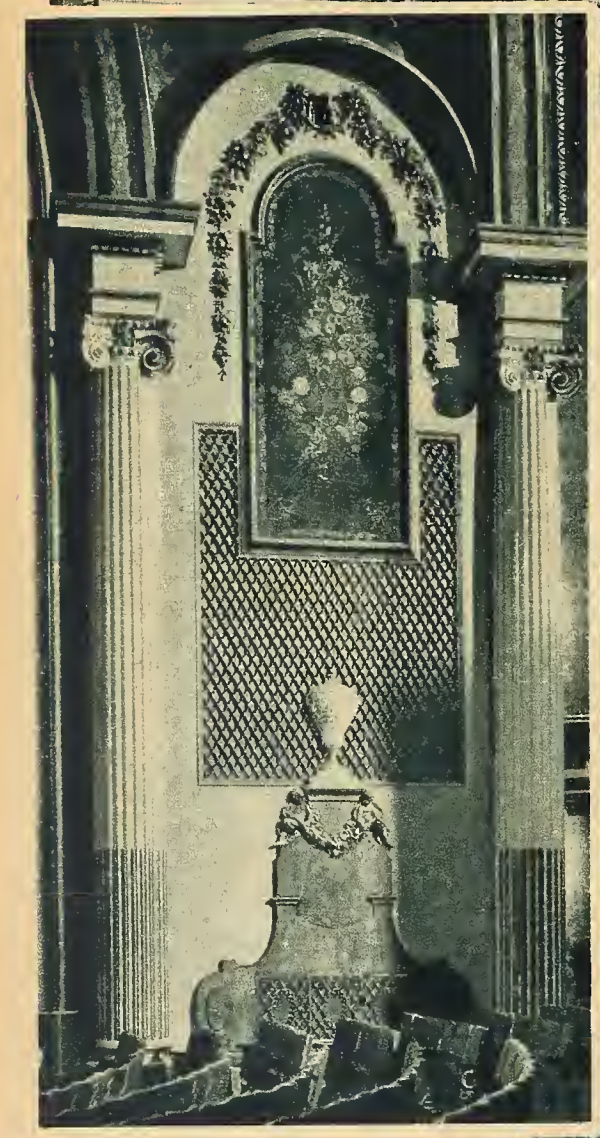
William de Mille is bringing to the movies under the title of "Spring Magic," "The Faun" which once enlivened the Broadway stage. Charles de Roche plays the leading rôle, an unusual one, as the scene above shows. Below are Robert Agnew and Mary Astor, who play important parts in the picture.





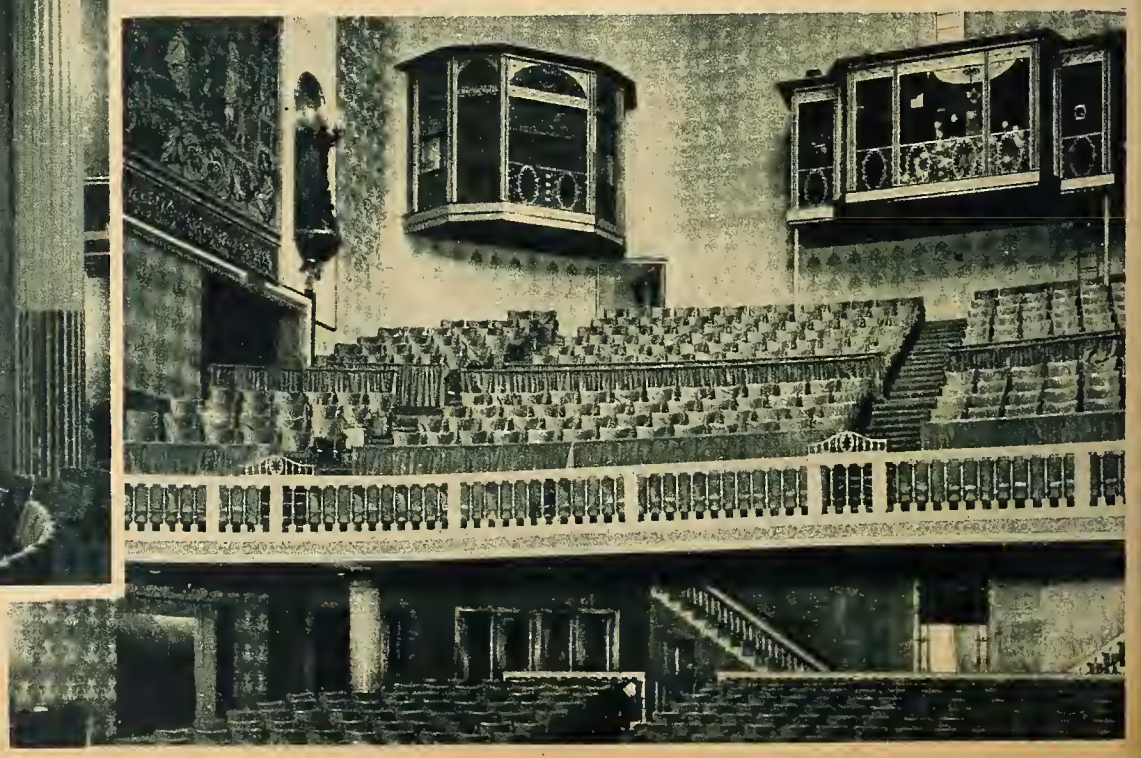
The cast of "Spring Magic" also boasts the presence of Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt, two interesting, restrained players, who promise to be at their best under the skilled direction of the elder De Mille.





Broadway's Beauty Spot

New York has had enormous film theaters before, it has had gorgeous ones, ornate ones, and sedate ones, but until the opening of the new Cosmopolitan Theater it had none that could really be called exquisite. The decorations are the work of Josef Urban, who has designed many of the most beautiful settings used in Cosmopolitan productions. The picture above shows the stage with the screen concealed behind sliding flower panels; the view at the left shows one of the side-wall decorations, and below is a glimpse of the loges, the projection room, and the box reserved for members of the company.



Interesting details about the opening performance at this theater and the theater itself will be found in this same issue in "Over the Teacups."

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very far. Nevertheless, they among other players in pictures have now quite made up their minds that there are a lot more stars in the heavens than the producers will attempt to discover during the ensuing year.

Romance and Discipline.

This has been a season of many pretentious settings in the pictures. Every costume production has demanded its toll, and the efficiency experts have been sitting up nights trying to cut the costs. They have probably shouted curtailment at the top of their voices too, but the lavish investment has gone right on.

In spite of the many elaborate sights and scenes that we have looked on, we really feel that we must mention at least one more, and then we hope we'll be through. This, as it happens, is the great square with a church in the center that was built for Pola Negri's "The Spanish Dancer." It was used for some tremendous mob scenes, centering around the appearance of the Spanish king, that were directed by Herbert Brenon.

He had so many people in the huge esplanade that he had to use a powerful magnavox, or some such radio apparatus, to get them all together. Even then it needed a score of assistants to keep the crowd in order, and to induce the stragglers, who are inevitably a part of a big assemblage of extras, to come down out of the hills. Most of these found their final pay checks waiting when they ultimately decided to return to work. Such being the discipline of the movies.

Jane Novak is going to have a chance to do some big things in the near future by virtue of a contract she lately signed. This calls for five more productions with her as star. One of these will probably be costume, because she personally has a strong desire to play one of her favorite historic heroines. We regret that we neglected to ask which one.

The style which Doug Fairbanks started some time ago in calling his adaptation of "Robin Hood" by the title "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood" is being carried on by Bill Hart. The first picture he is making for Famous Players-Lasky is to be called "William S. Hart in Wild Bill Hickok."

Thus nobody can overlook the name of the star—not even in the Fijis.

The Trials of Helene.

The marriage of Helene Chadwick to William Wellman has always been a sort of mystery to every one. It's difficult to tell just why, though we suspect that press-agentry had a lot to do with keeping it a sort of secret. Some funny notion was entertained that because Miss Chadwick was wed it might interfere with her career.

Now, it seems, nobody will have to worry any longer, for on the eve of her return to Goldwyn to commence work on Rupert Hughes' "Law Against Law," Miss Chadwick filed suit for divorce. The grounds were simple desertion, and naturally there was nothing sensational about the trial.

Miss Chadwick informed us that she and her husband were simply not suited to each other. "It was a case of hero worship on my part, I think, in the beginning," she said. "Mr. Wellman had a striking war record, and though we knew each other for several years, before we were married, we were away from each other so much of that time that we really never had a chance to become acquainted. When we did get married it was in a rush, and I suppose that this accounts for the fact that we later did not agree."

Wellman is making a success in pictures. He is directing Charles "Buck" Jones at the Fox studios, and is highly rated there for his ability.

Incidentally, Miss Chadwick is planning to carry her suit over her contract with Goldwyn's to a higher court, since the first case was decided against her. The litigation promises to be very far-reaching in its effect, and if Miss Chadwick should win the suit, it is possible that there would be no question about the return of Rodolph Valentino to the screen, as well as certain other stars who have had trouble over contracts.

Doug Fairbanks is forever springing some new wrinkle at his studio. The latest is to make everybody put on a pair of woolen overshoes who steps out on his "The Thief of Bagdad" set. You feel just as if you were going into an Oriental mosque or Hindu temple, and worst of all, he has a sign posted asking the rather embarrassing question—"Are Your Feet Clean?" Of course, he means your shoes.

The reason for all this formality is that Doug's set is a bright glistening affair, even to its floor, that has to be kept polished up like a patent-leather boot for every single scene. Nobody dare step on it in rough brogans, or in green or red trilbies, for fear of taking off the shine.

We asked Will Rogers whether the pictures had changed any since he went away.

"Nope," said Will. "Same pictures. Same stories. By and by people will get so used to them that they'll enjoy them."

Dangerous Days.

Last month we gave a list of new releases that in the making looked to us as if they would be very much worth gazing at, and this month we are adding a few more to that roster of possible favorites. These include the following:

"A Dangerous Maid." Constance Talmadge embarks on a new adventure, in which she fences and frolics. It may not be great or big, but it looks as if it may be picturesque and amusing too.

"The Master of Woman." Everybody is talking about the wonderful performance of Renee Adoree in this story of the Northwest. It's said to be melodrama with a real flavor.

"Ruggles of Red Gap." This feature will bring the return of Ernest Torrence in another human rôle such as he played in "The Covered Wagon." It also introduces a bright new face in Edward Horton. He plays the lead, and he's done so well that they've offered him another big part in "North of Thirty-six."

"Long Live the King." Jackie Coogan in a new realm of romance and adventure. It will be something different for Jackie, and the settings looked very nice.

"The Extra Girl." Mabel Normand doing a feminine *Merton*, showing up the funny aspects of trying to get a job in the movies. Mabel's been working very hard on the picture, and so has everybody else.

A Merry Waltz.

Some time soon Eric von Stroheim, who is just completing "Greed," is going to astonish everybody with a nice amusing photoplay built around the comic-opera theme of "The Merry Widow," and when he does you will probably see inscribed on the screen an episode from his own life. The finale, so he told us, will probably disclose the giddy *Prince Danilo* dancing around with his young son and heir in his arms, whistling the strains of the famous "Merry Widow" waltz. Von hit upon the idea one night when his own youngster became temperamental, and he found that the most effective way to lull him to sleep was with some Viennese waltz steps to which his wife played an accompaniment of the "Blue Danube" on the piano.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

NOTE: Only distinctive pictures appear in this list. It does not aim to be a comprehensive survey of all pictures now showing throughout the country, but merely a selection of the most significant ones. Pictures reviewed elsewhere in the same issue are not mentioned, but aside from those, the list comprises those generally considered the most important of the current film offerings.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Merry Go Round"—Universal. Because it has one of the oldest and best-loved plots in the world—the love story of aristocrat and commoner—in the gorgeous and novel setting of pre-war Vienna. Mary Philbin, as the poor, but honest heroine, has winning ways.

"The White Rose"—United Artists. Mae Marsh comes back triumphantly in a D. W. Griffith production that is beautiful and appealing and, of course, overpoweringly sentimental.

"The Girl I Loved"—Allied Artists. Designed to appeal to the lovers of Riley poems, and it accomplishes even more than that. Charles Ray goes back to his lovable hick rôle.

"Trailing African Wild Animals with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson"—Metro. Getting on intimate terms with the beasts of the jungle.

"Safety Last"—Pathé. Harold Lloyd defying death and providing a laugh every minute. He says this is his last thrill picture, which is another good reason for not missing it.

"The Covered Wagon"—Paramount. The long, long trail of pioneers crossing the Western plains and meeting adversity. The first American screen epic. Generally considered as one of the finest pictures ever made.

"The Pilgrim" — First National. Charles Chaplin goes into the ministry and preaches an unforgetable sermon in pantomime.

"Peter the Great"—Paramount. A magnificent foreign production dealing with one of the most dramatic periods in Russian history. Emil Jannings and Dagny Servaes play the leading rôles, and make them vital and powerful.

"Down to the Sea in Ships"—Hodkinson. Saved by a whale who towed part of the cast out to sea and tried to drown them. Those scenes are genuinely beautiful, but there are some others—love scenes—that are a severe trial.

THE BEST OF THEIR KIND.

"Trilby"—First National. So this is Paris—many years ago. The picture is quaint and enthralling and Andree Lafayette, who plays *Trilby*, looks just as though one of the Du Maurier illustrations had come to life.

"Three Wise Fools"—Goldwyn. A tasteful, smoothly made, carefully directed, consistent production. Leading rôles are played by three old character men, and if you like old men you will just love these.

"Circus Days"—First National. A pleasant comedy adapted from "Toby Tyler," through which Jackie Coogan romps with his usual gusto. He joins a circus in order to support his mother, but the plot really doesn't matter. Jackie does.

"Soft Boiled"—Fox. Breathless comedy led by Tom Mix.

"Lawful Larceny"—Paramount. A fine old melodrama got lost in the Paramount Long Island Studio and came out with scenes in Egypt, a supper club in New York, and a luxurious gambling den. Nita Naldi, with enough jewels to crown the whole cast, is the pivot of the plot. Gilda Gray does her original South Sea Island dance. Lew Cody is in it. What more could any one ask?

"Success"—Metro. A highly theatrical picture of the trials and tribulations of stage folk, with Brandon Tynan as an old actor who stages a come-back.

"Main Street"—Warner Brothers. What happens when a self-conscious snob marries a natural, bungling, good-hearted man and moves into the little gray home in the West. A satisfying film version of the popular novel, with Florence Vidor in the principal rôle.

"The Spoilers"—Goldwyn. A cast that includes more stars than the average fan can remember in a thrilling tale of the gold-rush days in Alaska. There is a terrific fight that satisfies the most discriminating students of brutality.

"Where Is My Wandering Boy This Evening"—Allied Artists. One of the high points in the career of Ben Turpin that will appeal to all true admirers of his art. He plays a farmhand who can't keep his mind on the plow after the city vamp comes to board with his mother.

"Only Thirty-eight"—Paramount. A delicate little middle-aged love story in which Lois Wilson is so natural that she distracts your attention from the phony scenery. Presented in William de Mille's usual tasteful manner.

"Penrod and Sam"—First National. A crowd of children romping through Booth Tarkington's kid stories.

"The Girl of the Golden West"—First National. The old faithful Western melodrama about the girl, the hero, and the sheriff, who chases him. J. Warren Kerrigan and Sylvia Breamer bear up nicely under the rigors of the plot.

"Enemies of Women"—Cosmopolitan. Sinning and saving of souls in the midst of luxury. A tour de luxe of Russian palaces, Monte Carlo, and Paris, with Lionel Barrymore, Alma Rubens, and William Collier, Jr., adding dramatic interest along the way.

"The Bright Shawl"—First National. A quaint and charming journey into revolutionary Cuba of one hundred years ago. Richard Barthelmess plays the young hero with distinction, and Dorothy Gish gives an interesting portrayal of a Spanish dancer.

"Rupert of Hentzau"—Selznick. Affairs in Ruritania aren't nearly so interesting as they were when Rex Ingram was managing them. The characters don't look so royal and they've thrown out the stone buildings in favor of papier mache. The genuineness of Lew Cody makes everything else look shoddy.

"The Fog"—Metro. A tale of a small-town poet who is misunderstood. Cullen Landis makes him a likable sort and Mildred Harris, beautiful and shimmering, flits in and out of the picture.

"The Exciters"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels as one of those wild young people. Unlike most of the people who play such rôles she is convincing and attractive. Antonio Moreno plays a likable crook, who, of course, isn't one.

"The Law of the Lawless"—Paramount. Almost as foolish as an opera, but it is unusual in setting, and such variety is welcome. It is about the mad, free life of the gypsies, and gives Dorothy Dalton and Charles de Roche an opportunity to look colorful and alluring.

"The Heart Raiders." Easy to look at and mildly exciting. Just a nice little light comedy which shows what a sense of humor Agnes Ayres has.

"The Man Next Door"—Vitagraph. The big, rugged West tries to burst into society, but doesn't get very far. James Morrison does much toward making it seem real.

"Vanity Fair"—Goldwyn. A series of charming animated illustrations of Thackeray's famous novel.

"Children of Jazz"—Paramount. Wild goings on of society. Eileen Percy brings back memories of her worst program pictures and Theodore Kosloff shows how foolish he can be. As though that weren't enough, one of the "second Valentinos" is in it.

"Wandering Daughters"—First National. More high jinks of the four hundred that must have been written by some rural blacksmith with a lurid imagination.

"The Love Piker"—Cosmopolitan. More society, but not quite so rough. Anita Stewart plays a haughty heroine, who just can't get used to her future father-in-law's uncouth ways.

"Divorce"—F. B. O. Hubby grows prosperous, neglects the wife and child, and chases wine, women, and song. But the little wife, played by Jane Novak, wins him back. This must be a sample scenario in some book of instruction, it is used so often.

A Glimpse of Doug's Next Picture





THE magic spirit of mystery and romance that has for centuries drawn people to the "Arabian Nights" tales has inspired Douglas Fairbanks in the making of his new picture. "The Thief of Bagdad" promises to be an artistic trail-blazer even as "Robin Hood" was, and the fantastic settings and curious, impulsive actions promise a background worthy of the best efforts of the star.



The Real Speed Demons

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Dalton production, "The Siren Call." The waterfall was a miniature, hardly taller than a man. The trees that lined the banks of the river, which ran over the little precipice were tiny stems and branches. The boats were toy affairs. In viewing the supposed catastrophe, you would forget, of course, to look closely to determine whether they contained people or not. If people were necessary, tiny dolls could be placed in the boats for a quick flash or so.

The water that was to complete the illusion was held in a tank above the miniature lake from which it was to run over the brink of the falls. When it was released, of course, it came out with a rush that was all over in the space of a few seconds. For, naturally, it could not be held back in any mechanical way to stimulate the steady and graceful descent of a real Niagara.

Solving the trick of making that rush of water look like a real falls was therefore up to the camera man. He had to operate his apparatus at such a speed that when the film was shown the tempo would appear to be properly reduced. In other words, he had to analyze the action of the water and the boats with an ultra-rapid camera, and thus make it appear to be normal.

Nearly all miniatures that involve motion, like volcanoes, airplanes, accidents and floods have to be so photographed. Otherwise the motion would appear to be so jerky or so fast that the illusion would be lost.

Once in a while, of course, a producer or director will run across a situation that cannot be bridged by any of these expedients. Particularly does this happen where the actions of animals are involved. You can regulate the speed of a mechanical invention like an automobile to suit the occasion. But the pace of a horse or a dog cannot be controlled beyond a certain point. A horse has his lope and his gallop, and he is not built for too slow motion or too fast action. Consequently, when Tom Mix jumped Tony into a freight car recently in "Watch My Smoke" he had to make sure that he would get away with it. He didn't dare employ stop work or slow cranking for the scene, because while he could run the freight car slower to make things easier for himself, Tony would then have shot by the beholder like a bullet. He probably wouldn't have been seen as anything but a streak. Mix simply had to do the stunt.

While nearly all the high-speed attained on the screen is the result of slowing down the camera, wrecks are generally put over by completely reversing the crank. That is the film is taken backward. For instance, the familiar situation of the auto colliding with the railroad and going all to pieces. The producer hires a locomotive and a Ford. The machine is placed right in front of the locomotive just where it would be when it was time for it to be hit. Then, instead of the locomotive jamming the machine as you might anticipate, both are backed away from each other, with the camera taking the action backward, just as it would when after a man dives into a tank, he comes right back onto the springboard again as if by witchcraft. Afterward the auto is given a real bump, with a dummy in the seat, and then the two pieces of film, the one that was reversed, and the other showing the actual smash with the dummy are pasted together, and everything is lovely for the final fadeout, with the star gradually finding himself amongst the débris and being married to his lady by a preacher who arrives auspiciously at that moment by airplane.

Following in Father's Footsteps

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who had recovered somewhat from the embarrassment of having a strange female poke questions at him, returned and unable, now that we were getting sort of acquainted, to withhold his exuberance, burst into the conversation. "He's in school, hates books but is crazy about athletics. Gosh, he can do stunts, *Stephen* can, and all the boys like him. His father gives the money that keeps the school going—what d'you call it, mother?—endows it, so the professors always pass him. But one of 'em won't pass him when he fails in the Turkish language, so his dad sends him to Turkey to learn it first-hand. Then he finds out the old professor has been fired for not passing him and he doesn't think that's fair play, so he helps to get the old man a decoration and his job back. He has all kinds of adventures in Turkey—gets mixed up in a revolution or something—has to scale walls and do stunts. Gosh, it's great."

While he was rambling off this rather vague outline of his first starring vehicle, I studied the youngster whom the wise ones of Paramount consider worth the salary of one thousand dollars a week. A bit larger than the average lad of thirteen, Doug stands head and shoulders above me and is, I should judge, very nearly as tall as his father, though not of quite such stocky build. His face is thinner, the forehead higher, suggesting more of the idealist in embryonic form, this spirit being further illustrated in his ideas, which he explained to me, of "fair play."

The ease with which he stepped into the actor's habiliments, without preliminary training, is indicative of talent. He lacks the self-consciousness one might expect of a youngster in new and strange surroundings. It seems that he feels himself at home, doing the thing he has always wanted to do.

A splendid cast, including Theodore Roberts and Harry Myers, support him.

"But no women, except the professor's wife," Doug insisted. "Girls are all right, but they're kind of silly. If I ever have to make love to one in a scene, I'll use a double for that."

If this spirit of American boyhood can be kept and expressed on the screen, I should say that Doug, Jr., will go over well with the public. There is a place for just such as he, of his age, illustrating the adventures of the ordinary boy, as there are no youngsters in the movies between the tiny kids like Bruce Guerin and the bigger boys, like Wesley Barry. Wes, too, because of the rôles which he has played during his years of freckled boyhood; is typified in the public mind as a country kid or a boy more of the streets. Douglas' travel and schooling have given him a certain ease and polish of manner.

Very much in earnest about things, with the natural exuberance of boyhood, eager to live up to the idol he has so long adored, Douglas, Jr., is, aside from any talent which his first picture may or may not disclose, just an ordinary youngster, with the average American boy's faults and good points. He has personality, a certain youthful idealism as yet of course unmatured into definite form but expressed rather in "playing fair;" he is skilled in sports of all kinds. If stories can be found for him with characterizations and action to illustrate these qualities, I see no reason why he should not succeed.

This starring of an untrained youngster is an experiment for Paramount. The illustrious name that fortune bestowed upon him will carry his first film, the novelty, the curiosity naturally felt to see what Doug's son will be like. After that it will be up to him to stand upon his own merit.

Harold Confronts a Giant

Size doesn't count for much when it is pitted against ingenuity, and this time-worn conclusion has a new significance for Harold Lloyd.

Photos by Gene Korman





FUNNY thing, isn't it?" people used to remark out at the studio where Harold Lloyd and John Aasen, the circus giant, were working on scenes for "Why Worry?" "He looks as big as all outdoors, but it doesn't mean anything." For to their surprise the studio folks had just learned that a giant in size wasn't a giant in strength. John Aasen felt the strain of working in motion pictures terribly. Before the picture was more than half finished he was thinking longingly of those easy days in the circus. He wanted to go back, to get away from the rush and turmoil and constant work.

The giant must have looked pretty big to Harold Lloyd as he looked up at him in some of the scenes in the picture. And yet he knew that behind that fearsome exterior there wasn't much power. The giant, so to speak, had all his goods in his shop window.

It must be a comfort to Harold to remember that things aren't always what they seem. It is an old thought, but one that people have to find for themselves. And just now Harold Lloyd is confronted with such a tremendous job that he needs all the philosophical gems he can think of to encourage him. For after years of making his pictures under the supervision of Hal Roach he is about to launch out as his own producer. The difficulties that loom up in front of him look gigantic—but every one who has faith in Harold's ability—and what fan hasn't—knows they will prove to be as ephemeral as the giant's strength.

It is a big step Harold Lloyd is taking in becoming his own producer—one that people unfamiliar with the actual work of making pictures can hardly realize. He isn't actuated by pride or a burst of temperament or any desire to show the public that he can run the whole show. He is just doing it because his old friend, Hal Roach, has so many other interests to engross his time that he really cannot supervise the Lloyd comedies any more.

We wish him luck.

The Last Rôle of Sarah Bernhardt

Continued from page 57

battery of mercury lights, baby spot lights, attendant electricians, camera men and the director waited for Madame Bernhardt to establish an *entente cordiale* with the monkey who was to appear with her in her last rôle more constantly than any human actor.

Work was resumed. The director said "Ready." Lights concentrated. For a moment the great actress, now so frail, rested. Her trembling hands steadied against her face, her elbows on the table. Her eyes, for the moment expressionless, looked straight ahead. Slowly something occurred—we knew not what—but the room was filled with a new personality. My throat tightened and the director, standing in front of me, pulled at his collar. Her eyes now had a look of infinite understanding, her hands moved in unbroken gestures, the fingers now steady. It was no longer Sarah Bernhardt but the character of her last rôle, *La Voyante,* who was before us. For six minutes she continued to be the profound medium.

"Scene finished," said the director huskily.

Instantly *La Voyante* disappeared. Madame Bernhardt's hands shook. Her eyes closed against the glare of the lights, and she dropped her head limply in her hands.

The director hastened to her with a pair of dark glasses, turned away and wiped his eyes. An old electrician drew his wrist across his cheek, and a young assistant openly brought out his handkerchief. Madame Bernhardt's secretary hurried to her with a glass of brandy, and both she and the director advised that work be stopped for the day. The Bernhardt shook her head. She sipped her glass of brandy.

"I am not tired. We will presently begin the next scene." Madame Bernhardt was used to commanding.

And it was in this intense atmosphere, acting against these difficulties, that the combined efforts of this greatest tragedienne and the direction produced and recorded her last rôle, of the clairvoyant who, in time of peril, influenced the destinies of France to a happy issue.

The choice of her supporting cast shows the great discrimination exercised by Madame Bernhardt. It includes Harry Baur, who has often acted with Madame Bernhardt, Marie Marquet, a gifted actress of the Comédie Française, Georges Melchior, the foremost juvenile lead of the French screen, and Lily Damita, winner of a recent beauty prize of France.

With this distinguished cast Madame Bernhardt played out her marvelous interpretation of a character who used her gift of second sight to illuminate the problems of life for all those who came in contact with her.

Perfect artist to the last, the Divine Sarah overcame seemingly insurmountable difficulties to realize her last rôle and bequeath a priceless legacy to the world.

On her tomb in Père Lachaise Cemetery are graven the two words with which she directed her life to the last, the words which represent the determination that made possible this last rôle!

"Quand même."

Absolutely, Mr. Gallagher

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Mr. Ziegfeld. The case went into court. And there Gallagher and Shean pulled off the greatest comedy New York has ever seen. They testified that their services were in no way unique, that their place could be taken by any one. In short, that they were ham actors. There was no reason, they argued, why the other manager couldn't use two other men in the parts for which he wanted them. Their friend Will Rogers and some of their other associates went into court and swore that there was nothing original about them. They won their case.

And every night a theater full of people roared at them.

A tall, languid man with a comedy mustache and a short, sprightly man reminiscent of a thousand German comedians! That is the Gallagher and Shean who have been acclaimed by the city that pretends to be the most critical in the world. A critical sense doesn't enter into any evaluation of Gallagher and Shean. By all the rules of the theater their stuff isn't funny, and yet it is.

The news that they were going to make a motion picture for the Fox company puzzled a good many people. What could two men, whose fame rested on a patter song, do in the movies? the captious ones asked. I don't know, but I'll venture that it will be good.

I went to see them at work one day, not in the studio, but on a scaffolding built high above a skyscraper on the water front of lower New York. Al Shean, looking very sickly, was demanding soup. It seemed an odd thing to want out doors on a hot day when every one else was picnicking on chicken sandwiches and iced tea.

"You'll find out why after luncheon," he told me in a weak voice. It sounded ominous.

And after we had chatted for a while of the Four Marx brothers, who are Al Shean's nephews, of the vast possibilities of pulling Jewish gags such as "If you speak Jewish in a Ford it will come apart," of the terrible difference between brains and the ability to make money, of new songs, old jokes, and the superiority of the New York water front to a painted backdrop, they took me up the ladder to the top of their set.

It is supposed to be the office of two famous detectives which hangs mysteriously in the air above the city. It is full of trick effects—but more of that later.

I was ceremoniously invited to sit at their desk, or rather in the center of it, for it is a boxlike arrangement. As soon as I was seated, some one shouted "All right, Eddie," and I began whirling around in the air. I seemed to soar out over New York harbor and was just dizzily contemplating a farewell message to the Goddess of Liberty when the electric power under me was shut off and I toppled over in some one's arms. One voice said, "Now you know what it feels like to be an actor," and Al Shean solicitously inquired, "Now, don't you want some soup?"

A minute later I sat on what appeared to be a chair and was just formulating one of those what-do-you-think-of-the-future-of-motion-picture questions without which no interview seems to be complete, when I was hurtled up in the air. After that I was suspicious.

When Mr. Gallagher led me over to the edge of the set I walked cautiously, fearing trap doors. "The truth itself is not believed from one who often has deceived," he sang brightly. He has written so many verses to their song that he bursts into rhyme spontaneously.

The comedy suit that Mr. Gallagher wears in the picture is only slightly more grotesque than the ones early directors used to select as the proper garb for a man about Newport. But Shean's is a frank burlesque.

I think they don't know just how they are going to manage to get over their humor on the screen, but the same kind Providence that delivered "Absolutely, Mr. Gallagher," into their hands may follow them into the movies.

Protect Yourself Against These Sudden Embarrassments!

A chance meeting on the street, an unexpected invitation, a cup of coffee suddenly overturned, an introduction to some person of note—these are the occasions that demand complete self-possession, that demand calmness and ease. Those who become flustered and embarrassed under circumstances like these, instantly betray the fact that they are not accustomed to good society. But those who retain a calm dignity, who know exactly what to do and say, impress others with their fine breeding—and protect themselves from humiliation.



DO YOU know the comfort of being always at ease—of being always sure of yourself, calm, dignified, self-possessed?

It is the most wonderful feeling in the world. You don't have to worry about making blunders. You don't have to wonder what people are thinking of you. You don't have to wish that you hadn't done a certain thing, or said a certain thing.

The next time you are at a dinner or a party, notice the people around you. See if you can't pick out at once the people who are well-bred, who are confident of themselves, who do and say the right thing and *know* it. You will always find that these people are the best "mixers," that people like to be with them, that they are popular, well-liked.

And then notice the people who are not sure of themselves. Notice that they stammer and hesitate when strangers speak to them; that they are hesitant and uncomfortable at the table, that they seem embarrassed and ill at ease. These people actually make *you* feel ill at ease. They are never popular; they always seem to be out of place; they rarely have a good time.

People are often confrouted by sudden embarrassments at the dinner table. Often corn on the cob is refused because one does not know how it should be eaten. Some people do not know that bread must under no circumstances be bitten into. Others make the mistake of taking asparagus up in their fingers. Still others use the finger-bowl incorrectly.

How would *you* eat corn on the cob in public? Would *you* dip both hands into the finger-howl at once, or just one at a time? What would you say to your hostess when leaving? What would you say te the young man, or woman, you had met for the first time?

Some of the Blunders People Make

At a certain theatre, recently, a man made himself conspicuous, through a blunder that could easily have been avoided. He entered a lower box with two women — probably his mother and sister. Without thinking, he seated himself on the chair that one of the women should have occupied.

The whole secret of being always at ease is to be able to do and say what is absolutely correct without stopping to think about it. One should be able to do the right thing as easily as one says "good morning."

Would *you* have known what seat to take in the box? Do *you* know who precedes when entering a theatre—the man or the woman? Do you know who precedes when leaving the theatre, when entering and leaving a street car, an automobile?

Special Bargain!

The Famous Book of Etiquette

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For a short time only we are making this amazing offer to send you the complete, authentic, original BOOK OF ETIQUETTE at almost *half* the usual publisher's price!

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A New Knowledge That Will Give You Life-Long Satisfaction

What many people consider a "talent" for doing and saying what is correct, is really a very important social knowledge that you can acquire easily.

Would you like to know how to create conversation, how to overcome self-consciousness and timidity, how to make introductions that result in friendships, how to be an ideal host or hostess, an ideal guest?

Would you like to know all the customs of weddings, of funerals, of social calls, of formal dinners, of dances?

The famous Book of Etiquette will give you a new knowledge that you will find extremely useful. It will tell you everything you want to know. It will dispel all doubts, banish all uncertainty. It will give you ease, poise, confidence. It will make you a better "mixer," a more pleasing conversationalist. It will protect you from all the little sudden embarrassments that confront the person who does not know, who is not sure.

Free Examination Offer

Have you ever wondered why rice is thrown after the bride, why a teacup is given to the engaged girl, why black is the color of mourning?

Have you ever wondered what to serve at a tea, how to give a "shower," how to decorate the home for a wedding, a party?

Perhaps there is some particular problem that is puzzling you. Perhaps there are several. If so, why not let us send you the two volumes of the Book of Etiquette to-day—without a cent in advance? When they arrive, pay the postman only $1.98 instead of the regular price of $3.50. Read them and let them solve your little personal problems. Study them carefully for 5 full days and then if you do not feel that they are a splendid investment, return them and we will refund your money.

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Garden City, N. Y.

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Continued from page 32

zines were filled with biographical sketches and other stories of his eventful life. How could the camera man reach him? My resourceful Frenchman found a way to get to the great one's headquarters in Asia Minor, but was forbidden to take his motion-picture apparatus into the war zone. So he bought a pretentious-looking trunk in Constantinople and carefully packed his camera, tripod and other photographic accessories in it. Then, after smearing it over with official labels he obtained through friends connected with the Allied High Commission, Near East Relief and other organizations, he addressed the trunk to Mustapha Kemal himself and sent it on its way. He, of course, followed.

When the Turkish war lord heard of the incident he laughed heartily and invited the Frenchman to dine with him. A day later he called in several generals and other high officials and allowed the French camera man to photograph the whole crowd, himself included. Indeed, he even went further, and staged the affair to his own liking quite as if he had been employed as a producing director to do it.

"Perhaps the Americans will not think the 'Terrible Turk' is such an inhuman creature after all," said Kemal when he was told the pictures were intended for the United States.

When the world was startled by the news of the discovery of Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb one of my camera men hastened to the scene, only to find that Lord Carnarvon and his associates had sold the picture rights in London. No sooner did other camera men appear in the Valley of the Kings than orders were issued to stop all operations. The camera man sent me several urgent telegrams, to all of which I replied:

"Remain there a year, if necessary. Carnarvon will probably be the first to tire."

The result was that work was resumed after a few days, and my camera man left Luxor with as complete a film as was possible to make, barring pictures of the interior of the tomb itself.

Few persons who attend the theaters and view the world's news events on the screen realize what great risks are often taken by camera men. Probably one of the most thrilling experiences a camera man has ever had was the filming of an eruption of Mount Vesuvius about a year ago. An airplane we had used to circle over the Vatican during the conclave that followed the death of the late Pope Benedict XV. was sent to Naples for the purpose. One of the crack pilots of the Italian army was in charge, and every precaution was taken to insure success. There was a wait of several days for favorable weather, and at length the expedition set out early in the morning. The airplane rose as proudly as a bird to a great height and made off in the direction of the volcano. Those who had ascended the mountain to observe the flight saw the airplane skirt around the blue-gray sides of Vesuvius and occasionally descend to what seemed a perilously low altitude, in order that the camera man might get a better view of the belching inferno. This continued for about fifteen minutes, until it began to grow monotonous.

"Why don't they fly over the crater?" demanded an operator who was stationed on the mountainside to make pictures of the flight.

A moment later the airplane turned toward the great volume of black smoke that issued skyward in the still air. For the next few seconds every eye was on the plane. The operator on the mountain side followed its course with almost breathless interest. His hand moved mechanically with the crank of his camera, and then all of a sudden there was a halt, as if some unseen force had completely benumbed him.

The little white-winged airplane, partly enveloped in a cloud of smoke, now appeared to be perfectly still, as if suspended by a rope from the heavens. There it rested in space—it seemed an inconceivable length of time. Then, like a flash of lightning, it shot forward, and was lost to sight!

The faces of those on the mountainside became ghostlike from fear and anxiety. Great heaps of red-hot lava and cinders were pouring from the mouth of the volcano and streaming into the vast fuming crater like rain. Instinctively the spectators' eyes scanned this seething maelstrom of burning stones and poisonous gases. Death lurked here in all its horrors. A crash, a burst of flame from the certain explosion of the gasoline tank, and all that remained of the little airplane and its two daring occupants would be a tragic memory! Such was the picture that presented itself to the minds of the group of lookers-on. It was hardly possible that the pilot, after descending to within a few hundred feet of the very jaws of the volcano, could so maneuver his machine after what now seemed only too plain was a "dead" motor as not to fall into the crater. What did actually happen was sufficiently sensational and thrilling to make the average mortal's hair stand on end. A lapse of a few seconds, and the airplane emerged from the dense smoke to plunge wildly, like a ship without a rudder, into a tree not more than fifty yards from where the little group of spectators stood. It had escaped the crater by the merest chance, but in striking the tree had been completely demolished. The pilot lay unconscious, but fortunately not mortally hurt, under the wreckage, while the camera man suffered a broken arm. This, however, did not deter him from grabbing up his slightly damaged camera and making pictures of the disaster in which he had played so intimate a part. It was not until he had finished his task that he condescended to tell what occurred just prior to the crash. All had been perfect, he said, until the airplane came in contact with the deadly fumes from the volcano. These apparently so affected the motor that it stopped almost instantly. Both he and the pilot were seized with severe coughing spells and partly lost consciousness. Meantime, the airplane itself seemed to be hanging motionless in a great swirling volume of smoke. Then, in some unknown manner, it seemed to jerk and finally moved forward. In another instant it was headed straight for the tree on the mountainside. Odd though it may appear, about the only thing found intact after the accident was the film taken during the fifteen or twenty minutes the airplane circled around the volcano.

That expedition, which nearly cost the lives of two men and resulted in the total loss of the airplane, will give one an idea of the enormous expense attached to motion-picture news gathering. But expense is secondary whenever there is a really big event to be photographed. No matter in what part of the world, nor how difficult the place to reach, the movie camera man is always in the vanguard of the rescue party, if, indeed, not actually on the scene at the time. With important happenings which cast their shadows before them, the operator is sure to be there, just as the newspaper reporter is sure to be there also. The latter is unencumbered with heavy apparatus, and usually finishes his task at the local telegraph or cable office. But the camera man, after obtaining his pictures, must find the quickest mode of transport for them. Again expense is no object, provided the story is of sufficient importance. Two comparatively recent cases in point: the marriage of the King of Jugo-Slavia and the Smyrna disaster. The former event was solemnized at noon on Thursday, and the next fastest ship leaving European waters for America was scheduled to sail from

Continued on page 96





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"Kindly allow me to praise and recommend the wonderful Merke Treatment to any one who may be looking for a hair treatment which positively shows quick results. After 5 weeks' treatment a new growth of hair has shown on each side of the temple, where I have been bald for years." C. B.
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"Am glad to say I can see such great change in my hair. It is growing longer and my head is full of young hair that has made its way through since I have been using Merke Treatment. I can't say enough for it. It will do everything you claim it to do." Mrs. G. G.
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Chelsea, Mass.

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"I am dropping you a few lines to let you know about your Wonderful Merke Treatment. The top of my head is almost covered with new hair. I have been trying for the last 5 years but never could find anything that could make hair grow until I used your treatment." T. C.
Cleveland, Ohio.

By Alois Merke, Founder of Merke Institute.



FOLKS wonder how I can make such an amazing offer. No one ever dared to do it before—to guarantee absolutely to grow hair or the treatment costs nothing at all! Here's the answer. Read the letters printed on this page—letters from those who have tried this startling new method. These are just a few of the many that pour into my office every day—letters which show without a shadow of doubt that my home treatment—in the great majority of cases—*positively does grow hair!*

I don't say my treatment will grow hair in every case. There are some cases of baldness that nothing in the world can help. But I've secured such amazing results in so many other cases that I am perfectly willing to have you try my treatment at my risk! And if after 30 days you are not more than delighted with the results—if you cannot actually see a new growth of hair—then all you need to do is tell me—and without the slightest question I'll mail you a check refunding every bit of your money! **I don't want a cent of your money unless I can actually grow hair on your head—and you are the sole judge of whether or not it grows!**

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My treatment is the result of 17 years of experience gained in treating thousands of cases of baldness. This included many long years which I spent in such famous scientific research centers as Heidelberg, Berlin, Paris, Cairo and Geneva. At the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York, many have paid as high as $500 for the results brought. Yet now—through the Merke Home Treatment—these same results may be secured at home—for just a few cents a day!

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"Have been using Merke Treatment 20 days and have received great results. My hair has been falling out for 4 years and your Treatment has checked it. I had two bald spots on my head where there was not even any fuzz, and there is new hair growing on them now. I wouldn't take $50. for the Merke Treatment. I think it's the best in the world." J. M.
Smackover, Ark.

Satisfied With Results

"I am satisfied with results. Lots of hair is growing where I was bald. I mean in front where one mostly loses hair first. It was just as bare as the palms of my hands. Now hair is coming again." C. F.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Continued from page 74

ing innocence is a pose. In Mary I know it is absolutely real. She knows less about life than the ordinary child of ten. Love, marriage, the elemental forces that make up human relationships, these are a closed book to her. Her mind is crystal clear; it is also just a little vapid. For which I do not blame Mary.

Contacts and knowledge — these awaken and develop a girl mentally as well as emotionally. Actresses are not made of innocence. I do not mean to infer that a girl should be embroiled in emotional experiences in order to learn the thespic art. Acting is both of the mind and of the feelings. You don't have to be actually starved in order to portray hunger; but you must have known, some time in your life, that some one was hungry. You must have at least a notion of what hunger is like.

Hers is a child's mind, unawakened, unschooled except by carefully censored books whose very ambiguity teach nothing of value. Her heart is closed in from the world, but eager to be one with it. For one brief while, under the tutelage of Von Stroheim, the flame in that childlike soul blazed high, etched itself in unforgetable moments; there was to me something of pathos in those scenes wherein the little organ-grinder fought against the overwhelming forces that pressed her soul down. They let down the barriers, showed me the futile longings of which Mary herself is scarcely conscious.

Undoubtedly the problem is a great one, that of the mother who would shield at all costs yet who vaguely realizes that genius' development does not come from denial. Mrs. Philbin herself often expresses uneasiness. Once she spoke hesitantly, "Mary is growing up. Sometimes," hopelessly, "I feel that I'm not doing all that I should for her."

"What Mary needs," interjected a young leading man with brutal frankness, "is an affair."

Mary, who was present, turned to her mother, a brooding, a faint hint of restlessness, in her blue eyes. "What's an affair, mother? I hear them talking about 'affairs.' They must be thrilling. How do you get an affair, mother?" I would have sworn that Mary's innocence was unfeigned. Mother blushed and hastily changed the subject.

Just the other evening Mary celebrated a red-letter event—the first occasion upon which she was permitted to go out with a young man without mother along. Of course the young man was of irreproachable character and another couple, a publicity man and his wife, chaperoned them; but even this taste of the life hitherto denied her brought a flush to Mary's cheeks. At a table near them at Sunset Inn, I found the transformation in shy little Mary, the excitement that shone in her eyes, much more interesting than Connie Talmadge's latest suitor or the gyrations of the orchestra leader.

Sitting so quietly, contributing scarcely a word to the conversation, Mary was thrilled to the very core of her being, I could see. When she danced—she had two years' study back in her Chicago school days and dances with an inherent grace, her little head with its brown curls cocked to one side in quick, birdlike motions, blue eyes dreamy—she reveled in the joy of it all.

"Mother lets me go out to dinner on Sundays with two boy friends," she told me later. "They're awfully nice boys. I love to go to parties and sometimes I do. But mother knows best about all those things.

"I always wanted to be an actress. I'm the only child, you know, and mother's always felt I'd do something wonderful some day. On Saturday when there wasn't any school, I used to go to the movies and then I'd go home and play Lillian Gish for hours before the mirror. Then came the contest. I didn't have a picture, so we went to have one taken. The photographer had gone out to lunch and his wife, who said she didn't know much about it, took the picture. I thought it would be awful, but it was pretty good. Mother sent it in to the newspaper and in the final test Mr. Von chose me. My salary isn't big and mother has had to scrimp so, she does without lots of things so I can have nice clothes."

"I have the queerest dream about Mary," said Mrs. Philbin one day. "In this dream, which recurs at least once a week with variations, something always happens to her and I lose her. It worries me. You youngsters can't understand the anxiety of the mother heart or you wouldn't censure me for guarding Mary so closely. I hate to see my baby grow up. She's all I have. I want to do only what is best for her."

No, mothers don't want their girls awakened to emotional realities and I too hate to see young ideals shattered. But genuine acting does not come from illusion. Surely truth must come and I think it could be taught without wracking the young heart unnecessarily. Were Mary's talent less great, I would merely shrug her aside; but it has such infinite possibilities!

Mary Philbin's future now is nebulous. In "Merry-Go-Round" there was that pathos of a soul expressing itself unconsciously, in one tantalizing response to sympathetic understanding. Trading upon the success which will be hers when the picture is released, Universal is loaning her out. But they tell me that even that superior director, Frank Borzage, failed to awaken to any great extent beyond passing charm the slumbering fires in the scenes she did for his "Against the Grain." Mary is not without her supporters; there is a brigade back of her, there on the Universal lot, won by her innocence and charm, who feel that this loaning her out like a cup of sugar for the company's profit, is not fair to her. They have secured for her the leading rôle in the next Universal production, "My Mamie-Rose," a quaint tale of old New York.

Of this determination Mary forms no integral part. Money does not concern her. With one of those carefully chosen, ungendered books designed not to open the eyes of youth, she sits, a shy, lovely little figure, in a corner of the set. It strikes me that Mary would so like to go out and play—perhaps to dances with some handsome young sheik, mayhap to hold hands breathlessly in the shadow of the vine-draped veranda; just a bit of tomfoolery, a playing with those impulses which at eighteen begin to make themselves felt. I've caught flashes in those blue eyes—flashes that suggest Mary might be very tantalizing and interesting. But Mary is a dutiful young person.

So there is the career of Mary Philbin, hanging on to precarious holds, up and down the ladder. Conjecture is futile. If ever the blinds are torn from her too-trusting eyes, if ever she sees life as it is instead of haloed by the illusions of dreams and innocence, if ever emotional awakening and mental growth are placed in her path by circumstances, I believe that the talent in this fragile, exquisite girl-body will make itself felt unmistakably.

OFF AGAIN—ON AGAIN

It is now several years since motion-picture fans have seen Lenore Ulric on the screen, for she left the movies to find greater glories on the stage. Now the far-famed portrayer of "Kiki" has come back to pictures to create one of her stage triumphs, "Tiger Rose." Edwin Schallert had an interesting chat with her that he will relate in Picture-Play next month.

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THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

JOSEPHINE.—Of course, movie stars believe in religion! Apparently there are still some persons who think that Hollywood is a miniature pagan Rome, no, ancient Babylon—"ancient Babylon" sounds wilder. But really, Josephine, you'd be surprised at the number of sedate and church-going folk among the screen players. Some of them are regular pillars of the church, and there are a few male actors who even go so far as to usher in the faithful at their particular places of worship on Sunday mornings. Like every town, Hollywood has its citizens who go to church and those who do not. I don't know the exact ratio, but it probably would compare not unfavorably with the average town.

SKEPTIC.—No, glycerin is not always used as a substitute for tears in film scenes. In fact, it is seldom used, especially for the feminine players. Practically every director now demands natural tears, but when they aren't forthcoming on the instant various expedients are resorted to. Music is about the greatest aid, and many players have a favorite air that helps them to weep. For instance, Helene Chadwick, no matter how unlike crying she feels, can always burst into tears when "To a Wild Rose" is played; Alice Lake is especially susceptible to "Just a Little Love, a Little Kiss;" Mary Alden has done some of her most potent weeping with the aid of "Dear Old Pal of Mine;" Myrtle Stedman hums the "Meditation" from "Thaïs" to herself whenever she wishes to cry. Music is absolutely indispensable to Pola Negri, and she has a special pianist and cellist of her own who play for all of her scenes. The "Lament of Grieg" stirs a positive storm of emotion in her. The male players, naturally, have a harder time turning on the tears. The Latin types, like Valentino and Ramon Novarro, are able to weep easily; tears are not difficult, either, for such young and sensitive players as Glenn Hunter and Cullen Landis. But it is the mature Anglo-Saxon actors that have to resort most often to the glycerin bottle.

AMBITIOUS.—How much money would it take to start a movie company? Goodness, you *are* ambitious! It all depends, of course, upon the kind of pictures and the number to be made. Sometimes companies are incorporated just to produce one picture, on comparatively small capital. The screening of a story might cost anywhere from twenty thousand dollars to a million, depending, of course, upon the price of the original story, the cast, and the lavishness of production. The average five or six-reel feature film calls for an outlay, I should say, of about seventy-five thousand dollars. The trouble with most independently made films, especially by unknown producers, is that it is so difficult to get them distributed widely or profitably enough to yield the producer a good percentage, as most of the theaters are tied up with the large companies. That's why so many shoestring producers go on the rocks. It often happens, too, of course, that the film is of such a poor quality that it is not worth distribution. So if you have money to invest I should advise you to think long and earnestly before forming a movie company with it—unless you're an awfully good gambler.

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

UNIQUE STARS' CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.—How imposing you sound. I suppose you have a wonderful time—with your contests and all. So you are the Answer Man for the club. I am delighted to help a brother in distress. May Allison is five feet five and weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Alice Calhoun is eighteen. Betty Compson is not married, and never has been. The stormy Pola's address is in this issue.

CHERRY.—No, Bert Lytell is not "enjoying single blessedness." He has been married for years to Evelyn Vaughn. Can your crush survive the shock? Ethel Sands wrote about Bert in the April, 1921, issue, but all your month's allowance couldn't get a copy for you, Cherry, because we haven't one left. Sorry!

A TOOTSIE TUTOR.—I'm sorry Jackie Coogan didn't send you his picture when you inclosed a quarter, but you know Jackie has been very busy lately, what with taking trips to New York and signing half-million-dollar contracts. Have a litle more patience, and I am sure that you will get the photo finally, if you have not already. Pauline Garon was born in Canada. Why, Pauline didn't always wear the same dress in "Adam's Rib!" I can imagine Cecil De Mille's expression if he ever heard you say that. All her gowns, though, I noticed, were made on pretty much the same lines—a rather distinctive style. But as an observer, Tootsie, you are a wonderful movie fan.

JEANNETTE B.—No, I don't mind the pencil, Jeannette, especially since your little brother spilled the ink. And I think t isn't an alibi—I had a little brother twenty-two months old myself once, only his favorite sport was trying to drink iodine. Ethel Clayton was born in 1890 in (our own movie contest) a town the name of which will bring to some men exquisite memories of "gone but not forgotten" joy. Get it? Well, the town is Champaign, and the State Illinois. Both Lillian and Dorothy Gish started in pictures with D. W. Griffith about ten years ago. Before that, they had been on the stage as child actresses.

CARLOS M.—Paulette Duval is not coming to this country to act so far as I know, but a great many foreign players are eager to get into the American studios, and it may be that Paulette may come over some time soon. So far as I know, she has not been shown in anything in this country since "Nero." Theda Bara is in Hollywood now, but her only rôle to date is that of wife. A great many fans seem impatient to see her "do her stuff" again, so perhaps she will make her long-promised reappearance soon. Pola Negri is about twenty-eight; Barbara La Marr is twenty-five.

WATCHING AND WAITING.—With great patience, I suppose. Well, a movie fan looking for a story in the magazine about her favorite star needs to have it, especially if the player is not so universally famous or popular. You know, the proportion of space available is so small compared to the great number of players that have to be written about, that it takes some time to get to all of them. Even at that, only those pleasing the greatest majority of readers can be taken up. But you probably will see something about your favorite in PICTURE-PLAY soon. Leah Baird makes her films in California, at the Ince Studios. What gave you the idea that she worked abroad?

Continued on page 111

A Letter from Location

Continued from page 53

ocean is more than four miles away and, as the sand is very deep, there's no such thing as regular roads, and automobiles of course are "out."

So we do all of our riding either on horseback or on funny little sand sleds, which are peculiar to this locality. These sleds are like a small bobsled of the Eastern variety, and, when pulled by four horses, travel at about four miles an hour. This is very fair speed, as it would be impossible to walk as fast as that through the ankle-deep sand.

You know, our sex is funny, Myrtle. Hezi Tate, Mr. De Mille's assistant director, wrote out a very careful list of printed instructions for everybody, telling just what they were to wear. Every one was told that conditions made high shoes, leggings and riding breeches imperative. It was also advised that sweaters and heavy coats be carried.

But some of the girls apparently didn't bother to read that part, and so some of us—I'll have to plead partially guilty myself—arrived on these very unstable sand dunes clad in white summer skirts, silk stockings and low shoes.

But don't ever think that the men were any more clever! One chap arrived wearing one of those funny little skull caps like those worn by freshmen in college. After the first two days, he made a hurry trip into Guadalupe and bought himself a very large and very ugly straw hat, the kind farmers wear.

Don't let these frivolous remarks mislead you into thinking this location has been a lark, a vacation, a junket or anything but a strenuous experience of long hours and hard work. We rise at four thirty, we eat at six, in complete make-up, and not the least colorful feature of the huge mess hall is the corner where two hundred and twenty-four real Hebrews have their special kosher table.

The work is hard and constant all day long and it is seven before we finish. It is work harder perhaps than has ever been asked players going on a motion-picture location before, but the spirit has been wonderful.

If you possibly can get up here I wish you would make it. I think you will love this little city of ours and certainly there are many interesting characters here for writers to put into stories. Do come up; but bring your high shoes and loads of cold cream—and make an advance appointment with the hair dresser for when you return.

JULIA FAYE.



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To the man with pick and shovel the digging of holes for telephone poles is a slow and arduous task. Under favorable soil conditions three to five holes are for him an average day's work. Under adverse conditions perhaps he can account for only one. When the hole is dug, eight or ten men are required to raise the pole with pikes.

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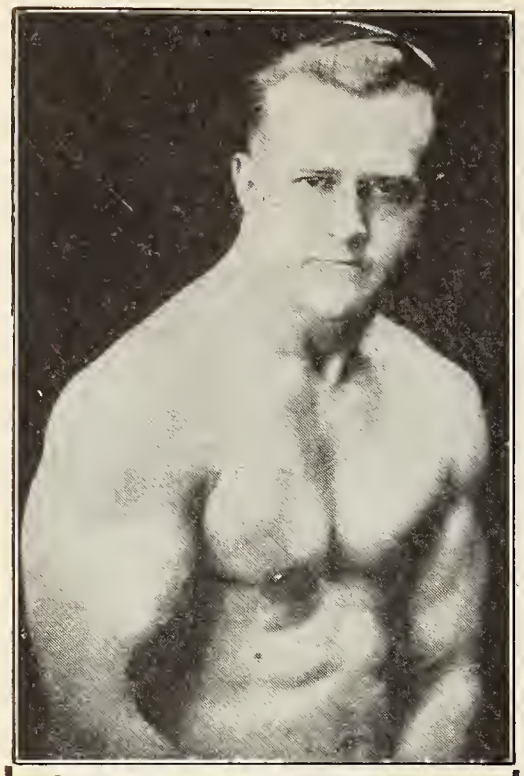
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If you were dying to-night and I offered you something that would add ten years to your life, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well, fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying, for it will then be too late. Now is the time. To-morrow, some disease may get you and if you are not equipped to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance!

A REBUILT MAN

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you but I build those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

ALL I ASK IS NINETY DAYS

Who says it takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old back-bone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you've only started. Now comes the real works. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make those friends of yours that think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.

A REAL MAN

When I am through you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will do things that you had thought impossible. And you keep on going. Your deep full chest breathes in rich pure air stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge, square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular he man. You have the flash to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you sought after in both the business and social world.

This is no idle prattle, fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead. I like it. I have done this for thousands of others. My records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I will do for you. Come then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life to you.

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Motion Pictures of the Mighty

Continued from page 90

Cherbourg on Saturday morning. Obviously, to catch that liner the film had to be transported by airplane from Belgrade to Paris, a distance of more than one thousand five hundred miles. Arrangements were made accordingly well in advance, and within an hour after the wedding ceremony my camera man was flying toward Budapest. Arriving at the Hungarian capital four hours later, he rested there for the night. Although it was raining heavily next morning, he was up at daybreak and started in another machine for Vienna, thence on to Prague, Strasbourg and Paris, stopping just long enough in Vienna, Prague and Strasbourg to change planes. Of course, this had all been carefully thought out and planned weeks ahead of time. The result was the film reached Paris early on Friday evening, and went forward to New York on the Saturday boat.

When the news of the great Smyrna fire became known in Paris I immediately sent an operator by airplane to Constantinople, where he connected with a French warship en route to the stricken city and arrived there in time to photograph the triumphal entry of the Turkish army amid the smoldering ruins. Another camera man, who chanced to be in Smyrna when the fire started, obtained a film of the conflagration at its height, and at once started for Constantinople, where he engaged an airplane and flew to Paris. Thus, within two weeks of the disaster, the complete story of Smyrna during its burning and immediately after was given to the American people in motion pictures.

The marriage of Princess Mary in London was an expensive operation for the movies. Choice positions for camera men sold as high as one hundred pounds each (nearly five hundred dollars). As each picture news weekly had from five to fifteen operators at work on the ceremonies, it will be seen what it cost them. One concern engaged a small steamer in Boston and sent it out to lay off the New England coast to meet the great liner on which the film of Princess Mary's wedding was transported across the Atlantic. Then, after hurrying the film to Boston, where numerous copies were speedily made, it was taken to New York by airplane. By so doing, the pictures were shown many hours sooner than if the company had waited for the big liner's arrival in New York.

An example of how camera men are sometimes compelled to improvise scenes for news pictures was shown by one chap early in the morning of Princess Mary's wedding. He was determined to get to Buckingham Palace ahead of the crowd, and ordered a taxicab the night before to pick him up at four a. m. On the way to the palace he espied a black cat. Halting the taxi, he alighted, grabbed up the cat and continued on his way. When he finally arrived at the threshhold of royalty, he took his camera out of the taxi, but locked the cat in. Then he waited for daylight. The crowds began assembling, and when he felt the moment opportune, the operator opened the door of the taxi and let the cat out. Frightened by the people who were now pushing and jamming outside the palace gates, the cat ran inside the great courtyard. The movie man was equally alert, and his first pictures of the day showed the black cat climbing the steps of the palace down which the Princess Mary herself was to come a little later in her bridal gown.

Milady—from Jamaica

Continued from page 34

it. Three hours had lapsed since I arrived. The Lady had talked me spellbound and powderless about people, personalities, philosophies.

The windows of her boudoir were flung wide open. Beyond lay a magnificent panorama of Los Angeles and environs.

"Lovely, isn't it!" she exclaimed in a low, mezzo voice, indicating the view.

The light struck her eyes and I was startled by their green tone. Olive green. The words of Madame Glyn came back to me!

"She has eyes like My Lady."

While she located a new powder puff for me she chatted with feminine enthusiasm about a drawer full of smart purses and beautiful bags that intrigued my interest—also vampires.

"But let me tell you that I think the little blondined, baby-eyed doll nearly always in real life is the unrecognizable vampire, who in her sweet, simpering way kills you and then drinks your blood."

I removed my glasses.

"You are a discerning woman, Miss Pringle. How do you like picture people?"

"I like it tremendously over at Goldwyn's. There's an air of refine-

ment in the studio. Everybody looks as if he had taken a bath, too. I think Rupert Hughes' repartee is brilliant. And I like picture people immensely. Otherwise, why should I be one of them!

"And I know the lingo of pictures now. And can knock anybody's front teeth out by cracking him on the back with a 'Hello, old thing, how's the camera grinding?'"

She left me on the doorstep of her home, sent me back to town in her closed car and threw a farewell kiss very charmingly.

Winding through the Hollywood hills I mentally located Jamaica's geographic position. Jamaica where the ginger and rum come from—also Aileen Pringle—a lady—a Chinese poem set to Debussy music—*The Lady* of "Three Weeks."

Sapristi!—How Foreign!

Continued from page 22

strong—id-e-alistic! Always I hope for ze day he call me to ze picture for him."

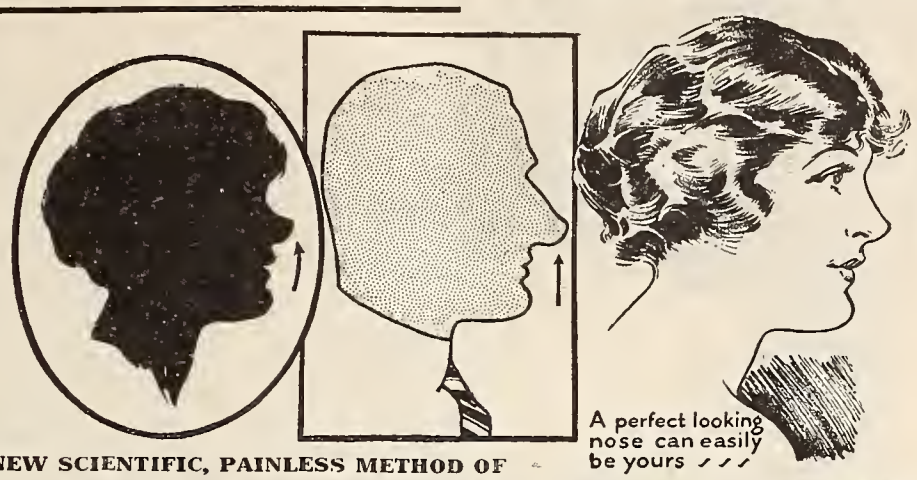
Under such direction Jetta Goudal should go far. She is genuinely ambitious, not at all blasé toward life or art, and intensely anxious to make her mark on what she called ze scrin. Whenever she had occasion to speak of acting she radiated enthusiasm. She is as excited over each new rôle as if it were her first. And she has small patience with the repressed school of directing.

"Mr. Robertson was courteous, kind—but ah! he did not strike ze spark in us! I mus' have ze fiery director who will go through ze feeling of a scene wiz me. When he say, 'Ah, my dear, zat was fine!' I can do all ze better." She flashed a naive smile. "All actresses, I sink, are children."

It was an interesting confession. So many actresses seem to think that actresses are earthly goddesses.

Unless driven through a scene, Jetta said her work tended to be "how—shall I say—mech-an-ic?" At times her mishaps with English were so artistic that I almost suspected them to be prepared. Jetta Goudal is so French-Spanish-Italian that she must occasionally be accused of overacting. Perhaps this does her injustice: perhaps the thrilled r's and the Gallic *zisses* and *zats* are all quite natural. Perhaps it is impossible for her to speak in less Anna Heldian accents. Whether assumed, cultivated, overdone or purely natural, her accent is a delicious cocktail for the tympanum, so who will question it?

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Continued from page 68

to the changed conditions." Mrs. Stedman spoke frankly but generously of the lady's difficulties. "She had been a star. After several years' retirement she returned, in an all-star cast. But somehow she still retained the idea that it was her own company. One doesn't give orders these days to the director—and get away with it. The director is responsible. He is handicapped by many things, but whatever the worth or the failure of the picture be, he alone must answer for it. And rightly, too. One can't be before and behind the camera at the same time. Bnt this tactless soul was of a different mind. She wanted to run the show. Instead, at her age, she should be grateful for the opportunity to *act*.

"It is easier, though, for one who has kept in contact with the changing conditions right along. It was hard for me to make the step to 'characters,' but necessity gives us courage. Linky was growing up; we had to live; besides, I realized the humor of the situation."

A saving grace, that sense of humor. It softens the determination in her blue eyes; the firm mouth takes on a whimsical curve wholly delightful.

"Then four years ago, Linky announced that he wanted to be an actor. At first I hesitated. The idea of having an almost-grown son in pictures—well, not every actress would have cared for the idea. But Linky," smiling tolerantly upon her big, strapping son, "was entitled to his chance. It was only last year, after he had played in a number of Charles Ray's pictures, that we were cast in the same film, 'The Dangerous Age.' But only distantly, one might say. We never met on the lot, as we were in different episodes.

"I should like some day to play his mother—only I'm afraid I never could be sad and pathetic in scenes with my own son, as mothers are supposed to be on the screen. Linky would start kidding me and 'break me up,' as the studio parlance has it."

"We don't go out so very much, Linky and I," she continued, blue eyes tranquil. "We call ourselves 'Stedman & Son, Inc.' because we're sort of sufficient unto ourselves. I like Linky to go around with the youngsters his age and he does sometimes——"

"But I never have any fun," interjected Lincoln, "unless the senior partner's there. You know somethin'," he turned to me, pointing his finger emphatically, "I'm darn proud of my girl, I am. Her name's Myrtle an' she's got a blue dress on with white thing-ma-jigs an' a gold doo-daddle an'" — floundering — "an' anyway she's the best-lookin' thing in town."

"Linky!" his mother admonished, "be still. Don't pay any attention to him, he's always kidding."

After dinner, a man came with the loveliest antiques—powder boxes and trays and goblets of hammered brass and bronze and cloisonné, things that you can't buy in shops. Down on the floor we all sat, Mrs. Stedman as eager as any of us, with the costly trinkets grouped about us.

"Imagine putting hairpins in that—one hundred and fifty dollars! I'd put it in a glass case with a 'Don't Touch!' label."

Though obviously tempted, she folded up the gorgeous five-hundred-dollar Batik, while desire and denial fought over the antiques. Finally she selected six goblets and a tray and, with reluctance, firmly refused a three-piece enameled dressing-table set. The man's insistence she met with a gentle firmness—she has a little way of ending a discussion instantly by a simple pressure of her lips together, a decisive gesture that must have stood her in good stead during the hardships and battles of the years gone by. But Linky, obviously very proud of his ability to do so, bought the lovely set for her.

"I'm afraid I haven't been very good copy." Mrs. Stedman fastened my cape, solicitous about my health —always mothering every one younger. "But a long time ago I had all the foolish fads and nonsensical theories knocked out of my system. I work because I have done so for so long that I would be lost without it, because any kind of work—star or character-acting or digging ditches—is better than loafing. And because —though it sounds asinine to say it —I want to do worth-while things.

"I try to play real women—just the sort of everyday creatures you meet anywhere—into whose lives come the dramatic happenings which constitute the plots. Pauline Frederick is the ideal I'm working toward. But I don't talk much about all that, because it seems so silly to rave about what you're going to do. I'm just trying to prove what thousands of other women are proving—that a woman may be a mother and a worker at the same time."

And therein lies the reason for the imprint of realism that Myrtle Stedman's screen-characterizations leave upon you—she's such a regular human being herself!

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A Comedian—Not a Hero

Continued from page 60

him a leading part with her on four days' notice. He accepted, and has not gummed on a beard since.

He created the rôle of Booth Tarkington's *Clarence,* acted later on the screen by Wallace Reid, and found himself acknowledged a comedian of decisive originality. In quick succession other plays followed, as they do once one has "arrived" on Broadway, and the inclusion of the screen was inevitable with an actor young, ambitious, eager.

Yet these copy-book merits don't begin to approximate Alfred Lunt. Let me, for my own pleasure, say that he is a drawing-room leprechaun. Puck grown up, with a sense of humor that glances and ripples and sparkles. He has the charm of the mercurial mim and none of his faults.

The Best Answer to Criticism

Continued from page 44

Lois Weber, who thought she was just suited to play a certain small part in "The Dumb Girl of Portici." The young actress made an impression in this and so she decided to go to Hollywood. It is rather remarkable for a young girl who could be and has been cast for pretty parts to prefer rôles like *Lulu Bett* and *Maggie Wylie.* Of course these are the really interesting rôles, for anybody can look pretty if they are designed that way, *but everybody cannot act.* All around we have mute evidence of that fact. So, in choosing these rôles Miss Wilson displays her wisdom.

The night before we left Hollywood we went to a big dance in the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel. Miss Wilson was there and she waved to us from across the dance floor. She wore a stunning pink chiffon frock with crystal trimming, and a big Spanish comb in her hair which was elaborately piled on top of her head. And now you probably believe we are going to say that we were amazed at her beauty and pondered over the difference clothes do make.

Not a bit of it.

Lois Wilson, in all her glowing raiment, still looked only a very nice girl. And we weren't surprised when, on the way out, she confided to us, "I hate to go out evenings and I hate to stay up late. I suppose it is because I don't care for dancing nor for dressing up. It bores me."

As a rule such people bore us; but Lois Wilson doesn't. She is very amusing because she tells you of her virtues and regards them as faults.



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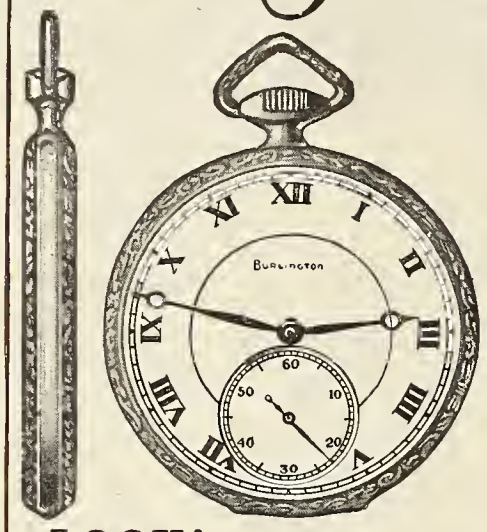
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Over the Teacups

Continued from page 49

Swedish restaurant on Thirty-sixth Street," I chimed in enthusiastically.

"Yes," Fanny admitted, distracted for the moment by the mention of food. "He used to go to Henry's, where they have the big table of hors-d'œuvres in the center of the restaurant. Every one takes a plate and helps himself and if you don't try at least thirty-nine different kinds of stuffed sardines and pickled eggs with truffles the head waiter is insulted. I must take ZaSu Pitts there. She wants to see all of the sights in New York."

"I can think of nothing of less importance than taking ZaSu Pitts to a restaurant. Any one who can cook as she can——"

But Fanny was not to be stilled. "I know," she admitted. "Her roast chicken is a poem, her biscuits are a symphony, her—— Speaking of food, where is our waiter?"

After he had been found and Fanny had ordered everything she could think of she rambled on. "Did you know that a lot of the old World films are to be reissued? I can hardly wait to see June Elvidge and Alice Brady and Jeanne Eagles in some of their old pictures. Won't the clothes look funny? I've been seeing some old Norma Talmadge pictures and while she is perfectly lovely in them, the old-fashioned clothes are distracting. I wish they would show 'Panthea' again. I'll never get tired of that picture. Speaking of Norma, the old Brooklyn Vitagraph studio has been opened up again and a picture of Norma taken when she first went there years ago still hangs on the office wall. It looks so quaint and sweet. Madge Evans is working over there now. Won't it seem funny to see little Madge Evans grown up? Mary Carr is in the picture with her, it is 'On the Banks of the Wabash' made from the old song. I only hope they don't have Mary Carr play Madge's mother. I can't bear pictures where the parents look about eighty years older than their children. I'm wondering if George Fawcett won't seem a bit old to be May McAvoy's father in 'West of the Water Tower.'

"And have you heard about Valentino?" Fanny gasped between gulps of tea. "When he went abroad, his real estate agent put an advertisement in the New York papers that Valentino's apartment in the Hotel des Artistes was for rent and the next day the mob of women up there was so great they almost had to call out a special traffic squad to manage them.

"Some of the girls tried to steal souvenirs from his apartment. Anything from a cake of soap to a sample of his living-room rug. They might even have chipped off the plaster on the walls if they hadn't been closely watched."

Fanny rambled on in her usual way about how wonderful it is that all this adulation hasn't turned Valentino's head, stopped now and then to nod to friends, and even make a sketch for me of a suit of Bebe Daniels' that she thought I ought to have copied.

But even Fanny tires of talking in time, so she suggested that we go out and see eight or ten movies.

"Why is it," she wailed, "that the ones that are coming always sound more interesting than the ones that are being shown? I'm just dying to see Norma Shearer in 'The Wanters.' I always used to feel so sorry for her when she was here in New York and was trying so hard and getting so few real opportunities. And I'm simply dying to see little Ina Anson, the dancer who is appearing in Goldwyn pictures. If she is half as graceful as people say she is, you will see me no more. I'll seclude myself in a dancing school."

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 65

parties. According to Freud, the heroine certainly had a suppressed desire for strong liquor.

But there is a child—in the dream—and a cunning little tot can reconcile even its dream pa to its dream ma. So when the girl wakes up and the young man proposes, she accepts him. Just because the dream child says, "I want 'oo for my mamma." However, maybe the girl really married the plastered saint because she had got a taste for the life.

Tom Moore and Ann Forrest put up a gallant fight against tremendous odds.

How times have changed! And how melodrama has changed with them! The Raja of "The Green Goddess," upon losing the girl, pulls the immortal line quoted above: "She probably would have been a damned nuisance, anyway." St. Elmo, in the revival of the old melodrama, discovers that the girl is faithless and



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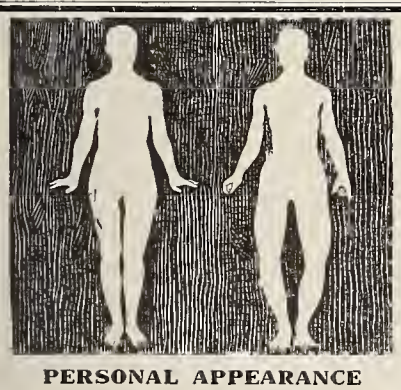
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promptly turns into the damned nuisance himself.

William Fox has tried to force a little blood into the old favorite without much success. Few people will be able to work up much interest in the blackness of St. Elmo's soul before his redemption by the good girl. John Gilbert plays the rôle in melodramatic fashion but he is only a feeble shadow in comparison with Corse Payton who used to break every heart in Brooklyn in my girlish days. Bessie Love brings her wistful charm to the rôle of leetle Edna Earle.

Thomas Meighan and Lila Lee in another one. That sums up "Homeward Bound." Oh, yes, and there is a good storm at sea and lots of avast, belay atmosphere. The outward excitement is all there but as for the keener sort of thrills, there is none at all. Except, of course, the presence of Mr. Meighan, whom I would love even if he had played the leading rôle in "Marriage Morals."

"Mothers-in-Law" is one hundred per cent pure hokum and is what exhibitors, in their childlike faith, call a "box-office attraction." "The Man Who Won" proves that time cannot diminish Dustin Farnum's taste for Westerns. The tribe of he-men also lives in "Blinky," with Hoot Gibson. And also in William Desmond in "Shadows of the North."

"Loyal Lives" is a well-meaning production, made by Vitagraph, to show that postmen have a hard time of it, what with delivering Christmas cards and vacation-time postals. I couldn't sit through all the picture because I got thinking about the joke of the postman who was shot by the G. A. R. veteran, who thought he was a Confederate soldier.

May I, before I exit laughing, remind you to be sure to see "Little Old New York," "The Green Goddess," and "Hollywood?"

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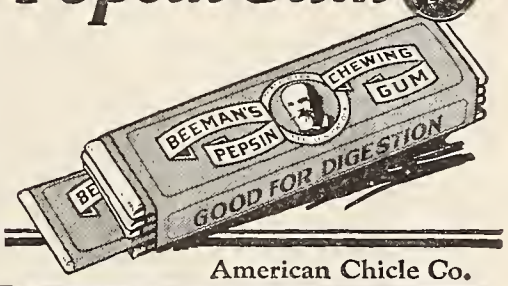
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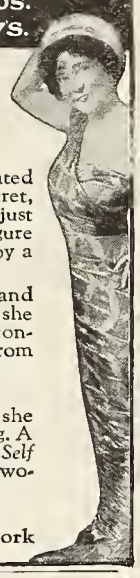
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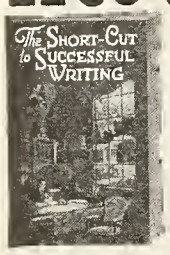
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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 15

From my point of view, the thing that is wrong is for the theater manager, who knows that the film is a reissue, to try to make his patrons think it is a new subject. This is breaking faith with his patrons.

When the Rodolph Valentino craze came into full blast, companies started to dust off their ancient films in which Valentino had a small part. These same films were often put out as new products and in some cases Valentino was announced as the star. The Valentino reissues I have heard of are "Once to Every Woman," "All Night," "The Delicious Little Devil," "The Married Virgin," "The Rogue's Romance," "Frivolous Wives," "Stolen Moments." Another film, "The Wonderful Chance," with Eugene O'Brien, is still making its rounds. The only Valentino reissue I have seen is Vitagraph's "A Rogue's Romance." Our Rudy appeared only in a comparatively few scenes. I was so disappointed in it.

"The Fatal Marriage," with Lillian Gish and Wallace Reid, is the one reissue that has fooled thousands of people. I know a respectable couple who went to it, and they told me: "Why, but it is an old picture made several years ago before Lillian Gish and Wallace Reid attained their real fame."

Other reissues on the market are: Richard Barthelmess in "Just a Song at Twilight," Dorothy Gish in "The Country Flapper," Mae Murray in "What Am I Bid?" H. B. Warner in "The Sheik of Araby," and Mabel Normand in "Head Over Heels."

There is a firm in operation which makes a business of reissuing the old Triangle pictures. Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, William S. Hart, Douglas Fairbanks, and other famous stars were in the old Triangle line-up.

By the way, a lot of these are excellent pictures and quite worth while seeing. But people should not be misled into thinking they are new.

MARTIN BOYER.
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A Suggestion for Dick Barthelmess.

Richard Barthelmess is very good looking, and his good looks shouldn't be wasted.

I think that Richard Barthelmess should be "collegiate," drive "zippy roadsters," and cater to the flappers. Well, perhaps he shouldn't just cater to flappers, but he should play youthful parts. I liked "Fury," not because of the fights, but because of his youth and innocence.

Now, after "The Bright Shawl" and "The Fighting Blade," he should make a more modern picture in which he plays a youthful part. T. C. VAN ANTWERP.

P. S.—"Dick" is handsome, and the best movie actor there is—he's my favorite actor.

A Rebuke for All Knockers.

Gosh, these fans make me tired, they are always on the outs about their favorite star. Why aren't they the same as I? I like each and every one and have no kick about any of them except maybe the plays they are in. Of course some have more personality than others, but those that haven't personality are gifted with other charms. I think they all are simply grand.

I have photos of, oh, so many stars, and letters also, but I believe Alice Calhoun has been the best—to me—about writing. And about the extra people. Very few fans ever say anything about an extra, yet they help to make a motion picture as well as the star, and most all extras have the same ambition for success as the little star did on his first rung of the ladder.

I wish that all the fans would think that they are *hurting some one's feelings* when they are giving one star the praise and knocking another.

ETHEL GINGRICH.
Chicago, Ill.

A Player's Acknowledgment.

It just occurred to me that the fans who like Gloria Swanson so much might like to hear from one who knew her a long time ago, and who has played in one of her pictures lately. This is partly, too, a defense of Miss Swanson for some of the unkind things that have been said about her by those who don't know her. Since I worked in "Prodigal Daughters," in which Gloria Swanson starred for Paramount, I have received quite a number of fan letters asking me what I really think of her.

I knew her some time before she became a famous star. She was a charming girl and I liked her very much. Even in those days she was very ambitious and worked awfully hard to get ahead. But we were separated and for several years, until I was cast in "Prodigal Daughters," I never saw her again in person.

Needless to say, the rôle in her picture meant a great deal to me, for it was my first work for Lasky since my childhood. I was awfully nervous and excited. I wanted so much to make good. And then, too, I couldn't help wondering if she would remember me and how she would treat me.

People who should have known better told me not to be hurt if she "upstaged" me or treated me badly. They said I could expect that. You know, some people are always knocking those who have succeeded. But they advised me just to remember what the part meant to me and to do my best and not to be offended or angry. When I told these people that I had known Miss Swanson before, they laughed and told me to "forget all that."

You can imagine how frightened I was my first day at the studio. I was prepared for almost anything; but even then I was surprised, for the minute Miss Swanson came on the set she saw and recognized me. She came running over at once and threw her arms around me and said, "My, how nice and thin you are now. The last time I saw you, you were awfully fat." (I was a chubby little girl.)

Well, it would take pages and pages of paper and bottles of ink to tell what I think of Gloria Swanson now. I have never been more nicely treated than I was in her picture. She was wonderful to work with. The fans who write me quite often mention my "big scene" in "Prodigal Daughters." It was the crying scene, and Gloria was in it, too. She had to take my face in her hands to comfort me. Right in that scene is where I learned the real Gloria.

For she turned my face to the camera, so that the tears could be seen easily. To do this, she had to turn her own face away from the camera, thereby giving me the entire scene. It was my big chance, and she gave it to me entirely, when it would have been so easy for her to have



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turned my head away and taken the scene for herself.

I could not have gotten it myself; in fact, the only way it could have been done was the way she did it—that is, at a sacrifice of her own work in that particular scene. I will always be indebted to Gloria Swanson for that unselfish act. Furthermore, I know that she has been just as generous to others, for since then I have heard of other similar instances. I don't think it's a bit fair for some of the fans to call her "cold and selfish," because it's not true. VERA REYNOLDS.

From Two Admirers of Mary.

It is pleasant to read what some of the fans have to say about pictures, and those who play in them. And inasmuch as it is permissible for them to give expression to their likes and dislikes through your columns, the players must expect to read such an opinion as, "I do not care for Thus-and-so's acting."

But when a fan writes in her personal prejudices for no earthly good, and only the slim reason of *personal dislike*, she has simply taken advantage of the courtesy extended her. It is too much, I think.

As for Our Mary, who was recently so criticized by one of your readers, the reason she has won her everlasting place in the hearts of the world is because she played the parts that appealed to men, women, and children *who have had a hard time in this old world.*

I can sympathize with Mary in her leaner days, and her rise to the heights obtained deserves the admiration of all. She has made the world better by having lived in it. And I doubt if many of her critics can establish any such commendation. The human race needs the inspiration that she gives to tired bodies, worried brains, fretful nerves. Mary is the chief of entertainment. Mary is a lovable character, true to herself, and to others. Some day the great Judge will say to her, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

You see, I am for "Our Mary." May God bless her heart and soul.

And I have no personal grudges and dislikes for any of the others.

J. J. ENLOE.

Hitchins, Ky.

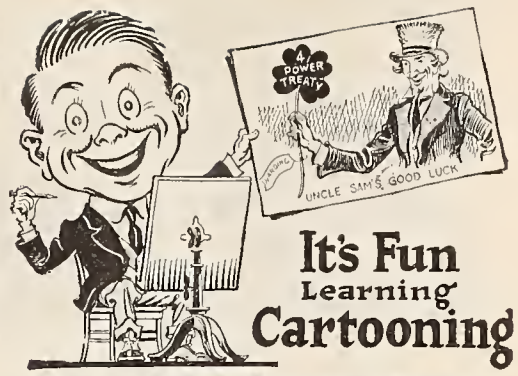
I really couldn't rest until I had written and said I thoroughly disagree with Joseph Molerney for saying what he did about Mary Pickford recently in this department. To say she is not as popular or as youthful and charming as she was a few years back is quite wrong. Mary is *more* beautiful and *younger* looking than when she first appeared in pictures, and as for not being so popular—well, I have to laugh at that! I don't know how it is in the United States, but over here in England when we want to see a Pickford film we have to line up in a queue and wait a considerable time even for standing room. Miss Pickford always has been my favorite, and I say she is the greatest star in the movie world. I adore her in her delightful child rôles, and sincerely hope she will not forsake such parts and grow up on the screen, as she appears to be doing in "Rosita."

MARJORIE FIDGE.

20, New Steine, Brighton, England.

A Champion of Two Players.

Why does the public rave so and clamor for Valentino and Negri when we have such fine actors as Guy Bates Post and Irene Rich? One seldom sees much about these players in the magazines, which seems very queer to me, for they



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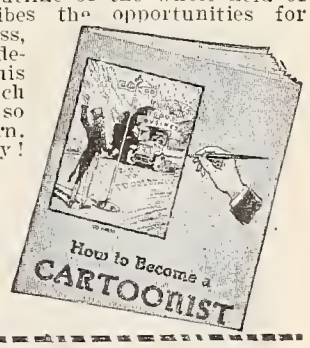
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are deserving of much praise. "Valentinos may come and Valentinos may go, but Guy Bates Post goes on forever!"

I won't say much about Irene Rich. Alvin Tweedy in his letter published in PICTURE-PLAY for August says it for me.

NAZER HUSK ROTHCHILD.
6809 Bennett Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

A Friend of All the Players.

Pola Negri is getting a rough deal since she came to our country. Every one seems to be concerned chiefly in her private affairs. We should not care what she does in real life, it's her screen acting that should get our criticism. She is a great actress. She is very beautiful, sincere, magnetic, and puts her whole heart and soul in the part she plays. I sincerely hope the Lasky Company will not spoil her by making her film characters into *Pollyannas*.

How can any one knock Mae Murray? We should admire her for her wonderful dancing, and not scorn her for her not-so-wonderful acting. In spite of all, the theaters are jammed when she is the attraction. I have no knocks for any of the stars. I love them all.

MRS. S. TOTILLO.
623 Union Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Where Doug's Admirers Come From.

In the PICTURE-PLAY for September Adele G. Foster says: "One of the unsolved mysteries of the century is Doug's seat atop the world. Won't some one start a campaign to find out from what class his devotees seep?" The rest of her letter seems to indicate that she thinks most of Doug's admirers are from the sporting world and include but few girls.

I am a girl, and not a baseball or football fan, either. But I am a movie fan and Douglas Fairbanks has been my favorite star for four years. I see his pictures when they are shown in Minneapolis and again in Anoka. I have seen every picture he has made in the last five years and many of his earlier ones. I have read his books and everything I could find about him in the magazines. I say he deserves his "seat atop the world," and that he gained his present eminence largely because he had the courage to go ahead and give us what we wanted—historical romance—when nearly all the producers thought the costume drama would not pay.

Adele G. Foster asks if his smile ever really thrilled any girl. I don't think he *is* the type to whom girls write silly love notes; that is an additional reason why I admire him—he seems so sensible, with not a bit of the matinée idol about him. But I don't see how any one who has seen him in "The Mark of Zorro," "The Three Musketeers," and "Robin Hood" can doubt that he is one of the greatest of screen lovers. He shows much better taste in love scenes than most actors, for he is one of the few who can get love scenes over without making them appear mushy and silly.

Judging from the crowds of men, women, and children that fairly pack the theaters of Minneapolis and Anoka when one of his pictures is shown, there are plenty of people who share my enthusiasm for him. I know from conversation with my friends who saw "Robin Hood" that the girls enjoyed it as much as the men did.

I like Doug because he is a typical American, because he is so strong and energetic, because he is the type that can be admired by both sexes and all ages, and his cheery smile can thrill people of *all* classes, and not just flappers alone.

Yours truly, EVELYN E. BOWEN.
Route 2, Anoka, Minn.

Three Kinds of Stars.

Of the many stars of to-day I have listed those who seem to me most popular in three classes, with my frank opinion of them. The first class is composed of those who have reached stardom by sincere, hard work. The second class those who were starred principally on account of their beauty. The third class —well, read on.

The first class includes Mary Pickford, the sweetest personality on the screen, truly deserving the title of "America's Sweetheart;" Harold Lloyd, the best and cleanest comedian we have on the screen; Richard Barthelmess—a real honest-to-goodness actor, one we could slap on the back and say: "Atta boy, Dick, we're with you!" And to these I would add Lillian Gish, a little wisp of sunshine, making her characters so real they live in our memory always.

Those whom I regard as successful principally because of their beauty are: Agnes Ayres, Katherine MacDonald, and Mary Miles Minter.

Gloria Swanson and Rudy come under a class of their own. The former impresses me as being a spoiled darling, though she surely is a splendid model for the stunning gowns she wears. But she makes me feel as though she were saying, "Give me the whole picture or I won't play. So *there!*" And as for Rudy, whenever I see him I have a wild impulse to muss up that hair of his.

MARY GIBNEY.
Norwood, Pa.

Fanny the Fan is Rebuked.

This is my first fan letter, though I have been a regular reader of PICTURE-PLAY and its admirer for years. But I am herein asking the privilege to take exception to a certain paragraph appearing in the column of "Fanny the Fan" of the August edition.

I am speaking of my old and coming favorite, George Walsh. The aforementioned column appears to be strictly a line of women's chatter for women fans alone, but I happen to read it occasionally when I am not too bored. So it was that I happened to notice Fanny's remarks anent my friend, George Walsh. In plain words, they were downright catty. I have followed this actor's career from the old days when he was a star for Fox, appearing in features that were so valueless in themselves as to have killed any ordinary player, professionally speaking, but were redeemed only by his splendid, virile personality. Perhaps, had Mr. Walsh been featured in "jellybean" rôles and in some of the "sheiky" stuff with which we have lately been overdosed, he would be more in solid with the feminine faction, Fanny the Fan included, and would not cause them to ponder so at his growing importance in leading casts. But, thanks to the eternal fitness of things, as the real he-man that he is, Mr. Walsh would never appear in such sugar-coated dope. No doubt, there are many other fans who rejoice with me to see him in his constantly rising success, justly deserved, and are awaiting with eagerness his next triumphant appearance as leading man with the stellar star of the screen, Mary Pickford.

C. A. MCALISTER,
Secretary, City Detective Bureau.
City Hall, Beaumont, Texas.

From a Fan in Wales.

Having been a regular subscriber to PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE for over three years, I feel it is time that I sent in my humble contribution to "What the Fans

Continued on page 106

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 104

Think," especially as no one has previously written from Wales. First of all I want you to know that I consider PICTURE-PLAY the best magazine of its kind published. It makes one feel good to read the straightforward criticism of Agnes Smith in "The Screen in Review"—where a mediocre production is panned unmercifully. I notice that she is exceptionally unkind to a British picture in the August number, but I s'pose it deserved all it got. This might seem very unpatriotic from a Britisher, but it's the truth, and although British productions are certainly improving, they are still very far behind. Art is international and will not tolerate narrow restrictions, so if America gives us the best pictures let her receive the credit for doing so.

There are many people in this country who would ban the German pictures just because we happened to have a bit of a scrap with them. Fortunately, we have not been deprived of seeing the best of these, although the origin and identity of the films are carefully concealed. Not one in ten knows where the picture was made. I do not believe in blind patriotism which would deprive humanity of some of the best in art, music, and literature.

As to my favorites, they consist chiefly of men. I greatly admired Joseph Schildkraut in "Orphans of the Storm," and am looking forward eagerly to his next production. William Farnum is also an old favorite of mine, and he is also a universal favorite in these islands, although, judging from your magazine, he seems to have fallen from his pedestal "over there." In my opinion, he is a sterling actor who has given us some fine portrayals, but has been let down of late years by terribly bad plays. His brother Dustin is also a fine actor, but will ultimately be spoiled by the weak stuff being doled out to him at present. Among my other favorites—all of whom seem to come in for very little publicity—are included Albert Roscoe, Charles Clary, John Bowers, G. Raymond Nye, Bertram Grassby, and William Scott. I should also mention Gareth Hughes, one of the few Welsh players in American pictures.

Gyda dymuniadan Goven (with best wishes), JENKYN JAMES LLOYD.
30 Machen Place, Riverside, Cardiff, South Wales, Great Britain.

Two Replies to Mr. Hilliard.

When I read the August issue of your magazine I found myself wishing to see Mr. Herbert B. Hilliard in order to tell him a few things. He says he has learned to appreciate the movies, yet he cannot bear Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Rodolph Valentino, Charlie Chaplin, and Jackie Coogan!

The idea!

I just wonder if he has ever *seen* any of these players? Who could resist the appeal in the eyes of Jackie Coogan?

I was certainly surprised and delighted when I read those letters from the movie stars, and my cry is "Let's have more like them!" I think that those letters ought to make some people hang their heads and promise themselves to write only helpful criticism of the movie folk.

The idea of saying simply "I detest this one," or "That one makes me sick," and not doing anything but knock, knock, knock! AN INTERESTED FAN.
Laurel, Miss.

Mr. Herbert B. Hilliard says that "Hail the Woman," "The Dust Flower," and "Nice People" are three of the thirteen best dramas of the year. *I'd* hate to think so. The only thing of any value to me in "Hail the Woman" was Madge Bellamy's beautiful acting. I didn't think "Gimme" was anything unusual, either. If "the play's the thing," as Mr. Hilliard repeats, why not have a place on the list for "One Exciting Night" or "Java Head" and "Driven," all of which have different plots that are faithfully interpreted. I agree with Mr. Hilliard that Lillian Gish is one of our best actresses.

I think it silly to blame Rudy's popularity on the flappers. In our town the staid old matrons are the goofiest of all about him. RICHARD HENSON.
131 North Fourth Street, Sterling, Colo.

A Booster for the Newcomers.

Why do people persist in sending for photos of every known star, and then kicking because they don't get them? They only spoil it for the sincere fans. I, for one, have never had any trouble whatever in getting photos, for the simple reason that I only send for those of the stars I really like. I also have received a few wonderful letters from them. I think it's mean to send for photos just to see if you can get more than some one else. I wonder if they ever stop to think what it must cost the stars for photos? I am a professional, and I know what they cost.

Now for some praise for Lon Chaney. I think he is the most perfect villain of the screen. I'm for him every time. I do wish people would appreciate him more than they do.

The woman star I like best of all is Bebe Daniels. She is perfect in my estimation. I've waded through three feet of snow to see her. And, believe me, we sure have some snow up here. I have faith in a few of the newcomers, such as Eleanor Boardman, Ramon Novarro, Ricardo Cortez, Vera Reynolds, and Aileen Pringle. They will come over the top with flying colors. My best wishes are with them for success. If, by standing on a soap box on Congress Street here, I could help them a wee bit by boosting them, I'd do it gladly.

MRS. H. M. STERLING.
4 Seventh Street, South Portland, Maine.

Richard Forever!

I am writing this letter both as an apology to Richard Barthelmess and as an explanation to his many fans.

Recently you published a letter of mine wherein I made a very caustic reference to Mr. Barthelmess, saying that he sent me a cheap picture in return for my quarter. At the time I did not fully realize what a cruel jab my words were. No doubt the popular stars are so weary of buying expensive pictures to send to the picture-collecting maniacs—some of the fans boast that they have dozens, even hundreds, of pictures of certain favorites—that they have decided to curtail this needless expense by using inexpensive ones. At any rate, Richard read my letter in PICTURE-PLAY and forthwith mailed me a large, handsome autographed photo! Bless his heart! How delighted I was! He had torn out my letter and fastened it accusingly to the edge of the picture. His attitude made me regret my two-edged thrust and now I simply adore him.

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From Another Pola Fan.

I agree with Mrs. H. A. Wier in her article in the July issue, "Anything to Please Pola." I think Miss Negri is one of the most beautiful actresses as well as one of the greatest on the screen. I can't praise her enough. A friend of mine thinks it's hard to tell whether you like Pola Negri or not. I don't think so. When I saw her in "Passion" it didn't take me long to establish myself as a Pola Negri admirer forever and ever.

I think "Bella Donna" was a splendid picture, and I don't see why it is said to be "almost a failure." I don't think it was, nor am I the only one that thinks so, either. My sister and my mother think so, too.

Priscilla Dean is also one of my favorites. I didn't used to pay attention to Priscilla Dean's pictures until one day I read something about her and I watched for a chance to see her act. It wasn't long before I had a chance to see "Under Two Flags." When I had seen the picture I kept wondering why in the world I had let a Priscilla Dean picture go by without having seen it. I have seen "The Flame of Life," and I think it's almost as good as "Under Two Flags."

I have been unlucky. I have never seen the great Norma Talmadge act! I know I've missed a lot and I'm waiting for a chance to see her.

Well, I hope Pola surprises every one in "The Cheat." THELMA LEE.

87 Vandeventer Place, St. Louis, Mo.

From a Disappointed Fan.

It is seldom that I knock, as I do not believe in knocking the stars, but after wasting two perfectly good evenings watching Pola Negri in her latest American picture, and Alla Nazimova in "Salome," I feel that I cannot keep still any longer.

I thought Miss Negri would improve in her American pictures, but it seems to me that she is worse than ever.

Nazimova looked so unattractive in "Salome." I wonder if she ever saw Theda Bara in that picture? If she has not, I would advise her to do so at the first opportunity. If Nazimova's *Salome* is art, I do not care for art.

BETTY JOE COMSTOCK.

Hotel Graylynn, Indianapolis, Ind.

A Reply to Mr. Kartman.

I was interested, amused, and at the same time not a little irritated by the ignorance displayed by Mr. Ben Kartman in his letter in the October issue of PICTURE-PLAY.

Mr. Kartman says: "To my mind Paramount has ruined more good actors and actresses recently than any other. The reason? Lack of vision, and too much business sense." Mr. Kartman then goes on to enumerate several players who, he says, have been ruined by the Paramount company. Mr. Kartman's phrase, "Lack of vision, and too much business sense," is a contradiction; if the Paramount officials have business sense they also must have vision. But Mr. Kartman does more than contradict himself; he contradicts facts.

My uncle is one of the heads of departments in the Paramount studio at Long Island, and from him, as well as from numerous visits which I have made to the studio, I have learned something about the methods and ideals that govern their productions.

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disposal of the person responsible for each picture, and if a picture fails the blame must be fastened on the director or the star responsible, and not on the heads of the company. The tendency of some of our hero-worshiping fans to blame the producer if Susie Floppit takes a nose dive is the sheerest and silliest bunk; if Susie Floppit is a Paramount star and doesn't make good nobody but herself is to blame. If John J. Megaphone is a Paramount director and makes poor pictures he not only is to blame, but he also should be eliminated from the picture profession, because he has been given the greatest opportunity in his profession, and wasted it.

Let me tell Mr. Kartman how the Paramount production department operates, and then he will see just how foolishly wrong he has been:

In the first place, every one of the Paramount pictures is made by an organization which is a separate unit. If it is a director's picture—say, a William de Mille production—it is made by an organization which is just as distinct and independent from all other units as if it were producing pictures in a separate studio for another company. But it has this advantage: It has the production resources—sets, costumes, artists, et cetera—of the Paramount organization back of it to assist it in its work. If it is a starring picture, like one of Thomas Meighan's, it is made by a unit which is just as distinctively Thomas Meighan's unit as if Tom were in business for himself.

Now one of these units—Tom Meighan's, let us say—is going to make a picture. Several stories, selected by the Paramount scenario department from all of the available novels, short stories, and plays, have already been submitted to Tom. Maybe Tom doesn't like any of those submitted to him. Does he have to make them? Not while he is working for Paramount. Some more are dug up, or possibly a famous author is prevailed upon to write one especially for him. And the story is not assigned to Tom until he has approved of it. As a matter of fact, four out of the last six stories selected for Tom Meighan were written especially for him by George Ade and Booth Tarkington, and in writing the stories the authors worked directly with Tom, the script writer, and the director.

All right, now the story has been selected. Then what happens? Tom chooses his director, has a deciding voice in the selection of his supporting cast, and during the course of the picture he has just as much to say about how it shall be produced as if he had his own company.

The same is true of Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, and Glenn Hunter, the only others who are now making starring pictures for Paramount.

How about the directors? The same system works with them. A director has to be enthusiastic about a story before he is allowed to touch it.

The reason for this is obvious. Creative work cannot be done under compulsion. Mr. Lasky, the producing head of the Paramount organization, believes that enthusiasm is the better part of inspiration.

Mr. Kartman mentions May McAvoy, Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson, Constance Binney, Pola Negri, Dorothy Dalton, Jack Holt, and Bebe Daniels as players whose light is being dimmed by Paramount.

Let me ask Mr. Kartman what May McAvoy did before she went with Paramount? What was Gloria Swanson be-

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fore she appeared in Paramount pictures? What rivers did Betty Compson set on fire when she was making her own pictures before she went with Paramount? What did Constance Binney do before she went with Paramount, and what has she done since she was let out? Pola Negri? Has Mr. Kartman seen some of the other German pictures, besides "Passion" and "One Arabian Night," that Pola made? He probably hasn't, because they were so poor that not many theaters showed them. And yet he has the effrontery to say that Paramount is ruining her, when so far only one of her Paramount pictures, "Bella Donna," has been released. Jack Holt, Dorothy Dalton, Bebe Daniels—who were they and what did they do before Paramount put them in pictures that brought them befor the public?

And Mr. Kartman points to Rodolph Valentino in pious admiration. Yet this gentleman was a free-lance actor, glad to get a job, for a long time before he went with Paramount. And his first picture as a Paramount star was "Blood and Sand," which, in my unasked-for opinion, will remain for a long time as one of the finest pictures ever produced.

No, Mr. Kartman, the Paramount producing organization does not stifle personalities; it gives them a chance to blossom in the full light of opportunity. And if some of your favorites are not hardy enough to endure that light, theirs is the blame, and theirs is the loss.

J. McNELA WESTERMAN.
67 West Eleventh Street, New York City.

From a Norwegian Fan.

I admire many stars, but I love only three of them. These are Alice Terry, Thomas Meighan, and Valentino.

Alice Terry is a *lady*, stylish and beautiful. I love her pretty hair and her wonderful little face, and I love herself. And I am a *girl!* If I were a man, I would be over head and ears in love with her!

I also love Tom Meighan. He is a *man*, and this is the best compliment I can give to him.

Valentino is the hero of my dreams, a new romantic Don Juan. He has the prettiest dreamy eyes I have seen, and he can act.

I admire the famous Nita Naldi, Norma Talmadge, Anita Stewart, Mahlon Hamilton, Vivian Martin, Harrison Ford, and the little darling Mary Pickford.

I don't love Bebe Daniels, Enid Bennett, and William S. Hart, and I *hate* William Farnum and Douglas Fairbanks!

I send many kind regards to the American stars from Norway fans.

MAGNY LANDSHAD.
Kingsberg, Norway.

A Reply.

"Indignant Billie" in the August issue of PICTURE-PLAY called me fickle for losing my crush on Rodolph Valentino after a year of ravings.

But I should like to tell Miss Billie that I merely came to my senses. Her darling Rudy is the least of my worries, and you couldn't pay me to go and see him. When he came to Milwaukee some friends of mine saw him and expressed their earnest desire never to see or hear of him again. Of course, any one can have one's own opinion, and maybe if I had gone I might have disagreed entirely, but then, when an interviewer writes an article about a star it's really only *his* or *her* impression of the star—no one else's. So how can we really believe anything until we actually see?

GLEE DURAND.
384 Lake Drive, Milwaukee, Wis.



Miss Marilyn Miller, star of "Sally"
Photo by Lewis-Smith

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From an Admirer of Agnes Ayres.

I have always wanted to write to the "What the Fans Think" columns, and now, after reading Miss Riquer's delightful letter in the August PICTURE-PLAY, the temptation is more than irresistible. Her suggestion about exchanging pictures of the stars is an excellent one, I think, and I am going to try it. You see, I, too, am trying to make as large a collection of photographs as possible of my sweet star—that adorable Agnes Ayres.

HELEN OVERLING.

3201 Auburn Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The "Young Veteran" Replies.

Now that the débris has been carted away, and I have survived the missiles cast in my direction by too-vigorous adherents of Gloria Swanson, may I reply to a question put to me by Miss Earnest Easterner, who speaks with all the certainty and I-said-it-that-settles-it manner of the dramatic beginner, and who wants to know where I obtained such a knowledge of society that I feel free to speak with such authority as to how a woman of social standing clothes herself and follows the fashion?

No, it was not from seeing society as it exists in New York, at Newport, Southampton, Deauville, and Paris—not to mention Biarritz and Monte Carlo, but may I suggest to Miss Earnest Easterner that at least half of these points of interest are hardly frequented by people of real social standing, but rather by our *nouveau riches,* and our vacationing actresses and producers.

I have obtained my knowledge of society from intimate association with people of social standing, with generations of culture behind them in the corn belt of these United States. It may surprise you, Miss Earnest Easterner, but we are really not all boors and hicks in Illinois. And we are far enough from the places you mentioned to side-step the coarse extremes in dress and behavior practiced in some of those centers.

When I said that no self-respecting society woman would dress like Gloria Swanson, I meant that no woman of breeding and social status would affect the grotesque and outlandish costumes Miss Swanson wears on the screen in most of her pictures. She has, in my opinion, too much originality.

I agree with Miss Earnest Easterner that Gloria Swanson is a big box-office magnet, but she draws interested spectators for somewhat the same reason that the fat man and the bearded lady in a circus draw spectators. She is *interesting to see,* but hardly the kind of person, in her film characterizations, we should like to have as a constant companion.

In De Mille's pictures Miss Swanson was tolerable. In Elinor Glyn's disgusting pot-boilers she is unbearable.

YOUNG VETERAN.

A Real Meighan Fan.

I have been a Thomas Meighan fan for nearly four years, and eagerly read every article, news item, or fan letter about him. I see all of his pictures from five to eight times. The first time to get the story as well as enjoy seeing our Tom, and each of the other times for the great benefit and pleasure I get from watching again and again every act and expression of the adorable Tom. To me he is the biggest and brightest star of all, even as the evening star in the sky outshines all the others.

EVA BROWN.

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The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 94

FRANKIE.—Of course I haven't forgotten you, Frankie. Keeping track of my many correspondents is part of my job. So glad to hear that you read every page of PICTURE-PLAY every month. You are indeed impartial to us contributors. And you have the magazine all picked out for Christmas presents! Well, well, well. If I were a fan, now, I should consider that a word to the wise. Alice Terry's real name is Alice Taaffee. "The Street Singer" is the title of Mary Pickford's new picture, which probably will be released in the fall. She is now getting ready to begin "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Corinne Griffith made "The Common Law" some months ago for Selznick, but it has not been shown to date. She also has the feminine lead in the Goldwyn picture, "Six Days," which sounds like Elinor Glyn, and is.

NED.—Goodness, we can't allow those white spaces to remain in your movie book, can we? It would be dreadful, when your grandchildren go over it perhaps fifty years from now, to have them discover that Mary Pickford, that famous movie star whom grandpa used to adore, had beautiful golden curls and hazel eyes, but might have weighed three hundred pounds, for all that they knew otherwise. Or to read that Rodolph Valentino was a sensational star in 1923, but to find no mention of his favorite food. Well, to make the records complete for posterity: Mary Pickford weighs just one hundred pounds; Valentino is a true Italian—spaghetti is food for the gods in his opinion; Alice Joyce was born in 1890, in Kansas City, Missouri; Louise Lovely is five feet two, and has blue-gray eyes; Dorothy Mackaill was born in Hull, England, in 1903, and won her first notice in this country as one of the prettiest girls in the Ziegfeld Follies.

EDITH.—Call me anything you like, my dear. And don't be afraid of seeming too familiar. There's no reason in the world why you shouldn't call me your "dear Mr. Oracle" or "sweet Answer Man" if that helps you to establish the friendly note. Betty Compson's birthday is March eighteenth, Harrison Ford's is March sixteenth, Norma Talmadge's is May second; Thomas Meighan was born on April ninth, Gloria Swanson on March twenty-seventh; Mary Pickford on April eighth, Constance Talmadge on April nineteenth, and Monte Blue on January eleventh. Surely you may call again. I shall be glad to hear from you, now that we're such good friends.

GINGER.—Welcome! Welcome! say I, with profound salaams. We shall get on famously, I'm sure. I'm *not* going to disappoint you about Alexander Clark. I am aware that there is such a person in pictures, though he certainly couldn't be called well known. Alexander was born in New York in 1901, and started his career as a stage actor, playing juvenile leads. He played the part of the rich young son in "Father Tom," which must be the picture you have in mind. I have no record of his being cast in any screen production recently.

A LOVING ADMIRER.—Of me, or of Richard Dix? I'm afraid I must award the devotion to Richard. My ego can't win out against his fatal charm. You should write to him personally for a photograph, inclosing twenty-five cents. His address is given in the list at the end of The Oracle. I know you will be overjoyed to hear that he is not married.



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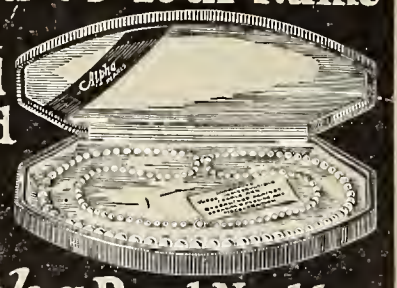
HELENE CHADWICK FAN.—Your favorite has not been making pictures for the last several months on account of some difficulty she had with Goldwyn regarding her contract, but now everything is settled and she is back on the Goldwyn lot. Miss Chadwick has just been cast in another of Rupert Hughes' personally written and directed sermons on married life, this time about divorce. It is called "Law Against Law." If you crave the details of her appearance—she is five feet seven, weighs one hundred and thirty pounds, has fair complexion, light hair, and brown eyes. She is married to William Wellman, a director. Tom Moore had one child, a little girl, by his first wife, Alice Joyce.

BROWNY.—Yes, many of the players answer their fan mail personally, but they are usually the ones that are not so very well known. As soon as a player's mail begins to grow to any proportions at all, he has to call in help. I'm sorry I can't give you a list of such players in these columns, but it shouldn't be hard for you to pick out some interesting actors whom you like and who are not very prominent. Then, if you send me the names, I shall give you addresses for them. As for writing an "interesting" letter—if you can't dig one out of your own consciousness, my telling you what to say wouldn't help very much. But I'm sure that you could manage very nicely if you just determined to get away from the usual stereotyped form. Alice Terry last appeared in "Where the Pavement Ends," opposite Ramon Novarro, and these two players are again co-featured in "Scaramouche," reported as Rex Ingram's most ambitious and costly undertaking.

INTERESTED.—Theodore Kosloff is a Russian. He was born in Moscow, about forty years ago, and was a member of the Russian Ballet. It was while touring the country with the Ballet several years ago, that, during a short stay in California, he played a small part in the Cecil De Mille production, "Joan the Woman." He liked movies so well that, at the first opportunity, he went back to the coast and has been in them ever since. He doesn't dance any more, except when his screen parts call for it, but conducts a school of dancing in Hollywood where he trains pupils ranging from tiny children to famous movie stars. He is married, and his wife is Russian, too. Famous Players-Lasky evidently share your opinion that Mr. Kosloff is a fine actor, because they are giving him some big rôles in forthcoming productions.

PUCK.—So you call yourself that after Norma Talmadge's character in "The Safety Curtain." That *is* devotion to an old love, as that film was released in 1918. Of course, a girl doesn't have to know how to write stories in order to be an actress. You fans get the quaintest ideas! If that were the case there would be more than a scarcity of actresses on the screen—there'd be a downright famine. It is true that a number of players such as Mary Alden, Barbara La Marr, Eric Von Stroheim, and others, have written screen stories and understand dramatic construction, and of course this ability helps them in their acting. But the majority of actors confine their talent to acting, and apparently stand just as much chance of securing rôles as the more literary ones. Jack Hoxie is thirty; Herbert Rawlinson was born in 1885 and Ruth Roland in 1893. Jack is married to Marin Sais, who sometimes plays in his pictures. Ruth is divorced from Lionel Kent, and Herbert is divorced from Roberta Arnold, a stage player.

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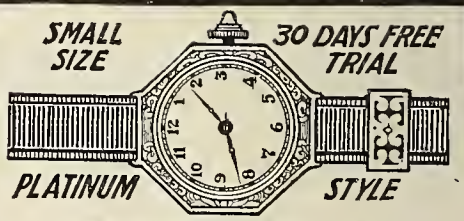
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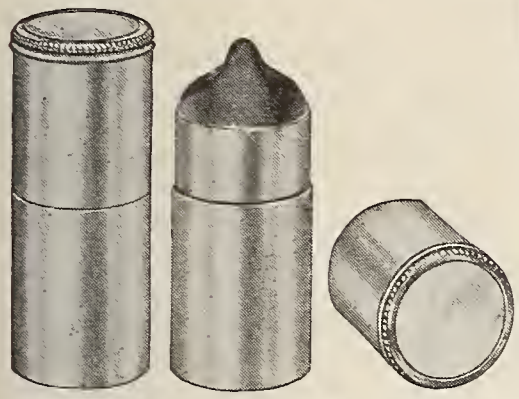
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SOUTH CAROLINA BUTTERFLY.—Oh, yes, I like Southern ladies very much. They write such nice letters sometimes. I don't at this moment think of any feminine screen player who is exactly five feet nine, but Katherine MacDonald is five feet eight, and Betty Blythe is five feet seven. Blanche Payson, a comedy actress, beats all the other with her six feet three. Andree Lafayette is very tall, as are many other players now coming into prominence who wouldn't have had a chance in pictures a year or so ago on account of their height. So don't let the fact that you are five feet nine discourage you, if you are intent on trying your luck.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month.

Conrad Nagel, Helene Chadwick, Lucille Ricksen, Claire Windsor, Mae Busch, ZaSu Pitts, Dale Fuller, Frank Mayo, Bessie Love, Aileen Pringle, Blanche Sweet, Kathleen Key, Pauline Starke, Eleanor Boardman, Eric von Stroheim, Cæsare Gravina, Dorothy Wallace, and Goesta Ekman at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Richard Barthelmess, Ronald Colman, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, care of Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Warner Baxter, Johnnie Walker, Jane Novak, and Marie Astaire at the R-C Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Ben Turpin, Kathryn McGuire, Mabel Normand, and Ralph Graves at the Mack Sennett Studios, Edendale, California.

Douglas Fairbanks, Sadakichi Hartmann, Julanne Johnston, Mary Pickford, Anna May Wong at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, California.

Tom Mix, Charles Jones, Ann McKitrick, Gladys Leslie, Phyllis Haver, Jean Arthur, John Gilbert, Shirley Mason, and William Russell at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Alma Rubens, Marion Davies, Bert Lytell, Seena Owen, and Anita Stewart, care of Cosmopolitan Productions, Second Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, New York City.

Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Agnes Ayres, Thomas Meighan, Mary Astor, Bobby Agnew, Rod La Rocque, Estelle Taylor, Julia Faye, Theodore Kosloff, Charles De Roche, Richard Dix, Jack Holt, Bebe Daniels, Lois Wilson, Alma Bennett, Constance Wilson, Ernest Torrence, Lila Lee, Leatrice Joy, Autonio Moreno, Vera Reynolds, Jacqueline Logan, Julia Marlowe, Maurice Flynn, Eileen Percy, Sylvia Ashton, and Ricardo Cortez at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Carol Dempster, Neil Hamilton, and Ivor Novello at the D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, New York.

Irene Rich, Lenore Ulric, Monte Blue, Hope Hampton, Wyndham Standing, Mae Marsh, Louise Fazenda, Bruce Guerin, and John Barrymore at the Warner Studios, Sunset & Bronson, Hollywood, California.

Alfred Lunt, George Arliss, Mimi Palmeri, Alice Joyce, David Powell, and Harry Morey, care of Distinctive Productions, 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Malcolm MacGregor, Alice Terry, Viola Dana, Barbara La Marr, Ramon Novarro, Matt Moore, Edith Allen, Truman Van Dyke, Lewis Stone, Renee Adoree, Mary Alden, and Elinor Fair at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Hoot Gibson, Gladys Walton, Herbert Rawlinson, Jack Hoxie, Edith Johnson, William Duncan, Eileen Sedgwick, Jack Mower, Anne Little, Fred Thomson, Baby Peggy, Reginald Denny, Virginia Valli, Patterson Dial, Thomas Santschi, Mary Philbin, Priscilla Dean, Wallace Beery, Norman Kerry, and Anna Q. Nilsson at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Norma Talmadge, Joseph Schildkraut, George O'Hara, Mary Beth Milford, Jack Mulhall, Conway Tearle, Holbrook Blinn at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Eugene O'Brien, care of The Players Club, Gramercy Park, New York City.

Walter McGrail, Lionel Barrymore, and Percy Marmont at the Lambs Club, 130 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City. Also Harrison Ford.

Nita Naldi, James Rennie, Dorothy Mackaill, Glenn Hunter, Alice Brady, Elsie Ferguson, and Mahlon Hamilton, care of Paramount Pictures, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Kenneth Harlan, Ethel Shannon, Gaston Glass, Norma Shearer, Netta Westcott, and Huntley Gordon at the Mayer Studios, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, California.



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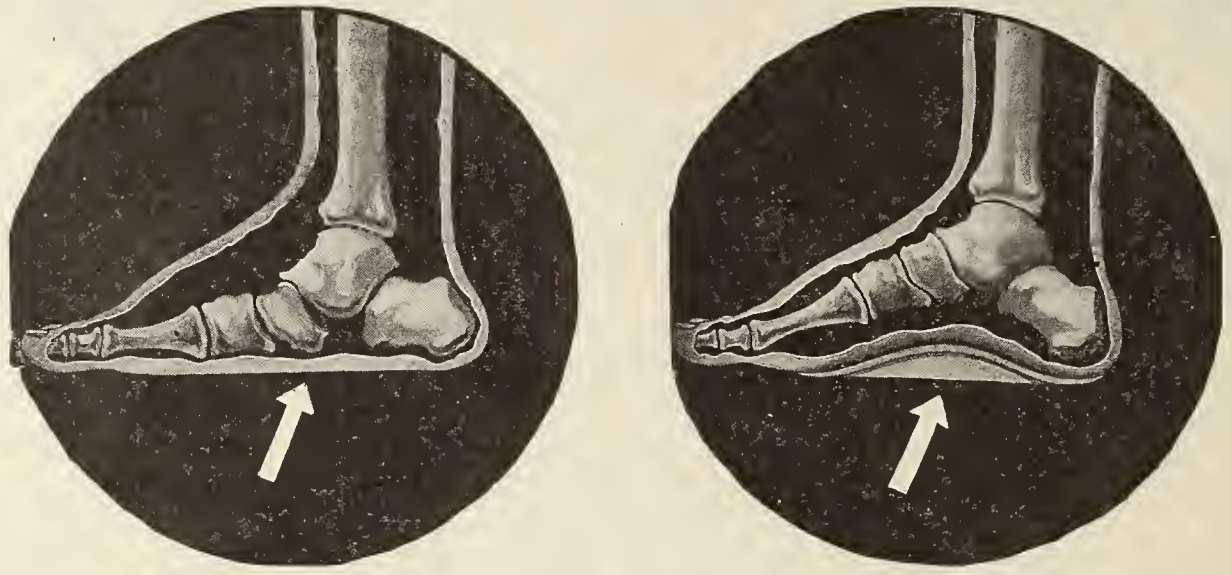
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NO longer need most of us suffer the tortures of tired, weak, aching, burning feet! For foot specialists have perfected a marvelous new device, which usually the very instant you make use of it—causes the pains and aches to disappear.

No matter how long you have suffered—no matter how many different treatments you have taken without relief—this new invention is positively guaranteed to relieve you completely of all foot misery and to bring you glorious foot comfort, or it costs you nothing.

Agonizing twinges in the arches and instep—terrible drawing pains in the ankles and legs—tortuous aches in the toes and heels—pains from burning, blistered, swollen joints—even pains from corns, bunions and callouses are at once relieved and you walk around with never a thought of foot pains. It's just as if you were given entirely new feet!

Why Pain Disappears Instantly

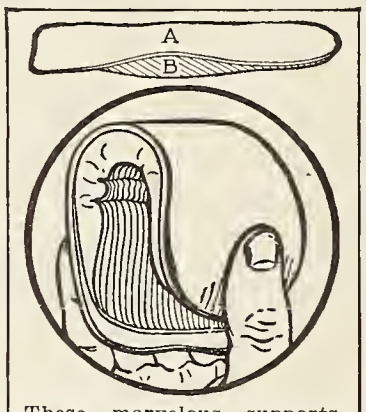
Science has proved that 99 of every 100 foot pains are caused by faulty arches. Your arches support the entire weight of your body. They consist of a series of delicate bones, nicely fitted together so as to form a spriug. The spring of your arch cushions your weight and absorbs the shocks of walking.

Now your arches are held in place by certain muscles. But frequently these muscles become weakened and strained, with the result that the bones of your arches, under the weight of your body, are forced out of place. Then you begin suffering all the tortures of fallen arches. The displaced bones are jammed into the tender flesh of your feet, causing unbearable agony. The foot muscles become torn and twisted; sensitive nerves are squeezed; blood vessels are choked.

Yet, no matter how sore or aching your feet may be, the pain is relieved almost instantly by this sensational new scientific discovery. Why? Because this new device at once **raises the flattened arches to their normal position,** immediately relieving the unnatural pressure and friction that is causing your foot misery, and bringing you glorious foot comfort. The immediate relief from pain should actually amaze you! Furthermore, this new device strengthens your arch muscles **with every step you take**—so that they become strong and well again, and no further treatment is necessary!

How New Invention Works

The old way of treating fallen arches was to use rigid metal props, cumbersome straps, bandages, or ugly looking specially built shoes. But instead of strengthening the arches, these old-fashioned methods in many cases actually weakened them. They did not permit the foot muscles to get exercise, and as a result the arches flattened out again the moment these unnatural appliances were removed.



These marvelous supports, which slip into your shoes, are so light and flexible that they can actually he bent double. In diagram above, "A" represents a thin layer of soft flexible leather. "B" is a wonderfully resilient pad of specially compounded Russian Sponge Rubber. The supports conform to the exact contour of the foot in every position—not only bringing you instant comfort, but strengthening the foot muscles with every step you take.

But this new invention, which can he slipped into any styled shoe, is entirely different. It is called the Airflex Arch Support, and is in the form of a light and springy pad, scientifically formed to the natural arch of the foot. Each pair is made of specially compounded Russian Sponge Rubber—one of the most resilient materials knowu—and to make this rubber even more springy it is actually **surcharged with air.** They are so light and flexihle (as you can see in the little picture on this page) that were it not for the instant buoyancy and comfort they bring, you would never he aware of their presence.

As you walk on them—and it is like walking on layers of air—this springy rubber exerts a marvelously gentle and even pressure at all points. This instantly raises the fallen arches to their proper position and automatically adjusts the displaced arch hones. At the same time, as this light, spring-rubber yields to your weight it reproduces exactly the **natural spring of your arch!** Its constant **compression and expansion** at every step **massages, exercises and strengthens** the muscles in a natural way, thus quickly bringing back their old-time vigor and strength.

Results Positively Guaranteed

With this new kind of arch support results are usually evident instantly! Note how quickly all pain disappears. Note how they give you a huoyancy—a new sprightliness. With them you can walk or stand all day—without feeling the least bit of fatigue. But best of all these results are **permanent!** For hy exercising and strengthening the supporting muscles, the arches are again made sturdy and vigorous, and no further treatment is necessary.

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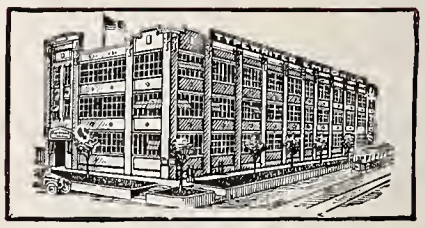
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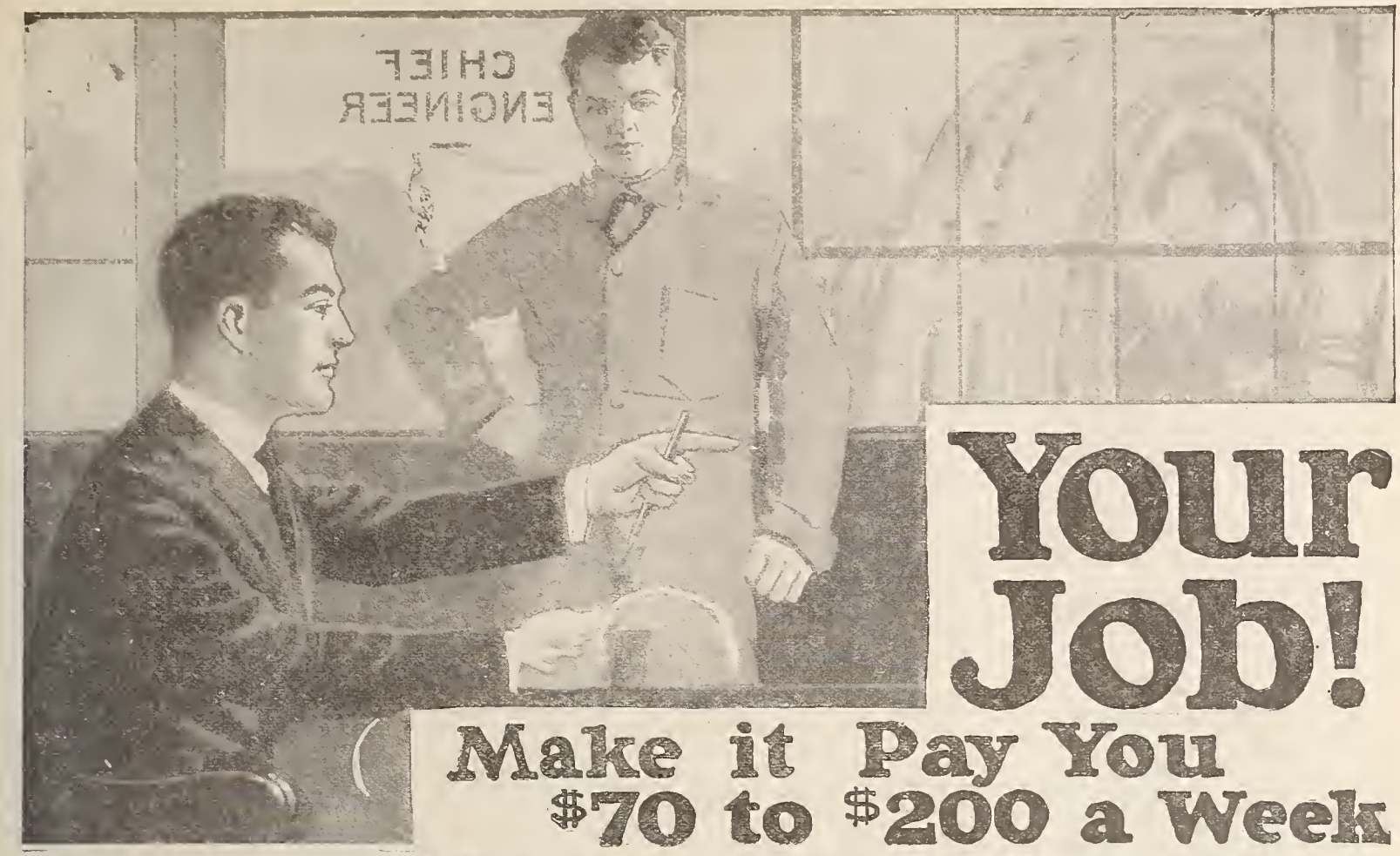
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Paramount Pictures

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Better Pictures—and Better Fans

EDWIN SCHALLERT'S article on screen crushes in this issue opens up a line of thought which we believe will interest every motion-picture fan, and concerning which we expect to receive a good many communications.

If you think back you will recall that only a few years ago motion pictures were merely vehicles for exploiting certain stars, either pretty young women or handsome men, of a matinée-idol type. The stories on which the pictures were based were likely to be inconsequential, and the productions were usually ground out on a fast schedule.

To-day the few big stars who remain are obliged to bolster up their own personal popularity by better productions, big sets, and other features calculated to draw you into the theaters.

Pictures of the new type, such as "The Covered Wagon," are attracting, not only the regular movie fans, but also thousands of persons who do not care for the old-fashioned "program" picture.

The best character actors of the stage, such as Holbrook Blinn, who, a few years ago would probably never have been thought of as a big movie possibility, are being recruited more and more. Ernest Torrence is regarded by many as a more valuable acquisition to Paramount's forces than any young man of the handsome-hero type might be.

Grim plays of realism, such as Von Stroheim's "Greed" and "Anna Christie"—plays which are significant, symbolic, are being produced, with no more compromise with movie tradition than is absolutely necessary.

Charles Chaplin has laid aside his comedy clothes to make a picture, more serious in its purpose than most of our serious screen dramas.

All of this has made it possible for the thoughtful and honest writer on subjects concerning the screen to step forward and to write about the players, not from a standpoint of blind adulation, but in an attempt to analyze their work. It has widened the field of the type of fan magazine which wishes to cover in a thoughtful yet interesting manner every popular phase of motion pictures.

We hope that this subject will set our readers to thinking about what phases of these recent developments are of the greatest interest to them, and that our department of "What the Fans Think" will soon be able to present many new views and ideas.



Virginia M. Thomas, Clarks Summit, Penna.

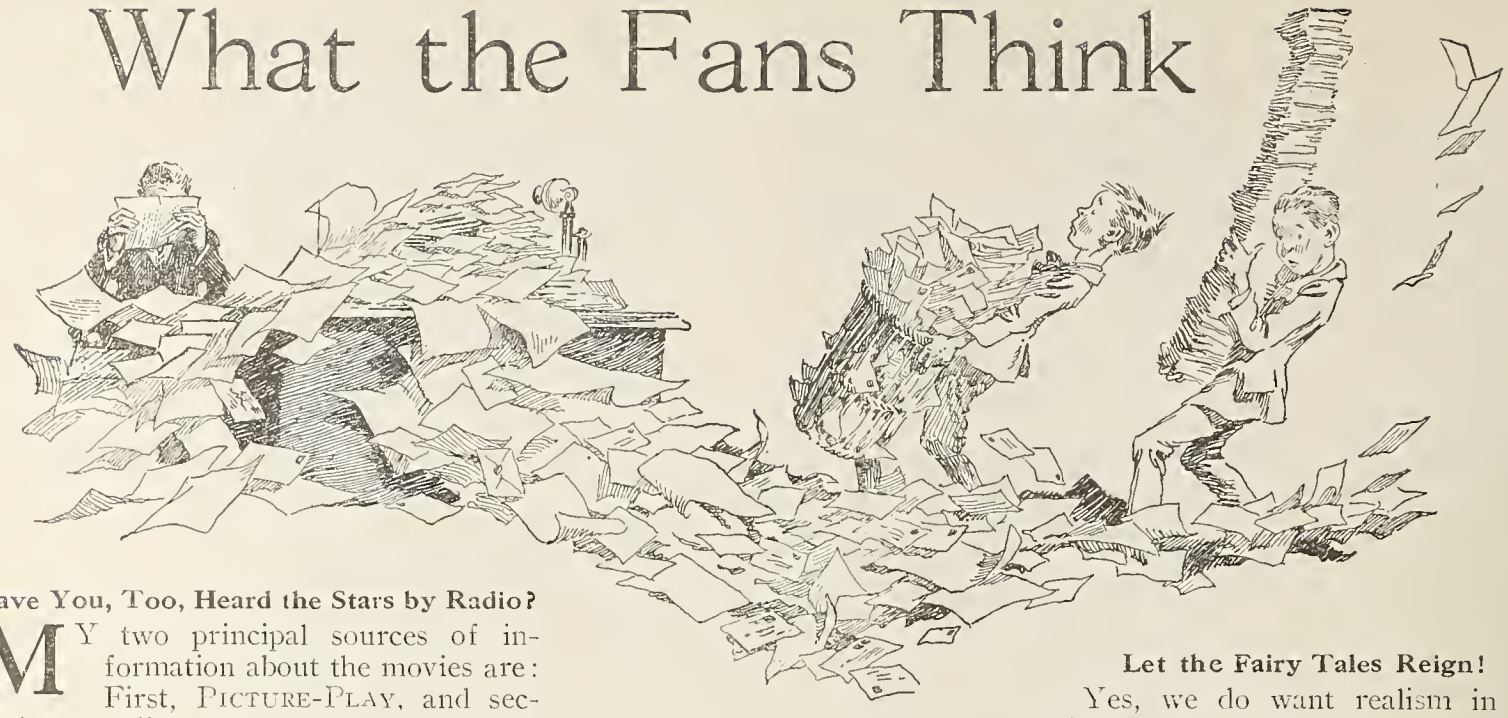
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What the Fans Think



Have You, Too, Heard the Stars by Radio?

MY two principal sources of information about the movies are: First, PICTURE-PLAY, and second, the radio.

I've seen very few of my screen favorites personally, but I am hearing the voices of many of them now. I heard that irresistible Bebe Daniels when she was interviewed by radio. Then came Mae Marsh, who talked about "The White Rose," and Mrs. Dorothy Davenport, who discussed "Human Wreckage." Later I heard the greatest of all directors, D. W. Griffith, and he certainly impressed all of us who were listening. Burr McIntosh, who is known as the "cheerful philosopher" to all radio fans, is now on the air every week and I certainly enjoy his talks. Marcus Loew has now bought one of the biggest stations and has promised to induce many screen celebrities to entertain us. Last night beautiful Lucy Fox told us of her adventures while in Italy making "Toilers of the Sea." Did we enjoy it? We certainly did! Oh! if we could only hear more of our favorites by radio, I'm sure we would all enjoy it just as well as seeing them personally.

PICTURE-PLAY surely is the "Best Magazine of the Screen," and "What the Fans Think" is wonderful. I love to read the different viewpoints of fans and although I don't agree with some of the writers, I do think that the discussions arouse a great interest on the part of the fans in many of the actors.

49 North Fifth Street. L. CODA.
Paterson, New Jersey.

A Few Impressions.

GLORIA SWANSON.

Ingenious and clever is her art,
Sincere and lovely in every part.

NORMA TALMADGE.

A mirror of charm with soulful eyes
Whom critics all praise to the very skies.

MARY PICKFORD.

Agile, glowing, always sweet;
A dancing sprite with nimble feet.

THOMAS MEIGHAN.

Tall, good-natured, kind, and slow;
His pictures are nice 'cause he makes them so.

RAMON NOVARRO.

Youth incarnate, Apollo lives again.
Youth, yet a man—a man among men.

RODOLPH VALENTINO.

His eyes are deep, soft velvet pools,
King of art, supreme he rules.

586 East 163rd Street, New York City. BILLEE.

Let the Fairy Tales Reign!

Yes, we do want realism in the pictures—but *do* we?

Nine persons out of ten would rather see the unique and unusual. We go to the moving pictures to get rid of the cares of the day. We see realism every day without going to the pictures. Romance, mystery, beauty, things that seldom overshadow everyday life, that is what we wish to see. The working girl and business man become hungry for their dream castles and the only place where they can find them is at a picture theater.

Then here's to the abolishment of realism. Let the fairy tales reign! WILLNA TAYLOR.

Bronx, New York.

What Scotch Audiences Like.

I often wonder, when reading your magazine, if your film distributors have any idea of the kind of audiences who go to see their pictures on this side of the Atlantic? I somehow don't think so, otherwise they would not have so many surprising failures here with pictures which had been big successes in America.

I think the reason for this lies in our different mode of life here, and also partly in our different way of thinking. We Scotch have—since the war—little money for pleasure and little time for it—except we be of the "great unemployed" and then we have the time to spare, and the money—not any!

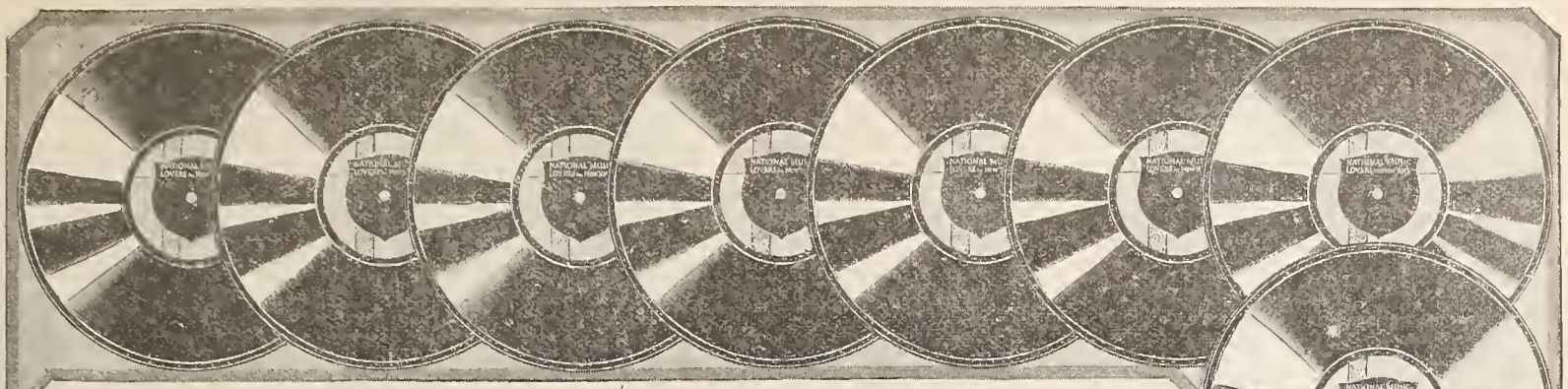
For twelve years now I have acted as pianist in various vaudeville and picture theaters, mostly in country districts. For the last five years I have been in the same hall, in a country town near Glasgow, and I have had every opportunity of seeing how the various films go with the audiences. Country audiences are much harder to please than city ones.

Our town, like most places near Glasgow, has a considerable and increasing Irish population in addition to its native Scots folk. The men are mainly miners or work in the local foundry and the girls are in local mills, shops, et cetera, or earn their living in Glasgow places of business.

One of the favorite characters in your motion plays at present is the "strong silent" (not to say brutal) hero, who uses the heroine like a rag doll, and after treating her to every insult under the sun, graciously permits her to love and marry him in the last act.

Well "The Sheik" did very well here, but I suspect it was mainly because of the stir in the story, the fine scenes and the fighting (our audience adores fighting—

Continued on page 10



16 Latest Fox Trots and Waltzes $2.98 for all

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Bambalina
Wild Flower
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Carolina in the Morning
Who's Sorry Now?
Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean
I Love Me
Parade of the Wooden Soldiers
Sun Kist Rose
You Know You Belong to Somebody Else

WALTZES

Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses
Red Moon
Mellow Moon



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☐ If you also desire Prof. Morgan D. Stern's Course in Dancing, including ten-inch double-face instruction record, place X in square (Price 98c).

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Continued from page 8

on or off the films!) But other stories with similar heroes have fallen flat. While it may be a novelty to a spoiled American girl to be "treated rough," it is no novelty to the average working-class woman in our town. She knows all about the strong (and not particularly silent) man she has married and also knows he could give points to Rodolph Valentino in the art of treating his women folk "rough."

There is another class of picture which doesn't do particularly well in our hall, and that is one which pretends to give a true picture of humble life, but by reason of insincere acting and poor production fails utterly. The poor are quick to see through shams (I see, since I wrote this criticism, a fan's letter in which he uses nearly the same words as follow. I will let mine stand, however, to give emphasis to the statement.) The simple village maid and her mother, with hair marcel-waved, and make-up on eyes and lips showing plainly, don't touch us in the least. They are quite obvious frauds, and we know they couldn't scrub a floor or wash a dish to save their lives. Whatever their defects, English producers make a better job of "humble life" films. Perhaps this is because your poorer classes are not so miserably poor as ours are, and what seems real poverty to you looks like comparative affluence to us.

A great many of your pictures are "problem" pictures, and many of them are based on the case of the wife who doesn't want children. There are very few childless couples in our town. Indeed the trouble is all the other way about, so that it is rather useless showing that kind of film to women who, like the old woman who lived in a shoe, have so many children they don't know what to do—so they take them to the pictures to the lasting sorrow of the pianist.

Why are your producers, or scenario writers, so down on the married woman who augments the family income by some outside work? I always know, when I see in a picture a married woman working outside her home that some dire disaster will overtake her. Her child is sure to take seriously ill and maybe die in her absence, or she succumbs to the attractions of a male vamp. Both these things could happen when she was out on pleasure bent, or a necessary errand, couldn't they? Also, as the majority of your married heroines have no children, aren't they as well out wage earning as wasting time? "Oh, but," says the scenario writer, "they have social duties." And so his (or her) idea of a thoroughly desirable wife is a perfectly ornamental but otherwise useless person.

Now, I will tell you what our audience likes. They are tremendously keen on Western dramas, if they are good, serials like "The Leather Pushers," and anything with plenty of stir and action. They also like racing pictures and good detective yarns, but their greatest approval is reserved—like mine—for good comedies. Whether or not it is because I read Mark Twain and Artemus Ward exhaustively in my youth, I always think there is no humor to touch American humor. We need a sure cure for the blues in this country. Industrial stagnation, high taxation, and unemployment make life a pretty gloomy affair. Charlie's earlier comedies never fail to draw, and Harold Lloyd is better than any tonic. Give us plenty of first-class comedies. One man in a hundred may move us to tears, but only one in a thousand can give us the priceless gift of laughter.

Minnie Farquharson Ward.
24 Dixon Avenue, Queen's Park, Glasgow, Scotland.

A Note to the Fans from Mary Pickford.

I have been interested for some time in the letters appearing in the columns of "What the Fans Think," and particularly in the letter from "Just Cheerful," who asked, in your last issue, why I was giving up childhood rôles.

I should be heartbroken if I thought I had left my childhood rôles behind me permanently. I love these parts, too, very dearly, and shall return to them from time to time, providing I can find suitable stories.

Now as to my reasons for essaying a grown-up rôle. One is that I believe it is a very great mistake for actors or actresses to confine themselves to any one type of rôle so that they become identified with it to the exclusion of all other parts. There can be very little growth in their work if they are forced to play the same type of character over and over again. One must constantly enlarge one's scope. As the new experiences life brings us develop our character, so do new portrayals develop our art. Then, too, there is the question of curiosity. As a little girl puts on her big sister's clothes to play lady, just so, perhaps I want to see myself on the screen in long skirts and with my hair up. Lastly, through my mail and through the press, I have received many requests to grow up. I suppose the first thing that started me thinking about it was an article that appeared in one of the motion-picture magazines about three years ago, an appeal to Mary to put up her curls. Naturally, I want to please as many as possible, and my rôle as *Rosita* is in answer to these many requests.

I shall be so interested to know just how the fans like "Rosita." I do hope they will all tell me just what they think of it, for constructive criticism is always most helpful. After all, my greatest wish is to please the picture public. Sincerely,

Mary Pickford.
Hollywood, Calif.

A Boost for William de Mille.

I should like very much to congratulate William de Mille through the columns of "What the Fans Think." I don't know when I have enjoyed a picture as much as I did his "Only 38." It was so altogether fresh and different and delightful! If only there could be more pictures with those "homy," intimate little touches that warm your heart, such as that cake-eating scene at the tea party! Lois Wilson, Elliott Dexter, Robert Agnew, Taylor Graves, and George Fawcett all deserve the highest praise for being utterly natural and *living* their parts. That exquisite little May McAvoy as *Lucy* made me actually hate her for being so prim and narrow-minded!

Perhaps I am taking the wrong attitude, but all this competition in the building of huge sets seems rather ridiculous to me. Surely the sets of "Robin Hood" were large enough for any one, and why not put more time and energy into the working out of the plot and into reaching the hearts of the people? It looks as if some day the poor actors will be lost in the bigness of the sets!

Mary and Doug, as much as I admire you both, please notice!

Betty Connolley.
1625 Perry Street, Columbus, Ohio.

Concerning "The White Sister."

The most interesting feature of your magazine to me is the review department by Agnes Smith. I always read the reviews first and usually find that I not only agree with Miss Smith, but wish that I might have thought of expressing my judgment in her delightful way.

Naturally, I was eager to see her review of "The White Sister," for Lillian Gish, it seems to me, is by far the most important person on the screen. Miss Smith's flippant and disparaging remarks were a distinct shock. I cannot understand her point of view when she says "Most fans are apt to look on 'The White Sister' merely as florid and romantic melodrama."

I do not know on what Miss Smith bases her opinion on what the fans are going to think. I only know that both times I saw the picture the strangers all about me were sincerely and deeply moved. Two women, sitting near me, who looked as though they could ill afford the price of the tickets, murmured several times during the course of the picture that they had never seen anything so exquisitely beautiful. The people were so real that they forgot it was a plot and not life that they were watching.

Now, if you will permit me the space, I would like to comment on a few points that Miss Smith raised. She says, "Mr. Crawford lived in an age when it was popular to pump up artificial sentiment by playing strongly on religious young ladies."

Mr. Crawford may have shown poor taste and been artificial sometimes in his writings, but I am not so sure that the sentiment he aroused was artificial. I think that it was sincere just as the sentiment aroused by George Cohan's flag-waving and other bits of hokum is sincere. "The difference between worldly and spiritual love" will, I believe, continue to be one of the most engrossing themes in all literature in spite of Miss Smith's disapproval.

"Why any one in this period of the world's history wants to film a religious story is more than I can figure out," she continues. When the world ceases to be interested in faith, it has ceased to be interested in the most vital and important factor in human life. The faith of "The White Sister" may not be my faith; in fact, I was enraged by her insistence that her vows to her church were more binding than her promise to the man she loved. But, any sincere and convincing presentation of another person's beliefs commands my respect, at least.

It was reassuring to find that even though she was thoroughly out of sympathy with the story, Miss Smith was deeply moved by the work of the star and Ronald Colman, the gifted and magnetic young leading man. I do wish, though, that her review, which is sure to influence many people, had not shown such a strong personal bias.

Joice Marie Sidman.
Ansonia Hotel, New York City.

Can Any One Help This Fan?

I live in a town which you Americans call "hick." As far as movies are concerned, I am starved. There is only one theater in this town, and the exhibitor has it all his own way. There are only two *real* movie fans in this hick place—my pal and I. We have come to this conclusion because, though we feel we don't get really good pictures here, the other people don't seem to kick. They go every week to the movies and

Continued on page 12



MRS. ETHEL STYLES MIDDLETON
Pittsburgh Housewife, Author of the Original Screen Play, "Judgment of the Storm."

Palmer Photoplay Corporation
presents
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by
Ethel Styles Middleton

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Lucille Ricksen
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Philo McCullough

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Ask your theatre when it will be shown

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Millions await this advance guard in the national movement inaugurated by its producers to open wide the studio gates to undiscovered creative genius. It symbolizes realization of an ambition shared by millions, to find self-expression through the universal medium, The Motion Picture Screen.

It is the first of the most talked of series of pictures ever announced by a producer. Mrs. Middleton's story was created directly for the screen, but it is drama so gripping that Doubleday, Page & Company *have written a novel from the scenario,* which will be on sale in book shops wherever the picture is shown—exactly as the late Emerson Hough wrote his novel "The Covered Wagon" from the scenario of that title which he first conceived for the screen.

A Housewife With Pluck

The Author is a Pittsburgh housewife who wanted to write for the screen, and *did* it; just an intelligent, ambitious woman who had never written before, but who did not hesitate on that account to *try.*

She has brought to the millions a screen play of vital force; so vital that a great publishing house immortalizes its drama between the covers of a book.

Her characters might be *you,* as they move through tense situations which hold the spectator spellbound. They think as you would; they react to universal emotions as every day people.

And the great snow storm is the peak of screen realism. It is the kind of blizzard you have heard your grandparents try to describe, but, like the real, it beggars description.

How Did She Do It?

Last year Mrs. Middleton clipped a coupon like the one on this page and through the creative test which that coupon brought her, satisfied herself that her *desire* to create screen drama was *backed up by natural ability.*

Mrs. Middleton was paid one thousand dollars advance on royalties based on the profits of "Judgment of the Storm" for five years.

More From Similar Source

The next Palmer Production is from the pen of a St. Louis bond salesman: and later will follow a powerful drama by a New York State country Doctor.

Have you the faith to *try?*

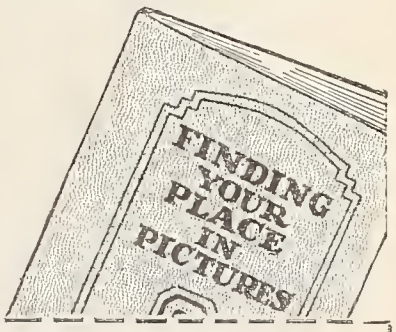
The same creative test which introduces three new authors to millions of people is yours for the mere asking. By clipping the coupon on this page *you* may apply the identical test—absolutely free.

And with it you will receive the free book "Find Your Place in Pictures." The Palmer Photoplay Corporation—which produces pictures, sells scenarios to other producers, and trains the unknown writer in photoplay technique—promises you an honest, frank, analysis of your ability through the creative test.

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Do You Believe in Luck?

Thousands waste the best years of their life waiting for some "stroke of luck" to make them successful. Two men starting exactly alike as babies with the same kind of attention—then as boys with the same advantages of education—then as young men feeling around for a start in life—and then after the final test as men, one is a failure, the other a big success. Is it luck? No indeed.

At the Age of 2



He believes in Luck — He in Himself

At the Age of 20



He still believes in Luck — and He in Himself

At the Age of 30



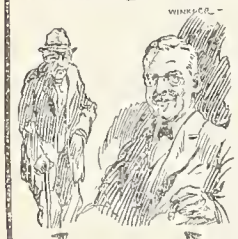
Beginning to doubt His Luck — Sure of Himself

At the Age of 40



Out of Luck — A Big Success

At the Age of 60



Down and Out — Well Provided

Luck vs. Self

The one who succeeded believed in himself. He grabbed his opportunities as he saw them and made good because he was prepared. He planned his progress step by step and fitted himself with special training for the line of work he wanted to follow and liked the best. The other fellow—the failure—blinded by his unreasoning belief in luck that never came, could only say: "That man sure was born lucky."

There Is No Luck

Luck is exactly what you make it. There is an old saying—"Those who have—get." The more you go after and get for yourself instead of waiting for "luck" to come, the more good fortune is forced on you. Those who are patiently waiting for something good to turn up are invariably disappointed in life—those who know that they can make their own good fortune always find plenty of it waiting.

Stop Idle Dreaming

Take action and make your dreams come true. Make up your mind to be a success in that line of work or profession you like best—get the special training that will fit you. Do this and you will make your own good luck. But remember, the big thing is to be prepared—to have the special training that will enable you to make use of the many opportunities that will surely come your way just as soon as you have unbounded faith in yourself. Now take the first and really most important step in making your own good luck by sending in the coupon. This puts you under no obligation and no agents will bother you.

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Send me full information on how I can best succeed in.....
(Write in here what line of work or profession you like best)

This request is to put me under no obligation and no agents are to bother me.

Name .....

Address.....
(Use margin of this magazine if you need more space to write)

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

then forget them till the next week. They don't seem to know the significance of the movies, and regard them as an entertainment solely for passing away the time. My friend and I have tried in several ways to influence our manager to show better pictures. This is what we have done to see better movies. First, we wrote to the manager, sending him cuttings from magazines advertising what we believe to be the best pictures. One of the advertisements said, "Your manager studies your wants. He will get better movies if you show your interest and demand them." Did our manager study our desires? No! He ignored our letter.

Then we wrote to the local paper, most small towns have one only, offering to write for them a free movie column for the Saturday supplement. Our idea was to let the public know there are *good* pictures. The editor replied that he thought the readers of the daily would not be sufficiently interested in the movies. Still enthusiastic for our cause we wrote to the New Zealand manager of one of the biggest companies asking him to use his powers and let our manager know what good movies his patrons were missing. The manager wrote back, saying that he would do as we asked, and he did. Nothing came of that.

As a last resource we wrote a long letter to the paper, protesting against the utter rot we were seeing at the movies. But the editor would not publish our letter. There being only one paper we could not send our letter to another for publication.

What are we to do to see better pictures? What makes it harder to bear is the fact that other similar towns within the radius of a few miles show the very best pictures: Cecil De Mille's, Ingram's, Ince's, Griffith's, and all the big productions. While other towns near by see "Manslaughter," "Clarence," "Queen of Sheba," we see Harry Houdini, Herb Rawlinson, Hoot Gibson, and the like.

Possibly some of your readers can suggest another way for us two fans to get better movies. Sincerely,

JAMES NORTH.

H——, New Zealand.

Keep the Hero's Clothes On.

May I enlist the support of PICTURE-PLAY's readers in a movement to keep the men on the screen dressed? One by one my idols have fallen, as they have displayed their bulging biceps to the public gaze. It is easy enough to understand why motion-picture producers should send Gloria Swanson or Bebe Daniels or any of the pulchritudinous comedy belles before the camera scantily clad, but Douglas Fairbanks pretty much *au natural* as the advance glimpses of "The Thief of Bagdad" show him, is, to say the least, not alluring.

Ramon Novarro in the garb of "Scaramouche" is interesting; in the savage undress of "Where the Pavement Ends" he was simply appalling. The average man is not at his best in a bathing suit, nor is the average young actor. Reginald Denny may win other hearts in the prize ring; I prefer him in dapper morning garb, a flower in his button hole and a jaunty cane in his hand.

Motion-picture producers seem not so keen about displaying young men in the seminude as still photographers are. I have a horrible memory of Rodolph Valentino tricked out in Indian paint, of Charles de Roche holding a long breath to swell his chest measure, yes—even of Conrad Nagel in a track suit.

This must stop before all savor of romance is gone. Our heroes are heroes to me no longer when I perceive unmistakably that they need more rigid adherence to the daily dozen before their waistlines are gone.

GENEVA E. HASTINGS.

Oil City, Pa.

Two Opinions About George Walsh.

This letter ought not to be addressed to PICTURE-PLAY at all, but rather to C. A. McAlister, who was more prompt to jump on "Fanny the Fan" for her uncalled-for remarks about one of the screen's greatest entertainers, George Walsh. However, I'll just tell Mr. McAlister that I am with him to the finish.

Fanny is probably a young woman, a very young woman, who does not remember the famous Triangle pictures, photoplays made by Griffith, Ince, and Sennett that were of a higher standard than any company has consistently produced since. And, of course, if she cannot recall these, she cannot remember George Walsh, the character actor, who contributed so many splendid performances to Triangle pictures. Ask Fanny if she saw "Don Quixote," and if she remembers George in that one. No one who has ever seen the picture will forget him. George played a small part in this, not the title rôle, but he stood out in that part as only a great screen actor can.

After "Don Quixote," George played several other pictures for Triangle, confirming in each new one what he had established in that. Then the never-to-be-forgotten series for Fox. You will remember, as will Miss Fanny, chiefly the athletic stunts, the first of which reached the screen just a little before Douglas Fairbanks followed in George's footsteps with similar pictures. George is the greatest athlete the screen has ever known—in fact, Grantland Rice, the noted authority of the New York *Tribune*, has said that George is the greatest of all all-round athletes. But this side of George is too well known and too generally admitted to be worth any further discussion.

What I am going to try to convince Miss Fanny is that George is a greater actor than he is an athlete, and I think that his series of Fox pictures helped to show that. In each of these, George's remarkable stunts were featured above everything else—naturally, because there has never been another who could approach him in similar work. But his ability as an actor showed through in every one of them.

Does Miss Fanny think that George did nothing but stunt pictures for Fox? Does she forget his perfect performance as the young Russian in one of Theda Bara's really good pictures, "The Serpent," which R. A. Walsh directed?

Did Miss Fanny miss George again in "Serenade," when his screen performance excelled that of James Rennie on the stage in "Spanish Love," the same story?

Many years ago, too long for Fanny to remember, Henry B. Walthall played the leading rôle in a serial for Essanay. Hundreds of serials have been made since then, but I have seen only one that was

worth while. That serial, "With Stanley in Africa," was made a worth-while picture by the acting ability of George Walsh, just as the former had been by the ability of Henry Walthall.

"Vanity Fair" is one of George's most recent pictures. His performance in that picture tells ten times more than I could write in any letter. It told Ernst Lubitsch, the greatest of all the great foreign directors, and it told Mary Pickford, whom Miss Fanny wouldn't dare knock, that George was ideal for the Spanish count in "Rosita." And he was. George has never been better in any picture.

"Ben Hur" is coming. For more than a year—as every fan knows who follows closely the news of the screen—the producers have been trying to find the ideal player for the title rôle. They have him now—and I for one am sure that George will justify their choice.

JAMES MACANDLES.
34 Whitehall Boulevard, Garden City, Long Island.

Although I read the letters in "What the Fans Think" every month I have never before been sufficiently wrought up by one to feel like replying. But now C. A. McAlister, who wrote praising George Walsh in the August number, has started something.

I wonder how many people there are who "rejoice to see his constantly rising success." Of course, I am glad to see anybody get ahead, but when it means putting an ineffective actor, such as George Walsh in company with Holbrook Blinn and Mary Pickford, I, for one, am not doing any rejoicing.

So far as I have been able to discern, Mr. Walsh has but two expressions—the "running broad grin" and a reposeful lack of any emotion at all. Both are usually generously iced with make-up. In fact, he is often so calcimined that his face looks like a death mask.

I am told that he is a great athlete; in fact, I have read quite a bit about his amazing records. If they are true, one of my pet illusions is shattered. I always thought that athletic proficiency gave a man a certain ease and grace of movement. Mr. Walsh is cumbersome.

There is something to be said about those old Fox pictures of his—to me they were so bad that, in a way, they were entertaining. His recent appearances in "Vanity Fair" and "Rosita" merely made the work of the other players shine by contrast. If it is true that he is to play *Ben-Hur*, then that will head the list of pictures that I want to miss.

ALMA LOUISE PORTER.
Bridgeport, Conn.

The Real Actors.

I'm tired to death of dimples and eyes,
Of make-up and marcels, and curls—
Of languorous movements and simpering lips
And sweet little sugary girls.
I'm weary of profiles and glycerine tears,
Of lips that are "bee-stung" and pout,
Of eyebrows uplifted and lashes too long,
Of clothes models strutting about!

I'm weary of watching the heroine's hand
Coquette up the leading man's coat—
Of the cut-and-dried tricks that directors insist
The girlies must use to emote!
I'm proud to applaud every beautiful star
Who is earnest enough not to pose
And doesn't insist that the camera show
Just the prettiest side of her nose.

But my hat is off, quite—to the *few* and the *great*



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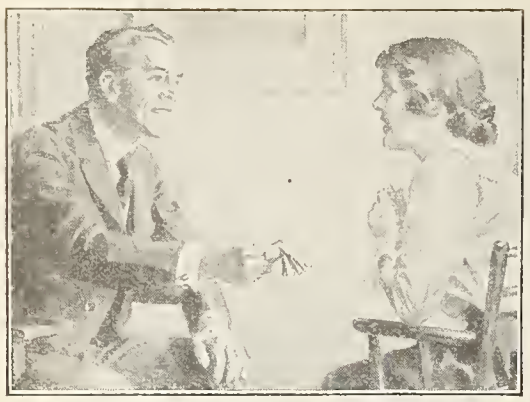
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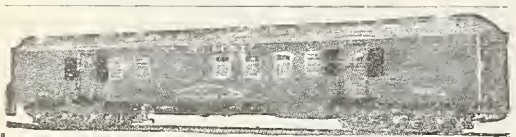
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Who do more than to simper and smirk,
Who always get close to the parts that they play
And thrill us with genuine work,
There's dear Theodore Roberts—all honor to him!
May he long chew his famous cigar.
Who doesn't admit that each picture he's in
He steals from the beautiful star?

Charles Ogle, Charles French, and Lon Chaney as well,
And many more come to my mind,
Ralph Lewis—we love him—and Henry Walthall—
All artists—the best of their kind.
I grant there are stars, now and then, who have more
To offer than just a fair face,
But let us give honor where honor is due,
And give the *real actors* a place!

POLLY LAIRD.

Montgomery, Ala.

Too Many Mobs.

I wonder why Mr. Fox keeps filling his pictures with mob scenes of one sort or another? Surely he realizes that we get fed up on such repetition. At any rate I do! I have seen so many of his lavish pictures, such as "Nero," because I am always sure of seeing capable actors carrying the leading parts, but it is a task at times to sit through so many mob scenes. Just last night I went to the theater purposely to see John Gilbert, who to me is a worthy, dependable star. But I was sadly disappointed because I really saw very little of the Gilbert smile upon his handsome face. The close-ups were given to the mob, and I was so angry I could have screamed—I wanted to see Mr. Gilbert, not the mob! So what can a poor fan do? Sit through the mob pictures and be satisfied with occasional glimpses of one's favorite, or stay away, that's all!

MRS. OLIVE DODD THOMPSON.

410 Rightor Street, Helena, Ark.

An Obliging Star.

Rodolph Valentino is in London at the present time of writing. As you know, he is my favorite film star, so, with the courage of a lion, I wrote to him last Thursday. I inclosed a stamped and addressed envelope and one of his photos, which I asked him to autograph for me. The next day I had it returned autographed, R. Valentino, which was more than I dared hope for. I am only one of many who have done the same. Several of my correspondents over here have written to him and he has always replied, so I must say he is very courteous to his film fans and everybody adores him here in England.

CYNTHIA RIDLER.

136, Shakespeare Cres., Manor Park, E. 12, London, England.

A Champion of Charles de Roche.

I wish to say something about Charles de Roche. When Mr. de Roche first came to this country newspapers and magazines everywhere spoke of him as the man who was going to take Valentino's place. Naturally this made many fans, maybe not all of them, dislike him. The idea! No one could take Rudy's place, according to the fans.

But, wait. I am perfectly certain that Mr. de Roche never came over here with any such intention. Just suppose you were De Roche and you received a wire from America saying that a part awaited you, would you hesitate? No! Well, neither did he.

I am a Valentino fan, and reading all that kind of stuff made me angry. I went to see his picture, prepared to dislike him, but there is something about him that compels your admiration. Mr. de Roche is in a foreign country. Are we helping to make him feel that he is welcome? I saw once in an interview that he liked American girls. Why can't we like him?

Fans, are you coming to Mr. de Roche's rescue?

TARIA THOMAS.

239 Melba Street, Dallas, Texas.

Did Ben Alexander Get a "Raw Deal?"

Last night, just to oblige my kid brother, I took him to see "Penrod and Sam." I knew that I would spend a boresome evening, as I had done sitting through the Jackie Coogan releases, but I was agreeably surprised.

No words can express my feelings concerning that picture!

I could sit through it again with just as much interest as before.

But that is not the reason for this letter. My reason is to ask the public if it is not ashamed of itself for the dirty deal it has handed to Ben Alexander.

During some of the sad scenes women were softly crying to themselves, and there was a suspicious moistness in the eyes of the men, something I have never noticed with a Coogan audience.

I am only sixteen now, but I can clearly remember Ben in a Griffith war picture years ago, so I am sure he is not new to the screen.

Now, will some one kindly tell me why we grabbed at the talented Jackie Coogan, who has only one fine picture, "The Kid," to his credit and made an idol of him, while we left the more talented Ben Alexander out in the cold?

EMANUEL SHAMORE.

75 Portland Street, Hartford, Conn.

Praise Americans First!

Why isn't Johnnie Walker ever mentioned? I am crazy about him! He is a wonderful actor and manages to play in the cutest pictures. I saw him in "The Fourth Musketeer," and, oh, how wonderful he was! His eyes are the most thrilling ever. I think he has Valentino beaten a mile! So why go across the waters for our heroes? Why not pick them from the American shores?

And Cullen Landis, words can't express my adoration for him! He was wonderful in "The Famous Mrs. Fair." Let's have more kind words for our own people and not give *all* to the foreigners.

RUBY LA VAN.

Kansas City, Mo.

This Collector Has Had Bad Luck.

I am writing just a few lines to let you know how I have been treated in writing stars. I have written several hundred letters, and at that have very few photographs. First I wrote Mae Marsh, Carol Dempster, Henry Hull, and Lillian Gish, inclosing twenty-five cents in stamps in each letter. I have never received a photo from any of them, though I put return address on each letter. Second, I sent Pauline Garon, Helen Jerome Eddy, Mary Miles Minter, Shirley Mason, and Wanda Hawley twenty-five cents in stamps requesting photographs, and now, after six months, I haven't received anything yet. I always write their address on the typewriter and put return address on my letters, so I am quite sure some of them received my letters. Why have they done me this way?

Now those who have sent me beautiful photographs for twenty-five cents are the following: Gloria Swanson, Pola

Negri, Priscilla Dean, Bebe Daniels, Viola Dana, Marion Davies, Constance and Norman Talmadge, Doris Kenyon, Ethel Grey Terry, Mabel Ballin, Pearl White, and Jane Novak.

LEE BAILEY.

Box 363, Houston, Texas.

The Movie Parent.

With few exceptions, the movies have always pictured the life, if such it can be called, of empty-headed young dolls and soulful swains. The heroine, you are given to understand, is never, never, never older than twenty—that explains her brainlessness—and usually she is only seventeen or eighteen. Yet when she is shown in her home, and you see her parents, you look for a subtitle to explain that they aren't really the parents of this child—that they were foolish enough to adopt her.

For movie parents don't qualify for their parts unless they are totally and completely gray or snow white. The movies know no such thing as middle life. Everything with them is infantile or decrepit. There is no halfway about it.

Why don't producers give us logical parents for our heroes and heroines? Our own parents aren't the doddering, gray-haired folks inflicted on our movie friends, and we'd like to see logical parents like our own on the screen. I am myself twenty-three and have an older brother and sister, and yet my mother looks young enough to be the daughter of the average movie parent. And she is not an unusually young-looking woman, either, for her age.

Let's have more mothers and dads in the movies, like Myrtle Stedman and Huntley Gordon in "The Famous Mrs. Fair," and Gladys Brockwell and Reckcliffe Fellowes in "Penrod and Sam."

BEN KARTMAN.

1145 W. Monroe Street, Springfield, Ill.

Let Valentino Play a Heroic Rôle.

It is refreshing to read that "Valentino is coming back to the screen," and Agnes Smith's article, in the October issue, seems to make things a little clearer concerning this fascinating young Italian. Portraying moods repellent to his ideals, and coming off with flying colors, should prove that he is "some actor."

I would enjoy seeing Valentino play a part full of stress and courage in upholding a lofty standard; he would then be in harmony with the situation, and—well, I would come away, not *wondering* why I liked him, but actually *knowing* why.

In nearly all of his pictures he has impersonated youths with questionable morals. No self-respecting mother would want a son with "The Four Horsemen" *Julio's* tendencies.

One almost feels that *Armand* is "wrong in the upper story" when he falls for *Camille* as represented by Nazimova (O my beloved Nazimova! Why wear your hair like that? Why the colicky roll to your eyes and persimmon twist to your mouth? You, with a wonderful talent and smothering it in freakishness! Besides, *Armand* was left out of the most thrilling part of the picture—the deathbed scene.)

"Blood and Sand" left a bad taste in my mouth, metaphorically speaking. The vamp does her dirty work and walks off triumphantly, while the faithful little wife is left to weep alone. It always "riles" me to see a vamp make a fool of

Continued on page 106

"If it's a Warner Picture it's a Classic"



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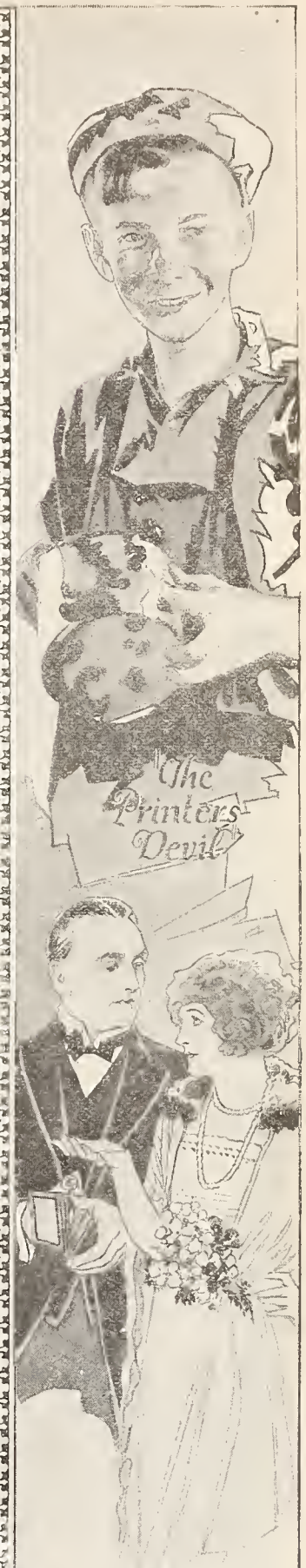
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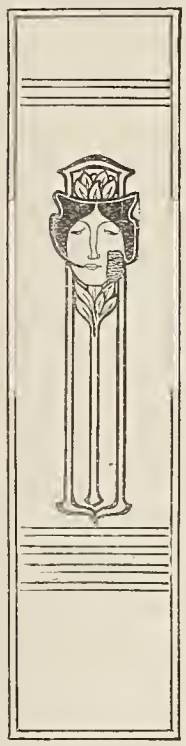
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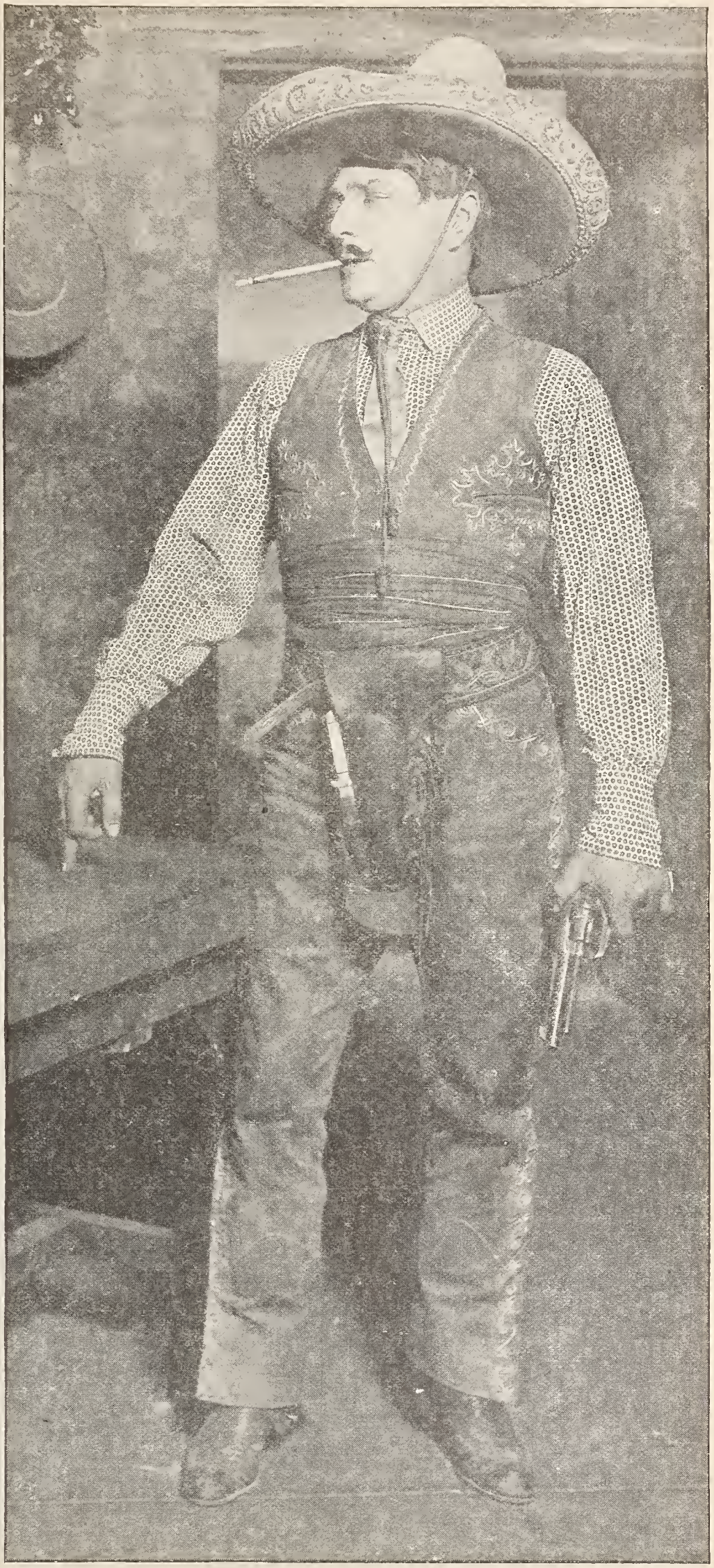
A First National Picture

Picture-Play Magazine

Volume XIX Number 4

DECEMBER, 1923





After playing "The Bad Man" on the stage for two years with sensational success, Holbrook Blinn was persuaded to play this ironic comedy on the screen. First National will soon release the picture, and meanwhile motion-picture fans will be hailing his performance in "Rosita" as truly great screen art.

Photo by Stagg



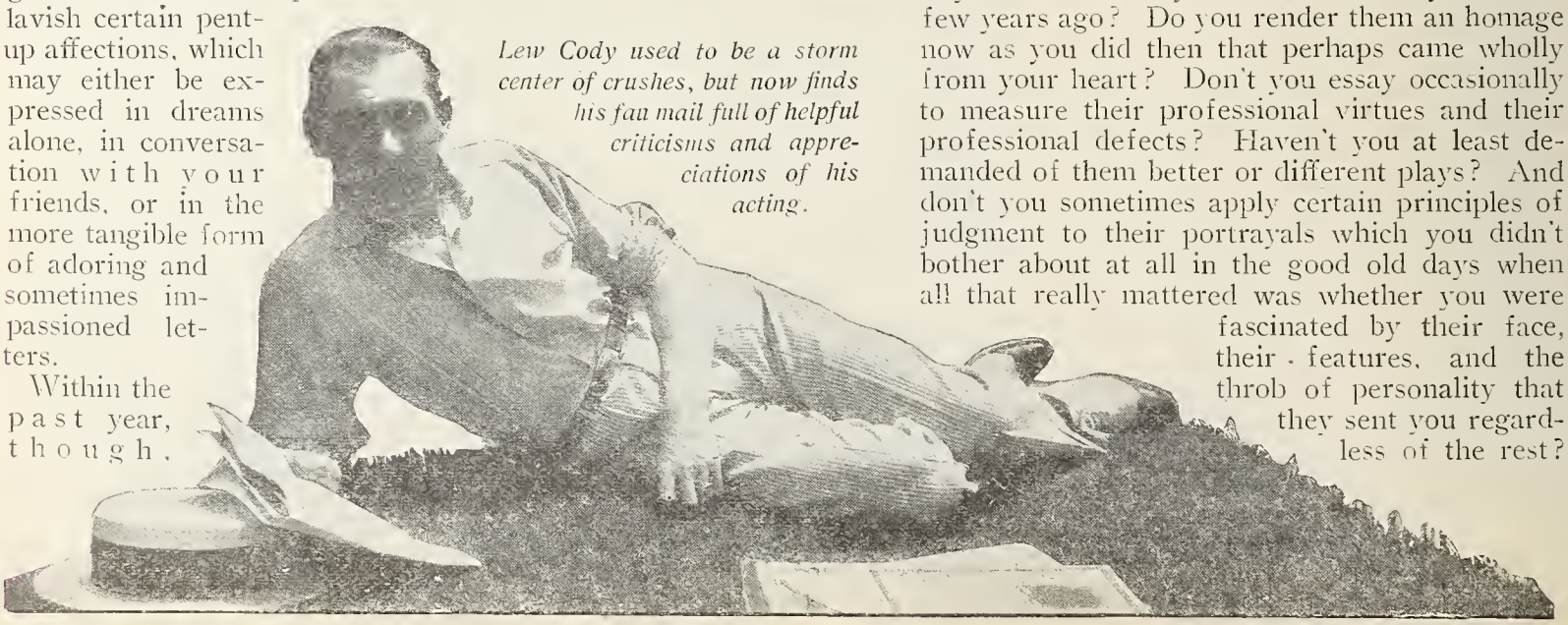
Gloria Swanson is a personality that makes you mad or makes you glad; at least you are stirred to talk about her.

Are Crushes Go

Maybe you won't agree with this article,

By Edwin

ANY one who has followed the pictures for a term of years is bound by all the laws of movie fandom to have had his or her—and particularly *her*—share of crushes. It simply wouldn't be human and it wouldn't be right for you or for anybody else to go along without having loved and lost at least once, and mayhap to have loved some more. It is all in the game of cellulife to possess a stellar ideal on whom to lavish certain pent-up affections, which may either be expressed in dreams alone, in conversation with your friends, or in the more tangible form of adoring and sometimes impassioned letters.



Lew Cody used to be a storm center of crushes, but now finds his fan mail full of helpful criticisms and appreciations of his acting.

Within the past year, though, there has been a change. This question of movie crushes has become a bothersome one. It has been complicated by criticism, and a new sort of restraint creeping into the attitude of the worshipers toward the worshiped. The star-illumined shrines are bedecked with roses, to be sure, but the flowers are now distributed less lavishly and occasionally too one is conscious of the presence of a thorn or two beneath the nice green leaves.

I began to detect this defection, if defection it might be called, some months ago. I think that I noticed it first in the letters written to "What the Fans Think" department of PICTURE-PLAY—a certain discretion showing itself, a kind of reserve.

"I can't for the life of me see how any one can have one favorite above all others," one writer exclaimed in a recent issue. "I'd as soon try to pick my favorite day of the month or my favorite food. There are days when I love Mary Pickford and days when I simply worship Lillian Gish."

Another more recently announced that the players are put on too high a pedestal. "I am now able to regard them on a normal basis," she continued. "I still adore them, but I can consider them calmly, rationally and analyze them clearly without rushing from extreme adoration to extreme dislike."

These letters are typical. Their number seems to be constantly increasing. Similarly those which indulge in extravagant, and perhaps blind ravings, over a person's charms have been on the decline. On scanning recent issues of the magazine I have found scarcely a dozen such endearing epistles, where a year ago there were seemingly scores.

Let us bring this condition right home.

I would like to ask you to survey your own particular case. Do you feel about your favorites as you did a few years ago? Do you render them an homage now as you did then that perhaps came wholly from your heart? Don't you essay occasionally to measure their professional virtues and their professional defects? Haven't you at least demanded of them better or different plays? And don't you sometimes apply certain principles of judgment to their portrayals which you didn't bother about at all in the good old days when all that really mattered was whether you were fascinated by their face, their features, and the throb of personality that they sent you regardless of the rest?

ing Out of Style?

but the writer advances many proofs that he is right.

Schallert

The concensus of opinion at the studios is against you if you don't answer in the affirmative.

Practically not a single star who was formerly a storm center of crushes—such as Thomas Meighan, Lew Cody, or Agnes Ayres, for example—but has told me that his or her fan mail is showing every sign of a new discrimination. Meighan, in particular, declares that nearly forty per cent of the letters that he now gets contain interesting, and very often vital opinions. The writers praise, but they don't hesitate on occasion to blame.

The tendency in the past has always been toward the most violent form of star worship—quite the antithesis of the reserved viewpoint that I have indicated. No one could seemingly go half way in any admiration. There was not the least balance in any opinion regarding a popular star. Either you had to be wholly for or wholly against a so-called idol.

Certain expressions regarding Gloria Swanson are pertinent—those particularly which were given vent to during the time that some fan writer challenged her ability and said she was like a kitten "perfumed and fair." Many of Gloria's adorers immediately sprang to the rescue. They refused to allow their cherished one to be thus flippantly and mayhap cruelly assailed. They refuted hotly too the assertions that she was naught but a clothes model, and sniffed inkily when her talents were compared with Miss Ayers'.

Agnes had meanwhile not escaped the javelins of criticism. Somebody had started a skirmish around her throne by dubbing her as "unreal and lacking in depth." They inferred that Famous Players-Lasky had tried to palm her off as a second and very inferior Gloria, and indicated their general disdain for her talents and her brains.

This brought a big reaction. It wasn't any time until the mail was filled with bouquets and wreaths and other tokens of sympathy and condolence for Agnes. Some of the writers were not in the least hesitant about letting go their feelings. They offered rapturous hymns of praise and veneration, and sang veritable pæans of love.

Personally. I have never had what you might call a crush on



Mothers would rather have their daughters in a theater gazing moon-struck at Thomas Meighan than out joy riding with some boy acquaintance.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Agnes Ayres takes very much to heart the fact that many young girls are devoted to her.

a picture player. Most of my life I have lived rather close to the stage, and within recent years to the screen. I have, I presume, become somewhat hardened through long exposure to the glittering presence of the performers, and through devoting so much of my time to the critical consideration of their work, as well as themselves.

At the same time, I can view their personalities often with the greatest enthusiasm, when they have real personalities, and I am not ignorant by any means of the emotion of crushes as such.

Most crushes that I know of have nothing at all of intimacy—especially those in which

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One Illusion Intact

Lillian Gish is the unalloyed joy of interviewers because in real life she lives up to the promise held out in her screen characterizations.

By Helen Klumph

UNTIL I met Lillian Gish I used to define interviewing as "the process of shattering illusions." Not that I was always disappointed in the people I interviewed—I was just surprised. There was an exotic screen siren, for instance, who when bereft of the beads of her calling proved to be a dumpy little woman interested in child welfare. There was a hero of wild Westerns who used perfume. There was a childish ingénue in whose apartment there were as many mysterious door slammings as in any French farce. And, drifting from the field of movies, there was an admiral of a foreign fleet who could have doubled for Ben Turpin.

But Lillian is always flowerlike, fragile, and as haunting as the melody of "Salut d'Amour." In life she has that same gripping tenderness that she has on the screen. The bridge of sympathy that is established with her audience the instant she comes on the screen holds you likewise in real life. Her screen portrayals are all sharply etched, highly individual characterizations, but there is the same spirituality, the same illusion about all of them. And that steadfast illusion, that overtone, is Lillian's own personality.

She is the most flattering person I know. After being abroad for seven months she returns and casually continues an argument broken off at your last meeting. She remembers quite inconsequential things—what you like for luncheon, the sort of books you read, the people you like. At first I used to marvel at her almost childlike faith in people, but now I begin to understand it. People instinctively are on their best behavior when they are with her.



Photo by James Abbe

The plaintive little girl of the old Biograph days is now a poised and gracious young woman, hailed as the supreme artist of the screen.

When I told Dorothy that I was writing my impressions of Lillian, she said: "Remember to tell about her faults. What you and I really know of her sounds too good to be true."

In response to Dorothy's challenge I really ought to tell you some sinister secret that Lillian has succeeded so far in concealing from the public. But there isn't any. She is just an amazingly sweet and gracious young person who has worked hard and been pursued by hard luck until recently.

After she made "Way Down East" she could have signed contracts with any one of several companies at a huge salary. But the prospect of being made to suffer and suffer and suffer through vehicles as alike as though they had been made from rubber stamps did not appeal to her.

She waited until she was offered a company over whose activities she would have control. She knows a great deal about making motion pictures—you may recall that she directed Dorothy in a comedy a few years ago—and about cutting them. Curiously enough, this extraordinary technical knowledge has not made her critical of other people's efforts. She is the perfect audience. Knowing how much hard work goes into the making of even a poor picture, she is sympathetic.

Except for the people who have played in her pictures very few players know Lillian Gish. Mary Pickford is her one intimate friend. With every one else she is interested, but a trifle aloof.

She is often called the Bernhardt of the screen.

In an industry that recklessly manufactures slogans and catch phrases and advertises quite commonplace performers as "The Girl You Can't Forget" or "The Empress of Fiery Emotions" that title wouldn't mean much if it weren't for the fact that it was not bestowed by an advertising man but by the very people who would be the last to admit any artistry in the work of a motion-picture actress.

That is the unique phase of Lillian's career. She has won the highest praise from people who were supercilious toward motion pictures and at the same time endeared herself to motion-picture fans. Of the two publics I am sure that she really loves the fans most, for they are the ones who supported her during the struggling years when she was just laying the foundations of her career. It was they whose letters, childish ones sometimes, cheered her on to one more effort in the days when she had to get up soon after dawn and go by street car, ferry and train to the location in New Jersey, where she was working.

Whenever I hear her called the Bernhardt of the screen, I think of her account of the time when she played in Madame Bernhardt's company. It was during a New York engagement and Lillian was borrowed from another company to appear in just one play of the Bernhardt repertoire. She says that she was quite overawed by the grandeur of such a company—she was unused to having a maid and playing in such a clean and well-equipped theater. The luxurious surroundings, in fact, made such an impression on her that she hardly noticed the divine Sarah. That august personage was to her only a foreign lady who, standing in the wings

with her and waiting for a cue, used to pick up long strands of her hair and sing enchanting little tunes which she pretended to be strumming on them.

Whenever any one criticizes the movies, the best way to down them is to mention Lillian Gish. The gentility and traditions of the D. A. R. form her background; years as a child trouper gave her her training; the plaudits of such people as John Barrymore and Ernst Lubitsch speak for her artistry. She is the Mrs. Fiske and the Maude Adams of the screen world and is as little open to criticism as they are.

If I sound maudlin, forgive me. Even the most blasé and hard-boiled reporters have broken down and gushed adjectives after meeting Lillian Gish. And I, who have come to know her rather well in the three years since I first interviewed her, find myself constantly becoming more enthusiastic about her.

At the opening of "The White Sister," one of the most distinguished gatherings a New York theater ever held, people looked in vain for the star of the picture. She was not in the front box where the star of the occasion is usually to be found. She and Dorothy were back stage, sitting on an old trunk and trying to reassure each other that they were not in the least nervous. Every little while Lillian would tiptoe over to the edge of the curtain and peek out.



Photo by James Abbe

When a record of the year's great screen performances is compiled this scene from "The White Sister" in which Ronald Colman appears with Miss Gish is sure to be included.

"Dorothy, those people over in those side seats won't be able to see a thing. What can we do about it? They'll have a miserable time. Oh, there are some people who were put in the wrong seats. The usher is making them get out. Do you suppose they'll all get settled all right before the picture begins? Oh, don't you wish there didn't have to be any first nights?"

Lillian's idea of a perfect social affair is to be at home with Dorothy and her husband, Mrs. Gish, John Parrot, the veteran family pet, Mrs. Kratsch, an old friend who acts as Lillian's secretary, and one or two friends. Sometimes they just talk, but more often they read a play aloud. Shaw's "Pygmalion" with Dorothy reading the title rôle is a prime favorite.

At home—home just now is a big suite up high in the Vanderbilt Hotel—Lillian wears a quaint little blouse or jacket and if you are a very old friend she receives you with her hair caught back with a pin or two and hanging in loose curls to her waist.

She takes a keen interest in costuming her pictures, but little or none in getting clothes to wear outside the studio. The day before the opening of "The White Sister," some one asked her what she was going to wear, and to their horror she said she supposed she would wear the white evening dress she had worn to the openings of her other pictures. She dislikes dressing up, and as she never goes to parties it is rarely necessary. But Dorothy would not have Lillian wear that old dress again, so she rushed her off to Tappe's and all other work in the establishment was dropped while the great designer created a gown for Lillian to wear on the night of her triumph.

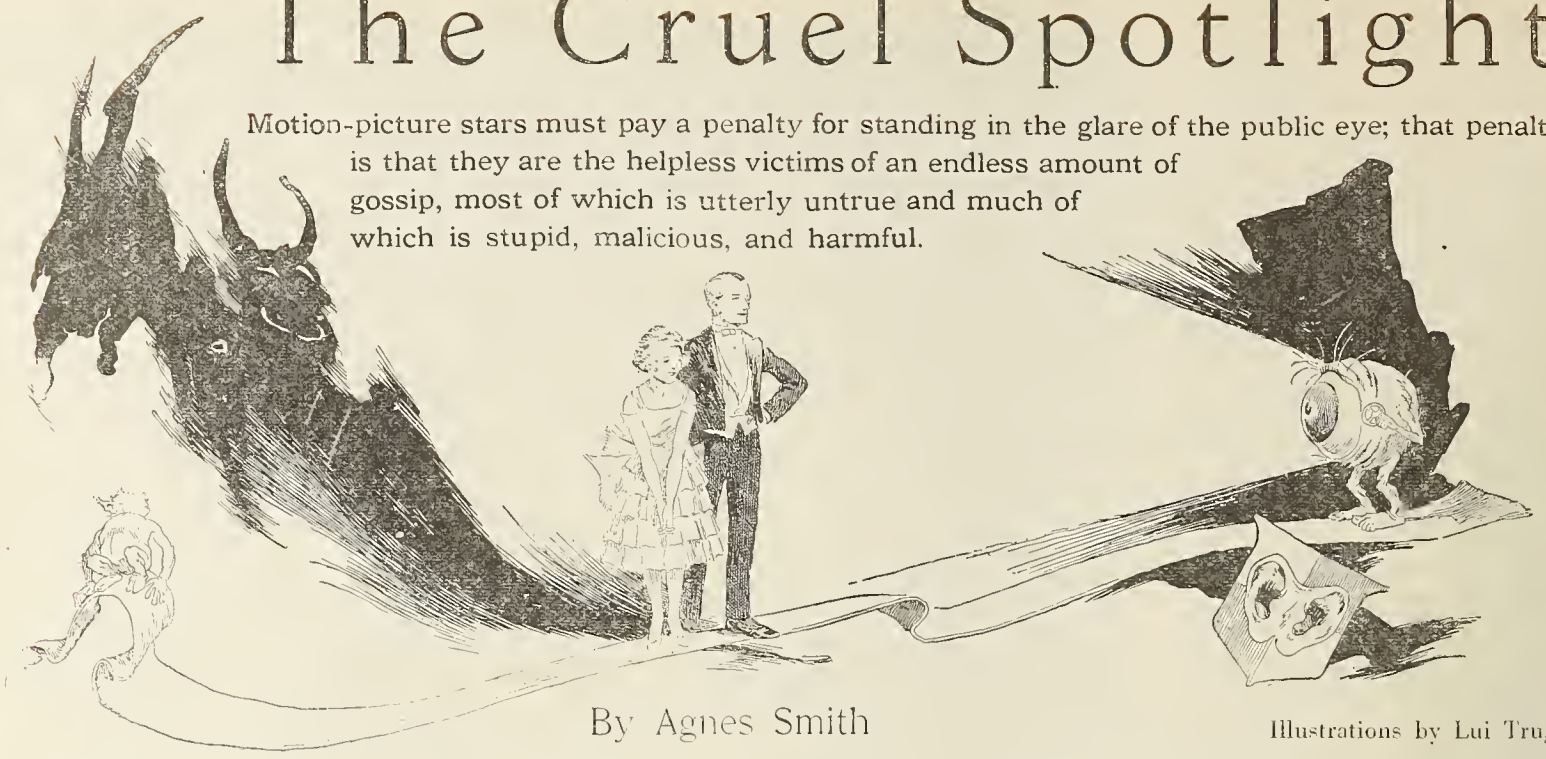
Lillian's comings and goings are usually inconspicuous because she disguises herself effectually with close-fitting hats and horn-rimmed eyeglasses. But not in Tappe's! "Simply superb! Simply superb!" he comments excitedly as he tries a hat on her. "Oh, Mrs. ——," and he hails some society dowager who has just come in, "have you seen 'The White Sister?' It's magnificent; simply wonderful. I made the gown Miss Gish wore the first night, didn't I, Miss Gish?"

I remember her always as she was one day two years ago when the guillotine scenes for "Orphans of the Storm" were made. She stood on the platform a tiny, swaying figure with the menacing bulk of the executioner hovering over her. Beyond, a fiery sun was sinking in the placid waters of Long Island Sound, and sails of pleasure boats dotted the water. But the anguish

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The Cruel Spotlight

Motion-picture stars must pay a penalty for standing in the glare of the public eye; that penalty is that they are the helpless victims of an endless amount of gossip, most of which is utterly untrue and much of which is stupid, malicious, and harmful.



By Agnes Smith

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

A FEW years ago, during one of the influenza epidemics, a brief dispatch was sent out from Hollywood to the effect that Mary Pickford was suffering from a slight attack of that malady. Mary promptly recovered, forgot about it, and no further dispatches were sent out about the state of her health.

Within a few weeks every motion-picture magazine in the country was deluged with frantic letters from sorrowing fans, asking if it were true that Mary had died. One of the letters, which was sent to PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, ran as follows: "A girl that I know says that a girl she knows showed her a letter from a cousin in Los Angeles who wrote: 'I *know* that Miss Pickford is dead for I saw her funeral pass our house. They are trying to keep it dark because she was in the middle of a picture, which another actress is finishing in her place, and they won't announce it until after that picture is shown.'"

Many letters, in the same vein, arrived month after month, from all sections of the country.

Theda Bara, too, was unceremoniously killed off and carried to her grave. And the unaccountable story ran that her sister had taken her place on the screen. Many persons even fancied that they saw the change in her pictures.

Perhaps Clara Kimball Young would have preferred to die a mysterious death at the hands of rumor rather than have the story gain circulation that she had a glass eye. And yet such a story did go the rounds until Clara showed such eye agility in her pictures that she naturally disproved it. Corinne Griffith was said, by the same whispering chorus, to be stumping through life on a wooden leg. That rumor persisted until Corinne appeared on the screen in a costume that couldn't have been worn by a girl with a wooden leg.

For months the Picture Oracle tried to convince skeptics that both Corinne's legs were her own. But what can be said to contradict the evidence of those who "knew some one who knew the surgeon who performed the operation?"

How do such stories start? Who is the mysterious "friend of a friend" who knows all the inside stories of the movie stars? And why are the movie stars picked as the victims of such outlandish falsehoods?

The wildest of the stories are apparently circulated by the master mind who invented all the blood-curdling tales that swept the country by word of mouth during the war, only to be proved utter falsehoods after it was all over. In other words, there is no way to find out who does start them.

But there are certain kinds of false stories that can be traced to such human faults as envy, maliciousness, egotism, and love of gossip. We all enjoy back-fence conversation and when that conversation concerns some one conspicuous or famous, either in our own neighborhood or in the public eye, we enjoy it all the more. And the movie stars have to bear their share of them as their penalty for having to stand always in the spotlight.

One of the best sources of untrue gossip is the person who poses as being "on the inside" in the movie business. These persons usually know some one "who has a high-up position in one of the big companies," or they have a friend "who is very close to a man who works for one of the stars." So, from a position of real authority, as they claim, they are able to tell you the whole black and awful truth about any one in the business. Occasionally their information is at least partially correct. But the proportion of misinformation, I believe, far exceeds that which is true. And you know how a story changes by being repeated a few times. You have all, no doubt, enjoyed the game called "The Whispering Circle," in which the first of a group of persons, seated in a circle, whispers a sentence to his neighbor who, in turn, whispers it to the next, and so on until, when the last one speaks aloud what he heard, it is found to have no resemblance whatsoever to what the first person said.

How these stories, started by the persons "on the inside" do get around! And how they grow and change with each telling. I daresay, if you stop to think about it, there isn't a movie fan of your acquaintance who hasn't his or her own pet story, filled with melodrama, of some suppressed incident in the life of a screen favorite. There is always some one who is only too willing to tell you the "great story that never got in the newspapers."

Probably the most amusing, and often the most injurious of such stories are the workings of uninformed or thoughtless minds. Such a mind, given a small start, can jump miles to a wrong conclusion. Take for instance, the letter which a fan wrote to PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE some time ago, in which she triumphantly asserted that at last she *knew* that Glenn Hunter was

conceited—she had absolute proof. "How can you deny it," she wrote, "when he has the colossal nerve to give out, as the address of his studio, '*Glen*dale, *Hunter's* Point, Long Island?'"

This seemed to her a deliberate attempt on the part of Glenn to make himself famous in the post office department.

I suppose it would have been hard to convince her that the Glendale Studio, at which he happened to be working for a short time, was built and named by men who, at the time of the christening, had never heard of Glenn Hunter; and that the station of Glendale and Hunter's Point—the region in which both station and studio are located—were named many years before Glenn Hunter was born.

The story of this beautiful blunder is only matched by the fan who is all worked up over the fact that Milton Sills is a doctor. In a sketch of his life Mr. Sills admitted that he had taken the degree of doctor of philosophy in his younger days. At least one admirer wants to write to Milton Sills for medical advice. The difference between a Ph. D. and an M. D. is the difference between a man who can remove doubts and one who can remove tonsils.

No one knows how many screen villains and vamps have been defamed throughout the country because some one jumped to the conclusion that that player has the same characteristics as the character represented on the screen. Wallace Beery recently received an irate letter from a northwest lumberjack informing him that if the writer ever had the good fortune to meet him face to face, Beery was going to get the beating of his life as partial payment for his evil doings. Every player who has been distinguished for the portrayal of villainous rôles could tearfully relate similar experiences.

False impressions or stories such as the foregoing, which are started by thoughtless or stupid persons, are usually comparatively harmless. Sometimes, however, there seems to be a downright malicious feeling back of them.

A certain male star innocently fell into the clutches of the whispering chorus, and he wonders just how much harm has been done him by a story that is both malicious and stupid.

This particular star is a steady, home-loving man who has remained singularly untouched by gossip and scandal. When he was in California a year or so ago, he went to the beach one Sunday with his wife, his director and a half a dozen players who were members of his company.

They were all good friends and had gone down to the beach for a family party to relax and rest in the sunshine. One of the girls, who was running up and down the sands, suddenly stooped and gave the star in question a brief, sisterly kiss on the cheek. Naturally, no one in the party thought anything about it—least of all the star or his wife.

But a few days later the star received a letter from a woman in Seattle and his morning was completely ruined when he read the following:

> I have always enjoyed your pictures because I have believed you to be a man of stainless character, but I can believe this no longer. My sister, who has just come back from a visit to Los Angeles, tells me that last Sunday you were pointed out to her on the beach and she recognized you. There could be no doubt as to your identity. She said that you were carrying on, publicly kissing young women and acting shamefully. From now on I shall go to no more of your pictures, and I shall tell every one I know what kind of person you are

The bombshell, like most of its kind, was anonymous. The star had no way of writing to the woman to correct her mistake. And so he is wondering how many persons she has told "what kind of man he is." He was innocent in that case, but how could he prove it?

The briskest trade in movie rumors is carried on by the California tourists. I don't know exactly how many persons visit Hollywood every winter but the number must be somewhere in the millions. That is to say you'd guess it was up in the millions if you could see the hopefully, trying to pass through the door of the Lasky studio.

The movie studios are a big attraction for the tourists and Aunt Minnie's thrill at her first glimpse of the Golden Gate at sunset is only exceeded by her thrill at her first glimpse of a movie star at noonday, providing she is one of the fortunate few who catch a glimpse of one.

Now if the tourists really had a chance to see the workings of the studios and to meet the stars personally, those at least who were trained observers and naturally truthful, might be able to bring back some reasonably true anecdotes. But, despite all their efforts very few of them ever have a chance really to get even casually acquainted with any of the important movie people or to so much as see the inside of a studio.

But the tourist knows that he will be expected by the folks back home to know all about the movies on his return. So he picks up any stray gossip that he can from such persons as he meets in the hotels, shops, or elsewhere. And the native of Los Angeles whom the tourist accosts naturally puffs up with pride, just as any of us do when a stranger in town asks us something about local industries. What we tell him, with a great show of knowledge, would probably surprise the owners of those industries. And what the cigar and news-stand clerks, the people in the shops, and the



The tourist knows that he will be expected to know all about the movies by the folks back home on his return.

street car conductors tell the tourists would probably be for the most part, news to Jesse Lasky. But the tourist accepts this counterfeit information as unquestioningly as he accepts a Navajo Indian blanket at a New Mexico station, which purports to be a genuine hand-woven article, but which in reality, is the product of a Paterson, New Jersey, mill. And if the tales he hears are rather to the discredit of the persons in question, he is likely to listen all the more attentively.

It's only human that most people would rather hear that a movie star had given her husband the gate than that she had given a million dollars to an orphan asylum. It sounds more plausible.

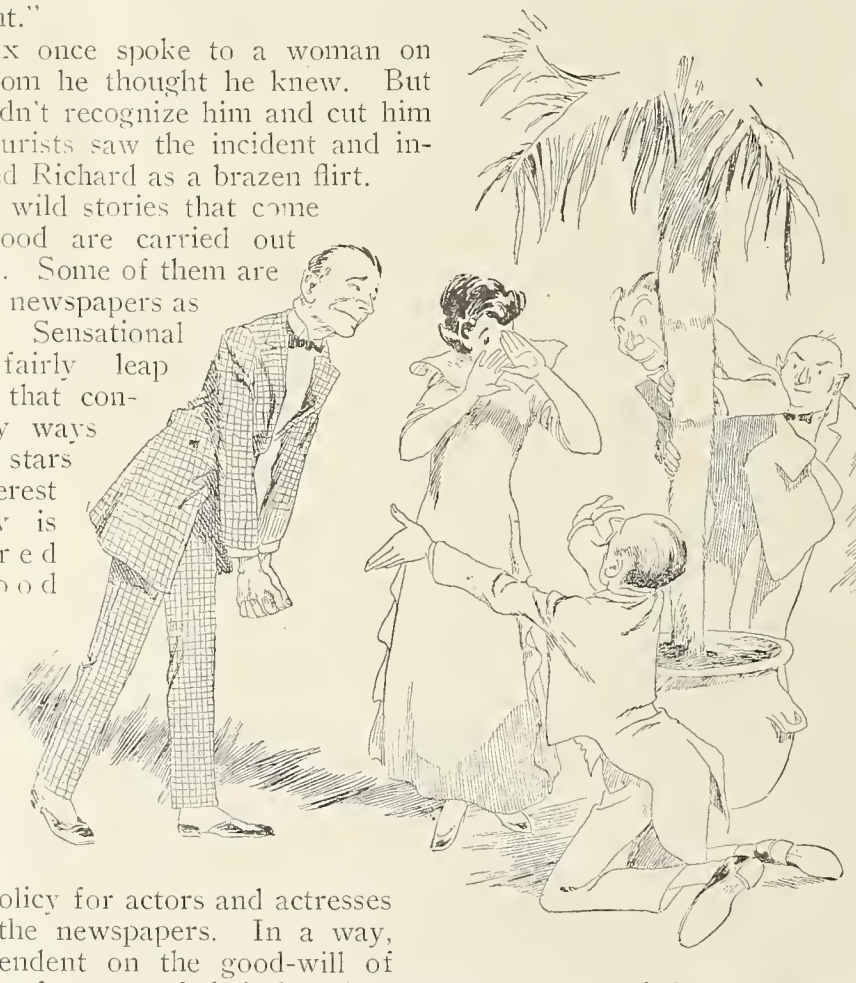
While the tourists may be the most kindly and courteous persons at home, once they are on a sight-seeing tour they become impertinent and ill-mannered. This goes for Americans in Europe, all strangers in Hollywood and visiting English lecturers.

The tourists stare the make-up off the countenances of the stars when they chance to meet them on the street. The immediate effect of all this nudging, pointing, whispering and giggling is to force the star into a false attitude. The star squirms nervously, her voice becomes high pitched, she bursts into false laughter or else she becomes cold and insolent. In most cases she makes a bad and an entirely false impression.

Whereupon the tourist returns home, tells the neighbors she saw Lulu La Joy face to face and that Lulu acted like a fool and was probably drunk. And the neighbors, upon seeing one of Lulu's pictures, announce to the world at large that "of course every one knows Lulu is lit like the Ten Cent Store on a Saturday night."

Richard Dix once spoke to a woman on the street whom he thought he knew. But the woman didn't recognize him and cut him dead. Six tourists saw the incident and instantly branded Richard as a brazen flirt.

Not all the wild stories that come from Hollywood are carried out by the tourists. Some of them are sent out to the newspapers as "news items." Sensational newspapers fairly leap at any story that concerns the gay ways of the movie stars and the slenderest sort of story is embroidered to make good reading. The stars never protest to the newspapers, because, unless the story is as serious as criminal libel, it isn't good policy for actors and actresses to row with the newspapers. In a way, they are dependent on the good-will of the newspapers for part of their bread and butter.



Constance Talmadge, according to the newspaper stories, would appear to be besieged by suitors all the time.

The great American newspaper sport is marrying off Constance Talmadge. Regular dispatches from Hollywood give the latest rumors of her new "fiancés." All the stories about her are exactly alike; you never hear of Constance except in the middle of a romantic courtship with the young man doomed to failure. She would appear to be beseiged by suitors all the time. One of the most persistent of these rumors went around last winter. You probably heard it; Constance was going to marry a rich and socially prominent man. And here is how the whole thing started, according to Constance:

"Recently I danced one dance—one, mind you, with a young man from the east. The next day two Los Angeles correspondents of eastern papers had me engaged when, as a matter of fact, I didn't know the young man's first name.

"He was introduced to a group of young folks I was with. We were attending a small dance at a private home. He asked me for a dance. I danced. There happened to be a friend of two newspaper women present. What this woman told the newspaper folks I don't know, but evidently she must have said that I danced every dance that evening with this young man.

"These things make me furious. If it keeps up, I'll only dance with Norma, Natalie, Buster and Mr. Schenck."

But even legitimate interviews or stories, which on their face are harmless, are misread and misunderstood by the scandal hounds. Even a tiny loophole is big enough to let in hundreds of rumors and any sort of obscurity in wording gives rise to thousands of false conjectures.

Mary Pickford was the innocent victim of a rather tactless magazine story. A small magazine, published in a remote community, printed Mary's horoscope. And over it was this caption, "Stars Predict Mary and Doug to Separate." And then, in small type, the article handed Mary the information that, according to the planets, she and Douglas eventually would separate and that she would find her greatest happiness late in life.

The obscure article traveled fast and far. Give the gossip hounds a slender thread like that, and they can weave a whole tapestry of scandal, filling in all the necessary details. Straightway followed the story that Mary and Doug had parted in sorrow and anger and that Doug had taken an apartment at Garden Court in Hollywood.

Of course, that whopper, too, reached Mary and it was troublesome to put down. If you deny, in print, that you intend to divorce your husband, the public almost certainly believes that there has been trouble.

There was no foundation for the rumor. Mary and Doug are, always have been and always will be, I trust, happily married.

These rumors start in various interesting and picturesque ways. Some of them grow out of small acorns planted in interviews. A casual statement, made as a joke by a star, or a hapeless invention of a careless reporter, may start all sorts of funny tales.

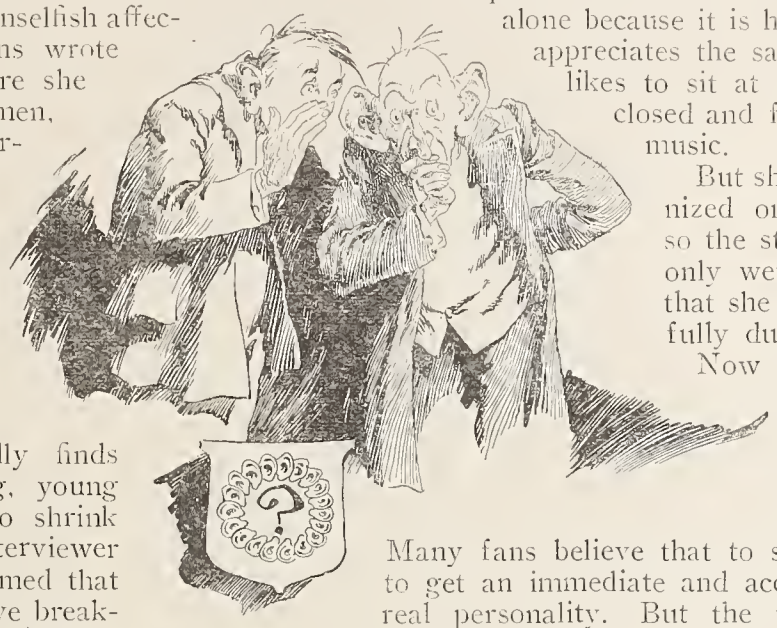
For instance, Bebe Daniels, raised in Los Angeles, and one of the most popular girls in Hollywood, woke up one morning to discover that she never had been in Hollywood in her life. A reporter on a small-town newspaper asked her about Hollywood and quoted Bebe

as answering, "Hollywood? Why I never have been there!"

Now Bebe is wondering what she really said that brought forth the bland lie.

Shortly after she adopted a baby, Barbara La Marr enthusiastically explained that she loved the child and that men meant nothing to her. That she never had cared as much for a man as she did for the baby.

It was a reasonable enough statement when you consider Barbara's bubbling temperament. What she really meant was that she had an unselfish affection for the child. But the fans wrote her letters of protest. How dare she say that she cared nothing for men, in the light of her many marriages and her wedding to still another husband?



Lila Lee, in discussing a trip to Panama, innocently told an interviewer that she did not like the *iguanos* she encountered there. There was nothing improper about this remark, as the *iguano* is a species of lizard, and while the American boy usually finds strange reptiles most interesting, young ladies, as a rule, are inclined to shrink from them. Unfortunately, the interviewer jocularly remarked that he presumed that the *iguano* was some sort of native breakfast food. The jocular part of this statement not being recognized, it quite naturally offended the Panama officials. In fact, they were so much offended that they threatened to bar from the country all films in which Lila Lee took part, until they were convinced that she was innocent of any intention of insult. Miss Lee vows now that she'll never so much as complain about mosquitos, lest her pictures should be banned in New Jersey.

If all the rumors circulated about Gloria Swanson in village grocery stores were gathered into one volume, the book would weigh fifty pounds. And all because Gloria has a mysterious film personality and a baffling attitude toward the public.

Personal appearances are usually dangerous. A star may step before an audience for five minutes and make an innocuous little speech and give fifty different impressions to the audience. One fan discovers she is pigeon-toed; another fan doubts the genuineness of her hair. Another fan hears all sorts of veiled insults in her speech.

Norma Talmadge is dead set against personal appearances. In fact, she refuses to go anywhere in public without her husband. Let her eat in a restaurant with the most casual business associate, and she immediately learns that she has been consulting a lawyer about her divorce. So it's no more personal appearances for the Talmadges, which is hard, because Norma is one of the most gracious and natural stars on the screen in her relationship with the public. And Constance dearly loves dances and dinner parties.

Blanche Sweet once told me that she regretted that the happy days when movie stars were unknown had passed. The publicity, she finds, has been worth the loss of personal freedom. Blanche is fond of going to operas and concerts. And she usually goes alone because it is hard to find any one who appreciates the same sort of music. She likes to sit at a concert with her eyes closed and forget everything but the music.

But she was spotted and recognized on several occasions and so the story got around that she only went as an affectation and that she slept soundly and peacefully during the music.

Now Blanche sits in the balcony and hides under her hat.

The after effects of Valentino's dancing tour have been amusing. Many fans believe that to see a star in real life is to get an immediate and accurate impression of his real personality. But the masses of letters written about Valentino remind me of that very common psychological experiment for proving the inaccuracy of the human eye and ear in which a man rushes into a class room, shouts something and runs out again. The students are asked to write down what had happened. The reports invariably are different. No two students seem to have heard or seen the same thing.

No two fans who saw Valentino and heard him speak saw the same person or heard the same speech. Some saw him with wings sprouting from his shoulders, while others detected the cloven hoof and the smell of sulphur. Every newspaper who reported his appearance wrote a different story and every fan carried away a different impression.

A peculiarity of these rumors that gain the widest credence in places far removed from the centers of film making, is that they seldom coincide with any of the rumors and gossip that go the rounds in film circles. There are, of course, plenty of wild tales that are told and believed in the studios themselves and many of them are almost as baseless as the fan rumors.

No wonder the producers wonder why a nation with such an inventive and imaginative mind for weaving plots cannot produce a higher percentage of original scenarios!

"ASK ANY PRESS AGENT"

By Marjorie Driscoll

All day I tumble down the stairs
  Or hurl the jocund custard pie,
But when the day is done I turn
  Where true repose and pleasure lie.
And so I spend my hours of ease
With Plato and with Socrates.

And while I'm waiting for a scene
  I snatch my book and read and read
About the whichness of the why,
  It gives my work the poise I need.
Let others of Rex Chambers rant,
I spend my leisure hours with Kant.

My laden bookshelves, row and row,
  Hold nothing in a lighter vein,
Good solid reading by the yard,
  And this I read with might and main.
I know that all this must be true,
For my press agent says I do.



His fame started with "The Coward," climbed up through several others and then started tobogganing.

What About

Some observations regarding the young man who is, in the

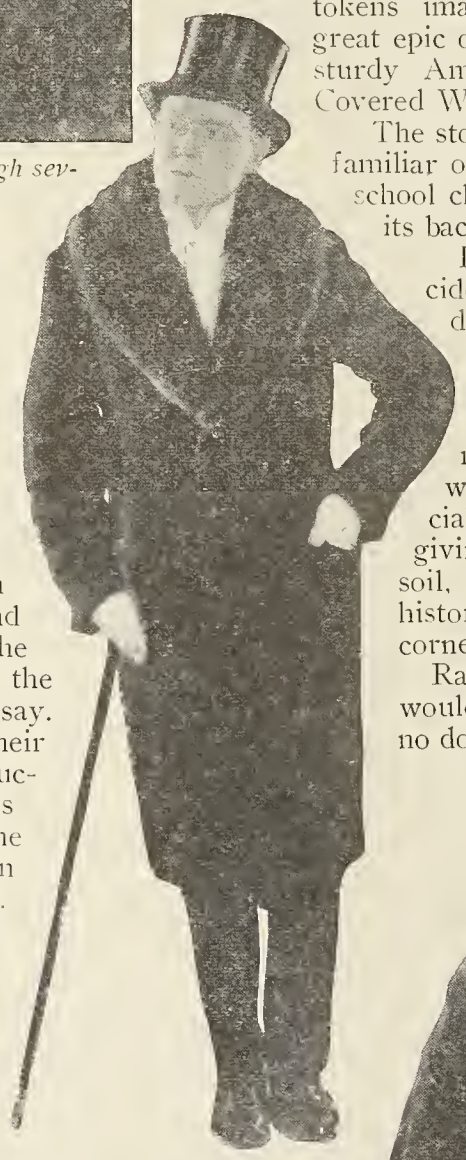
By Edwin

ALWAYS there are bound to be more cheers over the successful comeback of one star, who has erred in the sustaining of his reputation, than over ninety-nine new fledglings who flutter out into the projection lamp's rays with possible success ahead of them. For which reason, no doubt, the world of observant photo-play goers has emitted a prolonged shout of approval over the return of Charles Ray. He has just reinstated himself with the critics, and I hope, with his public, after a long series of mishaps and meanderings. As to how far this interest of the motion-picture fans has turned back toward the once "best-loved boy on the screen," I cannot say. Certainly, his name has appeared seldom in their letters printed in this magazine. But his production of "The Girl I Loved" has attracted columns of praise on the part of the reviewers that the most worshiped might envy, and he has been hailed as the actor of actors even by the elect.

The astute Ernst Lubitsch, the filmer of "Passion," "Deception," and other masterpieces, who has but lately arrived in America, has been voluble in his commendation. "Dees Sharlee Ray ees a most vonderful actor," he recently exclaimed to me. "In Germany, I think, ve have nobody who ees so fine. He has *nuance*, what you call shading—ree-mark-able!"

As Lubitsch is regarded as a great actors' director this statement, coming from him, has a big significance. So far as I know, he has not been so unrestrained in his applause of any other American celebrity.

Lubitsch had just seen "The Girl I Loved." He had, I fear, never looked on certain pictures like "The Barnstormer," "Smudge," and "Gas, Oil, and Water." If he had he might have ventured a less exuberant opinion.



The thing is, though, that Ray has, with a few turns of the flying reel, regained all that he had lost and more. He is on the verge of a great new adventure. His fame, which has hung on the perilous edge of a cliff, in danger perhaps of being dashed down into the chasm of anti-stardom, has shown a sudden promise that is almost unparalleled, because of his unique personality, and the seeming touch of the surprising with which he endows everything really worth while that he does.

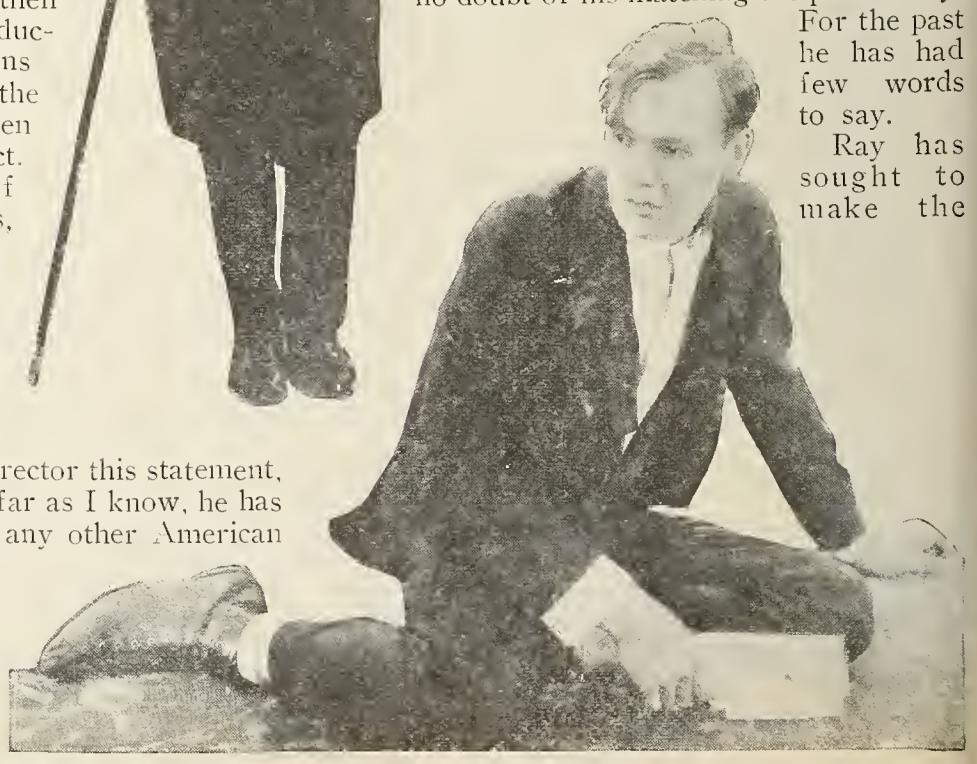
You know, of course, that his most ambitious opus is just about to show—"The Courtship of Miles Standish." Into this he has put everything of energy and determination. He went right into the heart and soul of the America of our forefathers, and by all the tokens imaginable he should have another great epic of the pioneering spirit of that fine sturdy Americanism, of which, say, "The Covered Wagon" presented a view.

The story of *John Alden* and *Priscilla* is a familiar one. It is known, in fact, to every school child. It is a trifle of romance, but its background is large.

Ray has made the love interest incidental in his picture. The main drama dwells on the founding of the colony of Plymouth Rock. It depicts the great struggle of the Pilgrim Fathers with the forces of nature, their battles with pirates, with the Indians and with commercial intrigue, and their first Thanksgiving under a giant oak on American soil, and dozens of other incidents of history that went with the laying of the cornerstone of modern democracy.

Ray plays *John Alden*—the man who would not speak for himself. There is no doubt of his matching the personality. For the past he has had few words to say.

Ray has sought to make the



Charles Ray?

opinions of some, our greatest cinema actor.

Schallert



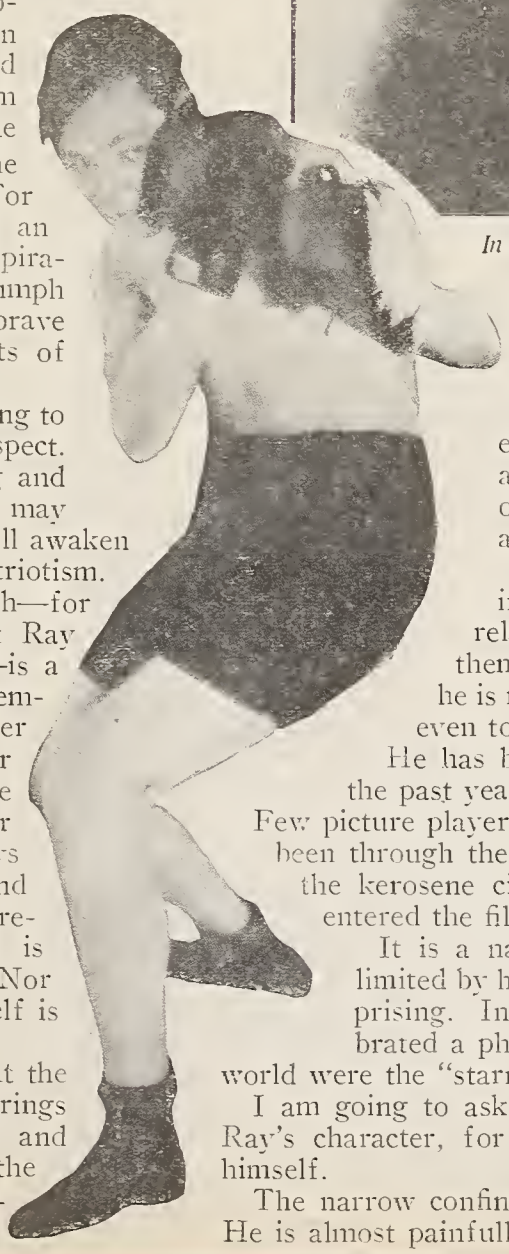
In one year he made thirteen pictures, playing a wide variety of rôles.

character an ideal of real manhood—a combination of bravery of a finer sort, yet gentle and human in his dealings, particularly with women. A striking contrast, no doubt, to the crude vigor of the warrior *Standish* after whom the production is named.

This is the first time that Ray has essayed to venture out of his modern surroundings since he has become a star. It is his most strenuous effort to sever relations with his well-known hick character, and on its success will hinge, no doubt, the vitality of his future.

The period of "The Courtship of Miles Standish" is on the surface an uninviting one. No producers have been attracted to it thus far, with the possible exception of the Film Guild in "The Scarecrow," and the story of that is more or less satire.

Douglas Fairbanks laughingly spoke of it to me once as the bow-legged era of history. But Ray has apparently discovered in this page an unsuspected treasure. In fact, I am not so sure but that he will eventually have the laugh on the others. For while they are seeking an exotic and foreign inspiration, he may score a triumph by commemorating the brave and persevering exploits of our own people.



What Ray is attempting to do, therefore, wins respect. His feature may be big and far-reaching, and it may touch the spring that will awaken a stronger spirit of patriotism.

Altogether, this youth—for that is in reality what Ray still is in his outlook—is a figure. He doesn't seemingly run out to the center of the stage and bow for the bouquets, but he stands somewhere under the proscenium, always plodding, thinking, and doing. That he is frequently misunderstood is not beyond conjecture. Nor will I say that he himself is not to blame.

I meet him often. At the theater, at social gatherings at the Writers' Club, and within the precincts of the studio. We rarely indulge in any formalities of interviewer and interviewee. It is mostly chance encounters, and we converse quite *ad lib*. Ray's talk is inevitably about work. He has a never-ending stream of opinions about pictures in general, and about his own pictures in particular. He will tell you occasionally the struggles of his art and of his heart and mind as well.

Of course, I feel that I know him rather intimately in a professional way. I do not think that he would relate his feelings as definitely to the world as he has told them to me. That is not to say, on the other hand, that he is not, on every occasion, utterly frank and utterly sincere, even to the extent of being naïve.

He has been rather curiously shut in most of his life. Until the past year or so, for example, he had never been to New York. Few picture players could say as much—or as little. Most of them have been through the mill there, let alone visiting. But outside of touring the kerosene circuit on the West coast as a stage actor before he entered the films, Ray has seldom traveled anywhere.

It is a natural surmise that his viewpoint must be somewhat limited by his experience. In a way it is. Yet he is mentally enterprising. In which respect, you might even compare him to so celebrated a philosopher as Immanuel Kant, the boundaries of whose world were the "starry skies above him" and "the moral code within him."

I am going to ask you to be patient with a more extended analysis of Ray's character, for I feel that it is necessary to the understanding of himself.

The narrow confines of his life have made him extremely introspective. He is almost painfully aware of himself.



"The Girl I Loved" won him much commendation and even more is expected of "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

At times, this has been a serious detriment. His immediate associates took it too much to heart. They insisted on walling up the studio to all invaders and extraneous influences. This was during the First National contract, and Ray was accused of aloofness and a downright snobbishness to which he by no means subscribed, except perhaps quite casually.

Of course, I am inclined to be lenient now regarding this time in his career. That Ray survived it at all is indeed astonishing. Any other actor in his position might have been broken on the wheel.

You know, of course, what he attempted to do. He had twelve pictures to deliver on a contract and he delivered them. Unlike Charlie Chaplin he did not dally a bit. He turned out the films so fast that the releasing organization had to scramble to receive them, and they've hardly finished putting them out even yet. They were all signed, sealed and delivered in a little over a year, and he gave them a baker's dozen instead of the twelve.

The mystery is not that several of them were rotten, according to the critical judgment of many discriminating people. The mystery is that they weren't all a mess, and that their star was not relegated to the ash heap permanently.

"One Minute to Go," "The Deuce of Spades," "The Midnight Bell"—I hardly remember some of the names. Yet it must be conceded that even during this time Ray did some exceptional things. He tried to avoid convention in his production of "Scrap Iron," the prize-fight story, by tacking on a different sort of ending, and he essayed a fine poetic tour de force in "The Old Swimmin' Hole," that was filmed without a subtitle.

With "The Old Swimmin' Hole" he established himself rather obviously as an innovator. More than that, he caught a real lyric feeling. It was his first visualization of a poem. He has now inscribed three, including "The Girl I Loved" and "The Courtship."

I am not one of those who rave and rant and tear their hair with joy over his recent poetic masterpiece. My own feelings are far more restrained. To me there is a sense of overacting in "The Girl I Loved" that may well be compared with that of Lillian Gish when D. W. Griffith strives for effect. I think that not everything Ray did in the picture was entirely artistic, nor is it in keeping with the more modern Hoyle of acting. Yet the sentiment of the story, its really deep emotion, and above all the pictorial impression of rural life are something unforgetable. Add to this that it really tries to be something away from the ordinary, and its star may be credited with having seemingly raised up a new ideal in pictures.



If Ray could not continue successfully as an actor on the screen, I believe that he would always have a splendid chance as a producer. Even now there is nobody among the players who outranks him in his understanding of the technique of the films, with the possible exception of Mary Pickford. He has made the deepest study of their possibilities, and his faith in their future as an art is absolutely illimitable.

"In each form of expression there is a chance for a closer understanding among people," he said to me just lately. "Understanding—that is the thing. Have you ever thought about the word? What we are all striving for is that.

"It seems to me that we are gradually working toward the communication of our thoughts in the attaining of this understanding. Perhaps some day we shall actually be able to transmit thought. Mayhap, that is the ultimate.

"Art, in that it serves to enlarge our means of expressing feeling and conveying ideas, is helping to

Continued on page 96

THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

Griffith's Next Picture

D. W. Griffith is now at work on what is hoped to be another of his big, significant productions. It is to be a historical picture which will depict the hardships and struggles that the founders of this country underwent in order that we might have the prosperity and plenty which we enjoy to-day. The Revolutionary War will play a large part in the picture, and a great many historic locations will be used. These include Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, Trenton, Valley Forge, and so on. Paul Revere's ride is to be one of the high spots of the picture.

Frank McGlyn, the actor who played the title rôle in Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," will portray *General Washington*, and other character actors are being chosen to enact the many historical personages of that period who are to be woven into the picture.

There will be, of course, a love story running through the picture, in which Neil Hamilton will play the boy and Carol Dempster the girl.

Every attempt is being made to reproduce faithfully the historical scenes, and Mr. Griffith is being aided by all of the historical societies.

Robert W. Chambers, the novelist, who has made extended research into early American history in connection with his books on the Colonial period, wrote the story from which Mr. Griffith is working.

The Ten Best Sellers

What current pictures do you suppose are the biggest money makers? Here is a list of the ten whose earning power, judged by the reports of exhibitors throughout the country, placed them in the lead at the time the canvass was made, late in September: "Human Wreckage," "Safety Last," "The Spoilers," "Enemies of Women," "Robin Hood," "Daddy," "Within the Law," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Dr. Jack," and "Down to the Sea in Ships."

A Worthy Project

We have a soft spot in our hearts for Strongheart and Oscar, Joe Martin and the legion of other clever animals that entertain us on the screen, but if we thought that they were cruelly treated during their training, we would gladly give up seeing them in pictures again. The Observer has often wished that he had some way of knowing whether the actions of animals used in motion pictures were the result of brutality or of love and kindness. Now through the recently formed American Animal Defense League, this information will be available.

The officers of the League have been investigating conditions in the Los Angeles studios for several months and have found that terrible cruelties are being inflicted on some of the animals. A detailed report will shortly be made and The Observer will keep you informed about which companies are to be supported and which ones blacklisted by animal lovers.

His first news is hopeful. Mrs. Fannie T. Kessler, president of the League, says, "We find that in many of the studios the animals are being trained with love and kindness. . . . The splendid results achieved by Lawrence Trimble in the training of Strongheart and by Charles Gay with his lions are happy examples of what it is possible to do with animals through kindly treatment."

Fan Clubs Are Growing Expensive

Now and then The Observer receives a circular or a letter from a fan club and he is always interested in the members' enthusiasm over pictures and their desire to influence producers to make only worth-while productions. Lately, however, it has seemed to him that a distinctly commercial note has crept into some of the fan organizations. They used to gather together spontaneously to sing the praises of the late Wallace Reid, Norma Talmadge, of Francis X. Bushman, Ruth Roland, or whomever their favorite might be. But now, almost any star can *purchase* the publicity services of some of these organizations.

Only the other day The Observer received a letter from a popular young star asking him to explain to his readers what a nuisance these grafting fan organizations have become. She wrote:

> There are many worthy and friendly fan clubs, some named after stars and others more general in their interest, which ask only the privilege of stars' names on their honor roll and such favors as pictures and letters to appear in their fan papers. We are naturally glad to cöoperate with any such group whose aim is to cement the friendship between fans and stars.
>
> But for many months the mails have been filled with fan-club circulars, like the one inclosed, asking initiation fees. Each solicitation was answered with the desired amount at first, but the number grew so rapidly that the practice had to be discontinued. In the first place, it would be a financial impossibility to join the endless organizations which seem to spring up mushroomlike all over the country, even if one were so inclined. Secondly, it is difficult to discriminate between those of real merit and unworthy ones.

You will be interested, perhaps, in learning what sort of demands these clubs are making upon the stars and what they promise in return.

A typical one asks two dollars and a quarter yearly dues, which includes a subscription to the club publication, or ten dollars dues, for which amount one becomes an honor-roll member. This distinction entitles one to having his name printed in the "star roll" of each number of the official publication, and guarantees the publicity services of its editor. A star can purchase the privilege of having her photograph appear in two colors on the cover of one issue of the official publication for one hundred dollars.

It sounds to The Observer like an inglorious swan song for a once-interesting movement.



Driven to

Many screen players have taken up dancing with such bene

By I. K.

NOT so long ago I hobbled across the Algonquin Hotel lobby and joined Fanny the Fan. She gazed at me through a lorgnette and assumed her most cynical and appraising air.

"Well, what did it?" she demanded, as I eased myself into a chair. "Have you been riding horseback, or acquired creeping paralysis? You move as if you were solid ivory from the waist line down."

"I know it," was my humble reply. "But it isn't my fault. I've still got joints, but I can't use 'em without enduring such agony that the bystanders run for a stretcher. I've taken up dancing. You see, I've been green with envy of Seena Owen and Pola Negri and all the other film stars who have beautiful figures. And every little while I'd hear about another one who'd taken up dancing for the sake of retaining her youth or adding to her charm or keeping herself in condition to work twenty-two hours a day, or something like that. Betty Blythe was reminiscing before she went abroad about the days when she and Ramon Novarro studied with Marion Morgan; Betty said that Miss Morgan had a dreadful time making him work, because of his Spanish indolence, or whatever you want to call it if you don't call it laziness. But she said that nobody could be angry at him, because he'd go to the piano and play some lovely little thing, and smile so charmingly that he disarmed all criticism. And Betty said that she had a ghastly time making the back of her neck expressive."

"Now, if the back of your neck——" Fanny began, but I cut her short.

"I care even less than you do about the back of my neck," I told her coldly, wondering meanwhile if I could ever make the distance to the dining room. "Mine is a tale of 'Driven to Denishawn,' or 'How Our Nell Lost Her Hips and Won a Figure.' I've got two new lines already. The stars of the screen aren't going to corral all the beauty, as long as I can take dancing lessons. And as for my difficulty in walking, why, it's due to my using a lot of muscles that I've never used much before. And I have the joy of remembering that the mighty ones of filmdom have shared my suffering. Remember when Norma Talmadge went to Kosloff and took Russian dancing? Nobody could see how she found time for it, but somehow she managed it and stuck to it, even when he told her that she was too old—imagine telling Norma that! — and should have started when she was four. Dancing teachers always think you should have begun



Being modest Bebe Daniels chose to do her exercises before the camera in a gym suit instead of the one-piece bathing suit most dancing teachers prescribe. In the little picture above, Bebe's left hand should be holding to a bar, but that would have spoiled the picture.

Dancing

ficial results that almost every one is doing it now.

McCleary

dancing when you first fell out of the cradle. He told Anita Loos that she was a philosopher and didn't need to dance, but she did it anyway.

"And Gloria Swanson dances, and so do Colleen Moore and Bessie Love and all the flappers of filmdom, of the Patsy Ruth Miller group. Lillian and Dorothy Gish always study with Lubowska when they are in New York. And look at the girls—just look at 'em—who have danced from Denishawn into the movies! Margaret Loomis and Carol Dempster and Mary Hay Barthelmess all came from there, and everybody's shouting now about Douglas Fairbanks' new leading woman, Julanne Johnston—she used to be a dancer, you know——"

"Of course I know it," Fanny retorted. "And I know too that they say that it was curves that did it; she hadn't had experience acting in the movies, but she did have a wonderful figure. And certainly she's lovely to look at. Go on and tell me what you've been doing at Denishawn and how you do it; perhaps I'll try it myself."

Well, if I could get Fanny and The Bystander to take up dancing I'd be perfectly happy. I'd like to see Fanny after her first few lessons. For the dreadful lameness just lasts for a little while, and I'd be all over it by the time she started.

I'll tell you the things I told her—describe the beauty-making exercises and all that. You can do them by yourself. Or better still, go to a good dancing teacher and see if she teaches bar exercises, for they are standardized, more or less—they were invented by the prize inventor of the Spanish Inquisition, I believe, and have lost nothing in the process of being handed down to posterity. All ballet dancers spend hours on them. I can't describe to you the dances taught at Denishawn, or the special work, of course. But I'll do what I can. And I rise to assure you that if it's beauty you're wanting, this is one of the best ways of trying to get it.





You will find it hard to keep your feet in position at first, even as Bebe did.

First of all, you dance in a one-piece bathing suit. It's a cruel custom, for there are no flying draperies to conceal bent knees that should be perfectly straight, and other little points of that kind. And you dance before a huge mirror. Don't forget the mirror if you try this on yourself.

You'll need a support for one hand; if you can't have a stationary bar, a little more than waist high, contrive a substitute. A chair back will do, if the chair can be fixed so that it is immovable.

1.—Place your right hand on the bar; don't grip it, just take hold of it firmly but lightly. Your heels should be together, your toes turned out so that your feet form a perfectly straight line—*should be,* I say, for this is just about impossible at first. Slowly lift the left leg, toe pointed, knee turned out, and straight. Lift the leg in front, then swing

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Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Genevieve Tobin has still to win her cinematic spurs, but her portrait, as you see, is reassuring.

Something

Genevieve Tobin has made her and now, nonchalantly enough,

By Malcolm

SHE was Southern, and like all Southerners, of good stock; she was poor, and like all heroines, pretty. Alone in New York.

The breezy Broadway hero met her in an automat palace blowing in her last nickel on a cup of coffee. Not even enough money for a doughnut!

One look at her auburn hair, her pert face, her demure style, and he said: "We'll make you a movie star!"

So he borrowed a Parisian frock for her and planted her in Peacock Alley at the Giltmore. Whenever any one asked him who the pippin was, he explained that she was star of a movie company that a friend of his was promoting. Then he suggested that interested parties might drop into his office the next day to see test films of her.

And when the test films were shown, the spectators said "She'll be a second Constance Talmadge!" and bought stock in Polly Preferred.

At least, that's the way it was on the stage of the Little Theater last winter, for two hundred or more performances. Every night the men about town who had seen *Polly* in the Giltmore would see her tests and invest their money in Polly Preferred stock.

Then one night William Fox, a movie manufacturer, hearing that this here "Polly Preferred" was a clever little show, betook himself to the Little Theater. And he saw the film tests of *Polly* at the usual time in the second act, and from then on he rewrote the stage-fiction in terms of reality.

"I've seen that girl before," he mused. "Fact is I've seen her in a Fox picture. Kid actress. Years ago."

Then he went backstage, and offered Genevieve Tobin a contract to star in real movies.

Every night for months and months she had been offered a starring contract—in "Polly Preferred." This was different. This contract meant new fields of endeavor—new opportunities for added fame and perhaps a neat coupé—new worlds to conquer.

Genevieve Tobin, barely out of her teens, had won success in "Little Old New York" and now in "Polly Preferred." Why not try the movies? She did.



She had to wear gingham dresses and shabby stockings all through "No Mother to Guide Her."

It was not altogether unlike the case of Glenn Hunter. In "Merton of the Movies" he had his first big chance on Broadway, as the movie-mad country lad who went to Hollywood to become a star. Following the instantaneous success of the play, Hunter, who had been the featured player of The Film Guild—a young group of college men turned picture-play makers—leaped to a position generally regarded as being the top of the silent profession — a Paramount star.

New

mark on Broadway, she is trying the movies.

H. Oettinger

The chief difference in these parallel cases is this: Genevieve Tobin has still to win her cinematic spurs.

Her portrait herewith is, as you see, reassuring. She photographs aces for Alfred Cheney Johnston. But still cameras and Bell Howells are two different things, and the girl who unfailingly registers an optical knockout before the portrait-maker's lens often becomes unconvincing in motion.

The rushes of the Tobin picture are reported promising. Those in the know allege that she will become something of an over-night sensation. All of this remains to be seen.

Fearful, perhaps, that the title of Genevieve's initial feature picture, "No Mother to Guide Her," might lead me to think things, Mrs. Tobin cast herself as *The Chaperone* of our interview, hovering about the living-room of their uptown apartment as anxiously as Mrs. Janis herself—known to all and sundry as the demon stage mommer of the world.

With the duenna refereeing, now on the edge of the ring, now sewing at a table midway between us, Genevieve Tobin and I considered the weather, the new edition of "The Follies," the opening of "Little Old New York"—Marion Davies' version—the trial trip of the *Leviathan*, Somerset Maugham, photographers, caricaturists, the stage technique of Winchell Smith, movies as a diversion, and titles that could possibly be worse than "No Mother to Guide Her."

Genevieve is, if you remember that far back, auburn-haired, pretty in a piquant way, and young. There is Vivian, who is her younger sister, currently decorating the cast of "We've Got to Have Money," and George, who is her elder brother, at present engaged in the great open spaces where men are engineers. Oil interests him.



She is auburn-haired, pretty in a piquant way, and young.

Mrs. Tobin and the girls are confirmed New Yorkers, born and bred in the city, and, if you skip two or three years in Europe, educated there as well.

When the girls were even younger than they are now, Arthur Hopkins employed them in his production of "Palmy Days," a play by Augustus Thomas that rather belied its name. But it called Genevieve to the attention of the critics, and, as a reward, some year or two later, she was given the highly desirable rôle of the tomboy-heroine in "Little Old New York." This was a frothy costume romance that permitted Genevieve to sing the sweetest lyric these ears have heard since the "Merry Widow Waltz." How her heart grew weary, and all that sort of thing.

Came "Polly Preferred" and the Fox contract.

"It was all made pleasant for me," Genevieve pointed out. "When I began the picture I was still doing 'Polly' so Mr. Fox arranged for my scenes three days each week, in the morning. I never had to wait for sets to be ready or anything. The bad things I had heard about picture acting weren't in evidence at all.

"I enjoyed studio work immensely, and I'll certainly do another picture."

Moreover, her screen working days began at eleven a. m. in direct contrast to the seven-thirty and eight-thirty clock punching hours of the Coast studios. The Fox engagement was a de luxe affair, to put it mildly.

"When my brother heard the title of the picture he fled West. I shouldn't have signed the contract if I had known it called for a picture called 'No Mother to Guide Her.' Imagine! I had been advised that the 'working-title' was 'Motherless.' That didn't sound so bad, you see."

Apparently Miss Tobin did not know that William Fox was the gentleman responsible for "Sin," "Destruction," "Do and Dare," "While New York Sleeps," "The Lights of New York," and other choice celluloid operas of equally lurid titles.

There was no unrestrained enthusiasm in the Tobin

Continued on page 102

Melisande of the North

Her picturesque experience and colorful personality may entitle Sigrid Holmquist to a film career.

By Edwin Schallert

THIS is to be a sketch, not of a career, but of a personality. The background suggests the romance of the Eiffel Tower and Paris; in the foreground are the green valleys of Sweden, and in the center of the picture is a flaxen-haired *Melisande,* who is standing whimsically on the threshold of an adventure in the cinema. Her name is Sigrid Holmquist, and she comes from the Northland. She might even be a viking's daughter, were it not that her presence conjures rather the impression of a magic Maeterlinckian pool.

I speak for herself, not for her reflection on the screen. That is different. You may have seen her in "A Gentleman of Leisure," for instance, and feel that she is naught that I have described. The vision of herself as there disclosed was undoubtedly a little resilient—perhaps even hard. The camera is sometimes peculiar, and she herself had little to do in the story, and mayhap was not exceedingly happy about it either.

But give her time.

She is bidding for the future, and she has the highlights of a remarkable past. I prophesy that if she ever does arrive, she will be set down as "copy" by the mob of scribes and pharisees. For though she can be lighthearted even as she is blond headed, she offers more than mere laughter and sun-kissed attractions to the view. In fact, to one accustomed to gazing personally upon the stars in the flesh, she evokes not the lilies and languors of interviewing, but rather the raptures and roses thereof.

I caught her soft crackling Swedish accent, with its occasional lilt and lull, some months ago on a set. She was then playing, as she picturesquely said, in a picture with "Yack Holt." It is the one I have mentioned. She flung at me a glance of inquiry out of a pair of eyes that were like two deep-blue fjords, and she opened her heart and mind like the "morning tulip that to the sun looks up."

The first question that I asked her was whether or not she was engaged to Charlie Chaplin. That was quite in order, of course. She had but recently come to the coast, and it was mentioned that they had been seen together—at least once.

Had I not heard, too, how a rajah and a shah had paid her homage in Paris? How she had been affianced to a baron, and was contemplating marrying a count? Truly Charlie could not ask for better company; in fact he might well be flattered that, under the circumstances, she had smiled favorably upon him.

She has been admired in Piccadilly even as on the Champs Elysée, from her accounts, and she knows her Deauville and her Monte Carlo, even as she is acquainted with her Stockholm and her Nice.

Veritably, for a *Melisande*, she has had her share of life and its experience, and if the fates are kind, and allow her the proper rôles—mayhap. . . . Who knows? . . . Ah well.

At any rate, she has not dreamed and slept and wasted. Her eyes and ears have been open, and her observations have ever gone on. Her lips bubble ever to overflowing with her recountings of the joy of living. Her accent is no fence either over which she has to climb. She leaps the familiar and the unfamiliar English words with easiest grace, and fetches, with the quaintness of her talk and glance, the smile.

"Yumping Yimminy!" she shouted one moment with excitement.

The next her voice twined caressingly around the verses of an Arthur Symons poem. It was fervid and haunting, and I vaguely sensed that the words were of love.

Young romance is ever in her eyes. Youth thrills through her heart. She is youth's fulfillment, and youth ever venturing into the new.

"When I am nineteen years old I go to Paris," she said. "But, when I am fifteen years old, I run away from home. We liv' in country—beautiful! But I love beeg city. I hav' aunt in Stockholm, so one night I catch train."

Imagine her if you can, abubble with her enterprise—a mere girl, very slight and with huge flaxen braids of hair. (They are bobbed now.) See her—eager for the lights of the city, a European city, wise in its own sophistication, of which she had heard, which she had perhaps visited a few times, something of whose spell she knew. Take into account, too, the whimsey, the wistfulness of her mind, the same, no doubt, then as now.

Her point of view, of course, was different from that of the American girl. She was perhaps more swayed by a highly sensitized emotion. She had vague dreams of ambition, maybe a glimmering hope of a career. Perhaps only she felt the beckoning gleam of the lights—naught more, and would or could not do aught but answer!

It was an impulse at any rate that caused this young dash for freedom and new life. It was impulse perhaps that subsequently carried her through. Her whole life, I think, may be summed up in that word, which has proved her guiding theme, and has led her on like a witch light, sometimes mayhap false, sometimes true, through the highways of travel, and the paths of study and literature and life, until now—who can tell?—she may stand on the verge of an entry into filmy fame.

Somewhere along the way she acquired the title of the Swedish Mary Pickford. I don't know just where she got it, and I know she is not entitled to it, but it seems to have helped in starting her in pictures here.

She had very little experience abroad, photographically speaking. She played in a few films in her own native land, I believe, and once when she was in London she came near to being engaged in a production that Sydney Chaplin was at that time contemplating.

"One night I am in café with my friend, secretary of ambassador," she told me. "That was yust befor' I go to Paris the first tim'. Syd Chaplin, in café too. He is going to mak' picture in London. He see me sitting at table, and ask how he can meet me. By and by, he send card over to table, says he is cinema producer and want to give me work in picture. I talk with him about it, but I cannot accept because I am going to Paris.

"That's why I first thought to mak' picture, and why afterward I com' to America.

"That's why, too, you ask probably whether I am engage' to Charlie Chaplin," she ended up coyly. "Yust because I meet Syd in London."

I declined to commit myself on this particular point,

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Favorite Picture Players



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

THE land of the midnight sun produces many beauties destined to bloom in American sunlight arcs, among them Sigrid Holmquist, who, on this visit to America, is playing in Paramount pictures.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

LLOYD HUGHES busily rushes from picture to picture, saving one heroine to-day, marrying another to-morrow. His next appearance will be in First National's "The Huntress."



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

AFTER years of playing supporting rôles with distinction Percy Marmont has at last found a part peculiarly suited to him, and has scored a personal triumph in "If Winter Comes."



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

EVEN in the most hilarious of Chaplin comedies Edna Purviance always showed rare emotional depth, so it is not surprising to hear that "A Woman of Paris," which Charles Chaplin directed, reveals her as one of our foremost dramatic stars.



Photo by Richard Burke

FOR the next six months or so Italy will claim Dorothy Gish, for she is going to appear with her sister Lillian in an elaborate production of George Eliot's "Romola." Ever since "Orphans of the Storm" people have wanted to see them together again.



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

CORINNE GRIFFITH is soon to make her bow as a First National star in the much-coveted rôle of *Mary Zattiany* in "Black Oxen," after which she promises the Broadwayesque, "Lilies of the Field."



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

HAVING recently divorced her husband and failed in a court action to get free from her Goldwyn contract, Helene Chadwick seems an ideal player for "Law Against Law," a picture dealing with divorce.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

WHENEVER any one speaks of Blanche Sweet's beauty, some friend of hers is pretty sure to remark. "What's more important, she is interesting." The story on the

The Making of "Anna Christie"

The bitterness and dejection and disappointment that colored Blanche Sweet's own career are, ironically enough, the very factors that have brought her the most-prized rôle of the season.

By Myrtle Gebhart

INSIDE the cabin of *Chris Christopherson's* coal-barge two men and a woman faced each other, taut, eyes aflamed, while the machinery beneath the set rocked it in simulation of a barge's lurch as it rolled upon the swell of the sea. A somber pall hung over the trio. Occasionally hot words were flung from lips twisted by fury.

The old man, his mild eyes bleary with drink, his weak mouth loose in bafflement, stared uneasily from the other man to the girl, his daughter. His yellow oilskin sou'wester flapped eerily in the ghostly purple light from the studio lamps. With a futile effort to ease the tensity, he raised a schooner of what purported to be lager to his trembling lips, mumbling. "*Skoal! Skoal!* Drink—forget——"

The younger man was heavy set, muscular. There was a dim light in his hard, flinty eyes, sparkles of fire hidden by drooping lids.

Between them stood the woman, her face set in a sullen mask. Her eyes smoldered, leaped to a flame that quickly burned itself out, leaving a waste of bitterness. Listless, her blond hair blowsy, her young lips were cynical, mocking.

"I thought," the younger man spoke with a rush of hatred, "you was the only decent woman I'd ever knowed."

Harsh words followed, damning her. For out of her past had come the truth that replaced love with disgust in the man's eyes. Like the cut of lightning across a gray sky, his flagellation struck her. She bowed before it, quivering with shame. Then, a sluggish pride blazing in her eyes, they raised to meet his. Somehow, so realistic was that restrained thought interpretation, the room seemed surcharged with a palpitant hate.

"I am. I'm all that. No good. He," her gray eyes flayed her father like stabs of crystal, "wouldn't take me on the sea. Afraid the sea would hurt me. But men—landlubbers—Lord, how I hate 'em! Myself, too," her tone rasped with self-scorn. "But I'll go—back. I don't belong here."

The lights switched off. The unlovely little figure, clad in an ill-fitting blue suit, a velvet hat adorned with a gaudy red-paper rose at a jaunty angle, came over to me. *Anna Christie*, the waterfront waif, became again Blanche Sweet.

"Salvation Army clothes," she said, smiling. "Every one says, 'You certainly look the part,'" indicating the make-up of the slovenly, hard-boiled *Anna*. "I hope that's a compliment to my art.

"No, we are not making any changes in Eugene O'Neill's play," she replied to my question. "There was much discussion, when Mr. Ince bought the screen rights, as to whether or not it could be transferred literally to the screen because of censorship. But this is the sort of thing that has to be done right or not at all.

"We are trying to preserve the drab background, the truthfulness of characterization. To get around censorship, the story is placed in the time before prohibition. In historical productions, of another age, drinking scenes are permissible, so I don't see how they can object. The immorality is suggested, hinted at. As the play unfolds, any one of intelligence can see beneath the surface those things which have made of *Anna* a bad woman."



"Every one tells me, 'You certainly look the part,' and I hope that's a tribute to my art."

Blanche Sweet should be given credit for running the risk of losing a certain number of her following, those who prefer silly, rose-tinsel Pollyanna heroines. But the gain in her dramatic prestige will, I believe, fully overshadow any such losses.

"A change is creeping onto the screen, tending to picture life as it is. This will shatter illusion, yes. But I think the public has had enough of make believe. The screen is growing up; it must create on the solid alphabet of fundamentals."

"Anna Christie," the Pulitzer prize play of 1922, was first produced at the Vanderbilt Theater in New York City by Arthur Hopkins. In the stage characterization of *Anna*—who despises men for the things they have done to her soul but who is purged by the calm quietude of the sea and the love of a stoker—Pauline Lord won the acclaim of both America and England. And undoubtedly Blanche Sweet will be equally, or possibly even more, amazing, on the screen, as *Anna*, who blindly seeks she knows not what, while the forces of redemption stir in her heart.

The play is sordid realism, raw meat indeed for the silent drama accustomed to clothing unpleasant truths in a glamorous illusion. A motif of fatalism pervades. Psychological truths are expressed without any apparent striving for such effects. Broad sweeps of impulse and character somehow sweep aside the petty dramas of individuals so often high lighted on the screen. The harsh conflicts between the opposing characters are

illustrative of the conflict between elemental impulses and forces of life.

It is, to my mind, the thing the screen is groping toward: an expression of a theme. From the scenes I have watched, the players have been particularly successful in putting across the strange complex, thoughts that beset them when love, through disillusionment, becomes pity—distrust—blazing hatred.

"People here who know Eugene O'Neill," said Miss Sweet, "tell me his is a wonderful personality. He writes the real meat of life into drama of startling depth and fidelity; but he is not one of those pessimistic intellectuals who see things morbidly. Beneath the sordidness of his plays is an undercurrent of sympathetic understanding, of beauty. Why, in 'The Straw,' he wrote the most beautiful love story—laid in a tuberculosis hospital."

I mentioned my wonder that men seem able to plumb more definitely the depths of a woman's heart than women can write sympathetically of the psychology of man.

"Men do understand women, but I don't think women ever understand men," she mused. "Is it that, in spite of all our so-called weaknesses, men are really more sensitive? That they have more subtleties? Some men seem to know everything that goes on in a woman's heart. That quality is in *Anna Christie*.

"When you stop to consider each act, each thought, of *Anna's*, you realize how true it is to her character. She could not possibly have done or thought anything different. It is almost uncanny, the way O'Neill gets under her skin."

Like *Anna*, Blanche speaks her mind with caustic frankness. She does the astonishing thing in rapping Shakespeare, whereas all the great and near-great pretend to worship at the font of his wisdom.

"Why does every player want to play Shakespeare? To me he's an endless amount of spouting about nothing, frightfully exaggerated. The best performance of *Juliet* I ever saw was Jane Cowl's, so restrained, tempered in dramatic development. She's too good," said Blanche dryly, "for Shakespeare.

"I detest comparisons of actors' work, either on stage or screen. Each of us has something distinctive to give. If we haven't," grimly, "we'd better get out pretty quick. For the time is coming when brains and ability will count more on the screen than beauty, as they do on the stage, and the weak sisters will have to take their pouts out somewhere and bury them."

Blanche herself is tired of dawdling, of wavering; she spares herself least of all in her critisisms.

Just for a little while we talked of her childhood, of the changes in her life that have influenced her character.

"I was carried on the stage when I was a year and a half old. Incidentally, Hobart Bosworth told me while we were working together in 'In the Palace of the King' that he was in that same stock company at that time. My mother was a dancer. I grew up in the theatrical atmosphere, except when I was in school off and on from the time I was nine until I started in the movies. You know all about those early Griffith films, 'Judith of Bethulia' and the rest. Then, a few years ago, I became ill and unhappy. I tried so hard but everything was wrong—not only with the world but with me——" A quiver of pain flashed into her gray-green eyes and was gone. "The trouble was all inside of me, in my mind. Discontented, I went away, up in the mountains——"

For once I had the tact not to press for details. But something of that time of mental unrest has drifted to me from other sources. Her love for Mickey Neilan, one of those overpowering devotions, became the dominant thing in her life. Bitterly unhappy, her health a forfeit to worry and hard work, in her early twenties she looked much older. With an intensity of feeling, she exaggerated little bursts. She began to doubt herself, felt that she was falling from the standards she had set herself in her work. Her hair blowsy, her clothes all awry, she pretended she didn't care.

But her morbidness increased. Silently nursing her discontent, she grew apart from everybody. A heaviness hung in her face those days, they tell me; her eyes were apathetic.

Up in the mountains she was tragically alone, almost forgotten by friends and public, blanketed in the fog that, in her neurasthenic viewpoint, she drew tight in about her. For months, during a terrible illness, she fought for health and for peace of mind. Her reading —Freud, Schopenhauer, such things only increased her gloom. Murmurs of friendliness, of sympathy, that seeped in to her in her self-imposed isolation, met with rebuff; with the wisdom bred of much reading and more thought, she finally realized she must grope her way to the light of self-understanding alone.

"After a while it came to me," was as far as she would go in discussing with me those days, "that the answers to all of our troubles and questions must come from within ourselves. We must not depend too much upon others, though often they mean to be kind, for we exaggerate every word, every action. I felt that I had something yet to give to my work, something perhaps born of that long year of—of illness—yes," with asperity, "of discontent. It made a different woman out of me, awakened my self-respect, my pride. They called me a 'has-been.' I wanted to show them I wasn't. Then, too, I found so many things worth while doing that I'd overlooked before—it is only when our vision is cramped that we can't see things in the proper focus."

As an example of this new, frank Blanche, she told me at first, "I wanted to play *Anna Christie* because it is such a wonderful part, true to life, dramatic." Then, later, interrupting herself when talking of something else, she said, "I didn't tell all the truth about why I wanted to play *Anna*. It *is* a marvelous rôle. But the main reason I wanted it was because every other actress in pictures wanted it too—I'm human. It was worth fighting for."

She is meticulously neat in appearance now, a contrast to the Blanche Sweet of those other days. Her whole mode of life is well-ordered, serene. It is a moot question whether she and Mickey are really happy. I think they must have worked out some sort of pal arrangement that guarantees the calm of their marital life. But I don't think that's of paramount importance. I don't believe she'd let anything hurt her much, ever again.

"It is because I haven't always been happy," she admitted, "that I can play *Anna*. I have seen life—never in the depths of sordidness such as was *Anna's* portion —but enough of the tragic unhappiness of human beings to understand her viewpoint about things."

The cast of "Anna Christie" could hardly be improved upon. Blanche Sweet is the one woman on the screen who could have played *Anna*, with the exception of Pauline Frederick, who lacks *Anna's* youth. George Marion, a noted stage actor and producer, is essaying the rôle of *Chris Christopherson*, captain of the coal barge —a jovial soul, a drunkard, but warmly generous, obstinate, childish. *Mat Burke*, the stoker, is being played by William Russell.

Strong meat indeed for the screen where illusion usually has held sway. It will be interesting to see how the public welcomes "Anna Christie."

Watch George Hackathorne

He has made himself conspicuous in several character roles, and is about to step out as a featured player.

By Norbert Lusk

VITAL and expressive as an actor on the screen, George Hackathorne declines to dramatize himself or his life story away from it. He refuses to voice but one mood. At least to me.

Only after hours of friendliest inquisition did he confide that he had always wished to carry a stick but couldn't bring himself to do it because of his height.

Not that he is silent. Far from it. He is only impersonal—oddly so for a player—and one who discourses fluently, intelligently, in a rather low, carrying voice, telling you, because you have asked him, what he would like to play and not minding at all if you haven't seen him in every picture he has done.

Minus the blind sentiment of the average actor, he does not say that one's pet screen horror happens to be his own wonderful pal, or that the star you know to be feline is, to him, the saint of the studios. Hackathorne avows no enthusiasms and his admirations are logical—Barthelmess, Griffith, Von Stroheim.

But he says nothing of the bruises his art has sustained from roughshod directors; he prates not of past sacrifices, present success, or future contracts—all topics familiar to the interviewer and seized upon by him to reveal the average subject's outlook.

Hackathorne prefers to discuss, subjectively, the actor, without telling anything about George as an individual. Is it modesty, reticence, or what? Yet, in my presence, he ventured an imitation—all too comic—of me. Which helped as a humanizing touch. And, without realizing it, gave me something on himself—that he would like to be Napoleon on the screen! But perhaps it isn't quite cricket to divulge that. He has more plausible ambitions.

One of them is to be directed by Griffith. When asked, he told me this in a casual monosyllable. Yet, from others, I learn it is his burning desire; that, in fact, when he found himself in the presence of the master, for an audience, his knees shook and he momentarily lost his tongue. It must have been through sheer juvenile awe.

To me he said nothing of this emotional tumult though he knew he might have held forth to a responsive listener. Obviously, he preferred to adhere to some inner check. But why?



Photo by Richard Burke

Because, as nearly as can be deduced, he throws himself heart and soul into any imaginary situation such as he finds in a scenario, but permits others to see him only skim the surface of moments that come in real life. Curiously, he says he cannot express in words any emotion, anything he feels.

For example, after prolonged negotiation with Universal he said, rather colorlessly, "I'm going to play Booth Tarkington's 'The Turmoil' after all, if that means anything to you." It meant a great deal to him—his most important assignment—but you never would have guessed it. Instead, he will infuse the *picture* with all it means to him.

That is one of the reasons why he impresses me as an actor of the first order on the screen. In bromidic parlance he really "lives" his parts because he gives the utmost of his emotion to them and, outwardly, little emotion to anything else.

His pliability of mind and body impose no limitations when, as in "Human Wreckage," he slips into a chauffeur's uniform. He has worn one all his life, it appears, and the mental processes and actions of the drug addict become more than a clever actor's mimicry. They are effortless because they seem a part of the artist himself, equally as he was born, to all intents, a Viennese hunchback to play *Bartholomeo* in "Merry-Go-Round."

As a matter of chronology, he is from Oregon. I never knew the birthplace of any one to count for less. Hackathorne might be from anywhere. Whether or not he has sent a plush rocker to the folks back home doesn't matter, either. There is no urge to write a lovely story about his domestic life because you feel it hasn't had much to do with molding him.

Six years and a half he has spent in the California studios and is only now challenging attention. They must have been years of striving, of disappointment, of learning and unlearning. But, characteristically, he refuses to make a narrative of them.

Looking into his experienced eyes set in a youthful face, you seek to cajole from him the sob story of a boy who drifted down from the Northwest and, for a time, vainly knocked at the portals of fildmdom, another *Merton Gill*. Again you are eluded when Hackathorne says there has been nothing in his life to mirror pain, defeat, compassion. His eyes tell all this though he does not.

You learn, after no end of impolite quizzing, that

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Valentino's Successor? Nonsense!

The report that Charles de Roche was to take Rodolph's place having served its purpose, here is the story of how it came to be sent out.

By Harriette Underhill

WHEN Charles de Roche was on view here last winter for a couple of days, en route for California from Paris, we had so little interest in him that we let one of the "rewrite men" go to look him over on the day that newspaper people were bidden to the private view. The reason our interest was not stirred was because some one said he had come over to take Valentino's place and we refused to appraise any more swarthy, sleek, sloe-eyed youths who aimed to do just that thing. We pictured De Roche as a cross between Max Linder and Norman Kerry, and we never had any idea that we should care for him in the least until we went out to the Coast last March. There he was introduced to us on the set making "The Cheat" with Pola Negri, and because Charles is the sort who would impress any woman—even a critic—we were immediately much impressed. He is six feet, one inch tall and about three feet one across the shoulders. He is fair haired and blue eyed and he has the whitest teeth you ever saw. "But who ever said that you were like the dear departed Rodolph, and why?" we asked. De Roche shrugged his shoulders. Then up spake his publicity director, and told us the following tale:

John Robertson, it seems, went abroad over two years ago to make "The Spanish Jade." He found it difficult at that time to get just the sort of hero he needed—tall, handsome, athletic and a good actor. It was then that in France he discovered Charles de Roche, an extremely popular leading man who usually was cast in character rôles because he had so many accomplishments which would be wasted in the ordinary hero rôle.

De Roche acquitted himself so creditably in "The Spanish Jade" that Mr. Robertson was filled with enthusiasm. He spoke to Jesse Lasky, and Mr. Lasky agreeing entirely with Mr. Robertson in regard to the talents and pulchritude of the young French giant, Count Charles de Rochefort was invited to sign a contract with Famous Players and to come to America to work. At that time there was no thought in the minds of Mr. Lasky or Mr. Zukor that Rodolph Valentino was dissatisfied. Perhaps Rody had not even then decided himself that he was. At any rate Charles de Roche was not engaged to fill Valentino's place in the hearts of the public. Those who know M. de Roche as we do would realize how absurd such an idea would be. Valentino is slender, dark and intriguing. De Roche is big, blond and athletic. We are quite sure that neither one could pinch hit for the other. And De Roche is sure of it too. Much as he admires Valentino—as who does not?—he feels that he ought not to have to start out with such a handicap. As we were saying, the publicity man who was responsible for it not only confessed but he gave us complete control of the information to do with as we saw fit. Here it is:

"You know," he said, "it is one thing for a producer to be sure that an actor is a great find and that he is worthy of being a fireside favorite in every American home, and it is quite another thing to get the public to understand it. To realize that an actor is great, people must first see him; and before people will go to see him people must have an interest in him. If people have no interest in him, interest must be roused. In other words, every one needs a publicity man."

"Of course," we acquiesced. "Who would ever have remembered 'Helen of Troy' and the face that launched a thousand ships if it hadn't been for the playright Marlowe? You know that was a wonderful catch line, wasn't it? Better than 'the girl with one hundred faces,' 'the screen's wonder boy,' or 'the nation's sweetheart.' But of course, everybody can't be a Marlowe. Go on."

"Well," he continued, "I and my cohorts were instructed to make De Roche as famous in America as he was abroad, or if that is putting it too strongly, to

arouse curiosity regarding him. 'What shall we do?' I asked. Then one of the men had a brilliant idea. Let's say that he was imported to take the place of Valentino, who had just reneged. Some people will like it. All right. Others will resent it. All right again. It doesn't matter what they say, you know, as long as they say something."

Well, they have said something. In fact they have said aplenty. Every one who writes about motion pictures probably has received his share of letters from the public telling how no one ever could take Rody's place in their hearts. We have received lots of such letters but we could not help noticing that in nearly all of them was a note of resentment directed against the innocent De Roche. This isn't fair but we have said no word in his defense because, having known him on the Coast, and having seen him on the screen, we were entirely satisfied that Charles probably would some day fill the place left vacant by Rody even if his publicity man did predict it. We ourself will go even further. He hasn't filled anybody's place with us because he has made a place all for himself. That, we will admit, would be difficult to fill if he ever took it into his head to withdraw from the screen as Rodolph has done. Most of the letters which we have received in regard to De Roche betray something else besides resentment, however. They betray curiosity, and the nice young director of publicity was right, after all. Whether they like him or not they do like to know about him. So we shall tell all we know.



Charles de Roche was born Count de Rochefort and although he dropped the title when he went on the stage, he held the "fort" until he came to America. It was when he landed here in the metropolis that the publicity man began to take an interest in him to the extent of insisting that he travel merely as Charles de Roche. When Charles demurred and asked his reasons for this demand, the publicity man said brutally, "Well, De Rochefort sounds enough like a famous kind of cheese to make the name a vehicle for every-wise-cracking punster. That's the first reason and the others don't matter."

As we were saying, De Rochefort was born about thirty years ago in Port-Vendres, Pyrenees, France. His father was Paul, Marquis de Rochefort, and his mother was Camille Gulfucci, a Corsican, and a great

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Claire Windsor has come to New York to play "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model."

Over the Teacups

Fanny the Fan takes a look at the new films, new favorites, and new fashions, and tells the motion-picture fans just what they're all about.

By The Bystander

BUT why the disguise?" I demanded of Fanny as she slunk in heavily veiled and sat with her back to the door and most of Piccadilly. In this newest haunt of the New York film world you would think she would want her eyes and ears both open.

"I'm in hiding," she whispered. "Don't give me away."

In her insouciant, illogical way she turned and beamed at Alice Terry, who was lunching over by the big fireplace in the center of the room, and then explained.

"You see, I didn't like 'The Gold Diggers' and I'm so tired of defending my point of view that I've gone into hiding. The only person who treats me like a human being is Hope Hampton herself. All of her friends tell me I have no sense of humor and no appreciation of screen art because I went to sleep while the picture was being run. Hope's friends get almost violent when you criticize her but she just smiles and says, 'Maybe next time I'll please you.' She did look perfectly lovely in the picture, but——"

"Speaking of disguises," I chimed in, "have you heard about the personal appearance of Alfred Lunt down in Washington?" I supposed, of course, she had because every one was talking about his cleverness. But for once something about a film player had escaped Fanny's notice.

"He had to make a personal appearance and he didn't want to at all. At the last minute the man who was supposed to introduce him had sore throat and couldn't speak above a whisper. So, Mr. Lunt just decided the whole affair was a comedy of errors anyhow, and he might as well have some fun out of it. He put on long black whiskers and went out and did the introducing himself. He said that he took no particular pleasure in introducing Mr. Alfred Lunt as he didn't think he was much of an actor and asked who cared about seeing him in person anyhow? Then he went back stage, took off the whiskers and made the usual blah personal appearance speech. You know the sort: 'It makes me so nappy to meet my audience face to face. That is what we stage actors who go into motion pictures miss; the inspiration of our audience,' et cetera, et cetera. He was giving them a first-rate burlesque and they didn't realize it at first. So, he finally had to go back and get the whiskers and appear again. Then the audience roared."

"Who wouldn't?" Fanny remarked gayly. "That was clever of him. He and his wife are two of the most amusing and attractive persons I ever met. I can hardly wait to see her in movies, can you? She just played a small part in one of his distinctive pictures but perhaps later on she will make some more."

"Just when would she have time?" I demanded. Fanny seems to think that people can dash out between matinée and evening performances and appear in motion pictures. And every one knows that Lynne Fontanne will be playing 'In Love with Love' in New York for months and months.

"Oh, she'll find time." Fanny insisted, "and if Providence is kind to motion-picture fans, somebody up at Cosmopolitan will insist on having her play the same part in 'Sweet Nell of Old Drury' that she played with Laurette Taylor on the stage. Marion Davies is going to make it in pictures, you know, though goodness only knows when she will get around to it. Mary Pickford played *Nell Gwynne* on the screen once. Do you remember? The picture was shown in the spring of nineteen fifteen. Mary was darling.

"If Marion Davies would only stick to comedy she would be a serious rival of Mary Pickford's. 'Little Old New York' proves that. And I think it would be terribly exciting to see them in the same part and be able really to compare their work. Mary is starting work on 'Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall,' and I've heard that Marion is going to play *Dorothy Vernon* too. Nobody owns the exclusive rights to play *Dorothy*, because she is an historical character. I'd like to see four or five different players show what they could make of her. Besides Mary Pickford and Marion



Photo by Freulich
Priscilla Dean has finished working under her Universal contract and is going to have a company all her own.

Davies. I'd like to see Dorothy Gish and Constance Talmadge and Mabel Normand all in the rôle. Then you'd see some real competition."

"Like *Juliet*," I suggested, urging Fanny on. She is so excited over the prospect of seeing both Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge as *Juliet* that she has collected the portraits of all the old stage *Julicts* she could find and pasted little faces of Norma and Mary on them to see how they'll look.

"No one will ever make a more beautiful *Juliet* than Beverly Bayne did, or a funnier one than Theda Bara," Fanny babbled on. "Mary and Norma ought both to be powerful in the rôle. What bothers me is where Mary is going to get a *Romeo* that will compare with Norma's. Norma has Joseph Schildkraut under contract for the part, you know. Douglas Fairbanks would make a good *Mercutio*, but never *Romeo*. In fact, the only man on the screen who could play it to my satisfaction would be Ronald Colman—Lillian Gish's leading man. But he'll be over in Italy making 'Romola' with Lillian——"

"So you'll just have to help Mary find another *Romeo*," I suggested not without rancor.

"As though she cared what I think of her leading man.



Mary Pickford has at last started "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

Anyway Allen Forrest *is* an improvement over George Walsh, to my mind. He is to be with her in 'Dorothy Vernon.'

"And speaking of Ronald Colman——"

"As you almost always are nowadays; remember he has a wife and child," I cut in.

"Speaking of Ronald Colman," she repeated, "he made a picture with George Arliss while he was waiting to be sent back to Italy for 'Romola.' It is called 'The Adopted Father.' If I ever get tired of seeing 'The White Sister' I can go to see him in that. But I don't expect ever to tire of Lillian. I've cried at it until I am limp. Somebody told me that tears were good for the eyes; do you suppose it is true? Do my eyes look much bigger and brighter?"

"No," I admitted, hating to blight her enthusiasm, "and your face is so streaked it looks like part of a Pung-Chow set."

Fanny ignored me while she sought to repair the ravages of tears with a powder puff.

"Have you heard," I inquired politely, "that they are going to change the title of 'Flaming Youth' to 'Flapping Youth?'

Of course, I was sure she hadn't because I just made it up, but



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

Alice Brady has bade her baby farewell and gone on tour in "Zander the Great."

Fanny languidly said, "Oh, yes. And speaking of titles, a lot of persons seem to think it is funny to say that they don't think Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle are nearly heavy enough to play the title rôle of 'Black Oxen.' If they weren't morons they would know that the title was taken from a passage by W. B. Yeats, 'The years like great black oxen tread the world and God the herdsman goads them on behind!'"

I couldn't help wondering where Fanny got that bookish information. I was sure she never stopped gadding about long enough to read it herself. But before I could ask her she was chattering about something else.

"Don't you think Doris Kenyon is about the loveliest looking individual you ever saw?"

"Fanny, you've said that about Claire Windsor and Barbara La Marr and——"

"Yes, but Doris Kenyon is different. So spontaneous, so unstagy—and *so* young. She isn't Broadway or Fifth Avenue or Riverside Drive. She is Park Avenue and Tuxedo Park and Cambridge."

"Oh, I see," I admitted. "Style, society sports, and intellectual."

"Not so bad," admitted Fanny. "You couldn't be so analytical though if you had seen Doris lately. I was over at her house the other day and she came in all in fluffy orchid chiffon, looking like a spring breeze. Isn't she wonderful to do so many things and have so many interests? She is making pictures for C. C. Burr. She keeps up her music and writes poems for magazines and rides horseback and plays golf and goes to dances and movies and still finds time to read a lot. She was reading 'A Beachcomber in the Orient' when I saw her and her enthusiasm was so catching that——"

"You've been carrying it around with you ever since."

Fanny smiled at me superciliously as though my comments were beneath her notice.

"Doris has always wanted to go to a prize fight but she says that no one will take her. Isn't that tragic? She has loads of friends and they are always asking her to the theater and concerts and things like that, but they never think of taking her to a prize fight."

"She's not the sort of girl a man would think of taking anywhere that wasn't refined and——"

"Where do you get your old-fashioned ideas?" Fanny demanded. "Simply every one goes to prize fights nowadays. You should have seen the chic-looking people out at the Dempsey-Firpo fight. Hope Hampton looked perfectly adorable and Dorothy Dalton had on a Paris hat that was worth going miles to see. Barbara La Marr was there looking like an Italian princess and Tom Mix—I never will forget Tom Mix."

Fanny paused dramatically and then went on:

"Tom Mix wore a sombrero that was so huge they could have used it as a roof for the arena. When he went to take it off he had to reach out so far that some one yelled, 'Who're you waving at?'

"Well, anyway, it served one purpose. Every one saw him and every one knew whom he was. Minor celebrities like judges and senators and capitalists and opera singers faded into the background while our cowboy hero stepped forward as resplendent as a circus horse."

"Aren't you ever neutral about people?" I inquired of Fanny, a little puzzled by her rabid hates and enthusiasms.

"Never!" she said. "I love them or I despise them."

She started to classify her loves and hates for me but among her first enthusiasms was Barbara La Marr, and that brought her to a dead standstill.

"Barbara is back from Italy with about three tons of furniture and a lot of wonderful tapestries and hangings for her new house out near Hollywood. She will be here for a while making the interiors for 'The Eternal City,' but naturally she is eager to get back home. I never saw any one look quite so gorgeous as she does in her 'Eternal City' gowns. That is what I like in pictures—marvellous gowns hung on somebody who can do something beside look beautiful.

"I guess it is a lot of fun to play dressed-up rôles, too." Fanny rambled on. "Had a note from Carmel Myers the other day and she said she just hated to finish 'The Slave of Desire' because it was such fun to be dressed up like the Ritz all the time playing a demi-vamp. That's her expression—demi-vamp. Don't you like it? Carmel's so happy now she is going around with her head in the clouds. She is going to play with John Barrymore in 'Beau Brummel.' She won't start

work on that for a few weeks though, so she has gone to Catalina Island with Virginia Valli to keep her company while she does some location scenes for 'Wild Oranges.'

"My friends move around so fast I never can keep track of them. George Hackathorne has rushed off to the coast to play the leading rôle in 'The Turmoil' and Seena Owen has gone abroad to get a fabulous salary for making a picture in England. Jimmy Morrison has been here making 'On the Banks of the Wabash' and turning down offers to go back on the speaking stage. That reminds me of something that happened over at the studio where he was working. He and little Madge Evans were doing flood scenes and half freezing in the cold breeze every time they got out of the water. Finally Madge, with her teeth chattering and her hands positively blue with the cold, turned to Jimmy and said, 'And girls enter movie contests; the dumb-bells!'"

"Won't it seem funny to see her in a grown-up part?"

"Not any funnier than Lucille Ricksen," Fanny insisted. "Don't you wish she would make a picture here in the East so that we could get acquainted with her? I'd do anything for the Goldwyn company if they would only send her East to make a picture. I'd even write the scenario——"

"That would be a calamity, not a favor," I said in my brightest manner.

"And whom do you think they have just sent East?" Fanny went on, her eyes popping with excitement. "Claire Windsor and Mae Busch and Lew Cody and Raymond Griffith. If they were just spending a million dollars in an effort to please me they couldn't have done better than that. And they're going to make that great psychological drama 'Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model.'



Photo by Nickolas Muray

Doris Kenyon is making pictures for C. C. Burr.

"It may be a bit melodramatic," I thought aloud, "but think of the gorgeous clothes Claire Windsor will have a chance to wear."

"And speaking of clothes," Fanny chimed in, "wait till you see what Seena Owen brings back from Paris. She has gone to London to make a picture for the Ideal Company and she is going to get a huge salary. And just before she comes back she is going to Paris and blow it on clothes. That reminds me, Betty Blythe is back. But Betty Compson may stay over in London. There's a rumor going around that she is going to marry a duke or an earl or something like that."

"I thought they were all in Hollywood playing extra parts in movies and denying that they are engaged to Derelys Perdue."

"And Dorothy Mackaill is going West to make a picture for Famous Players," Fanny went on. "Dorothy will have a chance to wear gorgeous clothes at last, but it means giving up playing in 'The Enchanted Cottage' with Dick Barthelmess. Speaking of Dick, I can hardly wait to see him in 'Wild Apples.' There is one scene where they are supposed to be giving amateur theatricals—classic dancing and all that—and Dick, much against his will, had to put on a leopard skin and leap about like a startled fawn. It ought to be priceless.

"I hate to think of Dorothy Mackaill not playing opposite him any more. But you can't blame her for wanting to spend the winter in Hollywood. She has had pneumonia twice and she just dreads spending another winter in New York.

"And ZaSu Pitts is another one who wants to get away from New York before the worst weather comes. And she has been offered so much money to stay that

Continued on page 103



The "Tiger Rose" of the motion picture was called on to do strenuous things only suggested in the play.

The Blooming of "Tiger Rose"

Lenore Ulric revives one of her colorful heroines for the silver screen.

By Robert McKay Allerton

A PAIR of lustrous eyes shot forth a look of fear and trembling; a pair of tiny hands twitched and clutched nervously at each other, a mass of bushy dark hair quivered and shook with excitement. In a moment, Lenore Ulric, crouching beneath the narrow oaken staircase, would have screamed, but she clapped her fingers to her lips and saved the climax for another scene, as the thunder gave one gasping roll, the lightning buzzed and crackled, and the director shouted, "Cut!"

I was watching the tangled, spasmodic action of "Tiger Rose," the melodrama of the Northwest, famous on the stage for its Belasco sunrise and rainstorm, and the personality of its star. It was the time of the transplanting of this Northern bloom to the novel terrain of the films. Miss Ulric had come West following a long engagement in the frivolous French play, "Kiki," and was delightedly entering into a new adventure.

I had entered the set at a crucial moment—one of many in this trick thrill play. The heroine had just hidden her lover in a grandfather's clock, hoping he would not be discovered by the mounted policeman who was hunting him down. He had been accused of murder, and there was apparently no means of escape, as he had been tracked to her dwelling by the posse, and it was now merely a question of where he was concealed.

Stimulated by the pressure of an electric button in Director Sidney Franklin's hand, a violent storm was raging outside the room. The studio lightning, the sheet-iron uproar, the rain trickling off the roof were all real enough to make a man put up his coat collar and look for an umbrella. Most of the characters were getting steadily drenched, for it was incumbent upon them to dash out every once in a while into the wretched night, or else be doused with the sloppy prop-room sponge.

Miss Ulric undoubtedly found her situation in keeping with her experience on the stage. There was quite as much noise, and perhaps a trifle more rain, but that did not seem to dampen her ardor. It seemed to whet it (if I may be permitted the pun) for she entered into the scene with esprit. She was exhibiting plentifully and enthusiastically all the piquant and taking mannerisms, the quick motions of her hands, the flare of her vivid eyes, the pursings of her lips that have been perhaps the source of her charm and her success in the spoken drama. In all, she was a picture of energy and life and animation, with a touch of exotic picturesqueness that augured more than pleasantly for her return —because it happens to be a return in her instance— to the misty lights and shadows of the screen.

Miss Ulric's previous adventure into the silent drama was not an especially significant one. It was in the halcyon days that followed Griffith's "Birth of a Nation," and she made a series of plays for Fine Arts. The whole five, I believe, were filmed in the time that is now generally allotted to one, and out of them possibly only "The Heart of Paula" is even now slightly remembered.

At that period Miss Ulric had but recently been acclaimed queen of the Hawaiis in "The Bird of Paradise." She had caused the zephyrs to blow across the ukulele strings from the Pacific to the Atlantic. She was, in

fact, the girl who made the famous "uke" first famous, and many a moonlit love song and courtship owed their inspiration to the vogue she had started as the wild and sensuous *Luana*.

Of course, she is a different personality now, for *Luana* was her first big success behind the footlights. She has played many other fascinating rôles, chiefly of the colorful species — Indianesque, Arabesque and even sweet Celestial, that have brought her all manner of applause. These have lately culminated in her portrayal of a Parisian cocotte that has been the delight of all New York for two seasons.

To be sure, she has a rare personal radiance. There is something incandescent about the shining of her eyes. They send out veritable radio shafts of light. Her hair masses and seems to crowd around her neck and face, and her lips are like a red South Sea Island rose. Truly, there is something primitive, though delicately languorous about her. Yet a thousand people who would recognize this, would in the same breath openly refer to her as cute.

While she has oodles of temperament, and a store of vibrant feeling, there is no doubt that Miss Ulric is a splendid trouper. She played the game from start to finish while she was making "Tiger Rose." On her arrival in the West, the producers took pains to put her through an experience that would impress her thoroughly with the hardships of the films. The very first scenes were taken on a distant mountain location, never visited before by a motion-picture company, and that's a recommendation indeed for the arduousness of any location.

The luscious Lenore, unacquainted with such rigors, had to be a regular cliff-dweller. They made her climb the sides of chasms and precipices, and sit on mountain peaks to be appropriately photographed.

Older actors would have growled their heads off at such locations, but never once did she murmur. I have the word of every one for that. She was really so filled with the spirit of the thing, and actually enjoyed the unusual side of the enterprise so much, that I don't believe she was actually aware that she was supposed to be enduring any great hardship until she was finally so informed.



Photo by Evans

There is something primitive, though delicately languorous, about Lenore Ulric.

The scenes that were secured while the company was on this trip form the prologue to the actual play. They are not included in the original. They establish the death of the heroine's father, show her coming down the river toward civilization, and her meeting with the mounted policeman who takes her to a shelter with an old storekeeper by whom she is eventually adopted. The rôle of this elderly guardian is played by Claude Gillingwater of "Three Wise Fools" fame, and there are many tender and amusingly human scenes between the star and him.

Forrest Stanley will appear as *Sergeant Devlin*, the rôle originally played by Willard Mack, the author of the play, on the stage, and Theodore von Eltz, somewhat of a newcomer, will be the young surveyor lover, while Sam de Grasse will have the part of *Doctor Kusick*, who assists the heroine in her exciting game of keeping "her man" hidden.

The play, of course, is pattern. So no doubt will be the picture. But Miss Ulric's own appearance in the part that she created, and the striking storm effects that are being sought, will add sauce to its appeal.

"Tiger Rose" may contain little of the sensuous lure and languor that made "The Bird of Paradise" famous, nor will it bring to your eyes aught of that piquancy and zest that gave such an allure to Miss Ulric's "Kiki." These are different kinds of plays. Still I venture, for her part in the new screen production, you will find that she breezes through with a token of laughter, a token of tears, and a climax of dramatic emotion.

The Screen

The bigger and better productions so view and here is one seasoned critic's

By Agnes Smith

THE drug store near the theater where "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" is playing in New York is doing a record business in smelling salts. Carl Laemmle and his Universal cohorts have launched their strongest picture and the result is so dazzling that seats may be had anywhere except at the box office. As for the smelling salts—oh, well, it is a very powerful picture.

Mr. Laemmle has played a neat little joke on Victor Hugo by making the film a great deal more interesting than the book. Most of the people who claim they have read the book all the way through are downright fibbers; but no one has walked out on the film. You may stay there and cuss and suffer but you do stay; the darn thing has so many thrills, kicks and horrors that it reminds you of the grand old days of the Chamber of Horrors in the Eden Musée.

The main horror in the haunted house is Lon Chaney, who has been lying awake nights all his life thinking of the glory of creating the character of *Quasimodo* for the screen. If acting is the art of frightening nervous old ladies, then Chaney is undoubtedly the greatest actor in the world. But if acting means something more than wearing a rubber suit and disfiguring your face with putty, then Mr. Chaney cannot qualify. As it is, I feel that Mr. Chaney is just as much of an actor as the bad kid who puts on a false face and scares grandmother into hysterics on Halloween.

In spite of a monstrosity of acting and wooden direction, it is easy to see why "The Hunchback" is the most popular of the new films. It is the only one that has a story of sufficient power to carry its settings. It has the fire and the sweep that are lacking in "The White Sister," "Rosita," and most of the other new knockouts.



Lon Chaney is the main horror in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

Laugh if you will at poor old Victor Hugo, but it is his livid imagination that lights up Mr. Laemmle's version of "The Hunchback." He wrote with a fierce indignation of the injustices, depravities, horrors and crimes of France before the revolution and all the million dollars spent on the film weren't able to placate the spirit of his story. You may not like his books, but novelists don't write such stories any more. It isn't considered polite.



Holbrook Blinn plays rings around Mary Pickford in "Rosita."

The picture looks as though it had been directed with a sledge hammer. When Wallace Worsley got to runnin' wild in the Universal back lot, it must have meant pie and ice cream every night for supper for every extra in Hollywood. Such settings! Such big scenes! But all gracelessly and unimaginatively handled. The whole thing was produced at the top of the director's voice.

However, the picture is a great circus, with Mr. Chaney playing the freaks. And if you have been wanting a relief from "just those pretty pictures," well, you have your wish. Most of the fits are thrown by Mr. Chaney, but I earnestly request you to notice the real excellence of the acting done by Ernest Torrence. And again I recommend Norman Kerry as a handsome hero. Patsy Ruth Miller, as *Esmeralda*, looks as though she were in a bit of a trance; as if she didn't know quite what it was all about. I can understand her feelings, at that.

All is Not Spanish that Dances.

A lot of writers got me all worked up in advance about Mary Pickford in "Rosita." These enthusiasts claimed that Mary was about to branch out as a grown up, "kiss me you fool" vampire and would undoubtedly knock Gloria Swanson for a row of perfume bottles.

It was also claimed that Mary had sent to Germany for Ernst Lubitsch, the gentleman who taught Pola Negri how to vamp a king.

During the first scenes of "Rosita," I firmly believed that I was going to see the best picture of the year. Lubitsch jumped right into action and introduced Holbrook Blinn as the king. In four scenes, before Mary was introduced, Blinn had run away with the picture. He held it in the hollow of his hands; Mary was left at the post.

But, with considerable hurrah and fluster, Mary made her appearance—her first appearance as a vamp. The only change I could notice was that she had tucked up her curls. She flirted mildly, she did a few discreet dancing steps, she made one or two attempts at emotional acting. But when she really wanted to put over a situation, she resorted to the same old pout, the same old tricks. She was always America's sweetheart, but it was pretty hard to imagine her as the King's sweetheart.

Meantime, Mr. Blinn was having everything his own way every time he appeared on the screen. It may be heresy to go on record as saying that a mere actor from the stage played rings around Mary, but such was the case. It may also be heresy to say that Mary didn't rise to the adroitness of Lubitsch's direction of the comedy scenes, but there you are. At the end, both

in Review

long promised are at last on frank evaluation of them.

Sketches by Walter Kinstler

Lubitsch and Mary flopped on the big dramatic scene, lifted from "Tosca" and, as Mr. Blinn had dropped out there was nothing for me to do but holler for Marie Jeritza, who makes the boys at the Metropolitan eat the gilt off the boxes when she sings the scene.

But I am not trying to convince you that "Rosita" isn't worth seeing. You really will be sorry if you miss it because it contains the most charming light comedy ever put on the screen. It fairly fizzes with intelligence. Nor am I trying to prove that Mary Pickford can't act; technically she is wonderful, but anything approaching vampire rôles is not for her. Pola Negri is to appear in what I believe is the same story—"The Spanish Dancer"—so a final decision must be reserved until later.

Moreover, it would be silly to send to Germany for Emil Jannings, with Holbrook Blinn in this country. And Irene Rich as the queen was so adorable that one wondered why the king bothered with *Rosita*. As for George Walsh, as the hero, he spends most of the picture in jail. And that's all right with me.

Fox Walks the Straight and Narrow.

"If Winter Comes" is just another one of those books which I never shall be able to read. But I saw the play when Cyril Maude appeared in it last spring and I thought it was a terrible bit of theatricalism. Therefore, I had no high hopes about the picture.

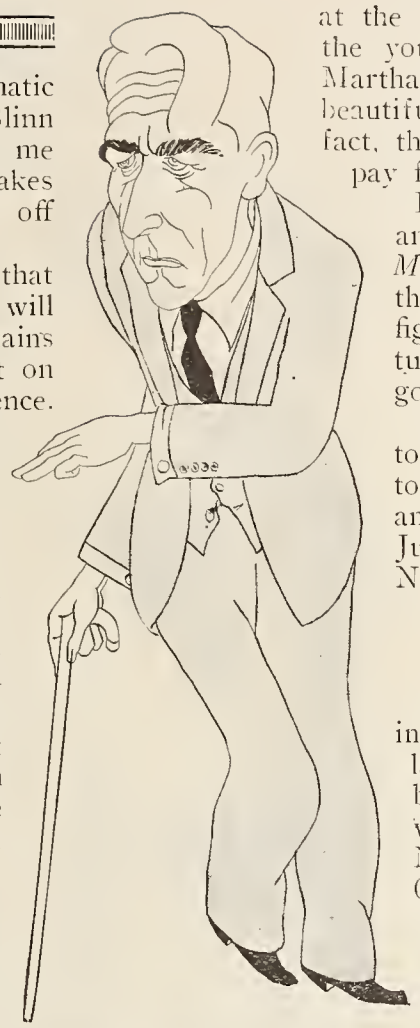
But, of all things, I found the sincerity and the charm in William Fox's production that the stage play so woefully lacked. Perhaps the story, with its touch of Dickens' melodrama, was better suited to the screen. Perhaps the excellence of Percy Marmont's portrayal of *Mark Sabre* had something to do with it. Certainly Mr. Marmont succeeded just where Mr. Maude failed; that is to say, he invested the rôle of the modern *Don Quixote* with a real dignity.

I imagine that Harry Millarde followed the book almost too faithfully. "If Winter Comes," with its many subtitles and its elaborate pictorial descriptions, is decidedly literary. But Mr. Fox, in choosing between telling a story well and turning it into trash, has wisely chosen to present it in the spirit of the original. It is the producer's best picture and I hope it makes a lot of money so that he won't become discouraged and relapse into his old ways.

The standard of acting is very high with Mr. Marmont. Sydney Herbert, Gladys Leslie and Ann Forrest in the leading rôles.

One-hundred-per-cent New Yorkers.

It will be a big night in the Bronx when "Potash and Perlmutter" hits the local theaters. Such a night as hasn't been seen since "Humoresque" came along.



Percy Marmont's dignified portrayal of "Mark Sabre" in "If Winter Comes" does much toward making it a great picture.

You can't keep a good man down, so here comes Samuel Goldwyn with his first picture made by his own company. "Give me," said Mr. Goldwyn, "a sure-fire hit." And so he bought Montague Glass' play, engaged Carr and Bernard, the original *Abe* and *Mawruss*, hired Vera Gordon and a swell cast and told Clarence Badger to cut loose.

Well, Minnie, you will holler your head off at the funny jokes. And it is sad, too, about the young Jewish fella straight from Russia. Martha Mansfield and De Sacia Mooers, two beautiful goy girls, wear some swell gowns. In fact, the whole picture is worth every cent you pay for it.

Even the most obvious hokum of "Potash and Perlmutter" is true to life. *Abe* and *Mawruss* are more vigorous characters than the pallid society types or the conventional figures of out-of-date melodrama. The picture has the merit of being an honest-to-goodness modern story.

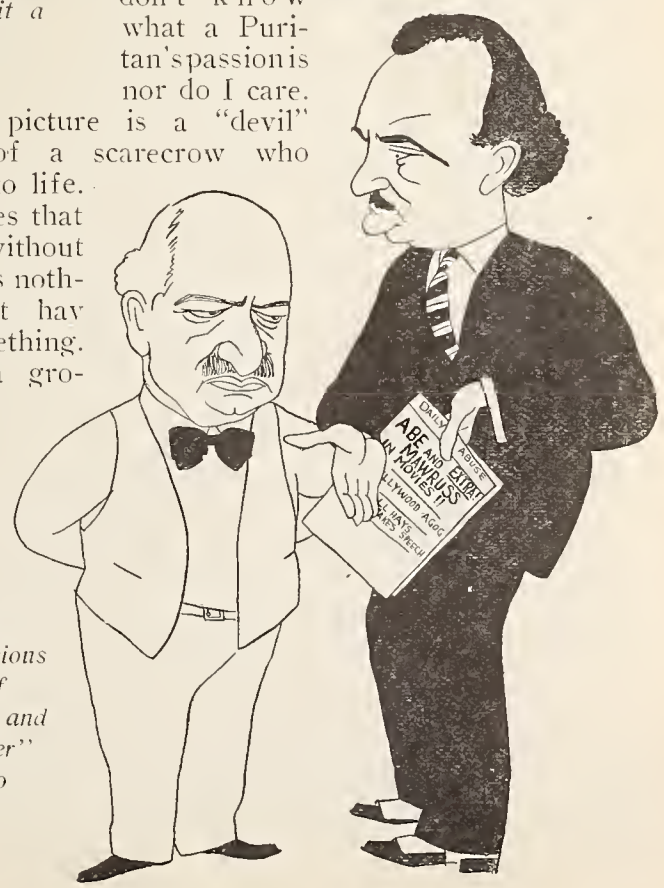
I am sure that if *Abe* and *Mawruss* were to come to life they would be delighted to find themselves starred in such a classy and expensive production. Believe me, Julius, the picture is as good as a trip to New York on an expense account.

One-hundred-per-cent Yankees.

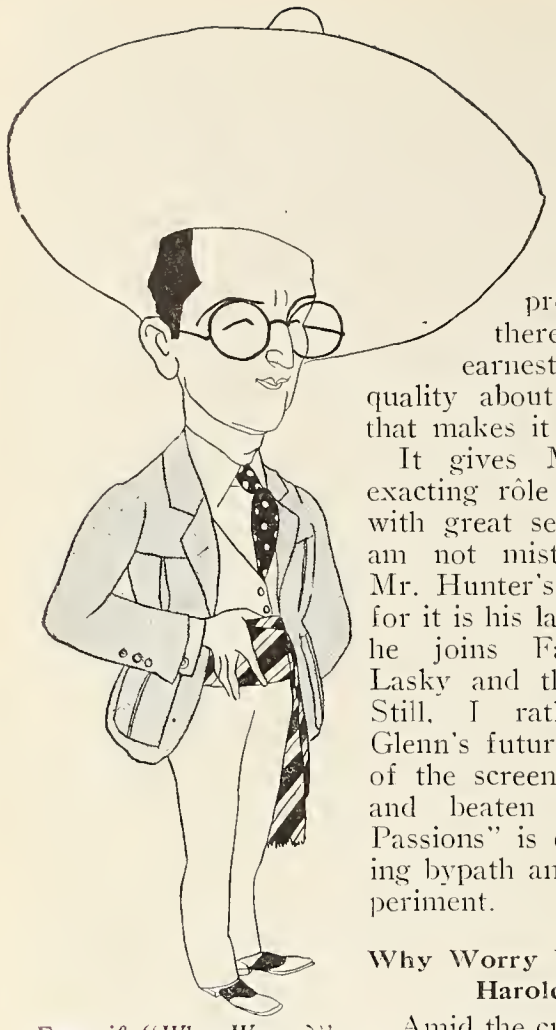
The New York Jews of Mr. Glass' story interest me much more than the New Englanders of Percy MacKay. They make better screen characters because you can work up more sympathy for them. Nevertheless, "Puritan Passions," starring Glenn Hunter, is a worthy production.

The title is a wonderful laugh on Mr. MacKaye, who allowed the Film Guild to produce his play "The Scarecrow." In the end the box office triumphed and the picture emerged as "Puritan Passion." After seeing the film I still don't know what a Puritan's passion is nor do I care.

The picture is a "devil" story of a scarecrow who comes to life. It proves that man without a soul is nothing but hay or something. It is a gro-



Even the most obvious hokum of "Potash and Perlmutter" is true to life.



Even if "Why Worry?" isn't Harold Lloyd's best picture, it is head and shoulders above most film entertainment.

tesque, weird, and macabre subject and it has been produced with fine effect. The settings are what is vaguely known as "impressionistic" and there is a somber, earnest and forceful quality about the production that makes it engrossing.

It gives Mr. Hunter an exacting rôle which he plays with great seriousness. If I am not mistaken, it marks Mr. Hunter's farewell to art, for it is his last picture before he joins Famous Players-Lasky and the money bund. Still, I rather think that Glenn's future and the future of the screen lie in the open and beaten path. "Puritan Passions" is only an interesting bypath and a laudable experiment.

Why Worry When We Have Harold Lloyd?

Amid the crashing of the million-dollar beauties and the booming of the big guns, Harold Lloyd's new picture, "Why Worry?" opened at a regular movie theater and ran away with the cash and the glory. There is little to say about it. Even if it isn't Lloyd's best picture, it is head and shoulders above most film entertainment.

"Why Worry?" takes Lloyd to Mexico, where he gets mixed up in several revolutions. If you don't think that there are any new slants to the old farce plot, watch Loyd turn the tricks. He has a new comedy partner, a giant named Jack Aasen, who ought to give Bull Montana a run for his money as the John Barrymore of low comedy. Lloyd's new leading woman, Jobyna Ralston, is a pretty little thing, even if she isn't another Bebe Daniels.



Constance Talmadge makes "Dulcy" amusing even though most of the smartness of the original play has been "adapted" out of it.

Gloria Gets the Decision.

Another round in the Negri-Swanson championship battle was fought last month. Gloria, in "Zaza," gets the decision, while Pola Negri, in "The Cheat," is hereby awarded one cast-iron mattress. Lots of people told me that Gloria as *Zaza* acted as though she had been taken with St. Vitus' dance. Also they said she imitated Lenore Ulric's *Kiki*.

I went prejudiced against both Gloria and the picture. Before the first reel was over, I had changed my mind. Gloria's performance may be nervous and high strung but it is not an uncertain one. And unless I had heard that she imitated *Kiki*, I never would have noticed it.

To my mind, "Zaza" is Gloria's best picture. She struck a note of sincerity and a strain of sympathy. The picture was made in Long Island under the direction of Alan Dwan instead of in Hollywood under the direction of Sam Wood. Obviously what Gloria needed was a change in climate and a change in directors. Albert Shelby LeVino's version of the story concedes but little to the censors. If you are looking for the French touch of the original, you can find it.

As for Pola Negri and "The Cheat," well, when an audience breaks down and laughs at the big dramatic scene, something is wrong somewhere. And laugh they did, at "The Cheat." Years ago Hector Turnbull's story was considered the prize winner of scenario circles; to-day the Arrow Film Company would look twice before buying it.

George Fitzmaurice's new production of the story is one long list of errors. The Japanese villain, originally played by Hayakawa, has been turned into a white crook masquerading as a Hindu. This rôle, the best in the picture, is handed to Charles de Roche. He has a funny face. The banal stupidity of the titles is beyond belief. And a good traffic cop could have handled the courtroom scene with more finesse.

As for Pola, poor girl, life must seem just one washout after another. Unless she can come back as "The Spanish Dancer," I predict that she will go down in history as a flop.

The One and Only Ruggles.

I wish that James Cruze were twins. He can't turn out his pictures fast enough for me. I hadn't quite recovered from "Hollywood" when "Ruggles of Red Gap" came along. Harry Leon Wilson's story is a classic and Cruze's treatment of it is the sort of thing that makes father leave home on a winter night to walk five miles to a film theater. The picture carefully follows *Cousin Egbert's* adventures from Red Gap to Paris and back to Red Gap again. There is one glorious episode in Paris in which *Cousin Egbert* learns one French phrase, "Three viskee sodee."

As *Cousin Egbert*, Ernest Torrence is as funny as he is in "The Covered Wagon," while Edward Everett Horton as *Ruggles*, puts himself on the map as a comedian. They tell me that fans aren't interested in directors, only in the stars. If the name, say, of a star like Hoot Gibson is worth more at the box office than that of James Cruze, then this is indeed a wicked world.

The Gold Rush of Broadway.

Avery Hopwood's highly immoral play, "The Gold Diggers," will undoubtedly be received with joy by refined persons who believe that screen comedy should be funny without being vulgar. It is one of those pictures known as a polite comedy because no one gets kicked. The polite and instructive idea back of "The Gold Diggers" is that young girls can extract money from rich men and still remain perfectly proper, if they are smart enough to get away with it. And, moreover, it tells us that it is entirely right to take money from your suitors provided that you keep ma in the back room as a chaperone.

The Warner Brothers made a great fuss about David Belasco's connection with the filming of his play. As a matter of fact, all that Belasco insisted on, in all likelihood, was that the director stay fairly closely to the original story. To tell the cold truth, it isn't likely

that Belasco has much to teach the good movie directors. At any rate, he stayed in New York all the time this picture was being made in Hollywood.

All of this is quite aside from a critical consideration of "The Gold Diggers," except that I believe a good movie doesn't need the support of big "names." "The Gold Diggers," on the screen is an entertaining picture when you consider that it was adapted from an extremely light comedy that depended largely upon the wiseness of its lines and the wiseness of its audience for its success. If you pass up the rather unsavory idea of the story, you will find it amusing.

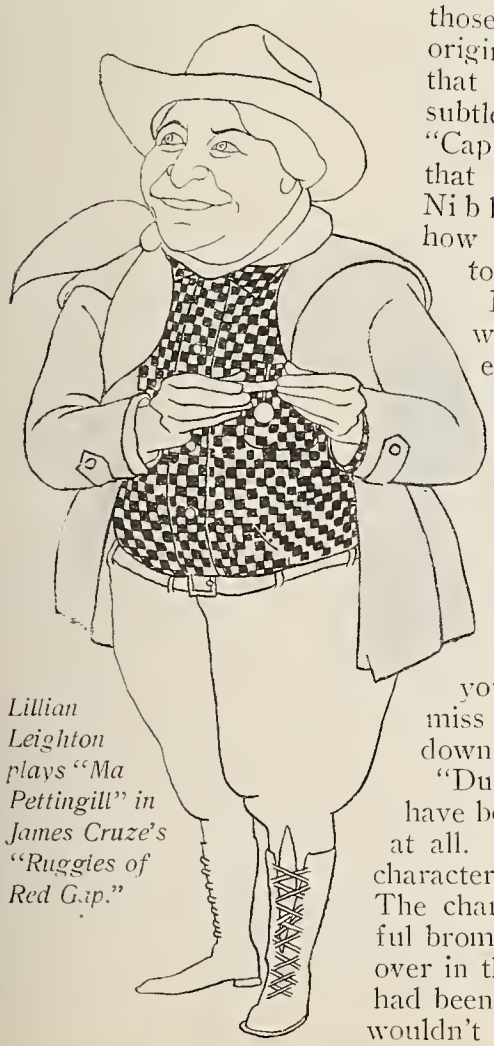
Hope Hampton covers herself with glory in the rôle created by Ina Claire. After floundering rather vaguely in dramatic rôles, she branches out as a good light comedian and plays with so much vivacity and good nature that she wins you over. Louise Fazenda has the part played by Jobyna Howland when Miss Howland stole the show from Miss Claire. Miss Fazenda nearly pulls off a steal herself. Wyndham Standing and Alec Frances are also members of a good cast.

A Couple of Lost Plays.

The title of "Captain Applejack" was changed to "Strangers of the Night" because children and censors might think the story concerned a bootlegger. Fred Niblo took an excellent stage comedy and turned it into a picture which isn't up to the expectations of those who saw the original. I imagine that there was a subtle quality about "Captain Applejack" that eluded Mr. Niblo no matter how hard he tried to catch it.



"Puritan Passions" gives Glenn Hunter an exacting rôle which he plays with great seriousness.



Lillian Leighton plays "Ma Pettingill" in James Cruze's "Ruggies of Red Gap."

It is much too well meaning and expert to be a bad picture. You will enjoy Matt Moore, Barbara La Marr and Enid Bennett. But what I am trying to get at is, if you see it, you'll like it; but if you miss it, you won't sit down and cry about it.

"Dulcy" never should have been put on the screen at all. It was a comedy of character and conversation. The character of the beautiful bromide wasn't one to get over in the movies. If *Dulcy* had been played straight, you wouldn't have been able to tell her from the usual film heroine.

Constance Talmadge flaps through the part and makes it funny by throwing so much vivacity into it that she forces you to think she is amusing. All the smartness of the play was "adapted" out of the film, leaving it just a routine sort of entertainment.



As "Zaza" Gloria Swanson strikes a note of sincerity and a strain of sympathy.

"Where Men Are Men."

"Salomy Jane" and "To the Last Man" are a couple of machine-gun melodramas, both equipped with double-barrelled fights, pretty heroines, comic cusses in minor rôles, noble heroes, feuds and forty-niners. Both pictures are a shade better than the usual "westerns," which means that they are one step above being a total loss. Jacqueline Logan gets away with the rôle of *Salomy Jane* merely because she is pretty and alert. George Fawcett and Maurice Flynn go in for a little of what is sometimes called "acting." Lois Wilson and Richard Dix are the leading props of "To the Last Man."

Imported Ham.

Charles de Roche, the beautiful Frenchman, eclipses even his own performance in "The Cheat" by his portrayal of the *Faun* in William de Mille's picture, "The Marriage Maker." When the picture played on Broadway, thousands of friends urged me to go to see the funniest thing that ever hit town. I hate to be hard on Mr. De Roche, but he is better than the Cherry Sisters.

By sheer force of an inept personality, he turned a light, fantastic little story into one of the roughest, rowdiest comedies I ever have seen. William de Mille undoubtedly intended "The Marriage Maker" to be one of the "better sort of pictures that appeal to intelligent persons." De Roche messes up his plans by playing the *Faun* with all the grace and agility of a longshoreman in a kindergarten. How Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Robert Agnew and Mary Astor—his fellow players—managed to keep a straight face is more than I know.

Elinor's Idea of a Good Time.

"Six Days" was written by Elinor Glyn, so don't say I didn't tell you. It is all about a man and a girl who are imprisoned in a dugout in France. Thoughtfully considering the censors, they took a priest with

Continued on page 90

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

NOTE: Only distinctive pictures appear in this list. It does not aim to be a comprehensive survey of all pictures now showing throughout the country, but merely a selection of the most significant ones. Pictures reviewed elsewhere in the same issue are not mentioned, but aside from those, the list comprises those generally considered the most important of the current film offerings.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Little Old New York"—Cosmopolitan. A personal triumph for Marion Davies as a comedienne. An artificial little story of quaint yesterday so beautifully and entertainingly produced that it sets a new standard for eomedy drama in pictures. Just to give final proof that Marion Davies in boy's clothes and low comedy is infinitely preferable to her in hoop-skirted daintiness, a glimpse of the latter is given.

"The Green Goddess"—Distinctive. An intelligent, thrilling melodrama with George Arliss as a sly, Oriental villain. The picture is quite as faultless as its leading player.

"The White Sister"—Inspiration. Lillian Gish and Vesuvius have an emotional race, and she cops off the honors by virtue of perfect technique and the faee of an angel. The story is romantic and woebegone, but it has Lillian Gish, real Italian scenery, and a magnetic new leading man named Ronald Colman.

"Hollywood"—Paramount. A little joke on the motion-pieture industry, movie-struck girls, and even motion-picture fans. A delicious lot of nonsense expertly eoncocted. The more you know about movies, the better you will like it.

"Merry Go Round"—Universal. An appealing story of an aristocrat's love for a commoner set in the glamorous whirligig of prewar Vienna. Mary Philbin, George Haekathorne, and Joe Martin are eaeh worth several tears.

"The White Rose"—United Artists. Mae Marsh comes back triumphantly in a D. W. Griffith production that almost swamps her in sentimentality. Exquisitely beautiful scenes of the Bayou Teche country.

"The Girl I Loved"—Allied Artists. Based on the Riley poem and designed to appeal to people who liked that. Charles Ray goes back to his lovable hick rôle and endows him with as much eharm and power as ever.

"Peter the Great"—Paramount. Momentous days in Russian history magnificently reprodueed. Emil Jennings and Dagny Servaes are as great as usual.

"The Covered Wagon"—Paramount. American pioneer days faithfully reproduced. The courage and faith and vision of a band of pioneers who crossed the plains, meeting adversity and cheerfully fighting against great odds.

THE BEST OF THEIR KIND.

"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"—Paramount. A gorgeous fashion parade with some snatches of faree comedy thrown in. Gloria Swanson as the spirited eighth wife looks her loveliest.

"Trilby"—First National. The old favorite comes to the screen with "Trilby" personified just as she was in the Du Maurier illustrations, but with some of the thrills lost. It is beautifully staged and quaint in its treatment.

"Three Wise Fools"—Goldwyn. Three foolish old men and Eleanor Boardman in a story of gruff old age won over by simpering youth that is tasteful, consistent, and at times merry.

"Circus Days"—First National. Jackie Coogan pleasantly engaged in a better story than usual; it is our old friend "Toby Tyler." He joins a eircus in order to support his mother, and has his first taste of romance.

"Soft Boiled"—Fox. Breathless comedy led by Tom Mix and his horse.

"Lawful Larceny"—Paramount. One of Alan Dwan's high-life extravaganzas. The sets are gaudy and huge, the action wouldn't strain the understanding of a half-wit and the cast is gorgeous. Nita Naldi, Hope Hampton, Lew Cody, and Conrad Nagel are all there, to say nothing of Gilda Gray and her incomparable South Sea wiggle.

"Success"—Metro. A tearful backstage story of an old actor who came back. Brandon Tynan and Mary Astor and Naomi Childers are in it.

"The Spoilers"—Goldwyn. Stars and stars and stars in a story of the gold rush in Alaska. The film that made fighting famous.

"Where Is My Wandering Boy This Evening"—Allied Artists. One of the high points in Ben Turpin's eareer. The simple farmhand and the city-vamp theme.

"Only Thirty-eight"—Paramount. Natural, restrained treatment of a delicate little middle-aged love story. Lois Wilson is sweet and engaging and the play is directed in William De Mille's suave manner.

"Penrod and Sam"—First National. Booth Tarkington's kid stories combined in several reels of childish antics.

"The Girl of the Golden West"—First National. One of the most sturdy of the Western melodrama plots thrillingly presented. J. Warren Kerrigan and Sylvia Breamer are in it.

"Enemies of Women"—Cosmopolitan. Gilded sin and hectic soul saving with Lionel Barrymore and Alma Rubens. Josef Urban and various countries in Europe have provided gorgeous backgrounds.

"The Bright Shawl"—First National. With Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish into the Cuba of a century ago. Quaint and beautiful and charming.

WORTH SEEING.

"Ashes of Vengeance"—First National. French history by the ton, with a soulless romanee struggling for life under it. Conway Tearle fences skillfully and almost constantly, Norma Talmadge looks dignified in a succession of lovely eostumes, and Wallace Beery a-villaining is the only person in the pieee who seems to have any fun.

"Red Lights"—Goldwyn. All the makings of a breakneek melodrama so shaken up that it is hard to distinguish one menaee from another. Raymond Griffith is interesting, even though the scenario gives him little help. The long-lost Alice Lake and Dagmar Godowsky are among those present.

"Rupert of Hentzau"—Selzniek. Ruritania has run down terribly since Rex Ingram left there. Instead of stone palaees they now have papier mâché, and they're letting just common people play at being royalty. Lew Cody is the one bright spot.

"The Man Next Door"—Vitagraph. The rugged West tries to burst into effete society, but without success. James Morrison contributes his usual sincere efforts.

"Vanity Fair"—Goldwyn. A series of beautiful, animated illustrations for the Thackeray novel.

FAIR WARNING.

"The Brass Bottle"—First National. A perfect example of what poor direction can do even with a skillful story and funny comedians. One of the largest black spots on Maurice Tourneur's career.

"Little Johnny Jones"—Warner Brothers. Johnny Hines tries awfully hard to be funny, and sueceeds only in being distasteful.

"Marriage Morals"———. One of those wild and woolly "Whieh Should She Marry?" coneoctions centering around a poor little girl in a beauty shop.

"Children of Jazz"—Paramount. Another of those highly moral preachments about the goings on of the younger set. Eileen Percy, Theodore Kosloff, and Ricardo Cortez all try to outdo each other in downright foolish acting.

"Wandering Daughters"—First National. More cutting up by the younger set. It is just wonderful what these distant California directors have learned about exclusive society.

A Fig for Fame

Acting is only Harrison Ford's business

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

AS soon as a good-looking young fellow appears among the extra talent he is likely to be singled out, groomed, and cast for male leads. Then, with the passing of months, as he grows more and more heroic, and gets more and more fan mail, some big producer whose finger is on the pulse of the public, pushes a button, dictates a couple of letters, orders a few flashy lithographs, and makes him a star.

Then, if the gentleman thus elevated is not a Barthelmess or a Meighan, he finds himself decorating "all-star" casts ere two years have elapsed.

Male stars find the sledding slow, the bumps many, and the rewards surprisingly small. When you accept stardom you sometimes accept an accompanying cut in salary, "because think of the advertising you'll get!"

All of that might have been written by Harrison Ford, even though it wasn't. Harrison Ford is one of the wise men of the East. He could star, but he prefers being a leading man.

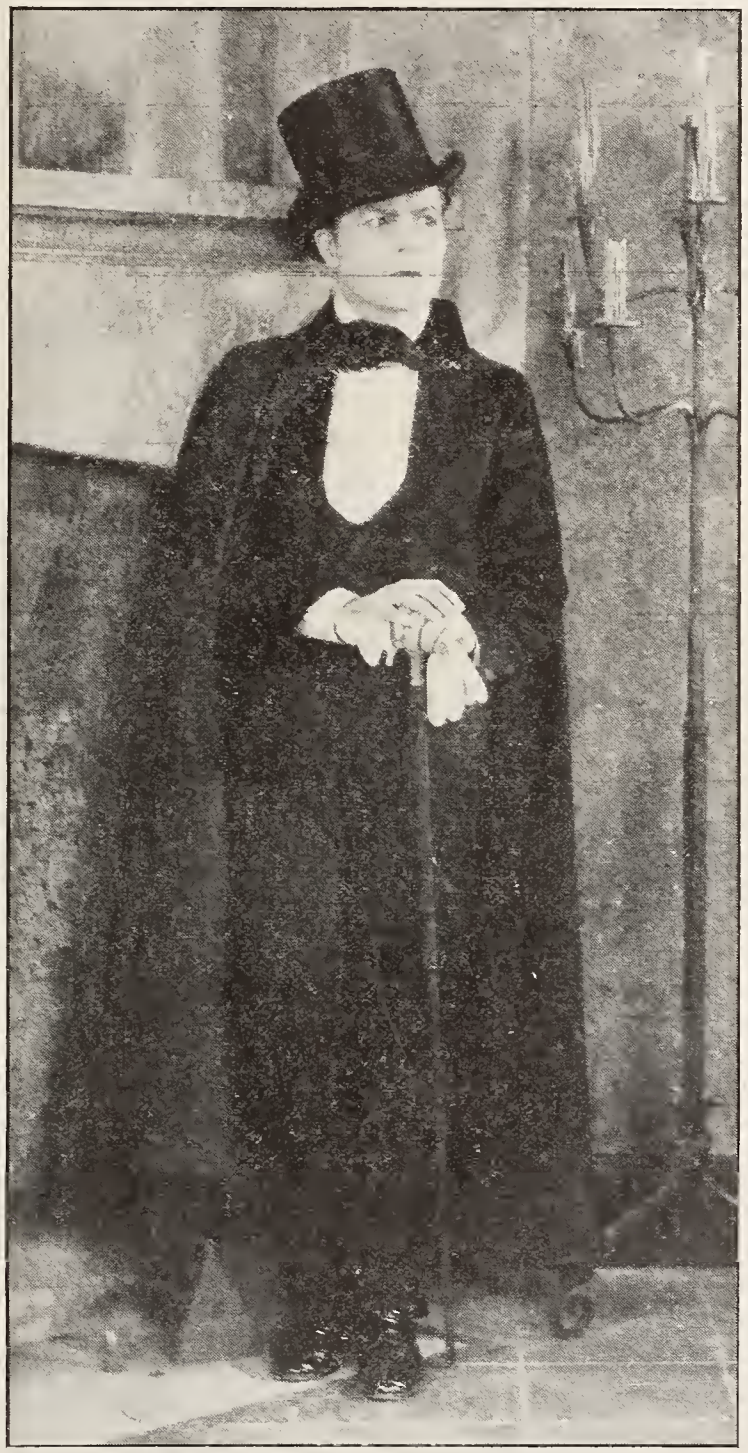
An appreciable percentage of the mail headed for our "What the Fans Think" columns includes this query: "Why don't they star Harrison Ford?"

The answer is that they would if they could but they can't.

Ford likes to act, he admires the stars he has been supporting, lo! these many years, and he presents a normal viewpoint on all subjects, but definitely, he does not want to star.

He doesn't object to big salaries, fan mail, star rôles, or laudatory press notices, but—make no mistake—he isn't anxious to have his name above the title of the picture.

"When you become a star, your troubles begin. The star is the cause of a picture's failure, if it fails, and if it's a success, the star is bound to that sort of rôle from then on."



Hardly had Harrison Ford finished "Little Old New York" and a picture with Madge Kennedy when he rushed West to play the lead in "Maytime."

When Harrison Ford sits back in his bachelor apartment and says things like that, it is wise to hearken, for he knows whereof he speaks. Star stuff is his specialty. He has supported virtually every twinkler in films worth supporting, and a few more besides. He has held the Talmadges in his arms, now Norma, then again Constance, he has wooed Clara Young, he has played the cavalier to Marion Davies, Alice Brady, Bebe Daniels, Agnes Ayres, Gloria Swanson, Mabel Ballin, and—should you trouble to consult the files—many others. So when he begins to hold forth on stardom, its pitfalls and perils, it is the voice of Ezra Experience speaking.

"So much is made to depend upon the individual performance of the star that spontaneity is almost impossible.

"Stories are distorted to focus attention upon the star. This spoils the story and hurts the star.

"The final reason I harbor no yearning to see my name in electrics is the past. I remember what has happened to other leading men who decided to star. With their fates ever before me, how can I take the step?"

He laughed. Then he talked about everything but moving pictures.

The gentlemen he had in mind were such efficient leading men as Owen Moore, Eugene O'Brien and Conway Tearle, all of whom listened to the voice of the tempter — in their cases Lewis Selznick—with unfortunate results. These were popular best sellers, in demand. They rescued heroines with neatness and dispatch; they disposed of villainy in an airy yet efficacious manner; they looked well in long shots and even better in close-ups. But when stardom came, it caught them unaware. And now these three are back at their old jobs, with every one just as happy.

Meanwhile Harrison Ford has continued establishing himself as a desirable leading man. There is no one more in demand. Kenneth Harlan, James Kirkwood, Conrad Nagel, and the temperamental House Peters all have their streaks of heavy popularity, but none has been so consistently employed as young Mr. Ford.

Meeting him is not at all like meeting an actor.

Not long ago, in these very pages, this Corona crowned Lew Cody as the answer to the question of the century, "What are actors like?"

Continued on page 101

Snapped Warn

Unconventional shots showing

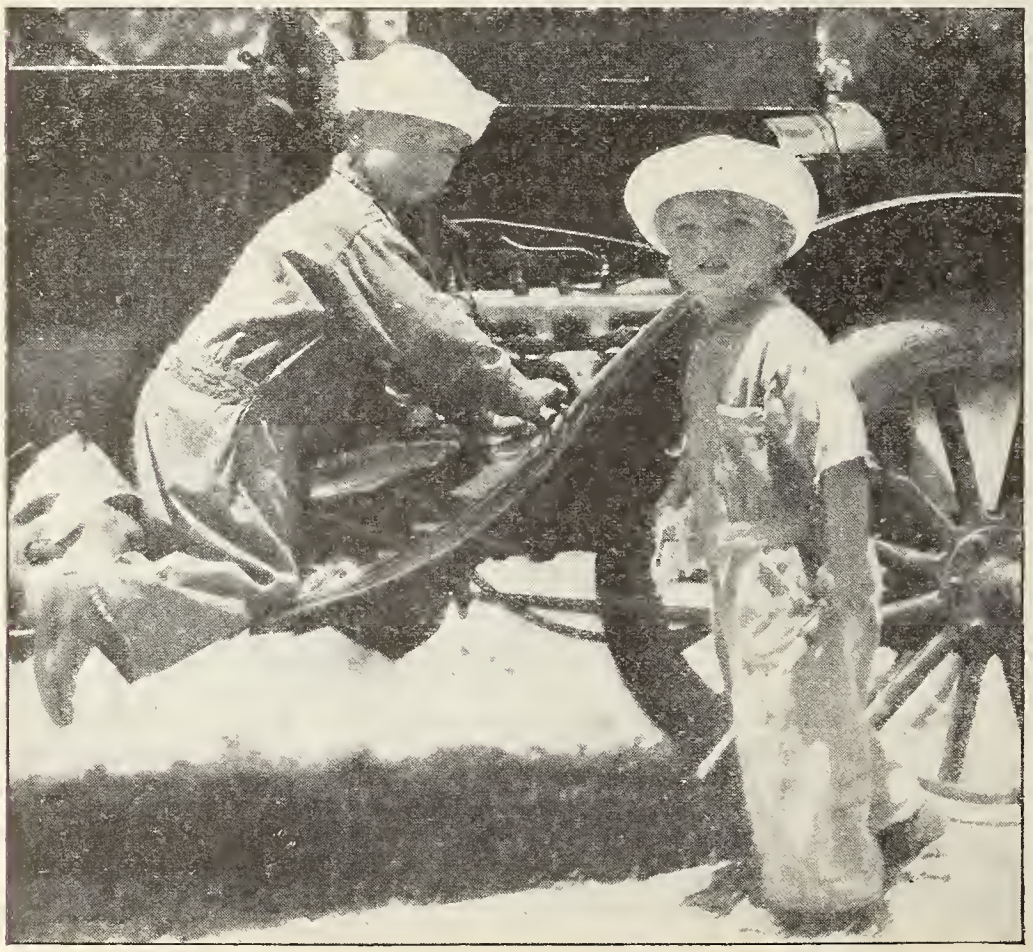
Buster Keaton, like a true artist, follows closely the trend of the times in picture production. Now that the historic picture, such as "The Covered Wagon," with its famous train of prairie schooners, and "Little Old New York," with the reproduction of Fulton's *Clermont*, has come into vogue, Buster will show us, in "Hospitality," the first type of bicycle, and the hardships that our forefathers endured while riding it.



Here is an army tent used on location trips by the Cosmopolitan Film Corporation. This was snapped during the lunch hour while out-of-door scenes were being made for "The Red Robe," while a pinochle game was under way.



Below you see the two sons of Creighton Hale, who are being trained, and quite properly, at an early age, to make themselves useful around the place. If we're not mistaken, they bear quite a resemblance to their well-known father.





Malcolm MacGregor and his young daughter about to take their morning plunge.

Without ing

the players at work and at play.

The title of this picture is not "Why the movies have been so poor of late." It's a snap taken of the monkey players that appear in the Fox animal comedies. It's said that they take their work very seriously and that they do everything except to sell the films after they're made. If these pictures showing life in Hollywood and around the studios continue, the producers won't have any secrets left.





The making of comedies, as you can see by the picture on the left, is often pretty serious work to those engaged in it. But Lew Cody, a serious actor, finds relaxation by taking part in a comedy aside with Billy De Beck, the cartoonist who created *Barney Google*.



Sand sledges, such as you see below, were the only means of transportation available on the desert location where the historic scenes for "The Ten Commandments" were made. No other type of vehicle could be used.

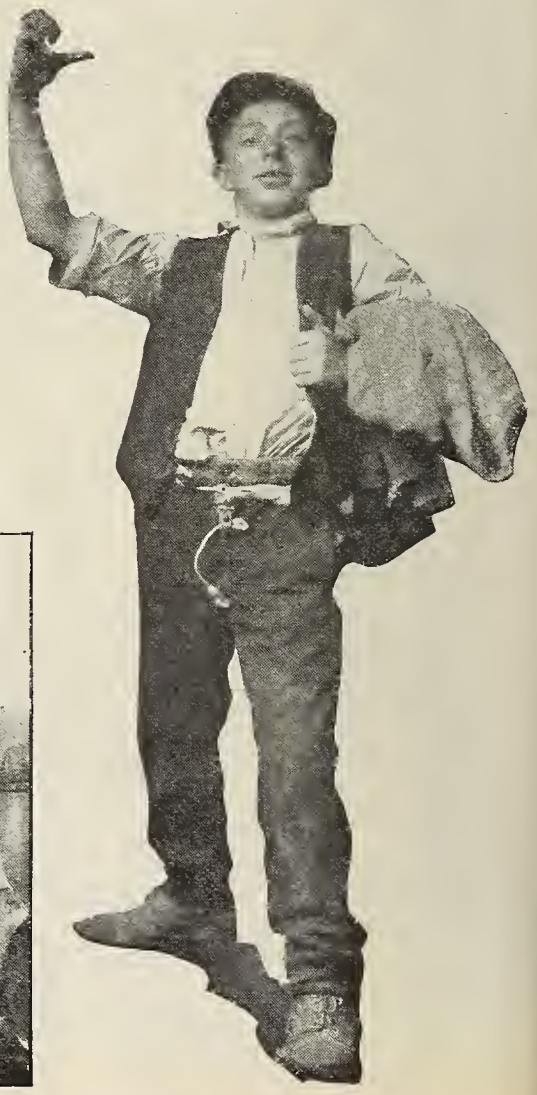




Seena Owen, awaiting a call to work while on location up in Canada, where she went to play the leading rôle in "Unseeing Eyes."



Frank Mayo caught stealing a glimpse in the mirror of Miss Hallie Roach, one of the entrants of the annual Bay Cities Bathing Suit Parade. Mayo was a judge in the contest.



William Star, a sixteen-year-old boy, proved that there are exceptions to all rules, for, after walking all the way from St. Paul, Minnesota, to Hollywood, he landed a job in Tod Browning's "The Day of Faith," at the Goldwyn studios.



Here is Mary Pickford's new dressing room on the Fairbanks-Pickford lot. In it the heroine of "Rosita" rests while waiting to be called before the camera.



We don't know who is being "s-h-h-h-e-d" by Carmel Myers. but Bessie Love won't contemplate the waters of the Pacific so serenely if Carmel puts the crab on her shoulder.



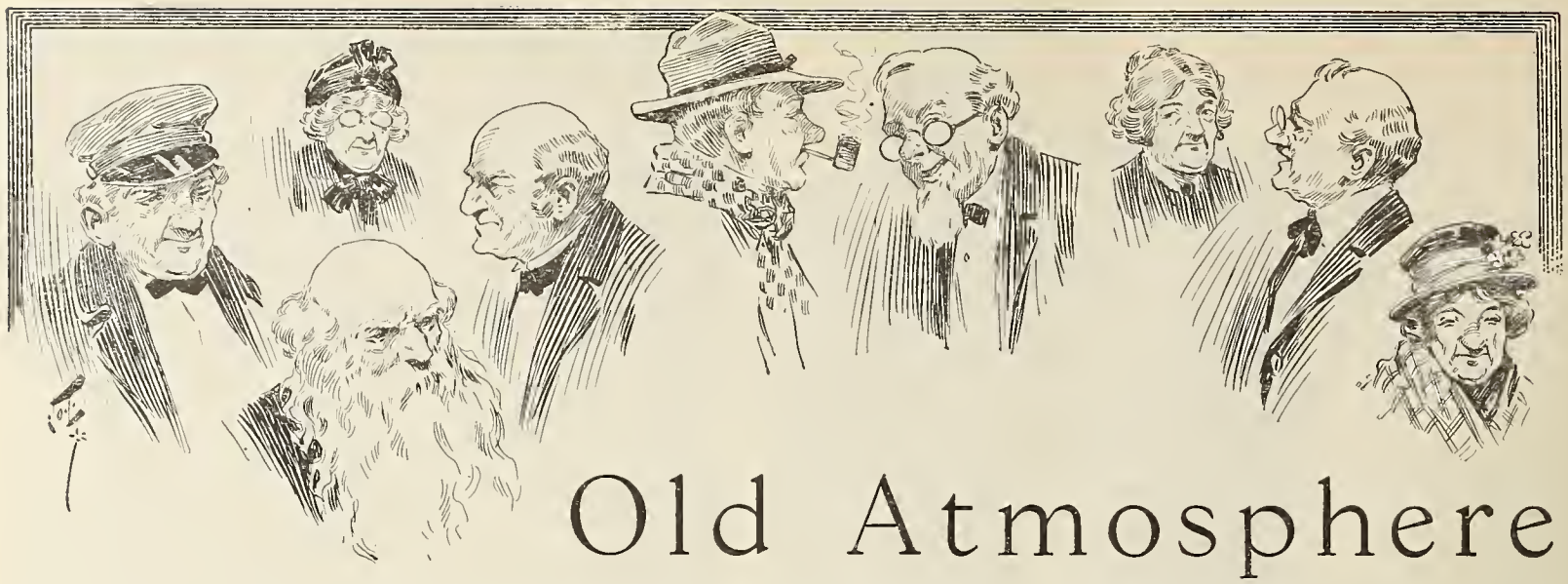
At the right you see Betty Blythe, in one of her "Chu-Chin-Chow" costumes, getting acquainted with Emil Jannings, the distinguished actor who has appeared in so many German pictures. The meeting took place at the Famous Players studio in Berlin.



Here is a portable location dressing room. It was built for Marion Davies, and is carried on an auto truck from location to location, often for a distance of thirty miles.



Blanche Sweet, Aileen Pringle, and Pauline Starke lockstep their way to luncheon in various styles of dressing gown. Blanche wears a smock, Aileen a Chinese Mandarin costume, and Pauline a gorgeous kimono. All are playing in Emmett Flynn's "In the Palace of the King."



Old Atmosphere

Most of the old extras whose faces flash before you on the screen are living on past glories and many of them are edging perilously near the brink of disaster; but they are more patient and sturdy than many of the young stars.

By Myrtle Gebhart

HAVE you ever noticed the old folks who constitute the "atmosphere" of the films, the drab background against which the youth and beauty of the featured players stand out? No, neither had I particularly, until a chance incident served to bring them into focus. A night scene was being filmed for Universal's "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and there were a couple of hundred old extras, garbed as French peasants and thieves of the fifteenth century. The set—a reproduction of the Place du Parvis, where *Quasimodo* (Lon Chaney) was being lashed by *The Torturer*—had been constructed at the foot of a hill, the quaint buildings like old prints of a bygone day recreated.

About the big fire—its ruddy glow and irradiating warmth far back from the camera's focus—clustered the decrepit old folks where they shivered in the wind.

I didn't pay much attention to the old extras. One encounters them everywhere; they are—well, just atmosphere. One's duty is to interview the shining stars. And the old folks always step apologetically aside. But when one fellow with seamed, tired face, graven by the unsteady fingers of time into channels of wrinkles, gave his place near the fire to my mother and brought a bench for us to sit on, we began talking about the scene. And then my mother asked, "Don't you find it awfully hard, this night work in the cold, and dressed that way? I don't see how you stand it."

"No, tain't so awful pleasant, ma'am," answered the old fellow, stooping near the fire to warm his hands, "but glory be, us old-timers ain't delicate like the young uns. We can stand a heap more'n the young folks——"

"See those two oldsters there," Dr. Charles Lang, who retired from his profession several years ago and who now plays doctors and judges in the films to while away his time, indicated two old fellows, whose faces were hewn by time's unkind usage. They babbled garrulously. I caught snatches—"Ovation—critics said Warfield couldn't touch me——" from one. "The time I had the market in the hollow of my hand——" mumbled the other, a man of rather austere bearing despite the film extra's rags that encased his shrunken form.

"Looks as if he might have been somebody, eh? He was," Dr. Lang continued. "He made a competence, but lost it. He was over sixty. There seemed to be nothing that he could get to do. Finally he took an actor-friend's suggestion that he try extra work at one of the studios. Being distinguished in appearance, he was given bits to do and worked steadily. For a time he did very well.

"Then during a production slump he came out to the coast. He'd played in a lot of films and anticipated no difficulties. But when he got here he found hundreds just like him—old extras, men who'd sort of lost their grip on themselves—just atmosphere. They cluttered the lots—he couldn't blame the directors for getting tired of being pestered by old, broken-down men who wanted to act. Still I could see that sometimes it did hurt him to be taking orders from some stripling of an assistant director when he'd been used to giving them."

Peremptory whistles sounded just then.

"Hey you, Old Atmosphere, get out on the set, you! We ain't payin' you seven-fifty just to let you sit an' talk!" an overefficient assistant grasped the old man by the shoulder. For a moment he stared belligerently. His eyes blazed a retort. Then he slumped, dejection draped him once more.

His companion stalked grandly to the set, deploring in a very loud voice the lack of technique in motion-picture acting. The wind flapped their rags about their shrunken, bent bodies.

"The pompous one," Dr. Lang replied to my question, "used to be a very successful actor—created a number of rôles on Broadway many years ago. He grew too old for the heroic parts and, having spent his easy-come money in prodigal waste, gradually drifted from star to character rôles and on down the line to the film mobs. He talks always of his past triumphs

FOR A LONG TIME

Myrtle Gebhart has known Patsy Ruth Miller intimately. She has watched this girl's steady rise from small parts to a featured rôle in one of the biggest productions of the season, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

Next month she is going to tell you about how Patsy Ruth has been "growing up" in the last year. This is a story which no casual interviewer, but only a close friend, could have written, and will, therefore, be of unusual interest.

—to hide his feeling of indignity at being called 'Old Atmosphere,' I think.

"By the way, I've written some verses about this old actor. Would you care to read them?"

Here is the poem, which breathes in every word the pathos of the stranded old extra:

They call me "Just Old Atmosphere;" I guess that they are right,
A tired-out old extra, but keeping up the fight;
I haven't very much to eat, to drink, or smoke, or wear,
I came out here to act—but what I got was "just the air."

I thought when I first got here that I'd get a regular part,
And with it a fair salary, at least—just for a start;
I thought I'd phone the big ones and tell them I was here,
And sign a contract that would keep me busy for a year.

So I got out my "dicky" and I had my clothes all pressed,
I went out to one studio, and then to all the rest;
From place to place I went the rounds, surprised indeed to see
A thousand other extra folks who looked about like me.

I found old extras who were short, old extras who were tall,
Some who were splendid actors, some who couldn't act at all.
There were folks of all descriptions, an eager, searching mob,
A half a hundred applicants for every vacant job!

I saw my dream was over—that the chances were quite small
For me to get a part of any consequence at all.
But I had to face the music, and so, for most a year
I've stuck it out and kept alive by playing "atmosphere."

And now, before I finish, I've just a word to say
To all you young screen actors, so confident and gay:
Just save part of your earnings, or the day will come, I fear,
When you'll be looking for a job of "playing atmosphere."



This conversation and the verses set me to wondering if Old Atmosphere's story might be duplicated among those bits of human driftwood. And I found stories of grit—aged folks who chuckle and pretend so nobody will feel sorry for them. "According to Cullen, Hezi," Tate, Cecil De Mille's assistant who handles many mob scenes, there are approximately five hundred extras over the fifty-five or sixty-year mark.

"They are much easier to direct than the younger people," Hezi once told me. "They never grumble or argue. They are always good natured. They don't plead for work or make a play for your sympathy. They're very persevering. They realize that they're fighting a losing battle, that their time is short. Necessity drives them on; only a few have small incomes on the side and there's no other kind of work they can do. I have one aristocratic old lady who used to be prominent socially in Washington. Her son was cashiered out of the army, married a no-account widow who persuaded him to forge checks. He's in prison in France and his mother, having spent her small fortune on him, now has to work as an extra in pictures. She plays the aristocratic grand-dame to perfection—those little 'right' touches that can't be imitated successfully."

Many of the pathetic faces that flash but for an instant upon the screen conceal stories far more tragic than the imaginary plots they are enacting. But the pathos of their lives doesn't show upon the surface; over it they wear, with a fierce sort of pride, their semblance of success. An old suit, made over; the story of what their children are doing in the world, how important they themselves used to be. They weren't always thus; they were once somebodies. Some were, but with most it's just a demand for your respect.

From the far corners of the earth they have come, these bits of human wastage; once prosperous merchants, illiterate old men, broken-down stage actors; they take you aside and tell you how they had Booth skinned forty ways for Sunday. And, if you aren't too busy, you smile and pretend you believe them. They know you don't mean it, but their old eyes mirror the thanks their lips are too proud to speak.

Often have I contrasted the zeal of these oldsters with the half-hearted interest of the young boys and girls, so arrogantly sure that their youth and beauty will open the magic portals to success. One night at the Goldwyn studio they were burning the circus tent for "Souls for Sale." Many of the younger extras hid among the discarded sets, refusing to go near the flaming tent. In the crowd of ten thousand it was impossible to tell who was working and who wasn't and next day the slackers cashed their slips along with the real soldiers of make believe.

"Me go out there in my new lace gown and maybe get my hair singed besides?" one lovely young thing squelched the assistant director. "Know any more jokes? Go tell that to somebody that wants to commit suicide! I *don't!*" But the old folks weren't afraid of spoiling their clothes; they were fighting, as always, their desperate battle for the brief moment upon the screen that might be theirs. So they ran between the burning tent and the cameras, gesticulating wildly. Sometimes their old bones ache—they chuckle that they're about to crack to pieces — during the rides to location, often over bumpy roads. Then, too, old stomachs don't accept very well the sandwich, doughnut, apple and coffee that often constitute the studio lunches. Yet, at the call of camera, they put into their acting a realism that often shatters the imaginative make believe of the younger players.

Occasionally upon the screen, in one tragic bit that stands out, they see the fruit of their efforts. You've noticed some such face, haven't you? A momentary close-up—it enhances the realism of the drama—it is gone. But that was a moment of Heaven to some Old Atmosphere.

It is a young man's game, this picture business. One of the elderly extras, accustomed to luxury before financial reverses drove him to the mob lots, averages but five days' work a month. Seven dollars and fifty cents a day—from which must be subtracted the agency's

Continued on page 88

Fashions

Popular players find protection

Directed by



Peggy Hamilton.

Country lanes buried beneath a mantle of pine needles or polychromed autumn leaves, or sullen, overcast skies presaging cold may be the inspiration for camera man or poet but they are also warnings for milady to look to her wraps for the winter. The one worn by Billie Dove in the photograph at the left is an excellent choice for the medium, robust type of woman. It is of dull sandalwood Kasha cloth with tiny inserts of leather and exaggerated cuffs and full collar of silver wolf.







Perhaps Madame Modiste senses that her daughters will need long, heavy fur-outlined coats in which they can tightly envelope themselves to defy raw, biting winds, or perhaps her arbitrary eye for beauty considers only the tall, graceful silhouette. At any rate the season's fashion, in coats particularly, emphasizes the slender contour. It is young, boyish-figured girls like Mary Astor who are most fortunate when such styles are in vogue for they look their best in simple, close-fitting wraps. The evening wrap which Miss Astor is wearing in the picture at the right is of sumptuous metal-thread embroidery in blue and gold, lined with royal blue panne velvet and luxuriantly trimmed in fox. On the opposite page she is shown wearing a smart walking coat with box back. That material is copper ormondale, with a shawl collar and cuffs of silver opposum.

for Fur Time

against wintry winds in a variety of furs.

Peggy Hamilton

The coat which Lucille Ricksen wears in the picture at the right is a gorgeous, formal evening wrap of ermine and fox that is also suitable for wear on semiformal occasions. The lines of this coat are not so flattering to a slight, young figure as the cut of the evening wrap pictured on Miss Astor. This low hip line is better suited to a more womanly figure. Only a simple toque such as this one of white chiffon should be worn with this costume.







Because so many of the winter wraps show high, rolling collars of fur, the new hats are of necessity close fitting and simple in line. The gorgeousness of their materials, however, more than makes up for any lack of trimming. With Billie Dove's street coat she wears a felt hat of a shade lighter than the coat and vividly embroidered in silk and wool. Mary Astor shows how becoming and youthful a soft-rolled brim is, particularly when fashioned of roped velvet. For a matinée or informal dinner she wears a close chapeau of black panne velvet with a gold Chinese figure in the front. With this is worn a veil of gold threads which drops straight from the crown on either side, and charmingly outlines the face. Another matinée hat which she wears announces the return of the willow plume to favor.

Hollywood High Lights

Concerning the players who are at work on the West coast, and the forthcoming productions, now under way, in which they will appear.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

WHAT with the increase in the cost of bungalows, the advance in the price of theater reservations, the expense of chicken á la king in the cafés, the purchasing power of a dollar in Hollywood is gradually declining to that of a Chinese yen. The results of the season's prosperity in the pictures are felt all along the boulevards. The high cost of cellu-living is one of the topics of the hour.

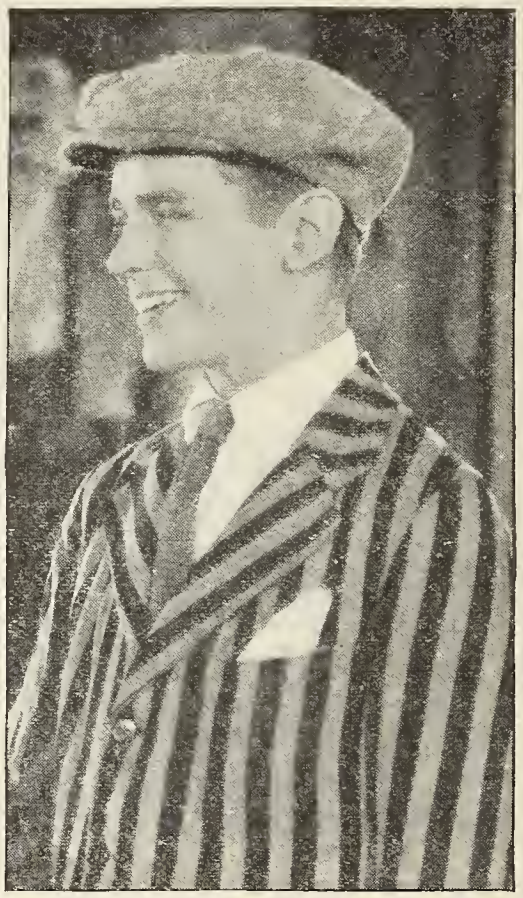
A prominent leading man averred buoyantly in our presence that he had just spent seven dollars for a steak and coffee in one of the very *au fait* restaurants, and we had a noon breakfast not long ago with an attractive feminine star who invested the better part of ten dollars in some casaba melon, salmon and boiled eggs, and questioned whether under the circumstances two dollars would be sufficient for a tip.

The Theater Angle.

Stimulated by the success of "The Covered Wagon," which is now in its eighth month, the exhibitors in some of the leading Los Angeles theaters have raised their scale of admissions to the same level as those asked for stage plays. They have also gone in for a two-shows-a-day program, which enables purchasers to secure their seats in advance, and not have to wait in line when they arrive at the theater. They feel that there are enough big productions this season to justify the scheme, and that a fashionable public won't mind paying one dollar and fifty cents for a ticket, plus war tax, so long as they may drive up in a limousine at eight fifteen and be ushered right into a plush-covered loge.

Many observers are, of course, skeptical as to whether this new mode will ever become widely popular. They feel that, while it may be suited to Hollywood and Los Angeles, which are tremendously enthusiastic about their picture going, and also New York, where a large public is ever in attendance at the theaters, the majority of patrons through the country will find the new rates rather strenuous unless they are assured of having their money's worth.

There is no doubt that the making of big productions is a costly proposition. The figures for some of the features like "The Thief of Bagdad," "The Ten Commandments" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and latterly "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," have been startlingly high. The producers are faced with stiff problems in recovering the money that they have put into these, and if their value is proven, their makers should be entitled to exceptional returns. Higher prices for the theater tickets for these pictures are right in order, therefore. The trouble is that the inducement is immediately offered to the great majority of producers to demand exorbitant rates for their features, and where these prove disappointing to the fans, the reaction, so far as the box office is concerned promises to be quite disastrous.



Here is Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as you will see him in "Stephen Steps Out."

The Salary Question is Settled.

The value of an actor's services has at last been determined. He is worth five hundred dollars a week. No less a person than Conway Tearle, high-salaried leading man, has declared this fact in his emphatic way, let the salad dressing fall where it may. He says whatever an actor may receive in excess of this is due to his box-office drawing power, but that his ability itself is to be quoted at the five-hundred-dollar figure.

We suspect, of course, that Conway's press-agent engineered this rather ingenious contention, but it nevertheless is credited to him, and has incidentally excited a tremendous lot of argument among the picture folk. They all managed to throw a few brickbats at Tearle through letters that were sent to the daily papers, and several of them sniffed quite sarcastically and hinted in conversation that his conscience must be bothering him because he was taking so much money for his own services.

The price paid for talent has been a vexed question ever since it was known that Pauline Frederick was receiving seven thousand dollars on a contract. Several times such amounts have been cited as evidence of reckless expenditure on the part of studio heads, and have aroused talk about putting the motion pictures on a sound business basis.

Certainly, some of the prices which have been paid to actors have been beyond all reason when the amount of work which they do is considered. Certainly, too, many bad investments in stars have been made in the past and are being made to-day. A rank injustice, too, is often done toward the younger and more promising players under the system of paying for big names and reputations, because these players are frequently hired at very small salary and not enough token is taken of their increasing box-office value in the arrangement of the contracts. This, more than once, has resulted in dissatisfaction and legal proceedings that have been exceedingly unpleasant for all parties concerned, and have on occasion robbed the fans of one of their favorites, through entanglements in the courts.

After all, though, experience must be paid for. The majority of the actors who are drawing big salaries to-day are those who have had that experience. They have the magnetism and personality, to be sure, but these are backed up by a long association with pictures, and the value of their services rarely declines, or if it does they can generally seem to adjust themselves to the change.

Edwin: Elza, would you object to being called a "great box-office attraction?"

Elza: What—at three thousand dollars a week?

Edwin: No, my dear, just selling tickets behind the window.

Make-up in the Discard.

We don't know whether it is of the least interest in the world to photo-play goers, but in Hollywood just now there is a seemingly growing vogue for the actors to appear in pictures without make-up. We don't know who started the idea, because every studio for some reason or other seems very anxious to claim the honor. The theory, of course, is that the players will look far more natural if they are not buried beneath a deathlike mask of yellow cream, powder, rouge and mascara. Another thing—in crying sequences, eyes could be wiped, noses blown without any physical impairment to the star's beauty, perspiration can actually be mopped from a bald brow and the old-fashioned kiss most effectively reinstated because there could be no danger of carmined lips sliding over on a cheek.

At any rate, in Eric Von Stroheim's "Greed," most of the players avoided the use of heavy make-up, playing their scenes *au naturel*. The same thing is being done by the players in "My Mamie Rose," although Mary Philbin admits the use of a little face powder, and Frank Mayo and others in "Wild Oranges" are also following the popular procedure.

It is explained that this is all made possible by the improvement in lighting effects in the studio, and by the use of a new type of film which registers successfully the engaging qualities of a beautiful and natural complexion and features. Heretofore, of course, the camera had a rather relentless way of accenting every tiny wrinkle, freckle, or blemish, but the new method obviates this and gives to the portrayal of character a novel and attractive reality.



Monte Blue is to be a sea captain in "Cap'n Dan," an Associated Authors picture.

Hollywood Approves "The White Rose."

Following a rather cool reception for the feature in New York, the cinema folk of Hollywood came out strongly in favor of D. W. Griffith's "The White Rose." Large audiences flocked to practically every performance during a run of about a month at one of the bigger downtown theaters. The general feeling was that Griffith had broken away from his conventional hero-heroine-villain recipe and really told a simple story in a beautiful manner.

The reactions to Griffith's pictures are always interesting, particularly since he went east to make his productions. In the past he had always been reckoned as the one and only, and his premières, which he personally attended, were dazzling affairs.

Recently there has been a skepticism about his achievements, induced principally by such films as "Dream Street" and "One Exciting Night." The sentiment has been that Griffith was falling behind.

Somehow, in spite of its many faults, chiefly that of excessive length, "The White Rose" has kindled anew much of the warmth of appreciation for the director. Many people seem to feel that it is the best thing artistically that he has done since "Broken Blossoms," and they have enthusiastically applauded the performance of Mae Marsh.

Sisterly Reunions.

Mary Pickford's production of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" is quite a family affair. The leading rôle of *Sir John Manners* is taken by her brother-in-law, Allan Forrest, while Lottie Pickford appears as *Jenny Faxton*. This is the first time that the two sisters have been together in a picture since the old Biograph period.

This reminds that the Novak sisters, Jane and Eva, are both playing in "The Man Whom Life Passed By," which Victor Schertzinger is making for Metro. Incidentally they are sisters in the story.

Marie's Transformation.

Marie Prevost has found it a great relief to take off her flapper togs and dress as a grown-up lady in "The Marriage Circle," which Ernst Lubitsch is directing. She plays a giddy Viennese woman whose heart, though not a hotel, is at least a double apartment.

The character is the biggest, emotionally, that Miss Prevost has ever attempted and the prophecies are that she's going to make a sensation.

More Inside Glimpses.

It isn't enough that Mabel Normand, dear, clever Mabel, with the keen mind and marvelous library, should immortalize for the screen the joys and heartaches of "The Extra Girl." Along comes Hoot Gibson, lovable, awkward Hoot, with the big hat and chaps, playing "The Extra Man," the same kind of story as Mabel's, with a masculine inflection, and every prominent star and director of the Universal studio taking part.

A Cake Wizard.

You have undoubtedly laughed at Louise Fazenda in the old days when she and her big duck were targets for cream pies and buckets of paste. You certainly should be proud of her comedy and dramatic talents in "The Gold Diggers," starring Hope Hampton, though with Louise dominating. But—in the vernacular of Al Jolson, "you don't know nothin'" until you have eaten Louise's home-made fruit cake.

It takes about four hours to mix, six hours to bake, and has to remain in the tin pan for two weeks before it's properly seasoned and ready to eat. Louise is a girl who is ever thoughtful of others; in fact, people who know her well say she is too much so. But that doesn't hinder her from baking cakes for her friends whenever she has a day off.

An Engaging Newcomer.

The late Sydney Drew has a double in pictures in the person of Edward Horton, a new Lasky featured player, who appears in "Ruggles of Red Gap." The resemblance at times is quite astonishing, although Hor-

ton is much younger than the comedian was at the time of his death. Horton has just finished his second Paramount picture, "To the Ladies," with Helen Jerome Eddy as leading woman, and no player who has come to the Paramount studio in years, has made a bigger hit personally and professionally.

Prior to entering pictures, Mr. Horton was a matinée idol at one of the Los Angeles stock theaters, a competitive theater, by the way, of the one from which Richard Dix used to send the Thursday and Saturday matinée girls home full of romantic dreams and with their boxes of chocolates untouched.

An Autumn Wedding.

Perhaps it was the giddy rôle which he played in "The Gold Diggers" that had something to do with it. At any rate Alec Francis, famed for his ministerial characters on the screen, is among the recently married. The lady in the case is Mrs. Elphistone Maitland of Balgreggan, Scotland. She is the widow of a prominent English politician. Mr. Francis is a widower, his wife having died about two years ago. He has attracted attention through his convincing portrayals of clerical types, such as the minister he played in "Earthbound." His comedy rôle of the elderly capitalist who is finally captured by the indefatigable *Mabel* in "The Gold Diggers," was one of the lightest and cleverest that he has ever portrayed.



Mary Philbin as she will appear in the leading rôle in Universal's "My Mamie Rose."

Viola Dana and her sister, Shirley Mason, seem both to be curiously fated. Miss Dana lost her husband after a short wedded life, and Miss Mason is widowed at an early age. Her husband, Bernard Durning, a picture director, passed away in New York in the early fall.

Their similar tragedies have drawn the girls even closer together than before, and it is well known that they have always been a clannish pair.

James Kirkwood's accident, when he sustained a basal skull fracture, as a result of being thrown from a horse, cast a spell of gloom about the plans which he and his wife, Lila Lee, had entertained for their honeymoon. For several days the physicians were skeptical about his recovery, and he had to give up his engagement in the King Vidor production of "Wild Oranges." But his early appearance on the screen is now assured through his steady convalescence, during which Miss Lee was constantly in attendance to his every want and need. They intend now to take a honeymoon trip early in the New Year, either to New York or Europe.

Mae Marsh had a chance to renew many friendships during the time she was playing in "Daddies," the version of a popular stage comedy for Warner Brothers. One of her principal diversions was to give theater parties for her old-time companions who are all anxious to see her performance in "The White Rose." Mae is really very happy, you see, over her return to the screen under the direction of Griffith, who has always been the most successful in disclosing the charm of her talents.

Signs of Popularity.

If you are interested in signs, you would smile as we did on seeing the following in and about Hollywood:

In a bakery window on the boulevard adorning some freshly prepared angel food: "Alice Calhoun will call for these cakes at six o'clock!" You may rest assured that quite a crowd gathered.

In the bright electrics of a Los Angeles Theater where Rodolph Valentino was playing in "The Sheik" on the same bill with Ben Turpin in "The Shriek of Araby:" "Sennett versus Valentino." Whew! Some hot contest!

On the walls of a popular downtown coffee house, patronized largely by tourists, placards reading: "Walter Hiers Sandwich, fifty cents; Pola Negri Special Sandwich, seventy cents; Gloria Swanson Scrambled Eggs, sixty cents."

Just like any other boy is Wesley Barry. We saw him at a seaside resort, with a number of companions, whom the scoffers would probably define as his "yes-men," doing all the concessions from "Making the Pig Squeal" to the wildest "Race Through the Clouds."

Evidently producers are taking the idea of photo plays being a canned commodity quite seriously, for they have lately begun work on "Wild Apples" and "Wild Oranges."

Tut, tut! It isn't only the big stars that achieve long-term contracts. Little Farina, pickaninny extraordinary, has just pocketed a huge legal agreement with Hal Roach, calling for his services over a period of years. Now it only remains for the dusky youngster to appear in some sort of super-special production and his reputation should be made, for which he will doubtless receive a large red watermelon.

Familiar Faces Vanish.

Hollywood Boulevard has been forsaken temporarily by some of its old-timers, who have lately turned their talents to the vaudeville stage. However, this action on their part induces brilliant audiences at their appearances at the Los Angeles theaters, for the professional never, perhaps, demonstrates his love for another professional more charmingly in the picture colony than when the latter comes out in front of the footlights.

Nazimova has been appearing on the two-a-day circuit in a playlet called "Collusion," and recently played the "home town" to capacity houses. Ruth Roland was a tremendous hit with a singing act. Theodore Roberts and Henry Walthall have been appearing in playlets and the Carter De Havens, of domestic comedy note, have made preparations for an early return to their former field. Even Larry Semon took a flyer for a few weeks at the Coast houses between film contracts.

Stage plays lately have also disclosed several well-known film faces. Notably Charles Ray. He has been

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A Letter from Location

Marguerite De La Motte describes ranch life as she found it while filming "When a Man's a Man."

To Myrtle Gebhart



PRESCOTT, ARIZONA.

DEAR MYRTLE:

There's something about working in the exact locale of a story that gets inside of you and makes you live every scene. Here we are actually shooting our story on the Cross Triangle Ranch in Williamson Valley about which Harold Bell Wright wove his story of "When a Man's a Man." The ranch is practically the same as when Mr. Wright wrote about it, with perhaps the mellowness of age added to its charm.

It's so easy to get the spirit of the story here; you don't have to imagine this is the view *Patches* saw as he stood on the divide looking out over the valley—you know it to be the identical one. And you get the same little, gaspy thrill that he did when you first glimpse Granite Mountain sparkling behind its purple haze.

The old *Dean* and *Stella* are still here. Their name is really Stewart, and I don't wonder Mr. Wright found in them plenty of story material. Such hospitality—they have turned the whole ranch over to us; their house, the corral where *Patches* tried to ride the big, unbroken bay; and the old bunk house with the "Cross Triangle" marked above it, where *Patches* spent his first uncomfortable night.

Our company is living at a hotel in Prescott, and we have to get up every morning at six in order to be at the ranch to start shooting at nine-thirty. Myrtle, you would love the early morning ride through this cowboy country. The Arizona mountains are different from those of California; these are rocky, and pine trees grow up between the rocks, tall and straight. And the herds of steer and flocks of sheep are a never-ending thrill.

There is one stretch of land that seems to be alive with prairie dogs—dozens of them scamper into their holes as we fly past. John Bowers, who plays *Patches* in the picture, shoots at them from the car, and I'm really afraid he's going to hit one some of these days! I know the holes they dig

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Those Weary

Almost every screen player has a hobby that time away while camera men figure out a new juggle the lights or carpenters make changes



Charlotte Merriam studied for the concert stage before she went into pictures, so, when she has any spare time, she usurps the place of the studio pianist and polishes up her do-re-mi.

Harry Myers' musical instrument looks like the screw out of the near-by fire extinguisher, but he claims that it is a jew's-harp, and that it really makes music.





Ford Sterling is one of the best photographers in Hollywood, so it doesn't seem odd that between scenes in motion pictures he gets out his camera and experiments with new effects.

Waits

helps to pass the set-up, electricians in the sets.



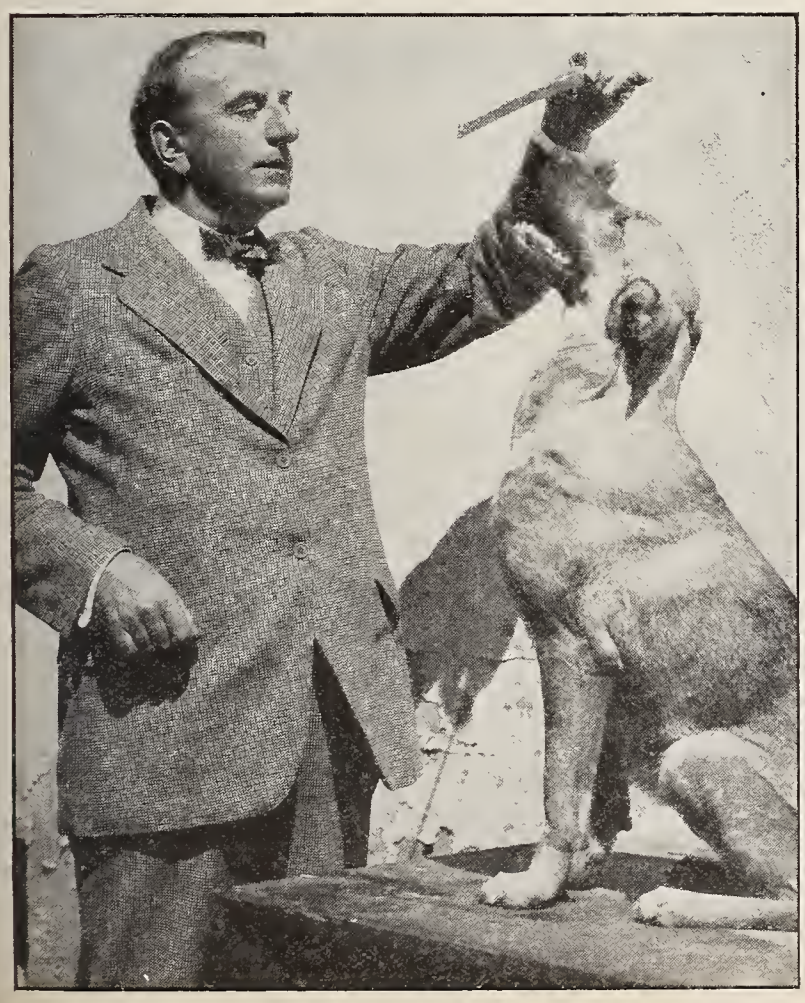
The Nubian slaves in "The Brass Bottle" would have been quite content to play cards all day if they hadn't had to work every once in a while in order to earn the wherewithal to gamble with.



Blanche Sweet's fingers are always busy. Since her early Biograph days she has painstakingly sewed, knitted, and embroidered between scenes until now she is an expert needlewoman. Knitting a bead bag whiled away the weary waiting hours during the making of "In the Palace of the King."



A real golf fiend will practice his shots anywhere, so even the baggy costume of the jinni in "The Brass Bottle" couldn't deter Ernest Torrence from swinging his clubs in every idle moment.



Captain, the spirited police dog that Maurice Tourneur has trained since he was a puppy, hangs around the set where his master is directing, hoping for a lull in proceedings, when he can be taught some new tricks.

Just What You'd Expect

Irene Rich is one of the players whose personality may be said to match her rôles.

By Elza Schallert

NOW, there's my idea of a regular girl. That's the kind of a woman I'd like to marry."

"You, marry? I thought you were a bachelor."

"Well, I am. Incorrigible, too. But every time I see Irene Rich in a picture, I weaken. And I know if I ever met her in real life, I'd propose to her — just like that. She's so splendid, so strong, so full of character — oh, just everything a woman should be. Besides, she looks healthy and athletic. Not like she'd keel over if a strong gale struck her. I bet she'd make a wonderful mother, too."

"I understand. Suppressed fatherhood—paternal complex, eh?"

"No, indeed. No complex of any kind. I simply admire Irene Rich intensely, and I'm sorry there aren't many women like her in real life."

"Oh!"

My brother, the bachelor pessimist, thus expressed himself to me one night in a theater while we were watching Irene Rich as the sympathetic *Mrs. G.* in "Brass," nearly lose out in the game of hearts.

The particular scene that inspired his confidence showed her kneeling, her arms crushing the form of a tiny golden-haired boy, her large, dark eyes overflowing with tears, and longingly following Monte Blue as he made a quick exit from the room.

The scene was gripping, I confess. And I felt very sorry for her. Put then I always feel sorry for Irene Rich on the screen, because she invariably is obliged to play "second fiddle" in the great appasionata symphony of love.

The hero, you positively know, loves her in the first place, but he never marries her until he has tried out his "first love" and found it a disillusionment, a failure. Or else he marries her immediately, and doesn't remain faithful.



Even in her latest rôle, as the *Queen of Spain*, in Mary Pickford's production "Rosita," the king forgets about her queenly presence by sneaking away from the throne and indulging in an outrageous flirtation with a gay little street dancer.

However, Irene has always seemed to be quite content with her lot. Her luscious eyes have smiled a bit pensively, mayhap, when her hero finally returned to her, but she has always gone to him joyously and without reproach. And when the final fade-out showed her fondly ensconced in his arms, I have been satisfied that he was a lucky thing and that she—well, that she was a sensible, sweet, unselfish, strong character—just as the bachelor reminded me.

That is precisely how she impressed me when I met her at dinner with her mother in their new home at the foot of a cool cañon in the Hollywood hills.

If ever a player was eligible to the "As You'd Expect Her" club, it's Irene Rich. And if ever casting directors showed rare judgment in selecting a wholesome, substantial, womanly type, they did in the instance of Irene Rich.

I had come to talk to her about her new contract with Warner Brothers. She had been recently signed by them as a star for a number of years at a very comfortable salary, and she was just commencing work on Kathleen Norris' story "Lucretia Lombard."

Her professional stock had taken quite a jump since her performance of *Mrs. G.* in "Brass." It was on the strength of that portrayal that Mary Pickford had engaged her, and also that she won the Warner contract.

Hers is another case of the old, experienced players coming into their own. She started as an extra six years ago in "Stella Maris," with Mary Pickford, and for three years thereafter trudged from studio to studio playing extra or bits, as opportunity offered. Then one day she was signed by Goldwyn's and for a year or more played leading woman to Will Rogers. This was her first screen work that attracted attention. After that she freelanced with different companies, playing in dozens of pictures, and finally achieving her present position.

Fortunately, at the beginning of her career, she was

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IRENE RICH



Photo by Russell Ball

When Glenn Hunter joined the Paramount forces he asked that the screen rights to Homer Croy's "West of the Water Tower" be bought for his first starring vehicle. He is one of the serious artists of the screen who wants to go in for simple realism, not time-worn hokum.



Thou Shalt Not——

After a spectacular Biblical prologue Cecil De Mille introduces in his next picture a modern story that advertises "The Ten Commandments" as the best cure-all to-day. Here are glimpses of the picture that will allay any possible fears that Mr. De Mille might have omitted the usual luxurious bedroom and decorated telephone. The leading rôles in the modern story are played by Leatrice Joy and Rod la Rocque.







Photo by Melbourne Spurr

After a wider range of rôles in her recent productions than any other star has attempted this past year, Norma Talmadge is again breaking new trails. She will play an Arabian dancing girl in "Dust of Desire."



Photo by W. E. Seeley

Mildred Harris divides her time between vaudeville and pictures—with pictures the most important just now. She will play opposite Elliott Dexter in his first star picture for Grand-Asher productions.





The Light



Kipling's famous story is again to be dramatized, this time by the Paramount company. Just above, Jacqueline Logan is shown as she appears in the rôle of the red-haired girl.



That Failed



The leading rôles are played by Percy Marmont and Sigrid Holmquist, and lest the public should dislike to see two such charming people separated, the story is being filmed with the second ending that Kipling wrote.





Photo by W. E. Seeley

JULANNE JOHNSTON

Spotlight for Julanne

Mrs. Johnston's favorite daughter was born to be photographed and bound to become star stuff.

By Charles Henry Steele

IN Hollywood, that quaint, quiet, little village of broad shaded streets and squatty stueco bungalows wrapped in celluloid, Fame has a way of eluding the more persevering sisters and brethren only to step from behind a eucalyptus tree and say to a casual passerby, "You're it!"

Fame knights the lad who manages to support a Talmadge or a Gish; a chaplet of laurel graces the fair brow of the lady signed by the platinum mailed fist of De Mille. And another sesame to world-wide publicity and Sunday rotogravure sections is to become Doug Fairbanks' leading lady.

That's what Julanne Johnston has done.

Bruce Barton, Sophie Irene Loeb, Dr. Frank Crane, and the rest of the finger-pointers could find no topic for pulpit work here. Julanne's success simply proves that it doesn't pay to worry, work, or strive too mightily.

There have been practically no trials and very few tribulations in Julanne Johnston's young life. She is a tall, willowy girl with a fine fragile beauty that lingers in the memory longer than the flaunting poster type in four colors. A career has been a casual affair in her scheme of things. Never has she sat on the mourner's bench with the extra crew, waiting for the casting director and hoping for a part. If it pleased her to dance with the St. Denis troupe for a few months, in leisurely tour, she danced. If vaudeville offered entertainment she ventured away from the Hollywood bungalow she shares with her mother. Nothing has held her for long.

If you don't rush the casting offices, they will rush you. There are dozens of beautiful girls in Hollywood looking for jobs, yet every week comes news of a new beauty being imported from "The Follies" or another of the Venusian gardens. Julanne Johnston never dogged directors from morning till night beseeching work, so it was not long before directors sought her out.

This is a complex world, if every one only knew it.

Not more than four years ago Miss Johnston was accustomed to answering "Here!" when the roll was called at the Hollywood School for Girls. Then during one summer vacation she attended the pirouette seminary conducted at Denishawn by Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn.

Dancing delighted her. Her dancing delighted the canny Miss Ruth. The combined effect of these enthusiasms found Julanne touring with the Denishawn dancers that fall, instead of picking up ideas about calculus, indigenous plants, and how to greet a gentleman bearing a letter of introduction from a mutual friend recently deceased. School faded into a hazy background.

At this point it strengthens the continuity to observe that Mrs. Johnston is one of those charming, highly modern mothers who have sufficient faith in daughters, mankind, and things to let ambition lead the way.

Following a merry sojourn with the Denishawn disciples of Terpsichore, Julanne returned to Hollywood.

"Mother," she said, "I think I shall act in the movies. But only in the good movies."

She was as good as her word, and even better to look at.

Rarely enough did the picture people successfully lure her before the camera. Universal City was too far to go, and after you were there, she asked calmly, where were you? Metro had no trolleys near that made connections with those near the Johnston menage. Comedy factories were too unfamiliar with chivalry. . . . The idea of storming the swinging doors of the casting offices never even occurred to Julanne. Once she appeared in a picture, other directors learned of her decorative influence, and offered her bits. But as may be gathered by the conscientious reader, Julanne chose carefully and critically before venturing before strange Bell-Howells.

Occasionally she was deployed by a Lasky director to lend éclat to a Broadway cabaret or a boarding-school frolic; now and then she graced a ballet sequence; in the Realart comedies of dim memory she was often cast opposite Wanda Hawley. . . Transient artists of the camera, among them Baron de Meyer and Count de Streleeki, noted Julanne's piquant profile, her innate poise, her graceful figure and said, each in his own way, "She was born to be photographed!" Forthwith they photographed her—the De Meyer portraits winning grand prixes and medailles innumerable at foreign expositions. Some of his work served to illustrate stories in *Hearst's*.

Aside from her appearance in a village flirt rôle in a picture that valiantly starred David Butler (a negative little thing called "Fickle Women" that achieved slight circulation) Julanne has never been called upon to "act." As well expect a Fragonard tapestry to act. Or a Greuze, or a Della Robbia frieze, or a Botticelli. . . .

She has a temper and a pronounced sense of humor and a pictorial quality, strongly defined in the accompanying photograph, that will carry her far, but I have no idea whether or not she can act. However, since such considerations do not seem to hamper Barbara La Marr, Claire Windsor, and other scenic treats, Julanne need not worry. As a matter of fact she won't. She isn't egotistic, but there is a strong streak of fatalism running through her cosmos. I've known her to break a date, pleading a headache, then chance being found out at the Cocoanut Grove with another more favored cavalier. "If I'm to get away with it, I'll get away with it. If not—see to-morrow's paper for the answer."

Following the Butler chromo came an offer from Ferdinand Pinney Earle, then working on "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." With laudable foresight Julanne rejected with thanks. (The picture, owing to differences between Mr. Earle and the financial backers, has never been released.) Vaudeville looked amusing, so Julanne essayed a solo or two in a dance-revue act that reached New York in three months. "The Follies" beckoned, but the lure of the California climate was stronger, and another two months found Julanne back home with her mother.

She did a picture opposite Charles Jones, and served as premiere danseuse in Tourneur's fanciful "The Brass Bottle." She added to the scene at Crystal Pier on warm afternoons, and danced with playmates at Marcelli's, or Sunset Inn, or the Ambassador evenings.

Then one balmy June day the telephone carried over the wires a message fraught with importance. Douglas Fairbanks wished Miss Johnston to come over for a test.

Continued on page 96



Youth That is Really Golden

A group of talented screen youngsters whose combined annual salaries exceed the million mark.

IT is not surprising that parents by the hundreds invade Hollywood with their cute offspring when the rewards for exceptional baby talent are so great. But, of course, only a very few unusual children such as these, ever make any impression. At the top of the page is a group of clever kiddies in the Hal Roach production, "The Call of the Wild." At the left is Jackie Coogan, the boy Crœsus, whose income is as phenomenal as his talent. In the oval is Bruce Guerin, little more than an infant, who showed such ability that Warner Brothers have put him under contract.





Baby Peggy, shown at the right, stars in Universal Jewel features, and her popularity and income grow apace.





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One Illusion Intact

Continued from page 21

of that one little figure hypnotized us and we were carried away to bloody France, and the terror of the executioner's knife. Many of us cried—not once but every one of the fifteen or twenty times she went through that same bit of action. It lost none of its power through repetition or through being interrupted occasionally by the low tones of Mr. Griffith's voice. At the end of the afternoon the people who had been looking on were exhausted, but Lillian, whose strength seems inexhaustible, hurried across the lawn with fluttering steps, made arrangements for some friends to be taken to the train, gathered up some papers she wanted to study at home, and stopped a moment to look at the garden.

For one terrible moment I thought Lillian was not going to call it a day until she had weeded the studio garden. She did tear herself away, but with obvious regret in her lagging footsteps and frequent distracted looks back at the plants.

That is the one thing I have ever heard Lillian's friends criticize her for—her absolute disregard of her own time and energy. Little things much better left for some one else to do, Lillian does herself. Perhaps she finds an emotional sedative in washing out stockings; I don't know. There must be some good reason for her always doing things like that instead of resting. I only know that in her dressing room the inevitable chaise longue usually serves as a dumping ground for friends' hats and wraps. Lillian never reclines. She is always on the move.

One of the refreshing things about Lillian is that though she dedicates herself entirely to her career, she doesn't expect it of other people. She loves to have Dorothy go out a great deal—loves to hear of parties. But she simply won't go to them.

Fashionable New York has made several futile attempts to lionize Lillian. Once she did accept an invitation to a big dinner party given by a distinguished patron of the arts. Outwardly Lillian was poised and dignified, but inwardly she suffered. The climax of the evening came when the party went on to the theater, and as Lillian stepped out of her car a newsboy shouted proudly, "Oh, look at Lillian Gish."

"I may not mean much to the people upstairs," she remarked one time when she was the guest of a woman's club, "but the servants feel like old friends of mine." And before she left she stole quietly down to the kitchen and shook hands with the cook.

Once a year she addresses the congregation of a big New York church and on that night there is always an enthusiastic crowd. Many of them have never seen her in pictures because they don't approve of theatrical entertainments, but she has persuaded some of them not to forbid their children going to motion pictures.

Because she speaks at this church, she is besieged by program chairmen of every sort of organization who want her to address one of their meetings. It takes no small degree of tact to turn down blue-blooded dowagers skilled in the rules of social lion hunting, but Lillian is equal to it. Once, however, she was persuaded to speak at a meeting of the alumnæ association of a fashionable woman's college.

"How did they happen to ask me?" Lillian protested. "I'm the last person to presume to talk about education."

As a matter of fact Lillian, whose education was dearly bought in the precious hours away from the studio when she should have been resting, is more cultured than most college women who took their education like a dose of medicine.

Lillian has her pet illusions, just like the rest of us. Hers happen to be about college professors. She expects them all to be very wise and sincerely earnest about their work. So, as it is nice to keep illusions, I didn't tell her that many professors don't care whether they say anything of importance at meetings like this or not. I know, because on some occasions they have hired me to write their speeches.

And come to think of it, although I haven't hesitated to write speeches for professors to deliver, I wouldn't presume to do such a thing for Lillian, even if I had the chance.

Lillian simply will not accept the privileges of her position.

"I've been hunting everywhere for a theater where Charles Ray in 'The Girl I Loved' is being shown," she told me just before she went back to Italy to begin filming "Romola." "You've no idea how I hate to miss seeing the wonderful new pictures. But I can't find that one anywhere." But when I suggested that if she would telephone the United Artists office they would be glad to arrange a showing for her, she was horrified.

"Oh I simply couldn't ask that."

Her attitude toward her work is almost impersonal sometimes.

"Emotional scenes like that simply tear your face to bits," she told me one time when I had been watching her do a strenuous scene. She felt the childish contour of her chin with her long, thin fingers as a sculptor might pat his clay. "I will look old before long if I do many such scenes and then probably audiences won't care for me."

Again quite recently she spoke to me regretfully of the short time a motion-picture actress can hold her public.

"I have never seen a more enraptured and expectant audience than the one that greeted Duse on her return to the stage. I saw her in 'Ghosts' just a few days after I landed in Italy and it was wonderful to find that she was still the idol of the people. She is very old, but, oh! so magnetic.

"Over in London one time I talked to a stage-door man who told me that he saw Ellen Terry make her début, and saw her twenty-five years later in the same rôle. And he said that she seemed even lovelier the second time. Wouldn't it be splendid to be able to count on such devotion as that? With a loyal public one could count on years and years to perfect her work. There would be greater chance for real artistry then. But people want youth."

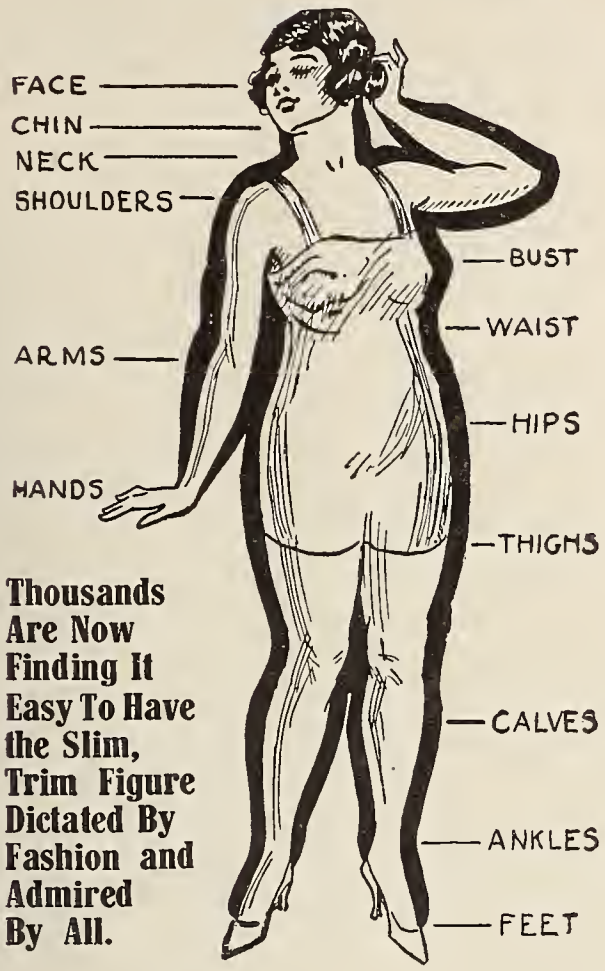
Lillian always speaks as though she were just some unknown striving to get a foothold. Instead of which she has to her credit three or four of the greatest individual performances the screen has known.

I happened to be with her one day when she received a tribute that I think pleased her as much as any of the praise that has been heaped upon her. We were walking down Fifth Avenue one afternoon intending to glance in the gayly bedecked windows. But Lillian had left off the horn-rimmed eyeglasses that served as a disguise and crowds seemed to collect from nowhere to stare at her. Smart-looking women, themselves the product of luxury and ease, jealously followed her with their eyes.

She was enough that day to make any one forget her manners and fall back to the curb to stare. She was prim and quaint and flowerlike as ever that day—but too she was exquisitely gowned and radiant with happiness. Jaded upper Fifth Avenue beamed on her. And the climax came when a resonant, foreign voice proclaimed loudly: "There's Lee-lee-an Geesh!"

And at that Lillian clutched my arm tightly and her eyes glowed. For the speaker was Lina Cavalieri, whom Lillian was just as excited to see right up close as any one was that day to see Lillian.

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Continued from page 65

commission of fifty cents and carfare—when the work is at Universal City or at any of the Culver City studios, that means forty or fifty cents. The balance is about six dollars and fifty cents—four or five times a month—to feed, shelter and clothe.

This old fellow is always perfectly garbed. Old suits carefully pressed, shoes shined, gloves, handkerchief, cane, all the habiliments of a gentleman of leisure, as he sits in the hotel lobbies of an afternoon and scans his newspaper for the latest market fluctuations. He lives in a little hole in the wall in a cheaper part of town. Then why the "front?" you ask. Partly in the hope that some of the movie nabobs will spy him. But mostly it's pride and grit—he'd die of mortification if he knew you pitied him.

A couple of years ago there was an old lady who lived in the garage back of the house we rented, a one-room shack which she had made livable and cozy with geranium boxes and a few magic touches. There was no work save mob acting that she could do. Every day, angular, gaunt, her white head high with a fierce pride, she would trudge the rounds of the studios.

"I jes' work in the pitchers to amuse myself," Mrs. Jessup used to tell us, when my mother would find her, haggard and weak, upon her cot, and remonstrate. When her larder was almost empty, she always insisted. "I jes' et, honey. Now, it's right sweet of you to bring me the chicken an' tea an' jes' to please you I'll try to eat a bite. But I ain't nary a bit hungry."

A mere pittance, something like fifteen dollars a month from a son in a distant city, with her occasional pay check—work was scarce for her type and age—sufficed barely to supply her meager needs. Why didn't her son take her and care for her? I never asked, for old Mrs. Jessup had nothing left but her self-respect and she made the most of that.

A lifetime of smothered ambition —thirty years wedded to a clergyman, a drab existence diametrically opposed to the theater — drove another old lady in the afterglow of life to the land of make believe. On withered limbs scarcely strong enough to support her, frail white hands trembling as they adjusted the funny lace cap that she wore, she dragged through days of privation and—hope. Finally, as she felt those sixty-eight years of drabness closing down upon her, she was given her chance, in an Irish picture with Colleen Moore. Oh, what a bundle of energy she was — the gayest of the bunch as she danced a jig for the camera! She was as happy as could be at this realization of long-smothered dreams, the fulfillment at last of that little gleam of talent that had come to her through a branch of the family whose famed theatrical name she bore.

But it came too late. One day, in the middle of the picture, she didn't show up and somebody went out to the hillside cabin where she lived and found her very weak and ill—starved. Time had taken its toll of her frail strength in the very moment of success. There was no food in the cabin—there hadn't been much for goodness knows how long. They fed her and cared for her and took scenes she wasn't in until she was able to return to the studio and complete the picture. But that one little moment of glory was her all. She couldn't go on. So the kindly picture folks made up a fund and placed her where she will have care for the rest of her life.

The only blind actor I know of is an old man whose wife and five children are all extras. One day the woman begged the director to use her husband in a mob scene too, fearing to leave him alone all day. So now he often plays blind beggars.

Another is middle-aged and has a dependent, invalid mother. Long ago there might have been a man to take care of her and little ones to cuddle and fuss at, but there was always the mother, you see, and she wouldn't pass on her responsibilities to another. So, throughout the dragging years, she managed to work at something; but now, at fifty, with threads of gray in her hair, there isn't anything she can do but play extra. She manages on her small pay and often there's a delicacy for mother besides.

One old woman, her face like a medallion of very aged, yellow silk, is gentle and has a gracious way about her strangely out of place on the dusty lot. Her hands are soft and well kept. But my queries are met with a courteous, but absolute, reserve which I can't pierce.

A former minister who, through some unkind breath of scandal lost his pastorate, a kindly, meek little soul—plays one of those old village mossbacks who sit and yawn and whittle sticks.

On Bill Desmond's set the other day occurred a reunion, proving that time is nothing. Thirty years ago, Tom-Bill Allanby and "Alaska Jack" Ginivin mushed way up the Yukon in the gold rush. For ten years they prospected. Then one day into Dawson they came, their "double-ender" filled with poke after poke of the precious dust. Separating there, they lost track of each other. Each set out to spend his coin—and each succeeded. Then the other day they met again, both Old Atmosphere. The partnership has been resumed, but they don't talk much. They just sit and play cards and puff away on their evil-smelling pipes, their grizzled faces sour and unsmiling. But where one goes there goes the other; neither will accept a call—though he needs the work badly—unless the other is included.

"I'se a hund'ed an' fo' yeahs old," Uncle John Currie, white haired and palsied with age, informed me proudly. "I'se gwine be de mos' grandes' actah whut evah wuz, I reckon I is. Says which? *You* is?" he regarded another old-timer disdainfully, "Huh! Lemme tell you, small fryin'-size piece o' nuffin' you, didn't Mistah Tod Brownin' heah s'leck me. pussonally, his ve'y own se'f, to play 'at theah cullud slave name o' *Isaac Hen'ricks,* in his pitcher somepin' 'bout Day o' Faith? Anybody which wants to argify 'bout dat?" His eyes squinted hopefully, but nobody accepted the challenge and he disappointedly shambled off the set.

All the Old Atmosphere on the Goldwyn lot hang about Uncle John, to hear his garrulous reminiscences of the days when he was a slave belonging to Major James Comer, a wealthy Southern planter, about how he grew up with the major's son as the latter's personal body servant, how during the Civil War he "fit" side by side with his young Marse John for the Confederacy. Uncle John has eighteen great grandchildren, the youngest of whom won the Croix de Guerre and the Medaille Militaire in the World War. But he won't let them take care of him, not Uncle John, for he's got spirit.

Most of them, knowing that they cannot compete on its own ground with youth, set out to sell their very age, incapable of realistic imitation, to the producers. One, however, won't claim it, though she is said to be around the half-century mark: Martha Florine, who used to electrify the audience in the big circus tents when, her slim body clothed in glittering spangles, she did stunts high up on the trapeze. One day the trapeze didn't work or Martha Florine was worried or something. Anyway she fell. And there's no place under the big top for people who fall and hurt themselves so they can no longer thrill the spectators. So she drifted to the studios.

Oh, there's tragedy among the Old Atmosphere! But they don't wear it on top, where everybody can see it. Instead they wear a wonderful "front" and they chuckle and grin and they tell you tales.

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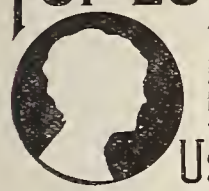
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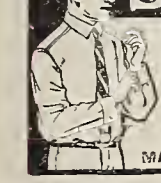
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You can hardly imagine two more deadly rivals than Jacques De Lacey and Z. Roland Stitt, who direct pictures at our studio. If De Lacey is given a nickel more than Stitt to spend upon a production, Stitt goes right up in the air. Stitt is always arguing with the advertising manager to get his name into bigger type than De Lacey's, and De Lacey bribes property men to steal the best scenery from Stitt's sets.

There was a great controversy as to which one of them would direct "Parisian Passion," our mammoth special superproduction. Our two highest priced stars, Grayce Le Nard and Gordon Gresham, were to be in the cast, and over a million dollars was to be sunk into the picture. It was a plum for any director, and when it was assigned to Jacques De Lacey, Z. Roland Stitt came near to tearing up his contract and walking out. Only the present tight labor situation saved him for the company.

When De Lacey started work upon "Parisian Passion," Stitt was making a picture on a neighboring set, and he hardly took his eyes off his rival. De Lacey is a slow worker always. "Parisian Passion" was an enormously expensive picture, and the dollars it was eating up gave our financial department cold shivers. Some of the money boys even went to De Lacey and asked him to speed it up a little. He is temperamental, and a rocky time was enjoyed by all.

Two weeks later the finance lads tackled De Lacey again and reminded him that his contract ran out on the 31st of the month. "If Parisian Passion" was not finished by the 25th, they said they would not renew De Lacey's contract.

Stitt heard them tell De Lacey the bad news, and as he watched De Lacey fume and sputter, he got an idea. On the 23d, when "Parisian Passion" had only a couple of hundred feet to go, Stitt stole De Lacey's puttees and hid them. De Lacey could not, of course, go on with the picture, and he was fired.

A man with a chronic case of yellow jaundice ought to make a great movie actor. He wouldn't have to make up.

Let us hope that all young lovers realize the great debt of gratitude they owe to Dave Griffith. You know, he invented the close-up.

Off the screen lovers kiss and make up. The movie kind make up and then kiss.



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Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 70

playing a series of engagements up and down the Pacific region in a dramatization of "The Girl I Loved." This has been unique because it reveals a new and interesting side of the star, and because "The Girl I Loved" is one of the few pictures to be adapted to the spoken drama.

Love and Castanets.

Every one is assured of some interesting love scenes in the production of "Thy Name is Woman," which Fred Niblo will direct. First, the story is a torrid Spanish affair, and second, Ramon Novarro and Barbara La Marr have been cast as the lovers. The picture is an adaptation of the stage play in which Mary Nash appeared through various parts of the country about two seasons ago.

Ramon and Barbara have not appeared together in a picture since "Trifling Women," which was popular chiefly because of their presence.

Reaction Serious.

Doug Fairbanks is going to quit making frivolous remarks to the extras on his sets henceforward. They take them too seriously.

In a half-humorous, half-aggravated mood one day, engendered by some bad weather that interfered with the taking of important outdoor scenes, he shouted to a huge crowd of players, as he was going in to lunch:

"You can all go home. We won't need you any more. The company is out of money. So you might as well turn in your costumes."

The faces of the throng fell. They started away in silent groups, pitifully reciting in undertones how they had expected to be employed for months to come.

Then some of them looked up and caught Doug's well-known grin, as he stood on the porch of his restaurant. It gradually became noised about that the star was only kidding. But it took several days for the rumors to subside that maybe the company was going on the rocks, the eventual antidote being that things kept right on moving in the making of the picture.

The great spectacular scenes for "The Thief of Bagdad" are just about finished, and the cast is being narrowed down to the star himself. There are several long sequences in which Doug is the only human being appearing. This is where he goes on his fantastic adventures in the Valley of the Monsters, inhabited by fabulous legendary beasts, and in the depths of the sea, where he secures the magical accoutrement for his final conquest. It will take him a month or more to complete these sequences, and consequently the release of the picture is anticipated some time early in the New Year.

Important News.

The film colony is terribly short of triplets. There are a sufficient number of twins, it seems, but—yes, we have no triplets.

William Beaumont made this discovery while casting "Daddies," the Warner Brothers production, in which Mae Marsh is the star. He had to be satisfied with the De Briac twins and little King Evers, among the kiddie players, for the important parts of the three war orphans who were all born on the same day.

Another child who will be seen in this picture is Priscilla Dean Moran, adapted as Jackie Coogan's sister for a time, who later returned to her father, an eastern exhibitor.

Advance Warnings.

Not to be overlooked in choosing your film entertainment during the winter are the following productions:

"Black Oxen," in which Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle have the leading rôles. They made an effective combination, you know, in "The Common Law."

"The Turmoil," with Eleanor Boardman, Pauline Garon, George Hackathorne, Eileen Percy, Theodore von Eltz and Emmett Corrigan, who make a real group of talent.

"Maytime," which will introduce two or three newcomers, among them Ethel Shannon and Clara Bow, in picturesque crinolines, with Harrison Ford as a gentleman of old New York.

"To the Ladies." James Cruze made this with Everett Horton, a new potential idol, Helen Jerome Eddy and others in the cast.

A Rush of History to the Films.

No doubt it surprised Cecil De Mille to learn that Lillian Gish plans to play the character of *Jeanne d'Arc* on the screen, for it is well known that "Joan the Woman," Mr. De Mille's own presentation of the story of the Maid of France, was none too successfully commercially. Perhaps the version Miss Gish will make will fare better, because hers will be done in such a way that it will have the sanction of the Catholic church. Many people think of Jeanne d'Arc as a stocky peasant girl; indeed several artists have pictured her that way. But Miss Gish, after careful research, has found evidence that Jeanne d'Arc was a poor, little undernourished child, which immediately pigeonholes her as a Lillian Gish rôle.

Romance Note—

When Mae Busch returns from New York, where she has gone to play in "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," it is rumored that she will marry Al Wilkie of the Paramount publicity staff.

Till the Films of the Desert Grow Cold.

The last of "The Sheik" pictures has not been seen. Several *Sheiky* pictures are even now on the way. Edwin Carewe is making what is probably the most ambitious of them at Biskra, Algiers. It will be called "The Son of the Sahara." "Shadows of the Desert," by the author of "The Sheik," is being made at the Fox West Coast studios with Mildred Harris in the leading rôle.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 57

them and are married in their living tomb. After a few intense love scenes, they decide to try to dig themselves out. Every time they make the attempt, a section of earth falls in on them.

After a couple of landslides had buried the unfortunate couple, the rude audience in New York began to laugh. And the more morbid and gruesome and intense and Glynish the picture became, the harder the soulless audience laughed. Corinne Griffith does her best with impossible material but Frank Mayo, her leading man, is appalling. Yet the picture did such tremendous business when it opened at the Capitol, New York's largest theater—standing 'em up every night—that it was held over for a second week.

Among Other Things.

Mae Murray's new picture is called "The French Doll." I didn't see it. I am always very busy when one of Miss Murray's pictures comes along. She should worry; she has a big enough following without me. "The Silent Command," produced by William Fox, is excellent propaganda for the navy. It also contains a thrilling storm scene. And speaking of thrills, the biggest thrill of the season was the slow motion pictures of the Dempsey-Firpo fight. In fact, the fight picture was the one big artistic stride of the month.

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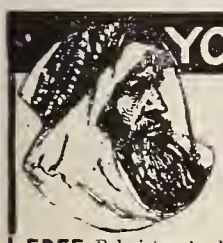
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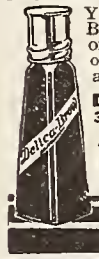


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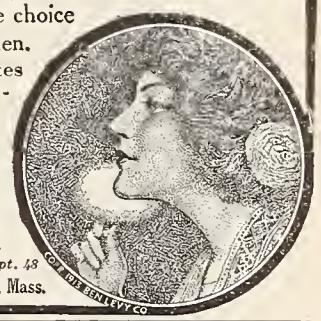
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Continued from page 19

a film star is the object of infatuation. Players on the silver sheet are worshiped from a safe distance. The adorations may even be a good thing for those who happen to be their victims.

"I think," said a woman to me recently, "that most mothers whom I know feel that it is better for their daughters to gaze moon-eyed at some Lochinvar on a screen than to be sitting on the parlor davenport with one, or be out joy riding in an auto. I believe too that the flappers get a lot more enjoyment out of their screen crushes. Most of them have told me that they found their film idols much more interesting than the boys in their own set. I think that if most girls keep their crushes until they are of age, it would prevent the unhappy marriages, especially the youthful ones, and perhaps also divorces."

A sensible viewpoint, in its way. It sums up optimistically the effect that a screen romance may have on a sane young American girl. She can live through one picture palpitation after another, and never be any the worse for it. There is in these enamorations something of the ideal.

Of course, they have their danger too—the same danger that lies in all other "cases." The object of the admiration may prove to be unworthy. There may be some defiling breath of scandal, which will seem to stain the character of the star, and this may be disastrous to a degree. But is it really so serious?

Movie stars have a certain responsibility toward their adoring fans—that's a surety—and if their own ideals are high they are keenly conscious of this. Agnes Ayres, for instance, because she is naturally sensitive, takes the fact that many young girls are devoted to her very much to heart, though like all wise and progressive players she prefers a discriminating appraisal of her talents rather than herself.

If, as I have sought to show, there is evidence that movie crushes are going out of style, there are several causes for this.

Every one has come to realize that the stars are not superbeings. "Merton of the Movies," and kindred plays and books, have opened the eyes of the public to that. These contain their medicine of disillusionment, and personally I feel that this has been a good thing. The basis of judgment is saner.

Then, too, the pictures are changing. More players are entering the lists. The productions don't depend on a single face, a single pair of eyes, a single halo of hair, as they used to do.

Even such popular idols as Doug and Mary have lately laid stress on their pictures rather than themselves —at least Mary has in "Rosita." They offer an ensemble of effects, scenery, costumes and characters. They are attempting to lose themselves in the portrayal of their rôles.

Costume films more than others tend to absorb the obvious personal appeal. An actor cannot don his fancy dress and remain himself alone. He has to take on something of the manners of the period, with its princes, kings and knights and ladies fair.

Look at Norma Talmadge and her varied rôles. She has switched from character to character in amazing fashion. A fan can hardly keep track of her more personal self, when in a succession of pictures she plays a duchess, a department-store worker, a countess and a dancing girl of Arabia. It is her acting, as well as her personality, that must tell if she is to survive this ordeal.

Crushes will go on and on naturally as long as there are stars in stardom and fans in fandom. For every youthful fan will at some time feel the urge perhaps to lay at the feet of some celebrity the tokens of her adorations. These must "get it out of their system." After that, well—a more critical note is likely to be sounded. Sometimes the love is turned to something resembling aversion, as it seemed to be in the case of some of the Valentino admirers, and that is unfortunate. Nor is it just.

An intelligent feeling, a notion of ability, and a normal, sensible appreciation of the personality of a player is always a more lasting thing. Art is not made up of pretty faces and handsome physiques alone. The mere fact that one actor is a hero and the other a villain, and one a heroine and the other an adventuress, means little or nothing for real talent and real brains. It is the impress that the star leaves upon the screen by his or her aura, plus work.

Rodolph Valentino, for instance, is not deeply concerned with all the wild bouquets and adulation that he receives. He is quite absorbed in being something and somebody, but he wants to accomplish this by his skill in acting rather than the infatuations that he may excite. I have heard it said that when some woman threw her wedding ring at his feet, while he was dancing in the Middle West, he stopped and requested her to call at the box office immediately after the show and take back the article of jewelry. He made plain that he didn't relish this utter lack of good, sound sense on the part of some members of his audience.

To be sure there is a bit of arrogance about Valentino's disposing of his admirers. It indicates an aloofness that doesn't seem to match the spirit of the crushes themselves. He doesn't give much in return.

Strange to say, it is this aloofness that occasionally makes for the popularity and sometimes the greatness of celebrities. Gloria Swanson has it. So has Pola Negri. Elsie Ferguson, too.

It is an attribute for that matter of many of the idols of the stage and of the opera. Mary Garden has thrived on it for many years, though it is a subtle thing with her, and Geraldine Farrar is not exactly above it, although she has always been noted for her friendliness toward all.

While watching Gloria on the screen I have thought oftentimes, "How little you really do actually seem to give—yet, how very interesting you are!"

"I love her and I hate her," expostulated one who knows Gloria well, in a professional way, to me once. "She does the most disconcerting things at times, and then she will turn right around and simply take you off your feet with her kindness."

That is temperament for you as it is often known in the arts. It is a hopeless sort of thing, and an aggravating sort of thing, but somehow it frequently seems to do the trick. The person who possesses it always has a better-than-even chance to be mentioned by the historic chronicles, if that means anything at all.

Gloria is a figure—in more senses than one. You may not like her, but you cannot ignore her. You may not think that she has an ounce of ability, but really she has what amounts to something more. She has a personality that makes you mad or makes you glad, but that you cannot fail to talk about.

HOMESPUN **In these days when so many girls in motion pictures are smart, sophisticated women of the world, or shrewd business women who play the stock market or speculate in real estate in their hours away from the studio, it is refreshing to find one who is simple, and frank and unpretentious. Such a person is ZaSu Pitts, of whom Malcolm Oettinger has written a sympathetic character sketch for the next issue of PICTURE-PLAY.**



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THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

ALICE.—I hope you're grateful for my not calling you "Sweet Alice." It required quite an effort, because your note *was* sweet. But I'm sure you'd never forgive me. I have a feeling that you've a grudge against your name, have you? The title of the first picture that Valentino will make for Ritz Pictures is being kept a secret, and the time at which he will begin work is also in doubt. You know, he is still tangled up in lawsuits, and everything will have to be straightened out satisfactorily with Famous Players-Lasky before he can begin on his new contract. The only thing for the Valentino fans to do is to wait and hope—and not look too long upon other charmers. Richard Dix is still single. So is Ramon Novarro.

MARY R.—I don't imagine Wallace Beery would be terribly pleased if you addressed him as Wallace Berry. You know, most persons are instantly antagonized if you don't get their names straight, and this is especially true, I think, of well-known figures. Of course, this particular mistake is not so glaring, but I notice that a great many fans make bad slip-ups when writing to players. They not only do not get the names correctly, but often mention having enjoyed the players so much in pictures in which they never appeared; they rave about an actor's blond loveliness when she happens to be a brunette; they get the family life of the players all twisted and write in a friendly and casual way about a player's wife, when the fact is he has never been married. Naturally, an actor cannot be expected to sit down and write a charming note, or rush off an autographed photo, special delivery, to a fan who is so feather-brained or so insincere—who gives strong evidence of never having seen the player or read anything authentic about him, but who is merely eager to add one more photograph to his hoard. Perhaps when some fans read this they will understand why they received no response to some of their most impassioned appeals. If fans would only make sure of the facts they discuss so glibly and try to realize the reactions of the players to their letters, I am sure they would achieve much more satisfactory results.

ALICE.—Elliott Dexter certainly is still in pictures, and you will have two new films of his to look forward to. They are "Broadway Gold," which has just been released, in which Elaine Hammerstein plays the feminine lead, and "Flaming Youth," in which Colleen Moore will be featured. Also, that particular wish of yours that Elliott Dexter and Milton Sills appear in another picture together will be fulfilled, for Mr. Sills also has a rôle in "Flaming Youth." I can't say when, if ever, you will see Claire Adams in a society part. Claire is sticking pretty closely to the outdoor drama, and her latest work is in "Upside Down," with Herbert Rawlinson.

M.—Yes, Constance Talmadge has been married to John Pialoglou. He was a wealthy tobacco merchant who believed in domestic wives, and Constance was a film star who believed in careers for women, even if the woman happened to have a husband. So the marriage was dissolved about a year ago. Constance has been reported engaged several times since, and at present the world is much interested in her goings about with William Rhinelander Stewart, "scion of an old New York family," as they say in the society columns. Lila Lee is only twenty years old, but her public career goes back many years, when she appeared in Gus Edwards' kid revues on the stage. Lila introduced that now-gone-but-not-forgotten popular song, "Look Out For Jimmy Valentine," under Mr. Edwards' direction. Her first screen work was done for Famous Players-Lasky in 1918, when she was unwisely introduced to the public as a star, and, of course, flopped. But you probably know that part of the story very well—it has been told and retold and held up as a warning experience to those who would star untrained actors without any regard to whether the public wanted them or not. Now, of course, Lila is standing on her merits as an actress, and enjoys the distinction of playing opposite the lovable Thomas Meighan more often than any other leading lady on the Lasky lot. Some recent pictures in which they have shared honors are "Back Home and Broke," "The Ne'er Do Well," and "Homeward Bound." They will also appear together in "All Must Marry."

EVELYN BRENT FAN.—Yes, I agree with you that you have been waiting a long time to see Evelyn burst into glory on the American screen, and Evelyn apparently shared your impatience, because, after being signed for the next Douglas Fairbanks film, she got tired of waiting around the studio for months without working, and finally left, just at the beginning of "The Thief of Bagdad." She has just finished playing in "Harbor Bar," with Monte Blue, and will next appear in "Held to Answer," opposite House Peters, for Metro. Miss Brent was married several months ago to B. P. Fineman, the producer. You know she appeared in films in this country a few years ago, before she went abroad, but I suppose you were too young to go to the movies then, so thought you were discovering some one brand-new when you saw her in "The Spanish Jade."

DOROTHY VAN E.—The picture, "The Regeneration," was made by Fox in 1915. Of course it isn't impossible that this story would be made over again, but it is not likely. Quite a number of stories are being refilmed now, with different casts and all the advantages of modern lighting, et cetera, and it will be interesting to see whether they retain the vitality of the old versions in addition to the new trimmings. A few of these that come to my mind offhand are, "The Cheat," "The Eternal City," and "Zaza." The consensus of opinion seems to be that the refilmed stories that have already been released have not improved materially over the originals—in fact, many persons did not enjoy them as much.

COLLEEN'S FRIEND.—So you know Colleen Moore personally? Isn't that thrilling? I suppose you're quite the most deferred-to person in your fan club, if you have one. "April Showers" hasn't been released to date, but here is an advance cast for you: *Maggie Muldoon*, Colleen Moore; *Danny O'Rourke*, Kenneth Harlan; *Miriam Welton*, Ruth Clifford; *Shannon O'Rourke*, Priscilla Bonner; *Mrs. O'Rourke*, Myrtle Vane; *Matt Gallagher*, James Corrigan.

Continued on page 111

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

A Letter from Location

Continued from page 71

are dangerous pitfalls for horses and cattle, but they are so cunning that I like to see them get away.

And speaking of shooting: Mr. Bowers offered to teach me to shoot and I began practicing on tin cans. One day Eddie Cline, our director, found a chicken filled with bullet holes hanging from a tree. He threw up his hands in dismay. Then looked furtively around and disappeared with the dead chicken. One of the boys saw him burying it behind the barn. Later he came to me, and with an accusing look in his eye, informed me that *some one* had shot a chicken. I told him I was not guilty, but it was only when little Johnny Fox told him a chicken had died and the boys had hung it up for a target, that I was thoroughly vindicated.

To-day I saw some actual branding of cattle with the Cross Triangle brand. It was the real thing, done by the Cross Triangle cowboys. Mr. Cline would like to have used it for the picture, but the censors would never have allowed it to remain.

Lunch time is fun. No pale, dry location sandwiches for us! We have a barbecue every day. The cowboys broil chops and make French-fried potatoes over a big fire. We even had Eskimo pies once, but we owed them to Robert Frazer, who heard some one wish it was possible to carry ice cream out to the ranch. Mr. Frazer plays *Wild Horse Phil.* I was never with a more congenial troupe. Fred Stanton, the heavy, and George Hackathorne, who plays *Yavapai Joe,* are a scream, and keep us shrieking all the time. Forrest Robinson plays the *Dean* in the picture, and he and the real Dean have many a chat together. June Marlowe plays *Kitty,* and Johnny Fox (remember, in "The Covered Wagon?") is *Little Billy;* and oh, yes, I am *Helen.*

Our hotel is like a large boarding house; the telephone is in the lobby and when some one gets a Los Angeles call, the conversation can be heard in every room. And when we get in from location, it's always a scramble to see who gets the first couple of baths. The water pressure is low and when some twenty people turn on the hot water at once, some of us lose out.

Mr. Cline is downstairs talking to Los Angeles, and I just heard him say we would be home next Sunday. See you then, Myrtle. Love.

MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE.

P. S.—I've the cutest little pet—a stray jackrabbit that I adopted. But whatever will I do with it in Hollywood?



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What About Charles Ray?

Continued from page 28

that end. It deserves our deepest interest. And an art that can broadcast thought in such a way as pictures do must surely have a tremendous future."

We were riding in Ray's car toward his Beverly Hills home while he told me this. It is the most pregnant statement regarding his belief in the films that I have ever heard him make, though often in the course of our talks he has set forth his ideas at length on this theme.

As we drove on, he mentioned too his love for the stage, and the desire he has had to play *Hamlet* and other dramatic and tragic rôles. He wants soon, you know, to present a spoken drama version of "The Girl I Loved," which the playwright, George Scarborough, has been adapting for him.

I visited his residence that day with him on his invitation. It is tucked away in an Italian garden surrounded by green hedgerows. It is an English house with a Louis Quinze living room, and there are Japanese effects in the yard. Altogether—a league of nations.

Whimsically, Ray calls it the "doll's house," because he says it looks so unpretentious. There is something aptly significant about the name, yet I couldn't presume to analyze this.

Needless to say, his abode is not small. There are large roomy spaces, and the living room, designed, I think, under the supervision of his wife, offers an elegant, soft-toned, and truly Frenchified mood.

Ray showed me his phonographs and his pianos. He has two of each, I believe. One of the pianos is sequestered in a giddy tea room that overlooks the swimming pool. It is for dancing. Ray played on this a tune that he himself had composed. He also read me a quaint verse about a weed and a rose that he hopes some time to set to music.

There is serenity in his domicile—that's a surety. The impression he gives you is that he is very happy there. Warmth and charm seem to be all pervading, despite that the house is ornate. Ray "hated to leave and go back to the studio," and so, I must confess, did I.

If there are aught of trials in his life they are all "downtown." Not elsewhere. He has had to bother much, it seems, about mere business in the last few years. This irks him, because he cannot give the full store of his energy to his pictures and his art. Many a sleepless night he has spent, too, on account of some word ill-advisedly spoken. He has even had to get up out of bed and go to the window to cool his brow, so he tells me, because of the anguish this induced.

But—he is overcoming this sensitiveness. "I am acquiring more abandon," he smiled as we sat on the sun porch just prior to my departure. "Things don't bother me as they once did, but I still have plenty to consider."

Well—what of it? you say, especially if, as is possible, you have not seen "The Girl I Loved," let alone "Miles Standish." Well—nothing perhaps. But anyway, recall his recent picture and then reflect if perhaps you agree or don't agree with those who are now contending that Ray is our greatest actor. I am not on their side, understand, as yet; it will take "The Courtship of Miles Standish" and perhaps more to win me over. But this I do believe, and that is that he is one of the really sincere thinkers in our films, and one of their most ideally ambitious producers, who perhaps is just coming to the fullness of his own self realization.

Spotlight for Julanne

Continued from page 83

"I was tried for the *Slave Girl* in 'The Thief' because it was a dancing part and I am a dancer. The test was sent on to New York where Mr. Fairbanks had gone—then came the surprise. I haven't got over it yet. . . . He wired back engaging me for the *Princess!*

"We're all simply steeped in the atmosphere of old Bagdad and the 'Arabian Nights,' and every one seems to feel that the sets and costumes are the most gorgeous ever conceived.

"I'm working hard and the funny part is, enjoying it!"

Advance glimpses of the forthcoming successor to "Robin Hood" reveal lovely Oriental Julanne, of youth and beauty.

Advance glimpses fail to reveal, however, that she is mindful of matrimony, enamored though she is of Anatole France, pêche Melba, siestas, George Moore, Verlaine, Hayakawa, May Wilson Preston's illustrations, and Paul Whiteman's symphonic jazz.

It is altogether unlikely that she will be pointed out for long merely as Douglas Fairbanks' leading lady.

Just What You'd Expect

Continued from page 74

not picked up out of the nowhere, starred by some short-sighted producer, and left to die quickly, as has been the fate of a number of pretty, and perhaps, gifted girls.

Her talents were not forced. They were allowed to develop normally. As a result, she has built what is more and more proving to be one of the greatest assets of a screen player—a sure and sound technique. She is now at the threshold of her real career, and it will be interesting, I believe, to watch her progress.

"I have always felt," she meditated, "that all of us have to serve our apprenticeship before we can expect to gain approval from the public and recognition from the producers. That is, any lasting approval and recognition. It takes years to master screen technique. But it shows in one's work, believe me. Why is it that the public wait so eagerly for pictures by Mary Pickford, Fairbanks, Chaplin, Charles Ray, the Talmadges, and that large group of players who aren't stars, like Blanche Sweet, Gladys Brockwell, Lew Cody, or any of the real 'old-timers?' Not because of their personalities alone, but because they *know their business*."

"Is it easier or harder to get into pictures to-day than it was six years ago?" I asked.

"It is *always* difficult to get into anything worth while."

Of course I expected that. She caught my expression and added with emphasis:

"But all this cry about the difficulty a girl has to get a chance can be largely traced to the individual. I have occasion to observe many attractive girls who think they are serious about a picture career. Most of them don't want to play extras. They act like prima donnas, become temperamental, are seldom on time, are careless about their make-up and appearance, and get lazy after a couple of weeks' work. That sort of conduct doesn't make careers.

"Six years ago when I came to Hollywood, I pocketed my pride. I forgot past social connections. I had been married to an army colonel, and in the cantonments I was favored with a great deal of attention and courtesy, the things that mean much to a woman. In Hollywood, I was just one of a big 'gang' trying to break into the movies. But I made up my mind to start right at the bottom, and fight until I reached the top."

And when she says "fight" you don't doubt for a moment what she means. Perhaps the fighting spirit

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of a conqueror was an inherent quality with her, but I believe that being married to an army officer and leading the rigidly disciplined and more or less rigorous life of cantonments, in various parts of this country and the Hawaiian Islands, only strengthened it, even as it aroused other qualities that the gentility and protection offered women in civil life would have atrophied or left dormant.

Dining with Miss Rich and her mother, a tall, slender, youthful-looking woman with a spontaneous, merry laugh, had been charmingly *en famille*. The cuisine was excellent, the home-made bread baked by her Swedish cook made us denounce the march of progress that created bread factories and the like, and the repartee between Miss Rich and her mother was sparkling at moments, but always very human. They are more like friends than mother and daughter.

It was time for me to leave.

"Wait!" she requested. "You must see my kiddies first."

We dashed up the broad stairway —she going two steps at a time— to her boudoir—a large, well-ventilated, bright room attractively furnished, but not so choked up with feminine frippery that you gasp for air after the first ten minutes. It's the kind of room any girl would have who can stick in a saddle while riding through mountains, swim in the surf and play a good stiff game of tennis. All of these things Irene Rich can do.

We tiptoed onto a sleeping porch. The light from an adjoining room touched the back of a tousled head of burnished hair that jutted out of blankets burying a little form.

"She's my baby. Eight years. Do you wonder now why playing 'extra,' or scrubbing floors, if it had been necessary, meant only joy to me?"

Then she introduced me to her twelve-year-old daughter—a remarkably poised and intelligent girl, who is taking high honors in her classes and holds championships for swimming and tennis. Her tanned skin would make any boy envious, and she has a grip that makes you feel for broken bones after she shakes your hand in "Good-by."

I left. And when I was certain that Miss Rich was in the house, I stood for a moment at the turn in the road. All of nature reminded me of her. The cool, crisp air, the deep blue of the sky, the dancing stars, the fresh smell of the sod.

And then I raced to town to find my bachelor brother to tell him that for once in his life he was right—absolutely right. She was all that he said.

Driven to Dancing

Continued from page 31

it to the side, moving it from the hip; the foot and knee are in the original position. Bend the knee sharply, bringing the foot to the left side of the other leg, knee high. Do these three movements in three counts. Then raise the leg in back, with the knee stiff, swing it to the side, bring it down so that the foot is at the other knee. Repeat eight times. Face the other way and do it with the other leg.

2.—Stand with feet in original position, feet turned out so that they make a straight line. Swing the left leg well up in front, as high as you can, keeping the knee stiff, and the foot turned out. Swing it back in the same way, just brushing the floor with the foot. You may have difficulty in keeping your knees stiff; it's a heartbreaking business at first. Do this eight times and then face the other way and do it with the other leg.

3.—Stand with toes turned straight out, feet a short step apart. Rise on your tiptoes, then bend your knees, keeping the body erect. The feet must be turned straight out in this exercise, as in the others. Then up on your toes again, and down. If you do this exercise as you should, your back will tell the story.

4.—Stand with feet turned straight out, heels about ten inches apart. Bend the knees, without rising on your toes first. Do this slowly. Again, your back knows!

This is but the beginning; not even the half has been told, but I am not going to give you all the bar exercises, because if your dancing teacher doesn't give them, you can get them out of a library book on dancing, as I said before. But there is one invaluable exercise that I'd like to include here, which isn't in any book that I've ever heard of.

It is called the seal rock, and if you've ever watched the seals that play around in front of the Cliff House, in San Francisco, or do their stunts in the circus, or just look pleasant in the zoo, you know something about it already. It is intended for the purpose of obliterating excess flesh where even some thin people have said flesh—on the abdomen. And it works wonders.

This is how you do it. Lie down on the floor, face down, hands clasped



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behind your back. Arch your back—feet together, knees stiff, head and chest up. Begin to rock back and forth, feet down first, then your head; the upper part of the body never quite touches the floor, but from the waist up is held back. Nor do the feet touch. Try this ten times each morning and night, then increase to twenty.

And here is another exercise that will give you the sort of lines from the waist up that Gloria Swanson has. Stand on your tiptoes, arms over your head, fingers not quite clasped, elbows straight but not stiff. Cross the right foot over the left, taking a short step; sway the body over to the left, not moving the arms themselves, but letting the movement of the body move them. This is really a swaying movement, which stretches the muscles of the torso.

There are ever and ever so many more exercises that I can't give here; the sort of exercises that prepare one for the dances taught at Denishawn. They really create beautiful figures, as you realize when you watch the pupils in the advanced courses at work.

And when you've been doing them for a little while, and the first lameness has left and given place to a wonderful feeling of rejuvenation, why, then you begin to see why it is that the beauties of the screen add dancing to the day's list of absolute necessities. And you can see why, when they come home at night so tired that they can't go to sleep, they dance for an hour or so before even thinking of retiring.

So come on along—this year's beauty slogan is "Everybody, dance!"

Melisande of the North

Continued from page 34

but let her explanation pass. After all, the prominence she might acquire by being engaged to Chaplin had faded somewhat into the background.

On her first trip to America, Sigrid played in the picture called "Just Around the Corner," which Frances Marion produced. She also appeared in "My Old Kentucky Home" and one other. These have been released all of a year or two ago, and no doubt you have seen one or the other of the two I have mentioned by name.

It is difficult as yet to speak for her future. I am not impressed by all the stills of her that I have seen even in "The Light That Failed," in which she plays the rôle of *Maisie*. It is her biggest opportunity since she has been signed with Famous Players-Lasky, to whom she is under contract.

Maisie, you know, was a rather mean little gamin, who treated the

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Stop! It's all wrong. There is another life right here before you. A new and a better one. A life that is full of thrills and sunshine. Every day opens new worlds to conquer, new joys, new friends and lasting ones. Come with me and let me guide you to it.

I have a system that knocks those gloom bugs higher than a kite. I'll put pep in your old backbone that will make you feel like a jack rabbit. I'll put a spring to your step and a flash to your eye so that your own friends won't know you.

Health and Strength

That's what you need and that's what you get. Come on now, pull in your belt and throw out your chest. Take a good deep breath of that pure air that's all about you. Give your heart a treat with some rich blood. You will feel so good you will think it's your birthday. Drop me a line and I'll show you how to do it. I'm going to put a chest on you that will make your old ribs strain with the pressure. I'm going to change those skinny arms and legs of yours to a real man's size. You will have the strength and vitality to do things you never thought possible. Come on, fellows! Get busy. I don't promise these things—I guarantee them. Are you with me?

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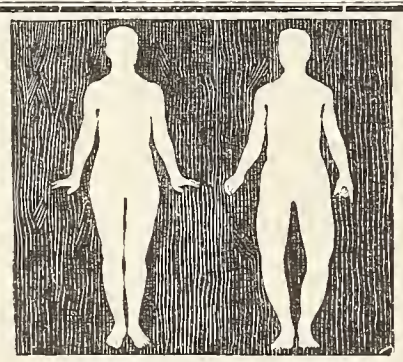
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blind artist of Kipling's story shamefully. The character has been changed, however, to make her sympathetic and pave the boulevard for an inevitable happy finale.

Miss Holmquist relishes this "improvement" because she desires to play sympathetic types, and she told me how she has felt the emotion of some of her scenes. One, in particular, where she discovers that the artist is really blind, seemed to strike deeply at her feelings. She had no difficulty at any rate in crying, she declared, and even when she goes into the projection room and views Percy Marmont's work in this particular episode she feels the tears well up again.

Really, for one who has perhaps seen many different phases of life, she is singularly responsive. She has never really grown up. She remains a *Melisande,* the *Melisande* of the North, and I wonder if perhaps, with time and tide, she will not fling across the silver sheet something of the blue fjord depths of her eyes, the glow of her flaxen hair, and the peculiar warmth and individuality that is hers in the real. At any rate, I hope she will.

Valentino's Successor? Nonsense!

Continued from page 47

great-granddaughter, one degree removed, of Napoleon himself.

Charles de Roche really is a thrilling person. He rides like a Centaur, or like the head cowboy in Tex Austin's rodeo. He can grab a bull by the horns and make him roll over and play dead bull. It was he and not a double who performed that very feat in the "Law of the Lawless." All of his youthful vacations were spent with caravans running between Algiers and Biskra and you have to ride some to ride with the Bedouins. You see, contrary to popular opinion, Bedouins do lots of things besides abduct beautiful white women and sing love songs.

"Although my family were so bitterly opposed to my becoming an actor—in fact I never have seen my mother since the day I told her that I was one—it was really my father's fault that I became enamored of the stage when I was very young. He loved the theater, too, but wanted his family to stay safely out in front of the footlights. He had a box in the big theater in Algiers and the best companies came from Paris to play there. I saw Sarah Bernhardt every night she was in our city and it was then that I determined to become an actor."

Years after that De Roche was engaged to be the divine Sarah's leading man, but she became ill and before she could continue the engagement, De Roche was forced to accept another offer because he needed bread.

"I never had any money in those days," he said. "Why once I played at the Chatelet and received twenty-five cents a night. I lived on it, too."

De Roche played, back in the old days, with two comedians who are now famous in America. At least, one is famous and the other is kind of famous. One was Charles Chaplin, who was doing "A Night in a Music Hall" in London at the same time that Charles de Roche was doing an act with a dog on the same bill.

The other was Max Linder.

Charles found that he could pick up dancing with as much ease as he could acquire a new language, and this to him is child's play. He is quite at home with Spanish, French Italian, Portuguese, German and English. So he decided to make a specialty of dancing, and he created the tango in 1910 in Paris. It was then that he made his début in pictures, too. That is where Max Linder comes in. Charles was a super in his early comedies. Later, when he gained fame on the screen it was not as a handsome hero, but as a sort of cross between Bill Hart and Tom Mix, a man full of valor and strength. Every one who knows De Roche says that he is fearless, or perhaps reckless would be a better word.

"I'm not reckless, though," he said. "I have a charmed life—I cannot get hurt." And no wonder he feels that way. He went through the war, was captured by the Germans and was sent to a prison in Bavaria. For months he worked digging a subterranean passage with his hands and then, when he was about to leap to freedom the guards grabbed him and put him back again. Even before he came to this country De Roche was known to many Americans. After the war he went to work in the Gallot studios, which are built directly behind the American Hospital at Neuilly. He was a serial star and he entertained everybody with his fighting, riding, flying and jumping stunts.

After that he made "The Spanish Jade," and America knows the rest.

And may we hope we have proved that Charles would rather be a *Daredevil Dawson* than a *Sheik,* and that he is much more like Douglas Fairbanks than he is like Rodolph Valentino.

A Fig for Fame

Continued from page 59

Ford is different.

When you meet the débonair Cody, mustachios sharpened to a pinpoint, spats spic and span, manner suave and surer than the Rock of Gibraltar, you say to yourself, "How extraordinary!" You find yourself looking at a character straight from the celluloids. Lew Cody is of the profession, markedly.

Harrison Ford might be a lawyer, or a civil engineer, or a realtor. Or he might be a Yale man looking for a job. He has the appearance of youth, although he is a veritable veteran of the movies; he's quiet; and not unlike Conrad Nagel, he refuses to grow indignant over anything. His is a placid mood, his a pacific temperament.

Hoping to start something, I supposed that it was pretty trying to act opposite some star-stellas.

But he maintained the same untroubled calm.

"I'm paid to act, and I do whatever is expected of me," he said. "The star is the star. I'm simply support. Why should I expect star chances?"

"But they shoot half your stuff with your back to the camera, don't they?" I persisted.

"No," said Ford mildly. "I've always found stars very fair and generous. You see, acting is my profession, and I don't mix my ego with it. It wouldn't trouble me if I had to go through a whole picture with my back to the camera. Really it wouldn't."

The Talmadges he found most delightful to work with. Constance has the sense of humor that makes work a pleasure, while Norma has the sincerity that makes genuine artistry possible.

"Hugo Ballin I found most interesting as a director. We recently did 'Vanity Fair.' He gets tremendous effects on the slightest actual sets, using light and shade."

Ford does not confine his interests to pictures. Art is one of his diversions, and books—good books—another. He had finished Drinkwater's "Robert E. Lee" and was starting "Disenchantment." Apparently there is nothing that he does not read. His attitude was more that of a well-rounded dilettante than that of an actor.

"Ideas entertain me more than anything else in the world," he said. "If you get an original idea, think of the mental stimulus you have! Your imagination does the rest, forming possibilities and possible results. Life without ideas would be machine

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made. That's the trouble with writers in the main. They resort to formulæ for plots and other books for incident. That's why I thank the Lord when a 'Peter Whiffle' comes along. Is Van Vechten's new novel out yet?"

It was practically impossible to draw him out on subjects cinematic. He maintained that all of the star ladies he has played opposite have been manifestly fair; that what he played mattered not at all to him; that stardom held no lure. Beyond these dicta he would offer nothing.

He was as detached as though he were a bond salesman or a practicing physician. Never for a moment would you suppose that this was one of filmdom's leading men.

It was a simple matter to learn that he liked "Rain" and Keen's steaks and Gilda Gray's gyrations and Squire's parodies and Massaguer's caricatures and Beerbohm's prose and Frangwyn's etchings; but ask him how he felt regarding acting "opposite" some one of inferior talent, and he shifted to Whistler or deep-sea fishing. He shied from the subject of shop involuntarily. It was not a pose; it was instinctive—the gentleman attempting to entertain rather than discuss business.

It should be unnecessary to add that with his excellent taste he was able to entertain well; a catalogue of his likes would read better than any other recommendation imaginable.

This Ford whom so many want to see starred is then, æsthetic to a degree, omnivorously fond of good books, good prints, and good old furniture, and modest. He has had starring contracts offered to him, and he has turned them down. He finds it a pleasant vocation to freelance along, supporting star after star, doing whatever is required of him. When I had talked to him he was Madge Kennedy's leading man. Since then he has rushed to California to play opposite many young beauties in "Maytime." And you'll see him noticeably among those present in "Little Old New York." In fact he is more than likely to be "the man" in any picture with a stella-star.

Something New

Continued from page 33

declarations. She is a calm, unruffled film-débutante, who, by virtue of her stage reputation, considers a screen appearance as casually as Mr. Rockefeller might consider a dabble in Anaconda Copper. The stage is her food and drink: the movies her afternoon frappé.

"It's pleasant not to be required to study up a brogue or a dialect," said Genevieve pensively. "In 'Little Old New York' I was Irish as a shamrock, and in 'Polly' very South'n. And masters of the brogue used to write me to say that mine was too thick or too thin, while Carolinians and Kentuckians used to chide me for my unorthodox dialect.

"It is impossible to render a dialect faithfully. It must be translated for stage effect. Laurette Taylor has the world's best brogue, on the stage. One night a very critical soul saw 'Peg o' My Heart' with a group that included Lynne Fontanne, one of Laurette's best friends. 'Humph!' said the critical guest. 'My cook has a richer brogue than that.' 'Ah,' replied Miss Fontanne, 'but can your cook act as well as Miss Taylor?'"

On the stage Miss Tobin speaks in a soft, pleasingly rhythmic voice, with cadences and intonations reminiscent of Wallace Eddinger's plaintive tones. At her home she loses this characteristic. She sounds commonplace.

I asked whether she was sorry not to have been able to do "Little Old New York" on the screen.

"You bet I was," she said. "The Cosmopolitan people have called me up seven times to find out just how I held the harp when I sang 'I Want You Near Me.' Marion Davies came to see me do it often enough when I was on Broadway. But Mr. Smith has promised to save 'Polly' exclusively for me when it's made into a movie. It should go well, I think."

When Genevieve Tobin speaks of her chosen profession it is with an air sufficiently detached, *dégagé,* and aloof to convince the listener that acting really matters little in her young life, but it *is* such extraordinary good fun; so amusing, you know, to have caricaturists sketch you between acts, to have artists paint you between performances, to have newswriters interview you between seasons. Her manner is not altogether unlike that of a Park Avenue débutante in a charity bazaar—a manner doubtless superinduced by just one success after another.

Here is the new type in the profession, the younger generation. She is more interested in society than what an older actress would call Her Art. She is an actress, but she sees no reason why people should look askance at the announcement. Here is the patrician flapper, the embryonic

Elsie Ferguson, the blooming aristocracy.

Hearken, for a moment, to her frank estimate of "No Mother to Guide Her."

"I don't see how I can possibly be good in it. I weep all through the picture, and close-ups show real tears. Lots of 'em. And they made me wear ginghams and torn stockings. I'm a regular kill-joy, too. Tush-tushing my sister for having a gay time. Every one will hate me.

"But it has been amusing to do a picture. It's been something new.

What particular niche Broadway's *Polly* will occupy on the perpendicular platform depends upon her reception in the Fox feature, and, more particularly, upon the choice of her future vehicles. Few stars could carry a picture called "No Mother to Guide Her."

New faces are constantly being paged, and Genevieve's, beside being new, is appealing. Surely when the aimless cavortings, pirouettings, and posturings of a Mae Murray in a "Jazzmania" can pack the Capitol; when the gaudy close-ups and refined passion of a denatured Negri in an imbecilic rewrite of "Bella Donna" can fill the Rivoli, surely there should be a welcome for a fresh young actress if she has anything at all to commend her.

Whether "No Mother to Guide Her" brings Genevieve fame or raspberries I doubt that she will cheer or mourn: she had such a good time trying the movies.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 51

she really can't afford to go. I've a remedy for her unrest, though. As soon as she has time to go to some auctions and finds that they are much bigger and more exciting in New York than they are in Los Angeles, she will be glad to stay a while. ZaSu simply cannot resist an auction. She buys tons of useless glassware and china just because it is so exciting to bid on it."

Fanny glanced hastily at her watch and began to pick up her belongings.

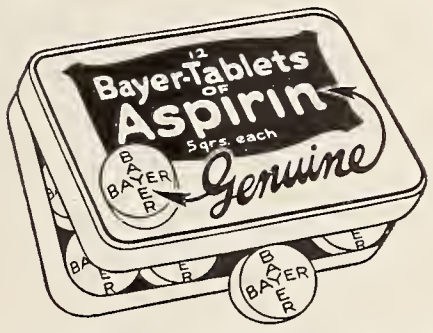
"You can come with me if you are in sympathy with our movement," she said mysteriously. "I'm on my way to a meeting of the Conspirators. We're going to take drastic steps to improve the films. And our first official act is going to be to kidnap Pola Negri and send her back to Europe, where she made powerful pictures instead of pretty ones. Come all ye who stand with us!"

And she went out followed by an impressive gathering of all who had heard of her project.

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Watch George Hackathorne

Continued from page 46

as a child his imaginative mind took flame when he saw a stage production of "Parsifal" given by a road company. Under the spell of the dim mystery of the Holy Grail and the guileless knight's search for it, he "found" himself and decided on a stage career.

To be concerned in a theater, the source of his dreams, he began as a water carrier and, in time, was asked, as handy boy about the house, to substitute for the *Little Willie* who was stricken on the eve of "East Lynne." A simple story, with heaps of details—amusing? touching?—buried in it. But the facts are all that Hackathorne tells.

"Parsifal" is significant, though, as having been the means of ordering his intentions. "Ten Nights in a Barroom," now, might have set the boy off on a really lurid career.

Instead, we find him a contemplative young actor who takes his work with utmost earnestness, perhaps because worldly experience has taught him there is lasting satisfaction in nothing so much as one's chosen field of endeavor.

He reads imaginative literature rather than modern realistic stuff because, as he puts it, he wants to escape from what he sees on all sides.

That is, I suppose, what has led him to seize upon one of the most romantic figures in all history as his screen aspiration concentrate—the Duke of Reichstadt, the "Eaglet" of France, ill-fated son of Napoleon and Maria Louisa, whose spiritual struggle is the content of Rostand's poetic drama and numerous memories as well.

Hackathorne's quiet though bright ambition would have him play the youth and the exiled emperor too. He admits it is only a dream, but I should say it is dreams like this that have done much to keep him from remaining where he began, in the ranks of extras. One does get a line on people by being admitted to their castles in the air.

One of his most interesting disclosures lies in his refusal to use make-up in preparing for the camera—that is, lining, shadows and other artifice to emphasize character. As he is what is technically known as a juvenile character man this is all the more remarkable. Thought, he adds, may be projected from the actor's consciousness of the man he plays. With him it is a lucid process, for he never looks quite the same.

This facility of technique should provide for Hackathorne diverse opportunities. Too often the player who is not fortuitously cast into tailored star parts is labeled by directors as being merely a type. He is only sought when certain circumscribed limits of character are in mind.

I sense in him a potential star if acting be the chief desideratum, and not the glamour of a Latin personality or the smug immobility of the collar model — particularly so in view of "The Turmoil," because it offers him a character study of many moods and subtle gradations of spiritual growth.

That ability to project character rather than personality is becoming more and more important in gauging the rank of players, is proved by letters that come to PICTURE-PLAY. Those published in the November issue sound high praise for Hackathorne in especial, one correspondent recognizing 'a sensitive face which, by expression, not contortion, can depict . . . thoughts. . . . His acting is a joy and we are more for acting and a good story in New Zealand than we are for the star system."

It is to those who discern in Hackathorne the uncommon actor that I have tried to tell something of him as an individual. I have not quoted his conversation because, adequate though it is, his reticence seems to count for more. After all, no one evokes the fundamentals of character in words; they must be sensed by the listener.

Hackathorne's sincerity, his quick appreciations and general perceptiveness, all lie beneath a quiet manner and an exterior which might casually be judged inconspicuous. His viewpoint is without bias precisely as he discloses none of those idiosyncrasies which outwardly label the movie player and which frequently shape the interviewer's task along obvious lines.

And with a subdued sense of merriment withal, he manifests none of those inconsistencies of speech or conduct which might make him a humorous figure to one used to paradoxes among screenland's personnel.

All this engages one's interest in the actor as a companionable enigma but gives little to him who would essay a pen portrait of George Hackathorne.

So let us agree that he is distinctly a mental type and somewhat of a chameleon too—giving, perhaps, a different color to all who meet him, but beyond question impressing his most definite image on the silver sheet.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 15

a man, and *Gallardo* was done to a frazzle, all right. No wonder Valentino rebelled at enacting such scenes.

As to "The Sheik"—well, I saw it five times, and would repeat it if I could. The fascination for this picture is unwarranted, as cave-man tactics never appealed to me; it couldn't be the desert scenes and the Arabs; I tried to imagine "our beloved Wally" as *Ahmed,* but he wouldn't fit in; then our other prime favorite, Tom Meighan, and he wouldn't do, either, so am still "at sea" as to *why,* deep in my heart, I love the *Sheik,* Valentino.

Had I read the book first, I would never have gone to see the picture; if I hadn't seen the picture, I never would have finished the book—so, there you are in one grand muddle!

Rudy says that on his return from Italy, "We shall see what we shall see," and I sincerely hope it will be Valentino in something worth while.

FLORENCE CALDWELL BELL.
401 Thirty-eighth Street, Oakland, Calif.

An Englishman Protests.

As an enthusiastic picture-play goer, I am availing myself of the privilege afforded by that department of your excellent magazine, which is devoted to the expression of public opinion concerning plays and players.

I may say at the outset that I am an Englishman, which fact may or may not account for my opinions.

Do producers take any notice of what the public think? Do they avail themselves of such publications as yours and look for hints from ordinary commonsense people? Or are they entirely sufficient unto themselves? Anyway I feel rash enough to venture to point out what appear to me to be glaring faults, and faults that can easily be rectified.

I recently saw "The Rustle of Silk," featuring Betty Compson and Conway Tearle, and can only describe it as the most unreal and utterly futile play I have ever seen. The production of such a play can only argue the meanest respect for the average intellect. It would take too long to enumerate all the bad points, but I feel that I can at least point out a few.

1. It is hardly usual for a cabinet minister, on return from a journey, to be favored with a military guard of honor at the railway station. If, however, it is of vital importance to have one, it might at least be a decent one, and not composed of a lot of obviously imitation soldiers in disgraceful uniform, shown so close up in the picture as to make it impossible not to see the unreality. The war is not too far submerged in memory for ordinary people to have forgotten what soldiers look like.

2. The period of the play is obviously some time *after* the war, yet one is shown the scene of maimed soldiers *in uniform,* begging in the streets.

3. It is not usual for sportsmen in England to shoot dressed in riding breeches and field boots. Nor is it customary to chase madly after the bird when it has been brought down.

4. The villain of the piece, a prominent member of Parliament, was observed fondling the hand of the heroine in a most blatant manner in a fashionable tea shop. Even in these unregenerate days when the most extraordinary people do get into Parliament it would undoubtedly call for a good deal of unfavorable comment. Is it conceivable that these points escape the producer?

As an Englishman of ordinary intelligence who has seen a good deal of life in several parts of the world, and who can very much appreciate a good play, either on the screen or stage proper, one cannot fail to notice such points, and one is left with the unpleasant impression that the producer either does not know or does not care. I have seen countless other plays which have been marred, some slightly, some greatly, by similar lack of attention to detail. Surely it is perfection of detail which goes to make up the perfect whole. Assuredly exaggeration is necessary in some scenes in order to throw out salient points, but there is a margin of error which no producer can overstep in the production of a play that will be shown to an intelligent audience.

I would add that it is in plays to do with England and the Englishman that these types of mistakes occur most frequently. The screen drama has such a widespread influence and covers so much ground that it seems so very desirable that screen characters should be portrayed in the most natural and convincing way. Actors and their actions should be *true to life,* though I can heartily sympathize with all those connected with a play such as the one I have referred to. In such a play no one has a chance of doing justice to a part. Can you imagine such a play living for five minutes on the legitimate stage?

I feel better now that I have got that out of my system. JOHN PRITCHARD.
Nelson, British Columbia.

Some Strong Likes and Dislikes.

I have been reading "What the Fans Think" in your magazine for some time. During this time I have waited patiently for a letter from some one who does not adore "Our Mary." I was curious to know whether I was the only dissenter in the ranks of the Pickford worshipers. I am evidently not entirely alone. I cannot understand why so many people call her smile genuine art. Perhaps she does stand for sweetness, charm, and virtue, but she is not a superbeing. Neither is she, to my mind, an actress worthy of the praise she receives.

One of my active dislikes is Priscilla Dean. Another is Andree Lafayette. I like Gloria Swanson, Barbara La Marr, Marie Prevost, and Betty Compson for heroines, not because they are better actresses than the others, but because their special brand of ego is not as hard to bear as most of the stars. For heroes I prefer Richard Barthelmess, Ramon Novarro, Monte Blue, and Conrad Nagel. Rodolph Valentino ranks low with me as an actor, despite the fact that I am young. For the types they portray, Gareth Hughes and Glenn Hunter are both wonderful. Douglas Fairbanks affects me in nearly the same manner his wife does. He should be on a circuit as a strong man, instead of flashing his glittering smile around the lot.

Lon Chaney, of course, is the best character actor on the screen. Alec Francis has always had my admiration, and of late Claude Gillingwater has been added to my list of favorites.

Dorothy Gish is my favorite comedienne, and Harold Lloyd wins as laughmaker for the men. Charlie Chaplin is amusing when he has a good vehicle,



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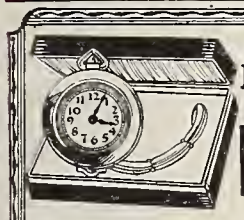
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which is seldom. His slapstick comedies are horrible.

Among the children, Jackie Coogan is most prominent. He is a clever and gifted youngster, but the press agent "bunk" about his precocity and perfection almost spoils him. Baby Peggy is adorable, and is not prone to rewritten interviews. Little Farina waddles off with quite a number of the laurels for child actors.

PICTURE-PLAY is the most interesting and worth-while screen magazine I have found. A READER.

2220 Burt, Omaha, Neb.

Do the Fans Think too Much?

I think the fans think *too much!* Such letters as some of them write would suggest low mentality. Why is it necessary for them to so cruelly and harshly criticize the players? The film folk are only human, and I wonder how many of the critical fans, if they were placed in the glare of publicity, would come through with a perfect test. These movie people are trying to entertain *everybody;* their lives and everything about them are in public gaze continually, and from the way fans talk about them and pick them to pieces it looks like their efforts were useless. The fans had better be glad they have the movies, with their beautiful women and handsome men, for entertainment, rather than be so absurdly cynical. The movies are all right and the people in them are all right. If the fans were put in publicity could they not be criticized for the way they look, the clothes they wear, and the way they conduct themselves? Indeed they could, and probably more so than the film world.

I read with amazement the things they criticize, and think how trivial they are. How foolish it is to say anything against Norma Talmadge; she is lovely and unsurpassable. Her acting, her looks, her own sweet self—it's only sour grapes for any one to censure her. Then Bebe Daniels: why, she is wonderful! She is like Norma, I cannot say all I feel about her. And Gloria Swanson—she has been called Glorious Gloria, and nothing could be more characteristic; it includes her figure, clothes, and actions. Mae Murray, surely no one could find fault with her looks. Perhaps it isn't her face, but, oh, the rest of her and the way she dances! There are a multitude of others. Constance Talmadge, Pola Negri, Leatrice Joy, Eleanor Boardman, Alice Terry, Claire Windsor, Pauline Garon, Anna Q. Nilsson, Eileen Percy. And then some of the men, Lloyd Hughes, Ramon Novarro, Conrad Nagel, Eugene O'Brien, Richard Barthelmess, Norman Kerry, Antonio Moreno, Jack Holt, and thousands more. It is an endless list. They are just people trying to please a crowd of pessimists who won't be pleased. KATE F. WAMSLEY.

Bloomington, Ill.

A Fan Who is Not a Faultfinder.

Here's what another fan thinks—and doesn't think. First of all I wish to tell the fans who read the columns of "What the Fans Think" the ten actors and the ten actresses whom I consider the greatest on the screen. I hope some one disagrees with me. I love to argue. There is no order to the list, and parts of it do not sound much like a beauty contest, but here goes.

For the actors I nominate: 1. George Arliss. His *Disraeli* was one of the smoothest performances I have ever seen in pictures. 2. Theodore Roberts. 3. Rodolph Valentino—for his *Julio* and his *Gallardo*. 4. Richard Barthelmess—

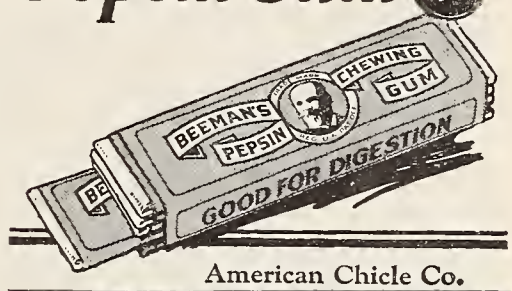
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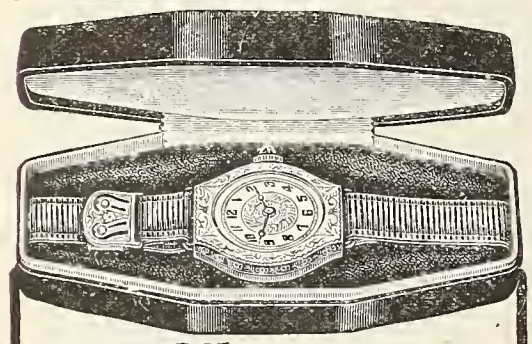
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Williams Co., 4750 88 N. Sheridan Road, Chicago

an actor who seems to have something in the top of his head. 5. Theodore Kosloff. 6. Jackie Coogan—no age limit to this list. 7. Thomas Meighan. 8. Warner Oland—his Chinaman in "East is West" was in my estimation perfect. 9. Lon Chaney. 10. Take your pick, I certainly can't: Charlie Chaplin, Lewis Stone, James Kirkwood, Raymond Griffith, Ramon Novarro, Charles Ray, and Glenn Hunter.

Now for the ladies: 1. Norma Talmadge. 2. Mary Pickford. 3. Pola Negri—for *Du Barry* and *Carmen*. 4. Lillian Gish. 5. Nazimova—I believe that she is truly a great actress in spite of her recent rôles. If she could only forget that she is Nazimova and stop trying to think how freakish and childish she can make her characters! 6. Mae Marsh—only a great actress can come back the way she has done and make the critics admit it. 7. Mary Alden—when she plays mother to Dick Barthelmess. 8. Mary Carr. 9. Betty Compson—for the *Lady Babbie* of "The Little Minister. 10. Another choice: Pauline Frederick, Leatrice Joy, and Dorothy Gish, for her *Louise* in "Orphans of the Storm."

It has been mighty hard picking these, and I'm not so sure even now that I have the right ones. I believe I have considered about every one in the movies, but I may have skipped a few. Anyway, this is my list for the present.

I've resolved not to find any fault in these many lines. I like about every star in pictures, anyway—even the much-roasted Gloria Swanson and Mae Murray. Gloria especially. They make elaborate pictures and wear elaborate clothes because that's the way most people like them, and I imagine that they are out to please the majority and not the fault-finding few. Of course these fault-finders are right in the fact that their pictures do not require such a great amount of acting. But who wants to sit through heavy stuff all the time? I know I'd soon tire of it, and I think even the f. f.'s before mentioned will admit that they do very well in the parts given them. Could Lillian Gish, for instance, admitted by nearly every one to be one of the very greatest of actresses, take any of the parts that are given Gloria and Mae and, well—get away with it as successfully? When Gloria tried to prove that she could act no one went to see her. The pictures outside the theater didn't look like the "Gorgeous Gloria" at all. Many that I heard talking the picture over thought it was an old release. So there you are. You can't blame a star for sticking to the kind of picture that pays the best, can you? Sincerely,

ALINE DE LOREIA.
Delta Upsilon Fraternity, Colby Chapter, Waterville, Maine.

Is Hayakawa Forgotten?

While others are raving about Valentino please let me say a word for one who, in my estimation, is the finest personality and actor ever on the screen, Sessue Hayakawa.

I have come in contact with a great many players both in New York and when, as a child, I lived near the old Lubin studio in Philadelphia. Yet since I first saw Sessue Hayakawa in his first picture, I believe, "The Typhoon," several years ago I have never had another favorite.

Often I wonder why it is so little appears about this great artist in the magazine articles and fan letters? Surely his splendid strong face and wonderful portrayals cannot be the least bit forgotten during his absence from the screen.

He is coming back soon and with good



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stories I am sure he will soar again far above the heights he once held.

ALTHEA THORNTON.

142 West Thirteenth Street, New York City.

Mary—or Norma?

Where is the deluge of brickbats that my anti-Pickford letter was to have produced? After it appeared in PICTURE-PLAY, I waited to be swamped with letters from fans. Was I? I was! *But not with protests.* Every letter but one agreed with me that there is entirely too much made of Mary Pickford. The one said that Mary was "not so bad, but, of course, couldn't compare with Norma."

There is the situation. Norma, not Mary is, I believe, first with the fans. I was tempted to write to "What the Fans Think" right away with this proof that Mary Pickford is not universally liked. But I didn't want to count my chickens too soon. So, I searched the new PICTURE-PLAY for dissenting voices. There was one, so I had to write.

Miss Manquard, of Atlanta, *pities* me. You shouldn't, Miss Manquard. No star appeals to every one, just as no person is liked by every one. My dislike for Mary grew out of the too-sentimental rôles she played, and it was helped along by the endless publicity she received and that terrible title, "Our Mary."

I would like to answer all the fans who wrote me, but it is impossible. But with your permission I can thus thank them. How I enjoyed their letters! And what a wonderful circulation PICTURE-PLAY has to bring comments from every State in the country!

One thing more—a brief answer to Mr. Kennedy, whose interesting letter I noted this month. Is Norma losing her pep? Or is she playing her rather quiet rôles as they should be played? Before Mr. Kennedy passes final judgment let him wait for "Dust of Desire"—some call it "Rose of All the World." I dare predict that in this Norma will have enough pep to satisfy every one. But remember, Norma is not Constance, or Mae Murray, the specialists in pep. She is an exceedingly versatile actress, who is just now demonstrating that versatility in the gorgeous and thrilling romance, "Ashes of Vengeance," the first ten-reeler I ever saw in which the ten minutes' intermission seem like an endless time of impatient waiting; in other words, ten minutes wasted.

But I've said more than enough to commit myself as one of Norma's most reckless admirers, haven't I? So, I'll exit more or less gracefully and leave the field to other fans.

MADGE T. BAUM.

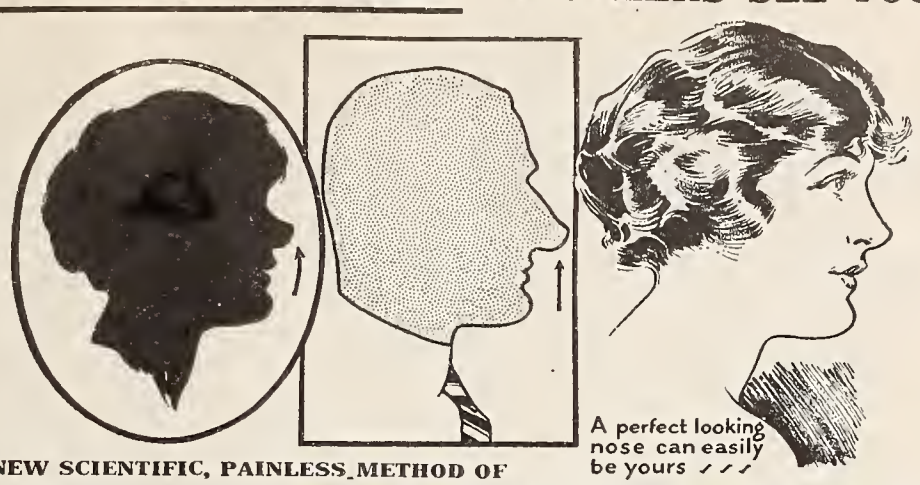
715 West One Hundred and Seventy-second Street, New York City.

From a Writer Who Disclaims Being a Fan.

DEAR SIR: Although I attend an average number of movies I am by no means a movie fan, as I understand the term, for I have never written for pictures of the various stars or read the picture magazines to any great extent. For those reasons I hesitate to encroach upon the fans' stamping grounds in this manner. Yet I should like to be permitted to call attention to something which has been of a great deal of interest to me for some time:

What of the millions of people who go to the average number of pictures a week for the sake of recreation and amusement? Few of them are fans, in the generally accepted sense of the word, yet they compose by far the greater part of the

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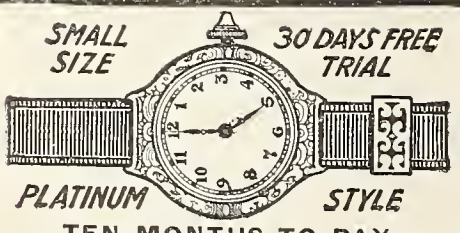
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theater audiences. Being less effusive and "thrillable" than the fans, they do not seize pen or pencil on every occasion and write adoring letters to their various favorites. And yet—and this is important—they do have their favorites. And what's more, the actors of their choice are far more likely to be worth while, because the majority of the people are too intelligent to rave over such shallow, extreme actors as Mae Murray, Corinne Griffith, or Gloria Swanson. It might be worth somebody's trouble to find out who the "crowd" prefers, and not estimate a star's popularity by the outbursts of fans.

As a finale I would like to add a splattering of comments on various subjects of interest to me, and, probably, to many others. For, since this is my first and probably my last letter of this type, I may as well unburden my soul completely.

Why doesn't Thomas Meighan wake up to the fact that the insipid, mediocre plays he has been handing out lately are costing him his enviable popularity and reputation?

Watch Raymond Griffith and Jobyna Ralston. They're going to progress rapidly.

Jackie Coogan is reaching the awkward age where it is the "better part of valor" to retire for a few years.

Farina is a bigger drawing card than any other comedienne(?).

"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" is the cheapest, trashiest kind of picture. Clothes don't make an actor.

Irene Rich is as lovely off the screen as she is on.

I recently visited the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio and saw the set for the "Thief of Bagdad." It is marvelous!

Has Marie Prevost no expression other than that of a spoiled, wayward child? It has become awfully tedious.

Why don't we see more of Ralph Graves?

It's too bad Jack Pickford is Mary's brother—although he is to be congratulated for all that. He has the makings of a fine actor, but receives no credit for it. Every one seems to think his pictures are due to Mrs. Fairbanks' effort to help him. He doesn't need to be boosted.

Lila Lee and Thomas Meighan should not play opposite each other. They are both splendid, but they kill each other.

What excuse has any one to offer for Dorothy Dalton's presence on the screen?

Sigrid Holmquist is a new type. Thoroughly human, not a bit self-conscious, very much like the modern girl of today. She's sure to arrive. Sincerely,

PEGGY MACK.

1745 South Kingsley Drive, Los Angeles, Calif.

The Movies Are All Right!

Why is it that the critics can't stop panning the movies? I am just another fan who firmly believes that the movies are all right. Every picture cannot be a masterpiece; there must be pictures to suit all classes. Then, why must the critics roast William Duncan or Buck Jones? Certainly their pictures are not art, but they provide entertainment for hundreds of people who enjoy Westerns. In baseball there is only one Babe Ruth, one Eddie Collins, one Ty Cobb; in literature there is only one Hergesheimer, one Mary Roberts Rinehart; there was only one Dickens, one Dumas. The same is true in the movies. There is only one Ingram, one D. W., one Von Stroheim. We can't expect every director to be as good as the next one. If they were we would not be satisfied. We would want something better. That is human nature.

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And when [illegible]Barthelmess appears in "The Brigh[illegible]" or Richard Dix portrays "The Christian," we only appreciate these works of art the more.

Was not "The Covered Wagon" wonderful? And what about "Little Old New York?" As long as pictures such as these are turned out every so often the erities might just as well stop their critieizing. The movies are all right.

ROLAND O. CLARK.

18 Oakland Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 94

BLUE-EYED THIRTEEN.—You see, I *am* "paying attention" to you. Do you suppose I'd negleet your letter beeause you're only thirteen? Nay, I have far too mueh respect for youth. Bebe Daniels is a Texas girl, and so is Madge Bellamy. Lillian Gish was born in Ohio, Douglas Fairbanks in Denver, Colorado, and Richard Barthelmess in New York City. Joseph Sehildkraut is working opposite Norma Talmadge in "Dust of Desire," a story of Africa—at least he is now. But Joseph is temperamental about his rôles: he doesn't like everything he is expected to do. That is why he did not make "The Master of Man," in which he was scheduled to appear for Goldwyn. Here is the east for "Robin Hood:" *Richard, the Lion-hearted,* Wallace Beery; *Prince John,* Sam de Grasse; *Lady Marian Fitzwalter,* Enid Bennett; *Sir Guy of Gisbourne,* Paul Dickey; *The High Sheriff of Nottingham,* William Lowery; *The King's Jester,* Roy Coulson; *Lady Marian's Serving Woman,* Billie Bennett; *Henchmen* to *Prince John,* Merril MeCormiek and Wilson Benge; *Friar Tuck,* Willard Louis; *Little John,* Alan Hale; *Will Scarlett,* Maine Geary; *Alan-a-Dale,* Lloyd Talman; *The Earl of Huntingdon,* afterward *Robin Hood,* Douglas Fairbanks.

ONA.—Would I be interested in reading lots of foolishness? Yes, if it's entertaining. So please don't disappoint me the next time. I don't insist that fans stick to the eut-and-dried form of letters at all. In fact, I would much rather have it otherwise, if any one wishes to know my opinion. No, I'm sorry to say that I have never been in El Paso. What have I missed beside the "cactus and the hot, hot weather?" Gloria Swanson was not born abroad, but in Chieago, Illinois. The exotie quality about her beauty is due, no doubt, to the faet that her father is Norwegian. Gloria has never been on the stage, but I understand she has longings in that direction now. Her first screen work was with Essanay. Her daughter, Gloria, is about two years old and has her mother's eyes, but golden hair. But perhaps the senior Gloria's hair was golden when she was a baby, too.

E. D.—Betty Compson is still in Europe. After making "Woman to Woman" there, she started on "The Awakening," whieh was filmed in France, Switzerland, and England, so Betty will be well traveled when she gets back to the United States. Yes, she is still holding out against matrimony.



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Golden Glint
SHAMPOO

GLADYS.—Don't be alarmed, Gladys, W. E. Lawrence has not left the screen. You may see him soon in the Universal production, "The Extra Man." Pierre Gendron has a rôle in "Broadway Broke," and Robert Frazer appears in "Women Who Wait," which, though it doesn't sound like it, is ta[illegible] "Cape Cod Folks." Now that [illegible] crushes are accounted for, we [illegible] to the less volcanic subjects. [illegible] Ayres' birthday is April fourth, Helene Chadwick's is November twenty-fifth, and Pauline Frederick's August twelfth. "Law Against Law" is Helene Chadwick's first picture in some months. Beside her legal difficulties with Goldwyn, which held up her work, Helene has had divorce troubles, and is being freed from her husband, William Wellman.

FLORENCE S. W.—"Robin Hood" was not novelized in any magazine so far as I know, so you will have to be satisfied with a pictorial record of the film. We shan't be able to supply you with any issues of PICTURE-PLAY in which stories and pictures about "Robin Hood" were printed, as our stock of past issues only goes back a few months. I know you're frightfully disappointed to hear that, and I sympathize deeply—there's nothing more woebegone than a disappointed movie fan—but all I can do is to tell you the only way to avoid this in future is to keep up with the magazine regularly every month, because once you let a number you want slip by, you have a very poor chance of getting hold of another after a lapse of time.

MARIANNE.—Ah, Marianee of the eccentric typewriting? How could I forget that last hectic note of yours? You grow even more spirited upon acquaintance. I'm sorry if I peeved you by not answering *all* your questions, but I still maintain they were rather too many for one time. However, let that pass. Now for the new ones. Naomi Childers retired from the screen a few years ago to become Mrs. Luther Reed and subsequently the mother of a baby, but she reappeared recently in the film "Success," in which Brandon Tynan played the principal male rôle. Catherine Calvert made a couple of pictures in Europe, and is now back in America getting ready to appear on the stage again. Mary Thurman appears in "Zaza" with Gloria Swanson. According to my records, Fanny Ward was born November 23, 1875. Figure it out for yourself. Edna Wheaton and Edna Murphy are not the same. Edna Wheaton is the beauty-contest winner who was given a tiny part in the Paramount film "Experience," because of the contest. So far as I know that was her only experience before the camera, and she went the way of many contest winners. The last I heard of her she was in the Ziegfeld Follies. Edna Murphy, on the other hand, is an actress who has been on the screen about four years. She made quite an impression in "Over the Hill," then costarred with Johnny Walker in some Fox pictures, and is now freelancing around. She has appeared recently in several Famous Players-Lasky films.

GRACE, VIRGINIA, AND EDNA.—And all of you except Edna too "bashful" to write! But perhaps you won't be next time, now that brave Edna has broken the ice. Ruth Roland was born in 1893, and Wesley Barry is about seventeen. The little boy in "My Wild Irish Rose" who outfreckled Wesley was Mickey Daniels, who is now one of the most important members of "Our Gang," who are members of the casts for the Hal Roach kid comedies.

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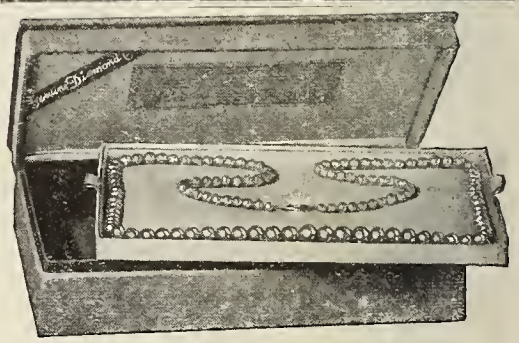
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HAY.—Tthat was indeed an interesting imaginative description you gave of Fanny the Fan, I have turned it over to her. Perhaps you'll hear something further about it some time. Ralph Ince was born in Boston, Mass[illegible]setts. It is his brother, Thom[illegible]nce, who honored Newport, R[illegible]d, with his world arrival. [illegible]s you want are in this issue.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month.

Raymond Griffith, Claire Windsor, Mae Busch, Lucille Ricksen, Frank Mayo, Helene Chadwick, Conrad Nagel, Aileen Pringle, Kathleen Key, Eleanor Boardman, Eric Von Stroheim, Dorothy Wallace, Blanche Sweet, James Kirkwood, and ZaSu Pitts at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, C[illegible]rnia.

Richard Barthelmess, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and Ronald Colman, care of Inspiration Pictures, Incorporated, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

George Hackathorne, Herbert Rawlinson, Gladys Walton, Hoot Gibson, Niles Welch, Virginia Valli, Art Acord, Reginald Denny, Mary Philbin, Jack Hoxie, Eileen Sedgwick, Baby Peggy, Fred Thomson, Norman Kerry, and Lon Chaney at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Mabel Normand, Ben Turpin, Gladys Tennyson, Elsie Farron, Alberta Vaughn, Cecil Evans, Margaret Cloud, and Mack Swain at the Mack Sennett Studios, Edendale, California.

Phyllis Haver at 6621 Emmett Terrace, Hollywood, California.

Constance Talmadge, Jack Mulhall, Joseph Schildkraut, George O'Hara, and Norma Talmadge at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Lenore Ulric, Irene Rich, Monte Blue, Marie Prevost, Bruce Gnerin, Carmel Myers, John Barrymore, Louise Fazenda and Mae Marsh at the Warner Studios, Sunset & Bronson, Hollywood, California.

Pola Negri, Charles de Roche, Jack Holt, Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres, Thomas Meighan, Lila Lee, Lois Wilson, Leatrice Joy, Rod La Rocque, Estelle Taylor, Bebe Daniels, Ernest Torrence, Maurice Flynn, Jacqueline Logan, Sylvia Ashton, Theodore Roberts, Theodore Kosloff, Vera Reynolds, Richard Dix, Alma Bennett, Mary Astor, Bobby Aguew, Julia Faye, and Edward Horton at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Eugene O'Brien at The Players Club, Gramercy Park, New York City.

Mary Pickford, Jack Pickford, Anna May Wong, Douglas Fairbanks, Julanne Johnston, Allan Forrest, Lottie Pickford, and Sadakichi Hartmann at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, California.

John Gilbert, Tom Mix, Shirley Mason, Charles Jones, Ann McKitrick, Jean Arthur, and Billie Dove at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Gaston Glass, Ethel Shannon, Huntley Gordon, Kenneth Harlan, Netta Westcott, and Norma Shearer at the Mayer Studios, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, California.

John Bowers, Marguerite de la Motte, care of Principal Pictures, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Carol Dempster and Neil Hamilton at the Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, New York.

Ruth Roland, Snub Pollard, Marie Mosquini, Mickey Daniels, Little Farina, and Paul Parrot at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

Marian Davies, Bert Lytell, Alma Rubens, Seena Owen, Anita Stewart, and Lynn Harding, care of Cosmopolitan Productions, Second Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, New York City.

Bryan Washburn and Mabel Forrest, care of Grand-Asher Productions, Hollywood, California.

Monroe Salisbury at the Hollywood Hotel, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss, Alice Joyce, Alfred Lunt, Lynne Fontanne, and Mimi Palmeri, care of Distinctive Productions, 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Ramon Novarro, Malcolm MacGregor, Edith Allen, Lewis Stone, Truman Van Dyke, Alice Terry, Viola Dana, Barbara La Marr, and Renee Adoree at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Glenn Hunter, Mahlon Hamilton, Nita Naldi, Dorothy Mackaill, James Rennie, Alice Brady, and Elsie Ferguson, care of Paramount Pictures, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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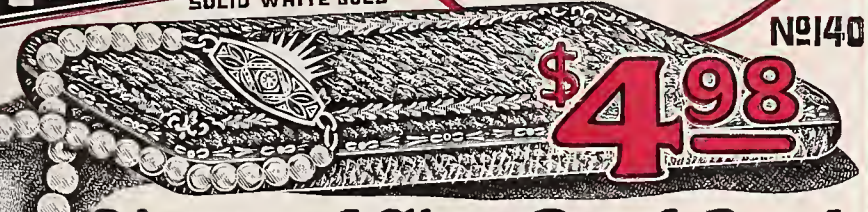
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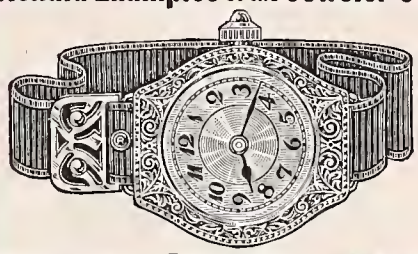
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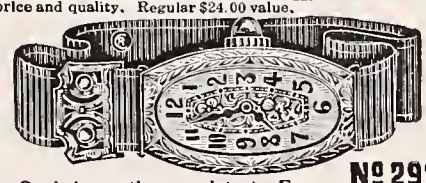
Exqusitely engraved Tonneau shaped 14K White Gold Filled case guaranteed for 25 years. Movement, carefully tested, timed and fitted. Has six Ruby Jewels and one Sapphire Crown Jewel. Silver Metal Dial attractively engraved. A truly beautiful watch, you'll be glad you bought. A sensational bargain. Regular $15.00 value

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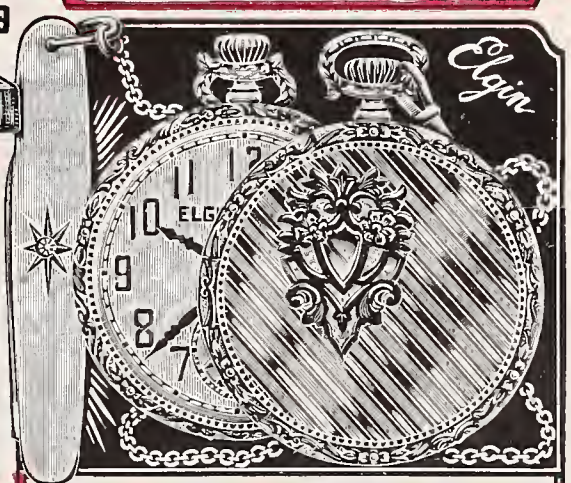
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12 Cups
12 Saucers
12 Individual Bread and Butter Plates, 6¼ in.
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1 Celery Dish, 8¾ inches
1 Sauce Boat Tray, 7¾ inches
1 Butter Plate, 6 inches
1 Vegetable Dish, 10½ inches with lid (2 pieces)
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1 Sugar Bowl with cover (2 pieces)

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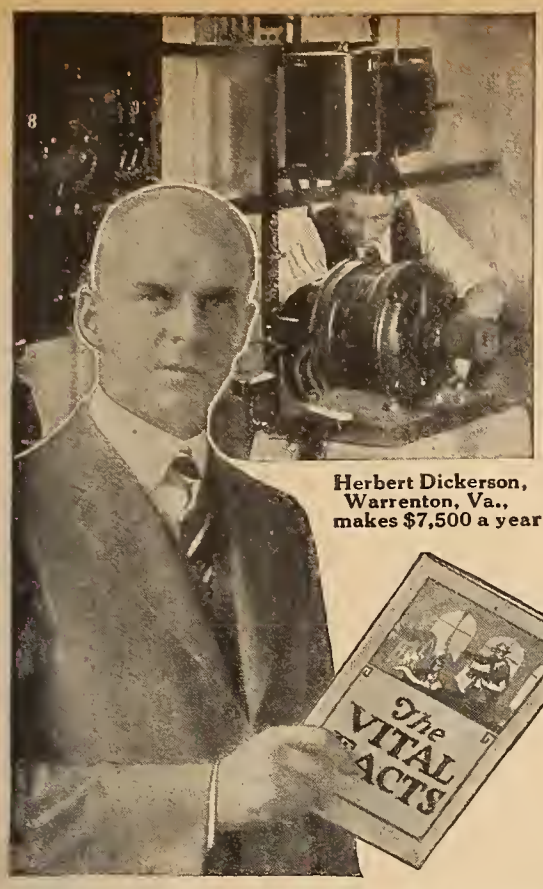
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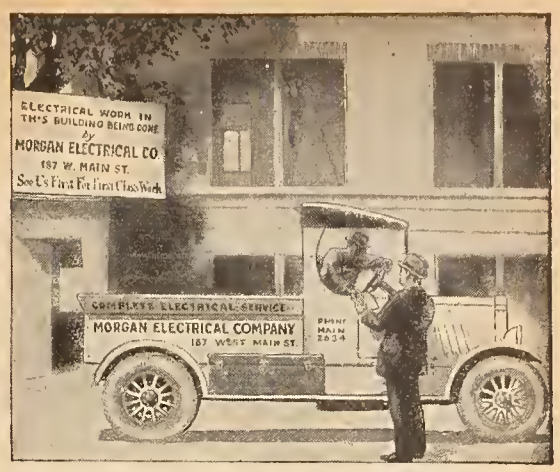
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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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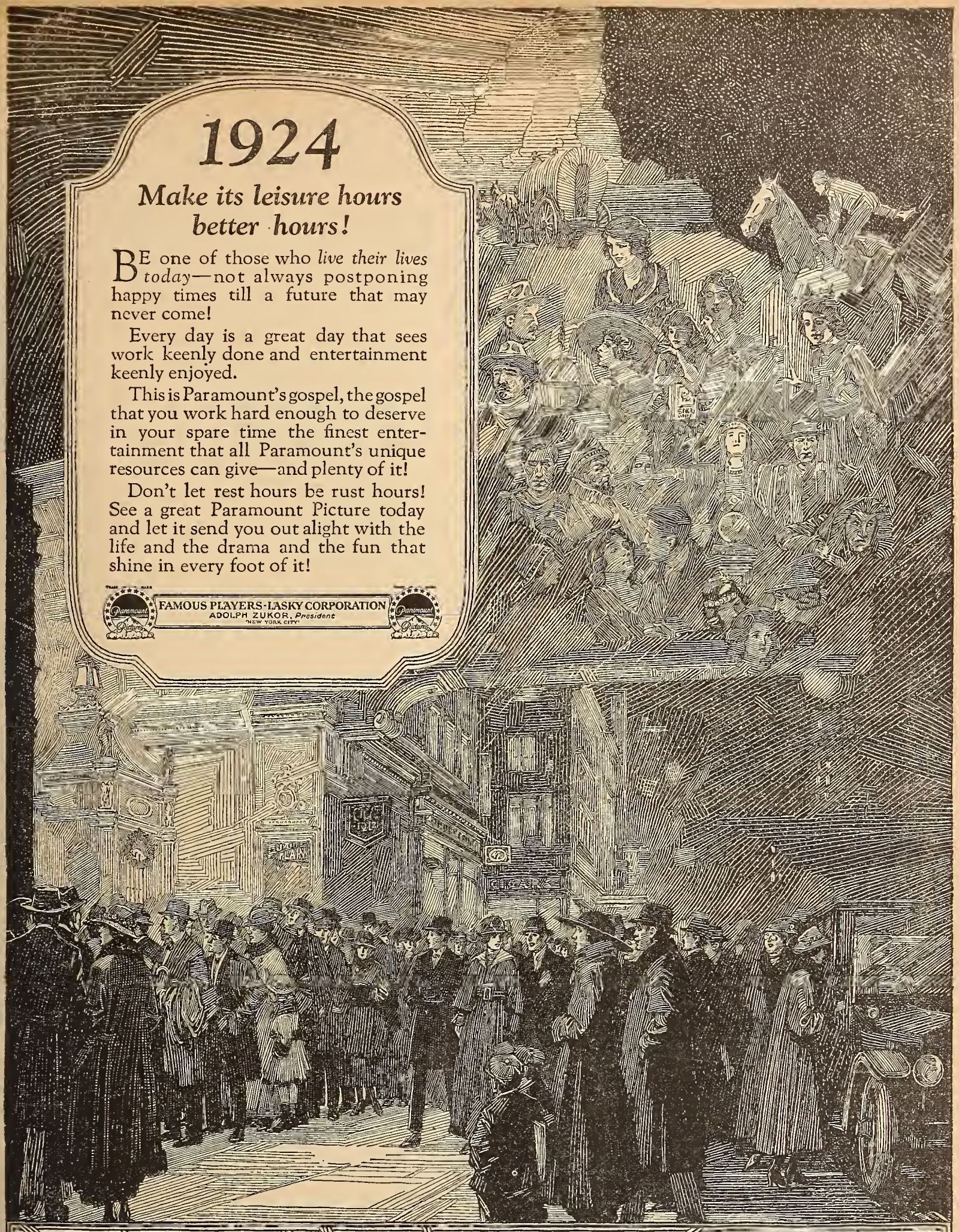
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What Hope for the Future of Films?

THAT is what the more thoughtful motion-picture fans are asking.

Are the old favorites holding their own? Are they progressing? Who are the newcomers of promise? Will they usurp the thrones of the old idols?

Are our standards of screen acting changing for the better as our standards of lighting—photography—setting are?

Holbrook Blinn, Irene Rich, Adolphe Menjou, Charles Ray, Mary Philbin, Ernest Torrence, all have contributed memorable characterizations to the screen's Hall of Fame. What do they promise for the future?



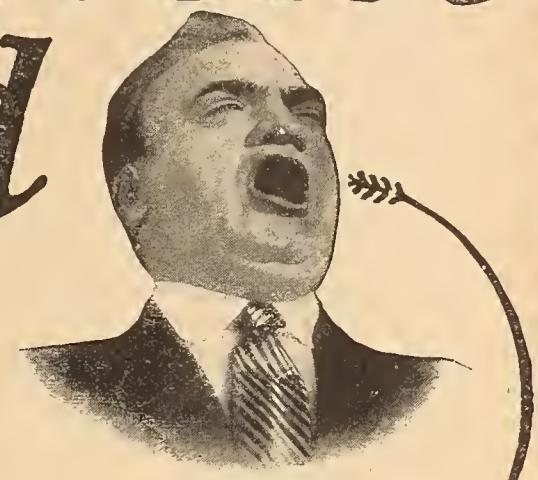
Edwin Schallert

Past performances—future promise; Edwin Schallert will survey the whole situation for you in next month's PICTURE-PLAY. He is a keen observer, a trenchant writer, and as dramatic editor of a Los Angeles paper has watched the players come and go has followed their progress in the studios and judged their work on the screen.

His article will be the most comprehensive survey of who's who in the movies and why, that has ever been published. Every fan will want to read it, and will find it invaluable as a guide in choosing screen entertainment.

As rising costs of manufacture make it impossible for us to continue to sell "The best magazine of the screen" at 20 cents, beginning with the February, 1924, number, the price will be advanced to 25 cents.

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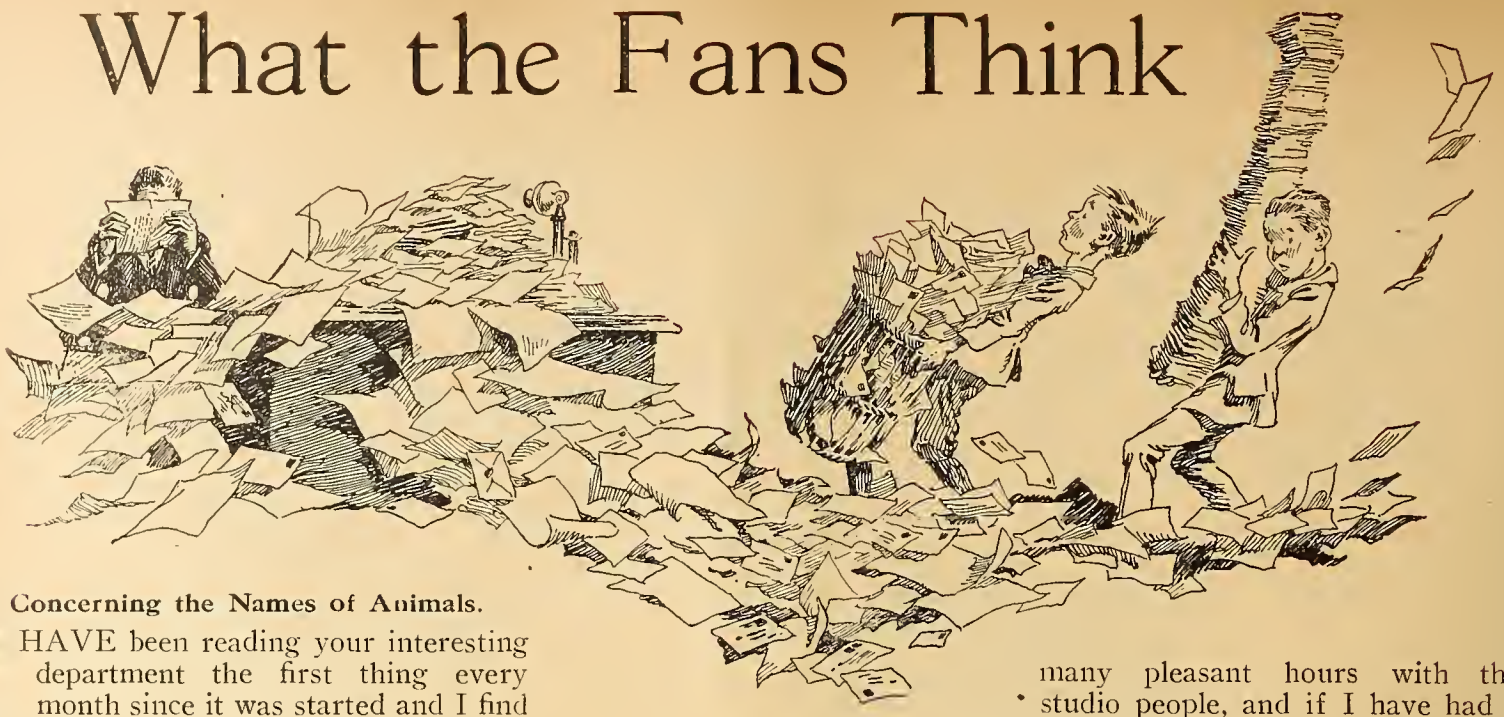
____*Singing* ____*Speaking* ____*Stammering* ____*Weak Voice*

Name _____

Address _____

_____ *Age* _____

What the Fans Think



Concerning the Names of Animals.

I HAVE been reading your interesting department the first thing every month since it was started and I find in it many worth-while praises as well as a few senseless and foolish observations.

The object of this letter is to criticize the choice of Mr. Thomas Mix to call his horse Tony (and I suppose Anthony if the horse is capricious).

As well as everybody else, I know that Tony is a derivative of Anthony. Now, why give a Christian name to a dumb animal, no matter how clever it may be? Of course, I realize that Mr. Mix has a perfect right to call his darling horse any name he prefers and maybe his other pets bear the names of Dick, May, and Tom, but is not his choice rather foolish and suggestive—so suggestive that it is almost insulting?

I, for one, resent seeing a name like this being given to animals, and here is hoping that Mr. Mix will change his horse's name to a more appropriate one, such as Speed, for example, or any other one that will not give offense.

2232 Felin Huertas, ANTONIA DE I. GOYENA.
Manila, Philippine Islands.

What a New Zealander Learned in Hollywood.

Since I came to Hollywood, direct from New Zealand, a little over two years ago, I have often been asked: "Well, I guess that by now you've had most of your illusions knocked on the head, haven't you?" To this I answer yes; but with this added comment: My illusions have been shattered, as all good—or should I say bad?—little illusions deserve to be. But in their place I have gained immeasurably by having acquired a much saner, more wholesome outlook upon the movies in particular and other things in general. It is impossible to live in Hollywood for a considerable period of time and not see the movies in their true relationship to life, and in my case the experience has been more than pleasant. Of course there is always a little bit of bad for every bit of good, but as every one knows that, why write about the bad? One thing, I have seen less of the latter in Hollywood, considerably less, than I have seen in other parts of the world, my own country by no means excepted! And those parts of the world generally acceded to be very, very good.

To say that the movie people are "just nice, homy folk even as you and I," would not be quite the truth, as one of your writers recently explained. By the very nature of their work and the studio environment, they are, of course, interestingly "different." But that they are likable and human, always ready to give a helping hand and to tell of their experiences, I do not think that any one "in the know" will deny. I have spent many pleasant hours with these studio people, and if I have had my illusions shattered it is because, being illusions in the first place—and who has not had them at some time or other?—they deserved to be destroyed, and in the process I have gained a real and lasting admiration and respect for these happy-go-lucky folk of the silent drama. And as for being real people—well, I sometimes wonder if these much-maligned movie actors and actresses are not, after all, the *real* people, for are they not doing creative work? and is not that the living up to the highest and best that is within us? What more can one ask?

Only to-day I saw Bobby Vernon hastily devouring his luncheon over the counter of the corner drug store. A regular fellow surrounded by a bunch of happy, if noisy, extras, all shouting for "eats."

I have met Charles de Roche, the Paramount find, I have talked several times with David Butler and his charming wife, and with many others, and all on occasions of more or less informality, usually at some quiet café on the Boulevard. At different theaters on different occasions I have sat next to Rupert Hughes, writer and director; Eddy Polo and his young and very blond wife; Charles Ray, reserved and well-mannered; Alice Terry and her husband, Rex Ingram; Eugene O'Brien; the wholesome and handsome Harrison Ford; Francis Ford, Casson Ferguson, Ethel Grey Terry, the kind of girl one would like to have for a sister, and many, many others.

Of course I have seen nearly all the stars, big and little, not to mention others of the studios, usually at first nights or on their way to and from work. And on the whole they are just a bunch of likable, hard-working people, good-natured and easy to get along with.

Ethel Clayton in particular is charming and has the longest and thickest eyelashes I have seen. Bryant Washburn I usually see with his beautiful wife and two husky young sons. ZaSu Pitts is another whom I often see, with her husband, Tom Gallery, and their new baby.

And Hollywood? Just a beautiful little city nestling at the foot of green hills, with fine homes and lovely pepper trees and palms lining each side of the streets making a picturesque whole; several wonderful little theaters, with beautiful and artistically decorated interiors—if they only had them in little old New Zealand—and quaint shops and tea rooms and, of course, several hotels, a fine library, the picturesque, vine-covered Writers' Club; a wonderful high school, churches, and many automobiles—dilapidated and otherwise. There is

Continued on page 10

Millions In Motors

William West Winter

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

something about it all that just "gets" one, and one is not the same afterward. A "wild" place? Well, I've lived in Hollywood for over two years now, and if I ever meet up with something wild I'll be so astonished that I shall probably die of shock! Hollywood is a place of good citizens (ask the Chamber of Commerce!) and fine homes, not wild animals—human or otherwise.

My favorite star? *All of 'em!* Men and women, you know, are the windows through which we look out on life, and even though some of the windows be dirty, within ourselves we can make them at least a little clean and *interesting.*

Rose Edwina Bush.
6083 Salem Place, Hollywood, Calif.

A Dissenting Minority Report.

When I heard of the praise given "The Covered Wagon," and when I went to see it I was in hopes of seeing a good picture. But it disappointed me. The picture was rotten, terrible, awful. And all the praise it got! I paid one dollar and fifty-five cents to see it, and it wasn't worth five cents. What was there to it? Nothing but a weak romance, an attempt at humor and pathos that showed what a fool directed it, and then a lot of canvas-covered wagons crossing the plains. The cast was deplorable. Lois Wilson was charming and helpless. Kerrigan was terribly miscast, and Torrence, when he tried to be funny, was sickening. Tully Marshall was as bad as Ernest, and, in fact, the only decent actor in the cast was Alan Hale. I class it the worst picture of the year, next to "Jazzmania."

Richard Rhone.
Chicago.

An Appeal to Douglas Fairbanks.

I am an ardent moving-picture fan, and like other fans have a great many likes and dislikes, but I shall devote this letter to Douglas Fairbanks. During the war I was only a little girl, living at a naval training station. I had not become a fan at all. In fact, I hated the movies worse than anything, as they gave me nightmares, but there was one actor I had heard so much about that I finally got my father to take me to see him. That actor was Douglas Fairbanks. I first saw him in "Mr. Fix-It," and was so excited that I went to the auditorium every picture night in the hope that I'd see him again, for we didn't know what would be there until it was flashed on the screen. I saw him in "His Majesty, the American," "Headin' South," "The Mollycoddle," something about "Manhattan," I think it was "Manhattan Madness," and "When the Clouds Roll By." Then Mr. Fairbanks grew a mustache and finally made "The Three Musketeers," which was very good. Then "Robin Hood."

If he makes another one like "Robin Hood" I'll quit him for life. It was *awful.* I know a great many fans will rise in wrath when I say that, but just let them read some of the tales about Robin Hood, then shut their eyes and use their imagination (if they have any) and try to picture Fairbanks in the rôle. I'm sorry, but they can't do it.

When I was at Atlantic City I went to see an old picture of his called "The Americans." I just wish Mr. Fairbanks could have heard the little boys yelling when he did his old stunts! I've never heard such enthusiasm in my life, and I'm sorry to say that his historical pictures have not received the hurrahs of the little boys like his old-timers have.

Please, Mr. Fairbanks, give us an old-timer for a change! Something like "His Majesty, the American." A Kid.
Baltimore, Md.

Why Did Betty Leave Us?

Why did Betty Compson just leave us and go to Europe to act in pictures? We miss her very much. Who could play the part of a clever girl crook as well as she? There is no one, I am sure. Or who could be so charming as she was in "The White Flower?" I hope she will soon be back with us. There is a great place left unfilled when Betty is not there.

Nobel La Fond.
Route 4, Box 16, Greeley, Colo.

Let's Apply the Golden Rule.

I think it would be a very good thing if every fan before writing to "What the Fans Think" Department would read the letter by Ethel Gingrich in the November issue of Picture-Play. This department is a very good place to practice the "Golden Rule," and is *not* the place to air personal dislikes.

I wish Douglas Fairbanks wouldn't look at the camera so much. He has the manner of looking at the audience as though he were saying "Didn't I do that fine? Now watch me." I like him, but that habit spoils the pictures for me. Bebe Daniels does that, too. I don't *like* to think they are conceited.

I *do* hope Barthelmess will not take T. C. Van Antwerp's suggestion seriously. Let those players who can do nothing else cater to the flappers.

Mary Louise Hiatt.
241 Klotter Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A Plea for the Elaborate Programs.

I do not fully agree with John D. Cahill in his views on movie theaters. In fact, I believe the cinema palaces of today are of greater help to the enjoyment of motion pictures than the cheap, smelly ones of the past. The wonderful settings, and the carefully arranged musical programs bring out the best that's in the picture.

Perhaps some one will say that a good picture does not need any help in bringing out the best points. Maybe so. But then, again, what is a good picture? Likes and dislikes differ. One may class a picture as marvelous and go to see it several times, while another would say it was rotten. Which leads to a discussion of greater movies.

As long as motion pictures are shown the greater movies campaigns will mean no more than just publicity because what's great in the eyes of one is punk in the eyes of another.

If the vaudeville acts preceding the feature picture outshine it, then the movies are taking a back seat and should fight that much harder to get to the front.

There is one thing that could be abolished to good advantage, and that's the boresome filmads. Respectfully yours,

Le Roy Westlund.
700 E. Cook Street, St. Paul, Minn.

Some Very Decided Opinions.

Here I am doing what I've always considered hopelessly dumb—writing to a fan magazine—but I really feel that this particular column of Picture-Play is becoming increasingly valuable to the star, the producer, and to the public, and for that reason its contributors should include the common-sense element, rather than the high-school girls.

That article of Mabel Ballin's on the critics and interviewers she has known was especially interesting. I, for one, have been inordinately curious to know something of Agnes Smith, Malcolm Oettinger, Helen Klumph, and the other contributors to your magazine. Miss Ballin's frank and wholesome comment on their personalities has given me much pleasure, and I'm sure was well received by every reader.

Picture-Play is one movie magazine that escapes the seething disdain of Katherine Fullerton Gerould, I'm sure, because it does not scatter the seeds of Pollyanna press-agentry as some of the other saccharine publications do. More power to Agnes Smith! The way she wades in to some of these ridiculous pictures does my system good. Her review of "Ashes of Vengeance" serves Norma Talmadge right for making such a picture.

As the other fans indulge in personalities I'm going to wade right in. It is becoming increasingly evident that Norma Talmadge is complacently satisfied with her place in the film firmament and does not intend to put her every effort into her work as she used to years ago in the old Vitagraph pictures. She is the rich and well-fed Mrs. Schenck and does not intend to ruffle her composure with any little movie rôle, and this thought registers on the screen and is being understood by all, even by the most stupid of the theater fans. Miss Talmadge has done nothing since "Smilin' Through" that is worthy of comment. "Within the Law" was worth while, but the indifference of the star was nevertheless very evident, and detracted from the quality of the picture. I do not mean to be a carping critic. I formed an early fondness for Norma's work, and I shall be reluctant to mark her from my list of favorites, but one more picture of her so maddeningly self-sufficiency will do the deed.

I certainly agree with Mr. Ben Kartman that Paramount is a cannery in its methods. Many actors, while not exactly ruined by their connection with that company, have certainly not gained anything by the connection. Mr. Westerman, in his reply, says his uncle is one of the heads of Paramount, and that he is in a position to know that Constance Binney, May McAvoy, Gareth Hughes, Pola Negri, Dorothy Dalton, Valentino, and others did very little before joining Lasky, and in the case of those who have since left they have failed to get fat contracts again.

This assertion can be disputed from every angle. It is true that Paramount has great resources and does not mind how much the actresses pay for their gowns, or how many freak cabaret scenes are erected, or how far the companies have to travel for so-called "realism," but that's beside the point.

Each picture, no matter whether adapted from a novel, a play, or an original, comes out of the factory looking exactly like the one that preceded it. Miss Swanson's and Mr. Meighan's pictures are getting to be the most boresome things on the screen for the reason that they are so standardized.

Miss Constance Binney had won a prominent place on the stage by her great success in "39 East" before she joined Paramount. If she had stayed on the stage I believe she would have been better off. I met her at the Realart studio just before Christmas in 1921. I was never more impressed with a girl. She is much prettier off the screen and is extremely intelligent, being able to talk well on any subject. That is not strange because she comes from a distinguished family and was educated in the best schools. Still, I was surprised to see such an ab-

Continued on page 12

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By GEORGE OWEN BAXTER

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Morgan Valentine, the rancher, sure had his hands full of trouble. There were certain incidental ones, like a pair of great hulking sons who were quick on the draw, but the heaviest cross he had to bear was *Mary*, who had been confided to his tender care by his beloved brother.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

sence of pretense or conceit, because most stars have a fair share of these faults.

Although I was only a university boy Miss Binney listened to my comments with seeming interest. I told her how surprised I was to find her so charming, as her pictures were such duds, and she fully agreed with me. No one can make me believe that she was not sincere when she said she disliked the rôles that had been offered her. "The Case of Becky" was her one real opportunity while with Realart.

Of course I hate to be too personal, but when a company features Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, and Milton Sills, and fails properly to understand the ability of May McAvoy, Pola Negri, Valentino, Meighan, and Alice Brady, it seems to me that there is some queer judgment shown. Valentino had one chance in "Blood and Sand," but after that he was given ham parts. Alice Brady is considered one of the most talented young American actresses and she appeared in nothing but drivel on the screen. The case of Pola is the most striking. "Bella Donna" was fair, but "The Cheat"—words can't describe my feelings on seeing that. Of all the absurd, overdressed, disgusting exhibitions of bad taste this picture gets the doormat. It may be true that Pola only made two wonderful foreign pictures, but they *were* marvelous and showed her to be vibrant and cyclonic in her art. Is the fact that she made a great many poor pictures before coming to this country to be used as an excuse for the first two which were made over here?

Paramount did well by Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid in "Forever After," by McAvoy and Hughes in "Sentimental Tommy," by Betty Compson in "The Little Minister." Why can't they uphold this standard? If they can't make *many* meritorious pictures they should continue to make a *few*.

The staff of PICTURE-PLAY is the best tonic I can recommend for all the producers. All of your writers are succinct, witty, and discerning and brave enough to attack the mechanical and obvious pictures, and quite capable of appreciating the slightest sign of originality and worth.

In rereading my letter I see that I have committed a faux pas terrible in neglecting to praise James Cruze. I hope he will not get ambitious to be a second Cecil De Mille and start throwing in the wild cabaret parties and freak evening gowns to the neglect of the plot and characterization. His "Covered Wagon," "Hollywood," and "Ruggles" are all distinct and individual creations, and indicate that he has not been rubber stamped as yet.

Let me get one more thing off my chest and I'll breathe easier. Your interviewers pursue exactly the right policy in telling the interesting truth about the actors. The public really likes the stars best that have individuality, and if they all have the same fulsome praise, how is one to judge of their personalities? Personally, I should much prefer to hear that Mabel Normand occasionally gets peeved and throws the victrola out the window than to be told that each night at twilight she creeps up Hollywood Boulevard to a little gray home where her dear old aunt, rose in hand, waits to hear her bedtime story. In real life the people who are so darned proper and painfully true to form are never desirable company. The person who piques our interest is the one from whom the unexpected and daring things come. If Mrs. Leslie Carter had been a Pollyanna, or later on, if John Barrymore had been a Rollo, they would never have achieved the artistic eminence they have reached. The interviews in PICTURE-PLAY, instead of harming the players, will help them immeasurably, and such brilliant players as Mary Pickford, Nazimova, Mabel Normand, Fairbanks, the Talmadges, Blanche Sweet, Chaplin, Clara Young, and Charlie Ray know this to be true. One does not often read of how they "love children" and "adore the simple pleasures."

EDWARD SEAY.
504 South Rampart, Los Angeles.

Let's Keep Our Illusions About the Stars.

I am decidedly against the newspapers who play up on unfortunate and personal affairs of the movie folks. There are thousands of Susie Joneses and Lizzie Smiths who do considerably worse than some of our stars, but who never get an ounce of publicity. Picture people aren't given a square deal by most newspapers. Movie titles in newspapers catch the eye and sell well, so they take every opportunity to put such headlines as "Famous star elopes with married director," "Movie actress sues for divorce." Nine times out of ten the famous star mentioned in the headline has never played anything above mob scenes. Fans are only concerned about a star's screen self and shouldn't care to know the occasional scandals in their private lives. Picture people are more or less "dream people" to most every fan, and we prefer to keep our illusions about them, even if interviewers are forced to resort to the fictional in some cases so as not to disappoint us.

DICK DURAND.
276 South Dearborn Avenue, Kankakee, Ill.

From a Norma Talmadge Fan.

I have always been a wee bit bashful about writing to this department, but a letter in your November issue just made me "boil over."

I have been a Norma Talmadge fan ever since I was old enough to enjoy pictures, and it makes me furious to read Mary Gibney's opinion of the "Three Classes of Stars" and to find Norma's name omitted altogether when it should head the first group.

It may be that she has been unfortunate enough not to have ever seen Norma Talmadge, and if so she has my sympathy because she has missed seeing one of the greatest actresses on the screen.

If any one has attained popularity by sincere, hard work I am sure Norma—I call her Norma because I feel I know her—has, and I hope she will be placed where she rightfully belongs hereafter.

SALLIE GERHARDT.
168 South Georgia Avenue, Mobile, Ala.

A Suggestion for Directors.

Last night I saw that almost perfect picture "Ashes of Vengeance." The thing has been so beautifully and carefully done—the illusion is so nearly complete—that I cannot understand how those responsible could have neglected one glaring fault. After the spectator has been transported to the France of the sixteenth century, it gives him somewhat of a jolt

to be able to read (in the close-ups) the lips of the actors and actresses, speaking English lines! I can't believe that Rex Ingram would have overlooked that possibility. What was Mr. Lloyd thinking of? Surely his actors could have learned French lines to speak.

After many years of movie going I can think of several things I've never seen:

A Will Rogers picture that I didn't enjoy.

Agnes Ayres act.

Theodore Kosloff fail to make a rôle interesting.

A better actor than John Barrymore.

A poorer picture than "Adam's Rib."

A more expressionless countenance than that of Charles de Roche.

A more delicious bit than the scene in "Hollywood" when the old lady called Charlie Chaplin "Mr. Kerrigan."

EILEEN SHANNON.

3146 St. Charles Avenue, New Orleans, La.

In Defense of Program Pictures.

Every time I sit down to read PICTURE-PLAY in a quiet frame of mind, by the time I have finished "What the Fans Think" I am so disgusted and angry I can hardly think. Of course no one person likes every one that everybody else does and agrees accordingly with them in likes and dislikes, but it does seem to me a little of this squabbling might be stopped. Many cries from so-called "art advancers" about the program pictures now "overrunning the theaters" have been heard. They all declare there is no place on the screen for a picture which has not been widely heralded by press agents and given a showing at a downtown theater. There is, and neighborhood picture places can doubtless prove it. I'd rather spend the evening looking at some little ingénue dance around the set and raise the dickens than sit home and read a book of any author's that ever lived.

I have been going to picture shows for close on to six years, and I still go, almost every night. I am not a lonesome bachelor that must spend his time somewhere, but one for whom the lure of the silver screen is ever manifest. I can sit through Gloria Swanson's picture and like it, and can switch off to see Tom Mix, and like it just as well.

BY ONE WHO HAS SEEN.

Detroit, Mich.

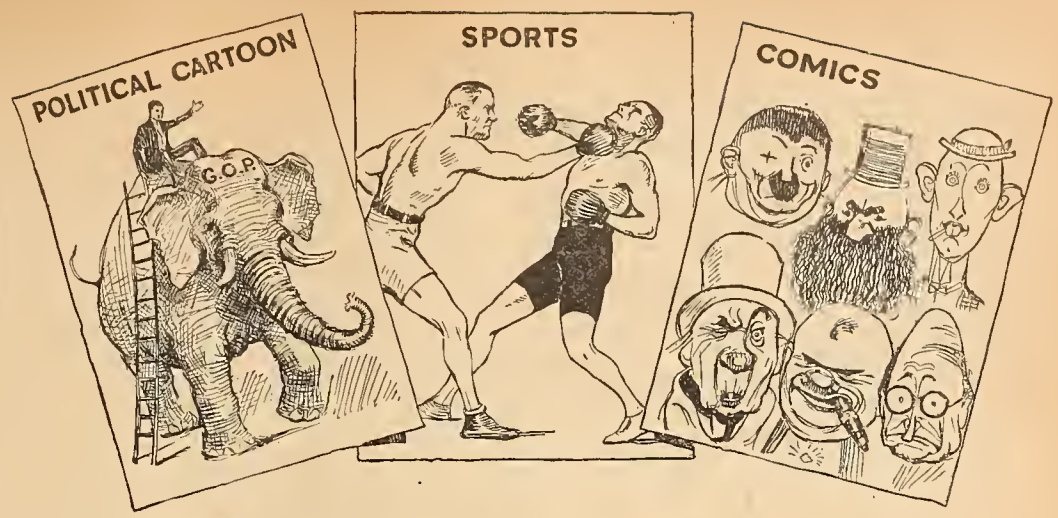
A Criticism of the Pictures of To-day.

It seems to me that a great many pictures made at present have less appeal than those made a few years ago. I believe this is because there are too many companies producing pictures, each trying to get ahead of the other. A few years ago fewer companies were producing pictures, fewer stars were known, fewer pictures were made. In those years one was able to see a good clean drama, well told, well acted, by such players as Norma Talmadge, Eugene O'Brien, Bill Hart, William Farnum, Lillian Gish, Robert Harron, and Mary Pickford.

To-day times have changed, and it seems to me that a great many pictures of to-day are not as good because they lack originality and a human touch.

Of the fifty-some companies producing pictures, there are in all perhaps only five-some companies making the sort of pictures the public really cares to see. D. W. Griffith, Von Stroheim, Frank Borzage, the Inspiration—which includes Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess—Cosmopolitan, Mary Pickford's Productions, and the Warner Brothers.

Rex Ingram has made only one good



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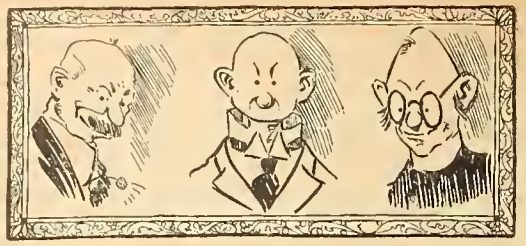
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pictnre, "The Four Horsemen." His others, "Trifling Women," "Where the Pavement Ends," were a waste of time and money, simply because their characters lacked originality. His latest, "Scaramouche," is doubtless a very expensive production, and it would have been all right had Mr. Ingram made the picture more simply. But too many suggestive scenes and gowns that were not necessary spoiled the whole production.

Goldwyn's "Souls For Sale" was likewise spoiled by a great many suggestive scenes. For instance: in the scene where Lew Cody is being killed by a wind machine, the latter's body is being taken away without any further investigation. But if we were to take the picture seriously, where does the law come in?

A great many pictures of to-day, such as "Glimpses of the Moon," "You Can't Fool Your Wife," "Bella Donna," and so on, are nearly all costume pictures with a great many suggestive scenes. They lack clever acting and have nothing original about them but a display of gowns. If I want to see a display of gowns I can see all I want right here in Chicago on Michigan Boulevard. At times I get so tired of seeing the same pictures again and again that often I have wished I had gone to an animal show instead.

Why can't the public have more pictures such as: "Little Old New York," "The Covered Wagon," "The Girl of the Golden West," "Way Down East," "Orphans of the Storm," "Down to the Sea in Ships," "The White Rose," "Over the Hill," "Silver Wings," "The Old Nest," "Driven," "The Third Alarm," "The Flirt," "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," "The Girl I Loved," "Grandma's Boy," "Circus Days," "Our Gang Comedies," "Penrod and Sam," "Children of Dust," "Mighty Lak' a Rose," "Fury," "Sonny," "The Bright Shawl," "Tess," Bell Boy Number 13," "The Spoilers," "The Shock," "Main Street," "Just Around the Corner," "Potash and Perlmutter," and last of all "Merry Go Round," which is one picture in a hundred of which one might say that in it there was some real acting. Such good acting one sees seldom as that done by Miss Philbin, who is truly a second Lillian Gish, and Norman Kerry as *Count von Hohenegg* was indeed a great pleasure to see. Having seen so little of these two stars their work was rather surprising. George Hackathorne as the hunchback in that picture also deserves a great many compliments. His pathetic way of acting one may not easily forget.

ELLA NIKISHER.

651 Kenesau Terrace, Chicago, Ill.

American Fans Criticize Too Much!

The criticism of films in American movie magazines is awful. If I were to take any of them seriously, I should never want to see another picture. They pull pictures to pieces unmercifully. Even such a wonderful film as 'The Covered Wagon" had to suffer. I suppose they simply had to find some flaw in it, so they said that it seemed rather strange that after a two-thousand-mile trek through wilderness and desert, the covers of the wagons should be perfectly white when arriving in Oregon. The version that I saw in London ended with the train arriving in Oregon in winter with the snow umpteen feet thick, so why shouldn't the covered wagons be "perfectly white."

P. L. C.

25 Clarence Road, Croydon, Surrey, England.

A Letter from the Isle of Wight.

Why are so many pages wasted on bathing beauties, boast, and buncombe, when I and many hundreds of others search in vain for the name of that most striking personality of all filmland—Theodore Kosloff?

Why is there so much about Rudy and Doug, and so little about Theodore?

Surely to see him once is to remember him for all time as an exponent of most curious and fascinating grace of movement together with a power of expressing tremendous things by the slightest turn of the head, or gesture of an arm, that is utterly unsurpassed by any actor in either the world of film or stage. Immediately he enters a scene you feel the hypnotic power of the man, you search for him constantly for the rest of the film, and go away very often vague as to the plot but with a clear-cut memory of the eyes and curious-set head of Theodore Kosloff.

MICHELA.

Dudley House, Seaview, Isle of Wight. England.

More About Books.

I have so many things in mind to write about that I don't know where to begin or to end. But I hope you'll have patience and bear with me until I'm straightened out.

In the first place, I want to second Old-Timer's discussion about books that have been filmed or are about to be. I didn't read Charles Norris' novel "Brass," so I was not so disappointed as "Old-Timer" was in seeing it. But two of the greatest disappointments in the adaptation of books to the films to me were Basil King's "The Dust Flower" and Cosmo Hamilton's "The Rustle of Silk." After seeing "The Dust Flower" I certainly don't blame Basil King for losing all faith in screen adaptations. It was a beautiful story, and I looked ahead with such pleasure to seeing the picture. But the screen version was practically a different story.

As for "The Rustle of Silk," it, at least, had a splendid cast, and if I had not read that charming story beforehand, I would have enjoyed the film immensely. On the other hand, I think that "Manslaughter," adapted from Alice Duer Miller's novel, was an improvement on the book.

And that leads up to Hattie, who says that she detests Cecil De Mille pictures and that the "historical flashbacks are utterly sickening." It seems to me that's a pretty rash statement. To be sure, I get tired of the continual glitter of money and jewels, sumptuous homes, and impossible gowns and coiffures, but one cannot deny that "Manslaughter" was a fine picture and that the forthcoming "Ten Commandments" will probably be another wonderful one. I saw some shots from the Biblical episodes and I can assure Hattie that they are very beautiful. They are in colors, and it seemed as if I were actually in Egypt for a few moments. The rich sweep of color and the great temples and sphinxes were very real and wonderful.

At last PICTURE-PLAY has given us an interview with Lois Wilson. "Everything comes to him who waits!" I've read it over and over, but I'm still unconvinced as to Harriette Underhill's statement that Miss Wilson looks like just a very nice girl. To me she is very lovely and is one of my favorite actresses. I'll always remember her rôle in "The Covered Wagon" and she was so fine in "Only 38." And little May McAvoy was, too. I have been wishing that Lois Wilson would play opposite Thomas Meighan again, and now I see that she will in "Pied Piper Malone."

I can't tell you how I enjoy the letters from the stars in PICTURE-PLAY. It's al-

most as exciting as receiving a letter written personally to you. I can just make a guess at that, for I've never had that wonderful experience, but I hope the stars will continue to write to PICTURE-PLAY. My, if they knew how we treasure every letter! Anyway, I do. What a jolly letter that was from Mabel Ballin in the November issue! And since I've read Vera Reynolds' letter I've admired Gloria Swanson more and more. I think Miss Swanson should be given a great deal of credit for her work in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." It was considerably better than most of her preceding pictures and Agnes Smith should not have criticized it as harshly as she did.

LOUISE V. LOUGHRON.
901 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Concerning Society Pictures.

Why all this complaint about the flippant society pictures such as "The Heart Raider" and "The Exciters" and "Children of Jazz?"

They represent types that the public has begged to see, and now that we have had too many, they are kicking and snorting. Now the fans realize what I have realized for some time, that there is nothing to them. There is no extraordinary glitter to the smart set, but the public seems to love to think that there is. We have delighted in the silly experiences of the débutanté, but my finer sensibilities tell me that we have had enough. We now want realism or overimagination in our pictures. But we cannot complain justly at the number of these society pictures. Anyway, they really do give us a good laugh, and a little snigger and snobbish attitude toward some of the absurd situations. Perhaps we need to take an inventory and see what we really do want. I do hope that I never see a débutante party while I live where all the party, after eating, dives into a horseshoe pool in the center of the table, in evening attire. Not that I especially object, for we all go on gay parties, but the constant repetition of this on the screen has made it a bore.

CALDER B. VAUGHN.
304 Park Avenue, La Grange, Ga.

Why Probe Their Personal Affairs?

As one of the audience I am inclined to think as I sit and watch with interest and amusement the portrayal of the author's work so cleverly and intelligently acted by the much-maligned artists before me, that there is something very much awry with the public mind. How can we, as a movie-going public with our numerous fan letters flooding the mail, sit and condemn these hard-working unselfish people that we might be entertained, enlightened, and amused? Are they not giving the best of their young lives and energy? Then why probe their personal affairs? Divorce, particularly within this community, has the worst construction placed upon it.

In all common justice to screen artists, therefore, I think it is better to pluck the beam from our own eye that we might see more clearly the good in those we condemn. There is no other place of amusement we can go to so cheaply and without the bother of dressing for the occasion than the picture show. It has never been my good fortune to meet a motion-picture artist in real life. If ever I do, I shall certainly forget their exaggerated shortcomings and think only of their splendid efforts to entertain and amuse.

EMILY HARRISON EKE.
Lake Hill Post Office, Vancouver Island, B. C., Canada.

Continued on page 107



Sidney Franklin
Master American DIRECTOR of Motion Pictures

Sidney Franklin is the advance spirit of American progress in motion pictures.

His latest achievement—Warner Bros.' screen version of David Belasco's masterpiece, "Tiger Rose," starring Lenore Ulric.

"Tiger Rose" places Franklin among the few notable and outstanding producers in the motion picture industry.

"Tiger Rose" is an extraordinary picture—delightfully human and entertaining.

Coming soon! Watch for it!

David Belasco's
"TIGER ROSE"
Starring
"LENORE ULRIC"
A Sidney Franklin Production
Personally directed by Sidney A. Franklin

WARNER BROS.
Classics of the Screen



Let the Vanderbilt's Instructor Teach You to Dance This New, Easy Way

Dancing gives poise to the body, grace to movement, helps to overcome timidity and awkwardness and good dancers are popular at every affair. Arthur Murray's New Simplified Method enables you to learn any dance in an evening. His five free lessons prove it.



ARTHUR MURRAY is known as America's foremost authority on social dancing. He was selected as personal instructor to such socially prominent people as Mrs. George F. Vanderbilt, Miss Cornelia Vanderbilt, and many other fashionables whose names are found in the "Blue Book" of that very select circle known as the "Four Hundred."

His amazing new methods have revolutionized the teaching of all popular new dances. Without leaving your own home—right in the privacy of your own room—without music or partner, by just following a few easily mastered diagrams and simple instructions you quickly become an expert dancer of all the newest steps and latest dances. Even though you may not now know one step from another—though you may not even know the names of the latest dances; you can learn to dance all of them in an amazingly short time. The instructions have been so simplified that a child can learn directly from them. In fact, a whole family can learn from one complete set of diagrams and written instructions. And once you have the Murray foundation to your dancing you can quickly learn any new dance after you have seen some one dance the steps.

Learn Tonight—Dance Perfectly Tomorrow Night

Just as soon as you receive Arthur Murray's complete instructions you can learn the Fox Trot, One Step, College Rock, Conversation Walk, Waltz, or any other new dance, and you won't have the slightest difficulty in keeping perfect step, to lead and follow accurately with the best dancer in your set. You can give your friends a great surprise by choosing a partner and stepping right out with perfect confidence that every step and movement you make is beyond criticism. In fact, Arthur Murray guarantees your success, or your lessons won't cost you one single penny.

Just think, more than 90,000 people have learned to dance by mail this new way and have been perfectly satisfied with their lessons. And it is certain that if this great number of people can learn in their own homes, there is no reason why you shouldn't learn just as easily and quickly as they did. It is a fact that more than five thousand people a month are learning to become expert dancers through this new, simple and quickly mastered method of Arthur Murray's.

A Generous Limited Time Offer
FIVE LESSONS FREE

Arthur Murray is so sure that you will be delighted with his method of instructions, he is so positive that you won't have the slightest difficulty in mastering all of the steps in each dance, that he is willing to send you five of his wonderful lessons—all for only 25 cents (to pay for postage, printing, etc.). Just mail the coupon on this page—now. These lessons are yours to keep and to enjoy. You need not return them. They are sent merely to prove that you, like many thousands of others, can now easily and quickly learn to dance in your own home without either music or a partner—through Arthur Murray's Simplified Methods.

First Part of the Forward Waltz Step

1. Begin with left foot and step directly forward, weight on left foot.
2. Step diagonally forward to right, placing weight on right foot (see illustration).
3. Draw left foot up to right foot, weight on left.

That's all. Simply follow the numbers in the footprints. Master this part before going further.



Good Dancers Are Always Popular

Good dancers never lack partners and are always invited to every affair. Dancing is now the most popular form of recreation and amusement. Really good dancers are always popular and their company is sought after. No hostess likes to see a portion of her guests dancing and having a royal good time, while the rest just sit around looking glum. That's why she tries to pick all good dancers to invite to her affair—it helps to insure her success as a charming hostess.

Don't Miss Half the Fun in Life

Wherever you go, there's dancing. Your lodge—your church—parties—summer resorts—special affairs. Always some one strikes up the music—and the fun begins. Couples begin to glide over the floor past you in perfect time together. There's gayety and laughter on every side—happy, smiling faces—cares and worries gone. The music stops—everyone applauds. Will you share in the fun—or will you be a "wall-flower?" Make up your mind now to become a really graceful finished dancer—the kind that everyone admires. Let Arthur Murray teach you to dance in one evening. Private instructions by Mr. Murray in his own studio costs $10. per lesson. But through his new, simplified methods of teaching, you receive the very same high class instructions at a ridiculously low price.

Mail the Coupon Now

You take no risks of any kind. Mailing the coupon below places you under no obligation whatever. It's the biggest opportunity you ever had to become a really good dancer in a short time. The five wonderful lessons you can now get free would cost you many more dollars in Mr. Murray's private studio. So act now if you want to take advantage of this liberal offer. Mail the coupon now.

ARTHUR MURRAY
Studio 908 290 Broadway, New York City

ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 908, 290 Broadway, New York

To prove that I can learn to dance at home in one evening you may send the FIVE FREE LESSONS and I agree to give them very careful consideration. It is understood that I do not obligate myself in any way by sending for the free lessons, neither do I need to return them. I enclose 25c (stamps or coin) to pay for the postage, printing, etc.

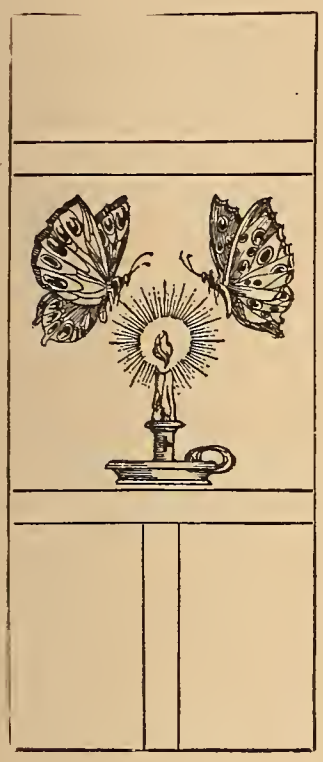
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Picture Play Magazine

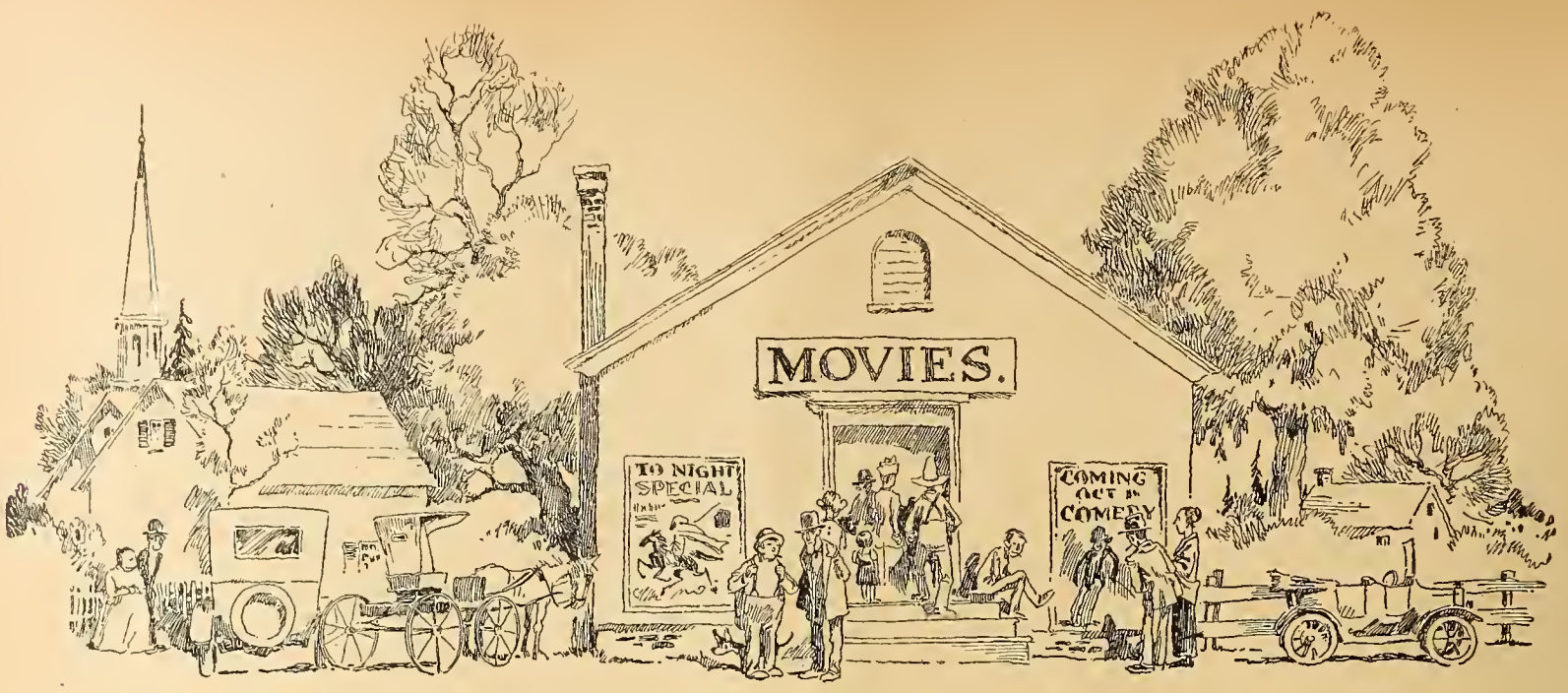
Vol. XIX No. 5
JANUARY, 1924





Charming young Henry Hull, matinée idol of many a New York girl's heart, is seen all too rarely on the screen. His next appearance will be in the picturesque title rôle of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster."

Photo by Richard Burke



Your Local Exhibitor—Does He Work for You?

The quality of pictures you see and the way they are presented to you depends on the man who runs your local theater. But you can run him if you want to.

By Helen Klumph

SOMEHOW or other the impression has got around that motion-picture exhibitors are men who are too ignorant to work at an honest trade and not quite reckless enough to be taxi drivers. In fact, most people who think about them at all think that their level of intelligence is even lower than that usually ascribed by producers to motion-picture audiences. And there is some evidence to support this view, as you may know if you are acquainted with your local nickelodeon magnate.

In view of all this you can just about imagine the sensation caused at the International Congress of Motion-Picture Arts held under the auspices of the Authors' League a few months ago, when Irvin Wheeler, a motion-picture exhibitor in Rye, Mamaroneck, White Plains and various other towns near New York, got up and made one of the most constructive addresses of the entire congress. If there were a Mr. Wheeler exhibiting motion pictures in every town, you wouldn't have to worry any more about getting a chance to see some really good pictures.

But take a look at these excerpts from what he said.

"I think the idea that the producers have that you must work down to the public is literally bunk.

"I have broken records with pictures that were supposed to be box-office failures. . . . I ask my public whether they want to see a picture that the critics said was too good for them. I did it with 'Nanook of the North.' I didn't pay much attention to Pathé's press sheets; as a matter of fact I am rather glad to stick the press sheets that come to me under a table where nobody will see them, because I am a little ashamed of them. I think the average press sheet is a crime against intelligence, and I think that the producers would cöoperate more if they would get away from all these ballyhoo stunts they urge upon us. I just got out a four-page herald on 'Nanook of the North' and told that it was distinctly an educational picture and appealed to the intelligence, and I broke two records with that picture. I broke the box-office record and the record for praise for having shown a picture. My patrons thanked me for telling them about it.

"Then another picture came to my attention that has not yet been released and I believe is not going to be, 'Tillers of the Soil.' It is an intensely dramatic tragic French picture, a delineation of the soul, not with beautiful scenes of French peasant life, just a simple, homely story. I was told that it was not appropriate for any audience. Well, I have shown it to various audiences. At Mamaroneck I often show pictures to a foreign element, what the producers are pleased to call 'the mass.' There were some there who did not like the picture but the majority of the Italians and other foreigners did like it. I showed the same picture at Rye and got out a herald similar to the one on 'Nanook of the North' and told them that the picture was considered over their heads, that it was too good for them. Yes, sure, it had fine acting—it had good scenes, it had a good story. Of course, those were not important in the making of a good picture. Well, I asked whether they didn't want to decide for themselves whether it was too good for them. There was a picture that was said to be sure to be a box-office failure—I packed the house with it.

"I believe that you can build up in any community a love for better pictures. When we have to run, as

DO YOUR PART

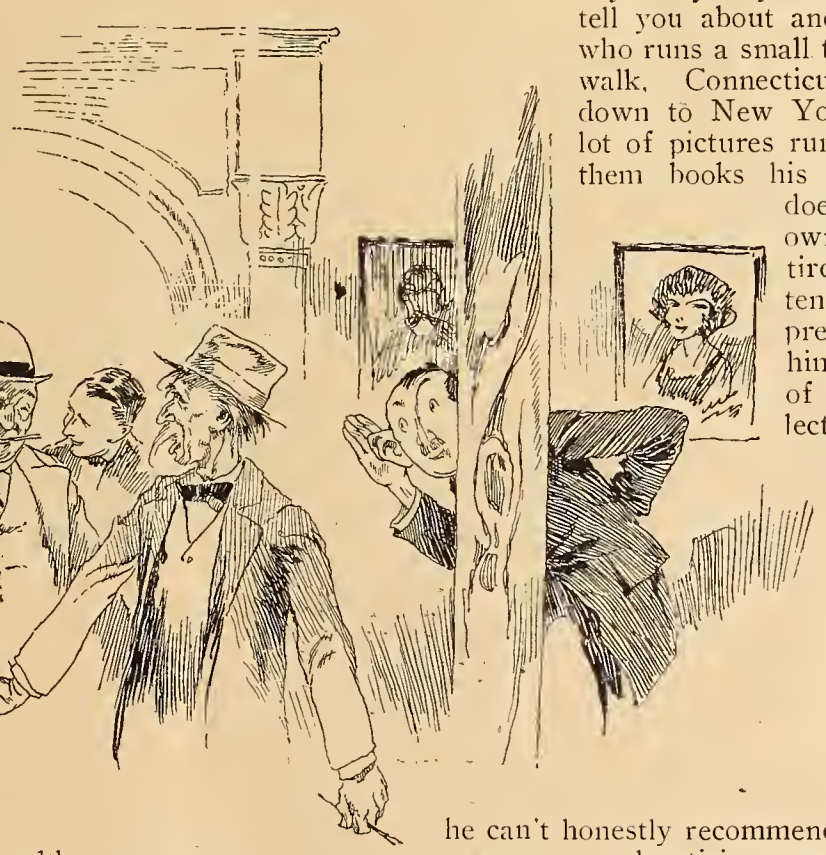
The man who runs your local moving-picture theater probably is standing somewhere in the lobby as you go in and out, listening for comments on the show. If your criticisms are vitriolic enough he will try to avoid booking such pictures in the future. If you just take things as they come, patronizing the poor pictures as well as the good ones, he will follow the line of least resistance and book the cheapest pictures he can get.

But—if you will take the trouble to choose carefully the pictures you go to see, and complain bitterly when you feel that their advertising has been misleading, you will be doing something toward bringing better pictures to your community. Further than that, if you will get acquainted with your theater manager—give a thought to his troubles and encourage him to be frank with his patrons, you will hasten the day when you will see what you want in the way of movies.

we do, half a dozen trashy pictures for one good one we hurt our audiences by keeping them away because they get so sick and tired of those trashy pictures that it is hard to get them out for a good time. . . . I put out a program the other day of two weeks and I it is hard to get them out for a good one. . . . I put out the program without saying a word. I just gave out a list of pictures and right away people wanted to know why I didn't put out criticisms of the pictures. I said, 'They are not any of them good enough and if you come it is your own hard luck.' Well they came. They felt sort of sorry for me that I had to play those pictures.

"There is one thing about the town of Rye. All you have to do is put the word 'love' in a film and most of the people stay away. If you can give them out-of-doors, virile, clean stories—they can be dramatic, they can be melodramatic, and you would be surprised at how Rye loves a melodrama, but all you have to do is to talk to Rye about a society drama and they just walk away. . . . That is not the kind of thing they want. They don't want the sentimental. They don't want sex stuff. They want a clean, wholesome picture that has some appeal to the intelligence and that pulls them up rather than makes them get down and work their minds on the level of some of the trash we get.

"Just one other thing about the way we are trying to win the public with us. We are operating on a basis of building up what we call community spirit. It is an old gag to sell stock to the people in a town. Well, we do that, but at the same time we choose from the town the very best men that we can get to support us for a board of directors, and the manager is only one in the board and the board of directors can overrule him if they want to. A great many people say you are just inviting a little board of censors for yourself. It does not work out that way. They take an interest in the business end of the proposition. They watch the books. They see that everything is done absolutely according to Hoyle, but they do not interfere much with your selection of pictures, providing you do not give them pictures that they think are salacious or are hurting the community When you do start to do that you will hear from them.



"It does seem to me that is a very healthy arrangement, and I think that the theater has come to play such an important part in the community that the people are entitled to have something to say about what pictures are put into their town, and on the basis of that it really is surprising the support that we get and how good a business proposition it is."

Now it may be a long time before we all have community theaters such as Mr. Wheeler describes, but at least we can encourage our local exhibitors to deal with us in the fair way that he deals with his patrons.

It always interests me to know whether or not an exhibitor sees pictures before he books them. Most of them don't. Either they have too many demands on their time, or in the outlying districts they are too far from the film exchange to go there more than a few times a year. But, if they don't see a picture before booking it, what does influence them in their selection? The fulsome advertising that the releasing companies send out, the guarded reviews in the trade papers, or the brutal criticisms in the New York or Los Angeles papers?

After I had seen an atrocious picture in a little theater in Atlantic City—it was "Is Money Everything?" with Norman Kerry, Miriam Cooper and Martha Mansfield—I stopped and asked the manager of the theater why he had booked such a thing. "It's a good title," he maintained, in spite of the fact that it hadn't drawn more than a few dozen people into his theater, "and it has a lot of good jazzy stuff in it, men neglecting their wives for other women, lots of pretty clothes, gay parties and all."

No, he hadn't seen it before he booked it. No, he probably wouldn't have. No, stars had no drawing power in his theater. He catered to a hotel crowd who wanted lights, music, excitement, skating on thin ice, bizarre costumes. Mae Murray was his best box-office bet. He made up his newspaper advertising from the press material sent him. No flowery flights of a press agent were too gaudy for him to use in advertising a picture he hadn't seen.

If such a man ran the only theater in my locality, I would give up movies altogether or walk to the next town. He doesn't deserve a fan's patronage.

Just by way of contrast let me tell you about another exhibitor who runs a small theater in Norwalk, Connecticut. He gets down to New York and sees a lot of pictures run off and from them books his program. He doesn't trust his own judgment entirely; nine out of ten pictures seem pretty awful to him, as a matter of fact. He collects the advertising matter sent out by the company, compares it with the reviews in the trade papers, and then watches the New York papers for reviews. When he can't honestly recommend a picture, his newspaper advertising merely tells the name of the picture, the principal players and a line characterizing the action, "Drama of the Northwest Mounted Police," "Society Melodrama," or "Farce comedy of the adventures of a big frog in a small puddle." But when he runs a picture he does think is really entertaining he puts a big banner over his theater, takes extra advertising space, and gives the picture his own endorsement. Sometimes he gets hold of a nice wholesome picture with a sensational title. Now the producers put that sensational title on in order to bring salacious-minded people in to see it. But this

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Photo by Nikolas Muray

Circe of Sunnybrook Farm

Instead of following the lines of least resistance, Mae Busch feels that ingénues are her metier of expression.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

ACTRESSES are grown-up children.

The simplest way to induce a child to do something is to say "Ah-ah!" with a rising inflection.

The simplest method of making a vamp out of a stella is to tell her enthusiastically that she is an ideal sister type.

Lila Lee admitted that she'd love to do character rôles; Jetta Goudal withered me with a glance when I failed to imagine her as a child in a picture; the sartorial Swanson yearns for a part that does not call for support from Poiret, Lanvin, and the rest of the boys; Nita Naldi longs to get her hands on a "sympathetic sort of woman," to show what she *could* do; and, to get to the subject at hand, Mae Busch, that svelte sister of sophistication, insists that she is an ingénue.

"I haven't blond curls," she said, blowing a perfect smoke ring, "but I can do country girls."

As she told me this I was looking at her sleek, bobbed hair, her knowing eyes, her markedly effective figure sheathed in satin. She resembled a country girl as much as Bull Montana resembles Little Lord Fauntleroy. She looked as innocent of the ways of the world as the editor of a Sunday magazine section. Without moving, minus all mannerisms, simply as she sat there, she looked the perfect Circe, ready for any number of victims.

"I don't want to do vamps," she said calmly. "I can't feel the parts. I'm poor at vamping."

On the screen, what you feel apparently matters less than what you look, for Mae Busch is unquestionably one of the most potent sinsters on the perpendicular platform. Whether she thinks so or not, the fact remains that she is a vampiricist. Her features are regular; the ensemble is effective. She has beauty, but she lacks the softening touch that separates the vamp from the heroine.

When you talk to Miss Busch, you find her in a rather challenging attitude.

"This is what I think," she seems to be saying. "Print it if you like, and let's see if you can get it right!"

Of course she may have been thinking nothing of the sort. Perhaps inwardly she was cooing, "Oh, I'm being interviewed. Goody, goody!"

But I doubt it. Even though she aspires to be a pure, unadulterated ingénue, with a bunchlight picking up her tears, she would not say "Goody!"

Once upon a time, not very long ago, Mae Busch filled Lillian Lorraine's shoes—and stockings—as soubrette extraordinary in a musical comedy. (The only thing that's comical about a musical comedy, said Mae, is that it's called musical.) Then Mack Sennett saw her and inveigled her into a one-piece bathing suit for his two-reel caper-chromos, featuring Charlie Murray, Ben Turpin, and various forms divine.

Eric von Stroheim rescued her from this watery grave by assigning her a highly spiced rôle in his first homemade feature of Continental flavor, "The Devil's Passkey." In this Mae furnished the high sex voltage, and began unconsciously to build what was to become a tidy reputation for seductive siren rôles and things like that.

You would expect such an independent, spirited girl to freelance, and she has, extensively. Miss Busch has acted for almost everybody. After her sweeping success as *Glory Quayle,* in "The Christian," she was deployed by Victor Seastrom for the lead in old Hall Caine's "Master of Man," alias, for all film purposes, "Name the Man!" That's so much more exciting.

"Seastrom," she said, "is the greatest director in pictures. He's going to be the sensation of 1924 unless we're all greatly mistaken. It was wonderful to work with him. We were all keyed up by the man—Patsy Ruth Miller, Conrad Nagel—all of us."

Finding her enthusiastic was a surprise. I had supposed that she would be smartly cynical. I suspected that listening to her views would be akin to holding the mirror up to Nietzsche. Perhaps she decided to fool me; perhaps I was wrong. Both suppositions are highly tenable.

"Seastrom has soul. He has superb feeling for the drama of a situation. Tourneur is a master of light and shade; Von Stroheim is all technique. Fine artists, both, but this man Seastrom tears a scene right out of your heart."

She told me of some Griffithian touches that sounded highly interesting.

"In 'Name the Man!' I play a country girl," she said triumphantly. "Look at these stills, if you doubt me."

There was a knock at the door of her suite, and Lew Cody was admitted.

Gentleman that he is, he told me that he was glad to see me again. . . . There was talk of the picture he, Miss Busch, Claire Windsor and others had come East to make—"Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model."

"No, it won't be funny," said Miss Busch indignantly, in response to my question. "It will be interesting to do. Things have progressed so in picture making and construction that in all likelihood the thing will be a first-rate picture."

She sounded totally sincere. It was bewildering. That one so obviously of the sophisticates could defend a drama of the stamp of "Nellie" out of the old ten-twent-thirt repertoire was inexplicable.

Truth is found in the confession of error, and I advised Lew Cody that this second meeting led me to believe that I had misjudged him when, after a half hour

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Mr. Chaplin Attempts Fate

And in doing so, he proves that he should stick to his rôle of supreme jester of the screen.

By Norbert Lusk

Photos by Edwin Bower Hesser



MR. CHAPLIN is a genius, but he shouldn't have betrayed my confidence."

The scene of this disclosure was a lovely lady's dressing room in the Earl Carroll Theater, all flowers, floor cushions, perfume, chinchilla and jewels. The dulcet tones came from the swanlike throat of none other than Peggy Hopkins Joyce. She reclined on a chaise-longue, covered with a Chinese robe, and first complained mildly of her exhausting work as a *figurante de luxe* in the "Vanities" revue, to which New Yorkers, and visitors from points both east and west are nightly repairing to behold, for themselves, the famous Peggy's charms. I purred sympathetically.

Unlike the chorus, which scampered to and fro, in beads and lace doilies, she had a full hour for relaxation before her next number. So she could talk into the telephone and to me.

Mr. Chaplin, you see—exercising the prerogative of genius, I suppose—had overlooked his appointment to talk with me about his picture, "A Woman of Paris," and I thought Miss Hopkins, as a very pearl of womanhood, who knew well both her Paris and Mr. Chaplin, might interpret him and his film for me. She did, softly, surely.

"*Why* is Mr. Chaplin a genius, Miss Hopkins?—I mean, off the screen. People say he is, and they tell me in Hollywood that lesser celebrities hang on his every word, applauding his quips even before the point is reached, and many a merry party has been plunged into solemn silence by the profound philosophies which he utters. A friend reports that his casual remarks about moonlight, mandolins and magnolias quite reduced his hearers to tears. What *does* Mr. Chaplin talk about?"

"It isn't *what* he talks about," Miss Hopkins thrust back," because at times he doesn't talk about any-

thing at all. He's silent—one minute up, and the next minute down, like all temperamental persons. He knows life so well—men and women. A genius should. And when he talks, people listen." I recalled the rigid etiquette of the movie studios which enjoins attentive silence when the boss, or a star, utters a monosyllable, but I said nothing. I didn't have to, with provocative Peggy as my vis-à-vis.

"It's dreadful about his heart-throbbings, don't you think?" she asked abruptly.

"Dreadful? I thought Mr. Chaplin liked to talk about his lady friends."

"That's just it. There are too many. (I suppose Pola Negri will stab me for that!) I think Mr. Chaplin hurts his dignity by letting himself be singed in too many flames. He should have one, or none, because he's a genius."

"Does he mind, do you think?"

"Not if he gets a front-page story," Miss Hopkins countered, with not the slightest trace of bitterness or criticism—just practicality.

To prove her sense of publicity values, she reached for a new magazine, and showed me a story about herself. I was more impressed with her slim hand, starred with rings, one of them being a diamond so huge that it reminded me of a small pudding rising from out a platinum pan. Prettily she smiled at my dazzled gaze. Then I tried to count her bracelets while endeavoring to be chatty.

"What would you call the secret of Mr. Chaplin's charm, for he must have plenty of it."

"He certainly has. Well, he's very lively when in good humor, and *most* kind. He would give away everything he owns for the love of giving."

"But, Miss Hopkins, does he?"

"Ye-s-s-s. He has a very generous mind, and doesn't say unkind things about any one," she explained.

Miss Hopkins, usually freely biographical about her gems, went into no particulars that linked Mr. Chaplin's name with any of them. But there was an implication in the air of her gray, gold and black room that made me think of Karl M. Kitchen's story in the New York *World* of a few days before, in which, apparently with intimate knowledge of his subject, he wrote:

"Mr. Chaplin has spent three hectic thrift weeks in our midst, so to speak. But he returns to his bachelor estate in California not only with his non-collapsible bank roll intact but with his check book in its virgin state. It is untrue that he made a slow motion picture of reaching for a dinner check. . . . The concrete suspenders and the dime bank must now be awarded to Mr. Chaplin. For he not only demonstrated that one could save money on Broadway but have a fine time doing it."

And so, as with all large subjects, opinions of the material generosity of Charlie Chaplin differ.

When asked what she thought of "A Woman of Paris," Miss Hopkins suggested that she be reported as calling it "great." She explained it would do no harm, as there always is some one to call any picture great.

At the same time she repeated her intimation of confidence betrayed on the part of Mr. Chaplin. The details were no secret to me, Miss Hopkins being fluent in voicing her thoughts for publication, and only recently the public prints had broadcast her intention to bring an action against the producer of "A Woman of Paris" on the grounds that it was a version of the story of her own life. Like many beauties of the stage and screen, this one feels the literary urge. She wanted to write the story herself.

"There's one detail Mr. Chaplin never, never should have used. I must have told him when feeling too sentimental for my own good, and now I regret it. All the consolation I get is that he has made the heroine a wonderful woman. As if that mattered when she is played by some one else."

Despite her strictures Miss Hopkins was amiability

Continued on page 84





Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

Theodore Roberts, as "Moses," about to command the sea to open.

How the Red Sea Was Made to Open

A real cinemiracle is accomplished in Cecil B. De Mille's picture "The Ten Commandments"

By Edwin Schallert

AND now you'll *have* to believe what your Sunday-School teacher told you. Because, in Cecil B. De Mille's picture, "The Ten Commandments," you'll actually *see the Red Sea open!*

Here is a real cinemarvel! The most astounding perhaps that you have ever beheld.

Everybody who views the production is going to give a gasp at the sight of it.

You're going to wonder and puzzle at an ocean apparently dividing itself into two separate parts and allowing a huge throng of people to pass through.

You're going to open your eyes with bewilderment at the seeming destruction of a great army beneath the tumbling watery walls and the deluge of briny billows.

The apparent magnitude of the startling catastrophe may even cause you excitedly to inquire if, after all, these film creators are not gifted with some sort of super-special powers. For, so realistic is the whole phenomenon that it will leave you nearly breathless with astonishment and awe, and then arouse the wildest sort of curiosity and conjecture as to how it was accomplished.

In order to dispose of this curiosity and questioning, and also to give you an inkling of the tremendous difficulties that attend the visualizing of such a remarkable natural cataclysm, I recently succeeded, behind the scenes at the Famous Players-Lasky studio, in learning something of the method by which this amazing spectacular effect was achieved, and this method, in its way, is probably as extraordinary as anything of the kind that has ever been conceived. For it represents a welding of many of the forces and subtleties that endow the camera with a potency for visioning strange and mayhap even unheard-of phenomena.

Before offering an explanation, however, let me describe to you in detail the absorbing events as they transpire on the silver sheet.

The opening of the Red Sea takes place at the approach to the climax of the prologue in Mr. De Mille's elaborate biblical feature. The *Children of Israel* are fleeing from their bondage in the land of Egypt. They have left the city of Rameses and ventured out into the desert, while close in their wake pursue the charioteers of *Pharaoh* intent upon their return to servitude.

Standing on a rock on the edge of a mighty stretch of ocean, *Moses* has made his prayer for the safety of

NOTHING MORE MARVELOUS

along the line of spectacular, dramatic effects has ever been achieved in motion pictures than Cecil De Mille's technical triumph in "The Ten Commandments"—the opening and closing of the Red Sea—which is described in this article.

In the mind of every person who sees this reproduction of this biblical miracle on the screen the question will inevitably arise: *How did they achieve this apparently impossible feat?*

The explanation, which is given in detail in this article, is as interesting as the marvelous sequence itself, and is a tribute which is due to Mr. De Mille and to his technical assistants for their courage, resourcefulness, and persistent efforts.



A reproduction from the film itself, showing all of the different exposures as they blend together in one picture at the moment when the sea is about to engulf Pharaoh's hosts.

the *Israelites*. Hearkening to the divine command he has raised his staff and commanded the waters to make for them a passageway. With fearful anxiety written in their eyes, his people, crowding around him, gaze on the turbulent billows, while you, from the audience, follow the direction of their glances.

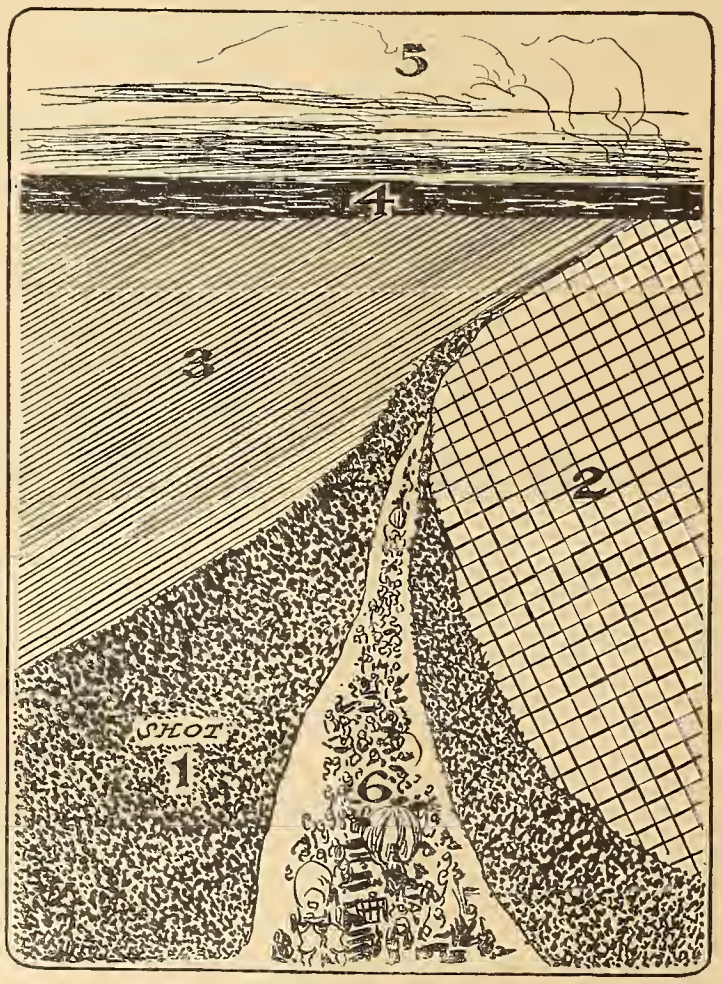
First, you behold a tremendous agitation over the face of the sea. Terrifically, the waters boil and churn. Higher and higher mounts the tide in a ridgelike center. It seems almost ready to dash up and engulf you from the screen.

Then, by degrees, a cleft appears. It grows rapidly into a mighty valley—a veritable cañon of lashing waves. Deeper and deeper. And then, of a sudden, the ocean seems to divide completely, and you behold two apparently huge shimmering walls between which runs a long glittering causeway of sand.

You then watch the approach of the vast host of *Israelites*. Twenty abreast they seem to come, making their way toward safety.

As they vanish from sight, the chariots of *Pharaoh* hurtle into view. The warriors are riding in hot pursuit of their former captives, serene in the conviction that the way that was safe for the others will also be safe for them.

But—at this moment, as from the far horizon on the right, you see a wave advancing toward the top of the separated seas. Steadily it grows in whiteness and power, carrying straight along like a mighty tidal bore. There is a mad rush of waters, a wild turmoil, a collapse of the sides of the strange unbelievable valley between the seas, and then the spectacle of the boiling billows is renewed, until the whole screen is filled with one majestic awesome torrent, in which you glimpse a medley and mêlée of chariots and horses and men.



This diagram explains the different exposures that went into the making of the picture above. Shot 1 shows the gelatinous mixture, explained elsewhere; shots 2 and 3, stretches of the sea on either side; shot 4, a stretch of sea in the background, probably combined with shot 5, showing the sky. All these were taken on one film. Shot 6, the marching hosts, was taken on a separate film, and combined with the others by the double printing method.

To designate such a magnificent spectacular effect as merely a trick is a rank injustice, in my opinion, to the craft and skill and patience that is required for its success. At the same time, it would be folly to assume that any one would believe that the extraordinary illusion was obtained by other than highly perfected technical means. Nobody is likely to believe that Mr. De Mille followed the Mosaic tradition and commanded an ocean to split itself in two. Nor will any one doubt that the actual result was an extremely difficult one. Effects that on so large a scale surpass human experience require first of all imagination, and then to back that up not only all the resources of the camera's magic, but also mechanical preparations by the score, hours of calculation, and infinite care in getting all the photographic elements to jibe.

In some of the scenes, for instance, that disclose the destruction of *Pharaoh's* troops, Mr. De Mille told me, no less than eighteen exposures of the film were required. That is, eighteen different series of pictures had to be taken on the identical strip of celluloid. They had to be timed and photographed so that each should seem to be an integral part of one and the same general film.

Two major problems were presented: First, the visualizing of the two standing walls of water, between which marched the *Israelites* and *Pharaoh's* troops, and second the opening and closing of the sea, with the final inundation right over the heads of the pursuing army.

From what I have said about the number of exposures required on the film, you may be able to hazard a guess at how one or the other of the mystifying developments was accomplished. You may conclude right at the start that the march of the *Israelites* and the catastrophe of their pursuers were not photographed at the same time as the walls of water. Except for the close-ups wherein *Pharaoh* and some of his followers were indeed drenched, this deduction is perfectly correct. If it were otherwise there would probably have been a shortage of extras in Hollywood as a result of the making of the scene that could not have been filled for many a day.

The method by which the two standing walls of sea were created is something of a studio secret. However, I think that I can come near to explaining the process. In a way, it was the most perplexing phase of the general problem, and one that Mr. De Mille himself admits made him scratch his head. He told me how he went down to the ocean and looked it over beforehand, and made up his mind that somehow he would have to manage an adequate visualization if he had to pump out all the water in the Pacific.

"There was, of course, a chance for turning the camera sidewise and photographing one wall that way, and then shifting it over to the other side and photographing another wall," he said. "In the finished picture the sea would then have appeared to be standing up on end. But I was afraid it wouldn't, strangely enough, look like the real thing. Either it would be too disturbed or too quiet, and furthermore the perspective might have been so distorted that the whole result would have been disillusioning to the audience."

Eventually, a miniature was devised, showing two shimmering walls, and a gleaming surface of wavy appearance beyond. That this was made out of some translucent gelatinous substance, I have no doubt, because on the screen you can behold through it flickers that resemble the glint of sunlight filtering down into a bay or lake. Over the edges of the trembling, quivering walls that seem remarkably like what you might anticipate of truly divided seas, were allowed to trickle streams of water to heighten the reality.

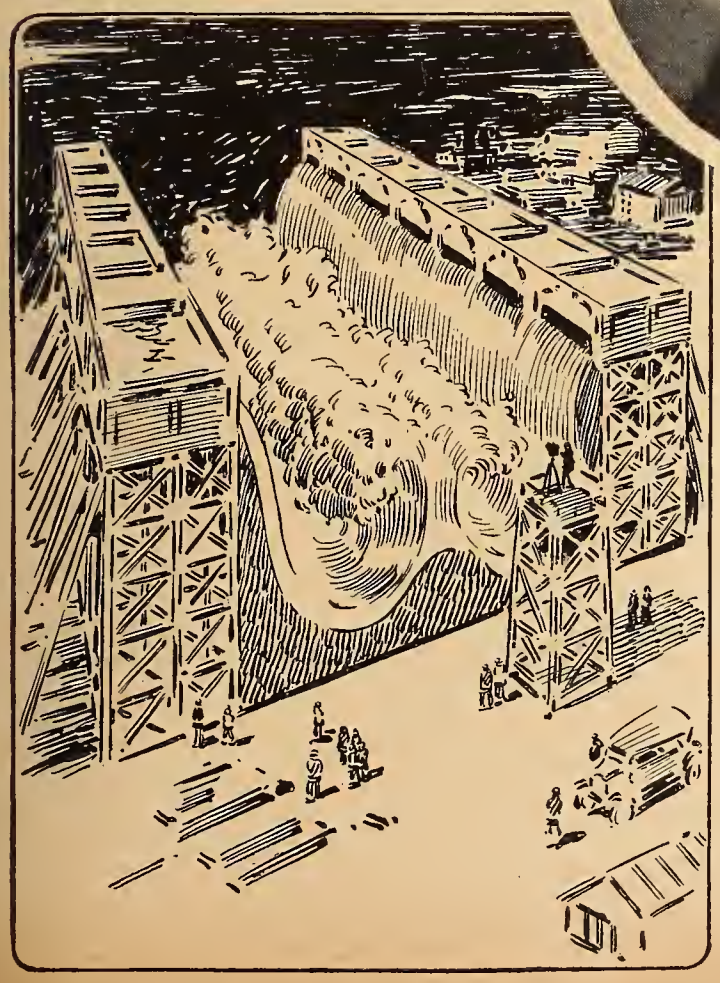
By being photographed close-up this miniature was made to appear many times enlarged. A high-speed camera was used, so that, following the slow-motion recipe, all the action in the picture, both that of the water and the wavering walls themselves, might seem to be both imposing and natural.



The miniature of gelatinous material which, photographed in close-up, gave the foundation for the effect of the opened walls of water, and to which was added by other exposure, the waves and sky above.



Roy J. Pomeroy, De Mille's technical expert, to whom is credited much of the success of the undertaking.



The huge tanks and runway down which the water was poured for the shots showing the closing in of the waters, and for the shots which, when run backward, showed the parting of the waves when the sea opened.

The march of the *Israelites* and the chase of *Pharoah's* troops was taken on the desertlike location where the other outdoor scenes of the biblical sequences were made. The men and women who composed the throng were filmed from a camera platform at a height of sixty feet, also at a fairly long range, so that they might match the scope and dimensions of the seas between which, as from a distance, they were supposed to pass.

To your vision, of course, they appear life-size, just as the miniature will look like part of a gigantic ocean. The progress of the crowds was so timed and spaced and regulated that subsequently when the celluloid on which they were photographed and that on which the miniature was taken were brought together by the double printing method there was not a false move made. That is, nobody seemed to wander through a watery wall into an equally watery grave.

There were several other phases, naturally, to this single operation. For one thing the top of the sea had to look agitatedly real. Therefore the upper portion of each tiny separate photograph on the strips of film was reserved for a subsequent picture of two turbulent stretches of ocean to fill each part of the foreground. Similarly, another stretch of slightly less turbulent sea was secured as a background, and also a vista of sky. Thus, in this particular piece of film there were possibly six or eight exposures (not counting those secured by double printing the mob of people walking

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THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

What Films Deserve this Honor?

A valuable casket always raises the question, what is best worth putting inside it? Alexander the Great, in a classic instance, answered: "The Iliad most deserves such a case." The test was, seemingly, *has it "epic" quality?* A test that is as good as ever, even for so modern a product as a motion picture.

We observe this apropos of a news item which relates that a special vault is to be constructed in the White House for preserving films of historic value.

By the test of "epic" quality, the films taken by the photographers of the United States Signal Corps portraying the American Expeditionary Force's campaign in France certainly deserve such a casket, and along with them the Navy's motion-picture records of our part in the World War at sea. Nor should we overlook a few news films, such as the burial of the Unknown Soldier. Certain feature pictures as well, even though they are of frankly commercial origin, might be included.

"The Covered Wagon," for example, is a real epic of pioneer days in the West. The films that Yale University is making of early day American historical subjects, as a celluloid supplement to the fifty-volume "Chronicles of America" books, also should establish a rightful claim to be preserved. Bits of the New Bedford whaling film, "Down to the Sea in Ships," belong in such a collection, too. Another feature we would vote to include (filing it under "Alaska") is one that originally was designed to exploit the wares of a fur dealer, but which proved to be a genuine little epic of Esquimau life, "Nanook of the North." A part of Charles Ray's new picture, "The Courtship of Miles Standish" is well worth saving, and some portions of the footage of "Little Old New York," in particular the sets designed by Joseph Urban to show how the young metropolis looked a hundred years ago, and the photographs of the maiden voyage of the *Clermont*.

It is heartening to observe that the movies now are turning from so much frenzied production of life on the White Way in the jazz age and are showing a few scenes of real interest and educational value.

A Lot of Bulls

Two gigantic productions which may prove to deserve this honor are now being made. They deal with frontier life on the Western plains and chief among the actors are a herd of a quarter of a million head of cattle in one picture and eight thousand wild buffalo bulls in the other. One picture is "Sundown" and is being made by First National and the other is "The Last Frontier," which is being produced by Thomas H. Ince.

Now if sheer force of numbers means anything, these pictures will be several times as impressive as "The Covered Wagon." There were, as you may recall, a mere matter of five hundred bulls used in that film.

Statistics about the number of tons of nails used in erecting a set, the number of yards of material used to clothe the extras, or the number of animals forming the herd in the background have not interested The Observer particularly in the past. But he hopes that this time merit will be increased with tonnage. He would like to see scenes several times as impressive as those of the stampede in "The Covered Wagon."

Improbabilities always intrigue him.

Food for Pessimists

The course of true art never runs smooth, as one exhibitor, at least, has found out. The exhibitor in question manages one of the largest motion-picture theaters in the Middle West and caters to a high-class patronage. He booked "Merry Go Round," expecting it to make a great hit. He had enjoyed it himself, the New York and Los Angeles and trade-paper critics had raved over it, and in other cities it had played to crowded houses. But the poor exhibitor was destined to get an awful shock. Some hitherto undiscovered vein of provincialism was forced to the surface by the uncompromising realism of this picture and instead of plaudits the exhibitor got complaints. Forty-eight people who objected to the picture gave as their reason the brutality of the merry-go-round owner to his wife. The rest seemed against it was "Too foreign" or "Too different."

He is now definitely pledged to a policy of pattern pictures in which all—or almost all—is sweetness and light. And likely as not, people will kick against that program because it lacks variety.

Preferences of the Public

The Inspiration Company appealed to the public recently to help them in choosing the stories for screen vehicles for Richard Barthelmess and Lillian and Dorothy Gish. The first returns showed Gene Stratton Porter and Mary J. Holmes to be the favorite authors of the people who answered the Inspiration Company's appeal. Sir Walter Scott came in third, with Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton a close contender for the honor. Then came Alexander Dumas, E. D. E. N. Southworth, Ethel M. Dell, Shakespeare and Zane Grey. William Makepeace Thackeray, George Barr McCutcheon and George Eliot tied for tenth place.

As though that weren't enough to stagger the admirers of Conrad, Dreiser, Hergesheimer, and others unmentioned in the list, the Inspiration Company appends a list of the particular stories asked for that their correspondents would like to see filmed.

They are: "Tempest and Sunshine," by Mary J. Holmes, "The White Flag," by Gene Stratton Porter, "Ishmael," by E. D. E. N. Southworth, "Hamlet," by William Shakespeare, "Infelice," by Augusta Evans Wilson.

The Observer does not believe that this is really any sort of index to public taste. Do you?



Photo by Richard Burke

When the noon rush of customers has gone, one often finds Gloria Swanson chatting with Sylvia Ashton up in her tea room. On this occasion Alexandre Buncluk, a cellist, was with them.

Over the Teacups

Fanny the Fan recounts the latest happenings in motion-picture circles and indulges in a few reminiscences and prophecies

By The Bystander

SYLVIA ASHTON'S left the movies and opened a tea room!" Fanny announced to me excitedly as she shoved me into a taxi and told the driver to go up toward Central Park. "You must go there; simply every one does."

And as we skidded and jerked up Fifth Avenue, Fanny told me the story.

"You know, she has been in movies for thirteen years and never been particularly happy in the work. She has had big parts, but they have all been pretty much alike—wandering boys coming home to weep on her shoulder and all that kind of stuff. Lately the work has been terribly hard on her and the results awfully disheartening. She was in 'Souls for Sale,' you know. Worked for weeks out on the desert, freezing at night and roasting by day. In that one picture she fell off a camel, got burned in the circus tent fire, caught cold out on location—and then when the picture was shown you could hardly find her, so much had been cut out. Then she made another picture, and when it began to look as though the same thing was going to happen over again, she decided that she was through with movies.

"She came to New York and was talking everything over with Gloria Swanson one day when she remarked that she had always wanted to run a tea room. 'Why don't you, then?' asked Gloria in that calm way of hers. So Mrs. Ashton started making plans for it. Gloria advised her and encouraged her every step of the way and whenever Mrs. Ashton got discouraged she would remind her of the hundreds of people she had entertained at dinner in her home in Hollywood. 'It oughtn't to be hard for you at all,' Gloria kept telling her. 'You're such a gracious hostess and a wonderful cook!'

"Gloria named it 'The Golden Rod' and——" Fanny broke off abruptly as the taxi lurched around and stopped in front of the Gainsborough studio building. "Here we are," she announced in the grand manner of a discoverer presenting a new continent.

We were lucky enough to find a table in one corner and after we had been there just a few minutes "Mother" Ashton came over to speak to us. She wears a white headdress that makes every one nickname her "The White Sister."

"You should have been here the night it opened," Fanny assured me enthusiastically. "Simply every one of importance in New York was here, and lots of Mother Ashton's friends out in Hollywood sent her flowers. She was so excited over it all and so touched by her friends' kindness that I was afraid that she might burst into tears. Wouldn't it have been funny if she had broken down and cried on Tom Moore's shoulder? After all the pictures where he has cried on hers."

"Not very funny," I insisted.

"Tom Gallery brought a party of us up here. There was ZaSu, of course, and May McAvoy and her mother. May couldn't eat hardly anything because she is on a diet of baked potatoes and chicken, so she gave Tom her sweet potatoes and I drew her salad and——"

"What is May on a diet for? She certainly isn't



Little Edith Roberts has fully recovered from her illness and is playing the leading rôle opposite Tom Moore in "Big Brother."

too fat; too thin if anything," I interrupted, hoping to lead Fanny gently away from the subject of food.

"Well, I don't know. As nearly as I can find out there is nothing in particular the matter with her or ZaSu, but when they were living up at the Hotel des Artistes they met an awfully handsome doctor."

"Aren't they still living there?"

"Oh, no, they haven't been for ages. And that reminds me, the night we were all here May and ZaSu felt just terrible because they hadn't sent Mother Ashton any flowers. May thought ZaSu was going to attend to it, and ZaSu thought Tom was and the result was they never got sent. 'I should have attended to it myself,' May said. 'That's the only way to get things done properly.' 'Oh, yes, it is,' ZaSu cut in. 'You attended to having your trunks sent down from the hotel yourself and how long did it take you to get them?' May just laughed and wouldn't answer, but her mother told me that May must have got the slowest expressman in New York, because it took him five hours to drive from the Hotel des Artistes to the Algonquin—about twenty-five blocks.

"Of course, you've heard the rumor that May and Glenn Hunter are engaged?" Fanny rattled on complacently. "I hope it is true. They are both simply darling. They fell in love with each other while they were making 'West of the Water Tower.' Now May has decided not to go back to Hollywood at all but to stay here in New York. She is going to play opposite Richard Barthelmess in 'The Enchanted Cottage' and then she may make some other pictures for Inspiration. Poor Glenn has to go out to Chicago to play *Merton* on the stage so he won't be making any more pictures for a while. And that reminds me that Buster Keaton is trying to buy the screen rights to 'Merton.'"

"I thought I saw him around town the other day," I weakly suggested.

"You probably did," Fanny overruled my interruption with her air of importance. "He was here for a few days. Norma's husband, and Constance and her mother are still here. Norma couldn't come because she is working on 'Secrets,' and Natalie couldn't come because of a family secret and——

"Oh, isn't that lovely?" I cut in. "I hope it is a girl this time."

Fanny meanwhile had summoned the waiter.

"Would you mind asking Mrs. Ashton," she asked him gravely, "to send me a telegram every time she bakes a chocolate cake like this? I'll break any engagement to come. And you might ask her to send Dorothy Gish a telegram too. I've been promising to make her a cake for weeks but this will do much better."

"Hasn't Dorothy gone yet?" I asked, surprised.

"No, nor Lillian either. Every time they get all ready to sail, something happens to make them stay at home. Some exhibitors thought 'The White Sister' was too long and as Lillian always cuts



Fanny wonders how many fans remember the dance that Ramon Novarro and Derelys Perdue did in Mack Sennett's "A Small Town Idol."

Photo by Paul Grenbeaux

her pictures herself, she postponed sailing in order to cut it. I told her that if she dared to cut one single foot out of that scene where she gets out of bed and sees the painting of her lover, I'd rise up in the theater and denounce her. Fortunately, I had Dorothy on my side. She found that Lillian had cut the scene a little and simply made her put it all back.

"You know Dick Barthelmess may go abroad to make a picture the first of the year. It just seems as though every one is going. Rex Ingram and Alice Terry are in Arabia somewhere, you know, making 'The Arab.' Edwin Carewe has gone to Biskra to make 'A Son of the Desert,' with Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor. Claire hasn't gone yet, of course. She has to finish 'Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model' first. And Betty Blythe no more than got home when she signed a contract to go right back to England and make a Rex Beach picture for Goldwyn."

"A Rex Beach picture in England?" I expostulated. "It seems too refined. I thought his stories always happened in Panama, or Alaska, or out where men are men."

"Well, you were wrong then. He can write about gilded sin and high society as well as the next man. Remember 'The Auction Block?' But speaking of Betty, it really is a pity for her to go back abroad before she even has time to show off her new clothes to her friends. She had on a lovely little toque the other day when I saw her. It was awfully tight and came way over one eye. She got it at Lucile's in Paris. She says that they are making all the hats over there of old scraps of tapestry and Chinese embroidery. Some of them are so old the material nearly falls apart. 'Just look at this closely,' Betty demanded as she bent over to show me her hat. 'It looks as though some one had chewed it.'

"Betty got the most awful surprise when she came back from abroad. She had rented her apartment furnished when she went away and when she came back a lot of her Oriental rugs and things had been removed. I was all in favor of having the culprit hung, but Betty didn't even have the girl arrested. She is too good hearted."

"If that is the case, let's organize a party and go up to her house and make away with some of her Paris hats."

"Betty Compson is back, too," Fanny announced, "and she says that she isn't engaged to marry Sir Charles Higham, or any one else for that matter. She was here only a few days because she had to rush out to Hollywood and start making a picture for Paramount. I saw her at a rehearsal of the 'Ziegfeld Follies.' I wish she would play a chorus girl in a picture some time. Of course, her version of the little butterfly with the heart of gold would be much too intelligent, even as



Photo by Nikolas Muray

Madge Kennedy has finished filming "Three Miles Out" and is proving to New York theatergoers that she is just as delightful in musical comedy as she is in stage or film farce.



Photo by Abbe

Just before Lillian and Dorothy Gish left for Italy where they are going to film "Romola," they learned that Richard Barthelmess might also make a picture abroad this year.

Mae Murray's is much too ridiculous, but between the two, fans might be able to gather an average that would be something like life. I hate to have people going through life thinking that all chorus girls look like Mae Murray and have a chronic case of the shimmy. They ought to remember Jacqueline Logan and Dorothy Mackaill and simply loads of other girls who came out of the chorus."

"Yes," I admitted, "but the ones you see portrayed on the screen are the ones that haven't sense enough to get out of the chorus."

"Did you hear," Fanny asked a moment later, "that George Arliss was going to be knighted? It will be so nice to have a member of the nobility in movies playing something beside extras. I've nearly gone cross-eyed trying to find some of the Hollywood lords and dukes in mob scenes.



"But what is much more important, George Arliss has set the fashion in women's hats for the winter. You know the toque he wears in 'The Green Goddess.' Well, a big hat company here has copied it and put 'The Green Goddess' toques on the market and now no wardrobe is complete without one.

"Funny what an influence pictures have on one's life, isn't it?" Fanny babbled on. "Ever since I went to see 'The Eternal Three' I have wanted to go to Mexico. One day just before Dorothy Mackaill went West we were sitting in the Algonquin talking about how we would love to go there, when who should come by but Warner Oland and his wife. 'We're leaving for Mexico in a few days,' he told us. 'You must come down and see us.' Of course, he meant Dorothy, but I beamed at him just as though I believed he intended to ask me too. His ranch down there is right on the coast and there is a nice hard, white beach that stretches for miles. He is the only motion-picture actor beside E. K. Lincoln who really belongs to the leisure class. He made 'East Is West' and one or two other pictures and then went to his farm in Massachusetts for the early summer. Then he played the heavy in 'His Children's Children' and now he is headed for a beautiful winter in Mexico.

"Lots of film actors belong to the leisure class, but they spend their vacations in hall bedrooms," I observed, but Fanny has no interest in that unglamorous side of life.

"I feel like raising a flag or organizing a parade or something like that," Fanny gushed, "because Pauline Frederick and Sessue Hayakawa are coming back to the screen. Sessue Hayakawa and his wife are going to England to make pictures for the Stoll company, so it will probably be ages before we see them. And Pauline Frederick's first appearance doesn't sound *too* promising. She is going to appear with Lou Tellegen in 'Let No Man

Glenn Hunter didn't find it at all hard to play the love scenes in "West of the Water Tower" with May McAvoy. In fact, it is said that they really fell in love with each other and became engaged during the making of the picture.

Put Asunder' for Vitagraph. But Pauline in any awful film is better than no Pauline at all.

"And I hear Irene Castle is coming back, too. I always love to see her pictures. She is so beautifully thin that I don't eat for a week after seeing her."

"Fanny, you never went without eating for a week," I remonstrated, "and you even have a bad influence on your friends. Ever since Nita Naldi lost pounds and pounds by eating only pineapple and lamb chops, I've been trying to do it. And then you keep leading me to places you and ZaSu Pitts have discovered where they have more than fifty-seven varieties of *hors-d'œuvres.*"

"Never mind," Fanny assured me. "ZaSu and Tom are going back to Hollywood this week and I am going to Boston to study history."

"History?" I exclaimed weakly.

"Yes; Mr. Griffith is taking one hundred and fifty actors up there to make the Lexington Common and Battle of Bunker Hill scenes for his big historical pictures. And I am going up to watch them. It is so much more exciting than to read history."

"The only history you are interested in," I announced, "is who played in what picture and was it any good."

"And that reminds me," Fanny chimed in, "I wonder how many people remember that it was Ramon Novarro and Derelys Perdue who did that dance in Mack Sennett's 'A Small-Town Idol.' Ramon told me that they always used to send for him when they wanted wild dancing in a cabaret scene. Seems to me we don't see as many of those weird cabaret scenes as we used to."

"Are you forgetting 'The Cheat?'" I asked her, and evidently she was because she didn't deign to reply.

"Larry Semon is in town, if that interests you," she announced with a preoccupied air. "He is engaging people for the cast of 'The Girl in the Limousine.' If I am not mistaken—and I probably am mistaken—Doris Kenyon played the leading part in that on the stage. But she won't play it on the screen; I am sure of that.



Photo by Nikolas Muray

Betty Compson has come back from abroad and after only a few days in New York has gone to Hollywood to make pictures for Paramount.

She simply won't go to Hollywood to make pictures. Her interests are all here in New York. And besides, she is going to open in a stage play some time late this fall.

"I should think that would be much more interesting than just making pictures all the time. Look at Madge Kennedy. She had just barely finished filming 'Three Miles Out' when she started rehearsing 'Poppy.' She had never played musical comedy before, and lots of people thought that she would be too prim, but Madge was undaunted. And she made a big hit. The show will probably run all winter.

"And Tom Moore is going on the speaking stage

this winter. Just as soon as he finishes 'Big Brother,' in fact. Edith Roberts is playing opposite him in that, you know. She is quite recovered from her illness and looks lovely again."

Fanny kept squirming around in her chair and staring toward the back room.

"I'm just trying to see if Gloria is there," she explained. "She always sits at that table just beyond the jog in the wall so that people can't see her. She hates to be stared at. But I think she really ought to parade around and let people see her if she has on the lovely emerald satin dress she was wearing the other day up here. Her almost yellow skin against the dark green was simply stunning. She is awfully thin now, you know. Her wrists look as though they would snap in two. The poor girl has had so many terrible things happen to her that I don't see how she stands them at all. She says that she is just sort of numb from it all. Her husband tried to take her baby away from her when he divorced her, you know. He claimed that she deserted him—but he certainly never could say that Gloria ever deserted the baby. She is simply devoted to her. Then just as Gloria was finishing 'Zaza' she had to be rushed off to the hospital for an operation, and just because she wouldn't let a whole lot of newspaper reporters come into her room at the hospital and photograph her, some of the cheap yellow papers wrote misleading, sensational headlines about her. They didn't say anything that Gloria could sue them for, but they implied a lot.

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Continued on page 106

Homespun

An intimate sketch of one of the screen's most talented genre types—ZaSu Pitts.

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As for technique, ZaSu Pitts is a natural pantomimist. Her expression of feeling is inherent, rather than acquired. If she has a scene demanding tears, she cries, simply and effectively. I do not think she calculates the meaning of each gesture. I am sure that she gives no thought to how she will look on the screen, crying. She simply cries, and, in all likelihood, the audience cries with her.

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"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" brought the earnest worker her reward in the shape of a variety of interesting offers. Very wisely she chose to serve in the Lasky stock company.

Then ZaSu heard the voice of the tempter—a honeyed voice that sang to the tune of a thousand a week. She was to be metamorphosed into a great character star, an emotional whirlwind in a gale of superb stories. It was wonderful. More money than ZaSu had ever dreamed of. Money that she could use to such good advantage, helping her folks, and tasting at least a few crumbs of luxury. It was too alluring. She became a "star."

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That, I think, is the most dissipated thing ZaSu has ever done.

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The Heart of a Comedy Girl

Louise Fazenda, who has gradually risen from the ranks of slapstick to real dramatic parts, is a very genuine personality, whom you will appreciate the better for knowing through this sympathetic and revealing pen portrait.

By Myrtle Gebhart

THE recent announcement that Louise Fazenda had been signed by Warner Brothers to play dressed-up dramatic rôles, that she was deserting her slapstick characterization, caused the wise ones to snicker, "Another funster gone wrong! Why can't these people stick to what they know?"

The scoffers don't know the heart story of Louise Fazenda, the longing that she has so long repressed.

"People laugh at my antics, but they laugh *at* me, not *with* me," her voice, usually so bantering gay, grows serious when on rare occasions she lets me see into her heart. "It hurts, sometimes, to have people love the silky stars so. They smile at me, forget me—and give their admiration, their respect, their love, so freely to the pretty girls. Can't I have a tiny bit of that?" The crooked little smile showed that Louise was, as usual, making fun of herself, but beneath its mask I saw what she meant.

"It hurts, not only me, but the character I was playing. Laugh if you want to, but I tell you that funny, idiotic slavey character in those comedies was real to me." Her fine eyes clouded with memory. "A great deal about her was reminiscent of my own childhood. Gawky, so eager to please but never doing the right thing, always dressed wrong—my grandmother used to make my clothes and, poor soul, she was just over from the old country and didn't know exactly how to do things according to American ways. I didn't know what it was all about either, but I sensed vaguely that I was all wrong at school, when the other kids used to guy me.

"Those funny little hats, those white stockings falling down over the buttoned shoes, those tight-waisted dresses with the sagging petticoats—they played too strong a part in my own life not to carry a memory of pathos, for me at least, but I suppose to the average girl, who has so much, they are just something idiotic to laugh at. I tell you there's a lot of agony beneath the gawky girl's forced smile and that's what I tried to put into that comic character, the pathos of not being understood, of being a misfit. But the public didn't see the heart, only the humor, and so they laughed—and it hurt."

Louise hasn't realized that her hard work in comedy *has* been appreciated; that it stands for something distinctly worth while. Can you blame her for feeling a wee pique at the admiration showered upon some beautiful, but dumb, creature who can't stack up beside her in ability or character?

The other day she rushed in breathlessly, gathering me up in her strong arms and swinging me high off the floor in an exuberance of joy.

"I'm to be starred—a water nymph with the seals—the Warners are loaning me to Ince to star in a comedy drama about a poor cuckoo vaudeville queen, a good gal in spite of her brazen shell—she's a combination of *Mabel* in 'The Gold Diggers,' *Dulcy* and Louise Fazenda. She's a *peach!*"

When the swirl of gray skirts had subsided, it developed that the story, by Frank Adams, concerns a most individual and somewhat hard-boiled but nice-looking young female who gets herself into all sorts of tangles—just the thing, bordering on comedy and drama, for which Louise is ideally suited. With the vaudeville background, the trained-seals act—never before done on the screen—it ought to go over like a whirlwind. I believe it will firmly establish her in the new type of character to which she is feeling her way.

"*Mabel* was an experiment. I know I'm no Venus, nor a Bernhardt, but I do so want to win a little admiration. *Mabel* was a comedy rôle, but with a heart beneath her brass. Harry Beaumont, the director, said, 'Louise, I want you to do a bit of comedy in a tragic moment.' It's at the end of the picture. *Mabel's* life is wrecked, she is crying—and she wipes her eyes on her little fluffy dog's ear. I put my heart into that as I never have before and, if people *laugh,*" her gray-green eyes shadowed with foreboding, "I'll just quit."

Louise has wisely chosen a middle ground. Now that she has shaken off the garb of the feminine clown, she is not going to the opposite extreme, as so many comedy girls have done—with the exception of Gloria Swanson and Marie Prevost—thereby smothering themselves forever in stereotyped silken drama. She intends to maintain an individual note, in rôles of a certain light comedy drama mingling, playing them in a most unique, slightly brash key.

Though when dressed up and her hair curled, she is a most personable young woman, people until lately simply would not think of Louise except as a buffoon. At parties she has always been the one to make the fudge—and clean up the dishes—to keep the fun going, but has received little individual attention. "Imagine making love to a slapstick comedienne!" The idea was grotesque.

But recently there has been a change in attitude toward her out here; she is regarded with new respect, tinctured with amazement. When she used to appear on the lot in her funny slapstick make-up, the pretty girls played all sorts of jokes on her, put sand in her hats and clothes, practiced innumerable little cruelties which, though she took them good naturedly, left scars of hurt.

"Everybody liked me in a way," she said sagely, "because they needn't envy or fear me, I could never rival them. But now that I'm donning the glad rags they're beginning to look at me as if I might have possibilities. I'm getting a great kick out of it."

She is terribly worried because she has to wear tights as the seal-training lady. I'll bet she sneaks a suit of flannel underwear beneath 'em, to ease her conscience, anyway!

It is Louise's habit, when we both have a free day, to carry me off to the beach, making a great fuss over me, babying me. One day recently she bundled me and seventeen dozen packages down there and, having settled me under a huge umbrella, gathered up bits of driftwood and rocks, made a fire and broiled our steaks.

"I love to do things like this," she insisted over my weak protest that I should help. "I should have married some nice husky farmer lad and had sixteen children, and," she threatened darkly, "I may yet."

People who meet Louise casually may get an impression of negativeness. It isn't poise or pose—it is simply that she doesn't "open up" and talk freely unless she feels a kindred spirit. Very decided in her opinions, she either likes you—and if so will go to any amount of trouble to please you and find happiness in the doing—

Continued on page 102



Photo by Hoover

LOUISE FAZENDA



EVER since she saw the great musical-comedy success "Irene," Hope Hampton has wanted to play the Alice-blue-gowned heroine on the screen. At last she has secured the screen rights and will play "Irene" in the spring for Warner Brothers.

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

HOWEVER false a picture she is in may be, Bessie Love always brings to it a note of sincerity. Now as a reward for this good work she is to play Booth Tarkington's "Gentle Julia" for Universal.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

MABEL NORMAND'S friends expect a great deal of her in "The Extra Girl," because Mabel herself was so enthusiastic over the part during the filming of the picture.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

EDWIN CAREWE wanted the most beautiful blond girl in pictures to play the heroine in "A Son of the Desert," so he induced Goldwyn to lend Claire Windsor to his company.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

AFTER many postponements and delays Theda Bara has at last definitely decided to return to the screen. Her first appearance will be in "Restless Wives" for C. C. Burr.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

BEATRICE JOY is always happiest when working in Cecil De Mille productions, for it is in them that she has done her best work. She plays the leading rôle in "The Ten Commandments."



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT, the distinguished Continental actor who plays opposite Norma Talmadge in "Dust of Desire," has made some interesting observations about screen love-making. Don Ryan recounts them on the following pages.

The New Technique of Love

Demonstrated on the set by Joseph Schildkraut and by him elucidated during luncheon hour.

By Don Ryan

Drawings by K. R. Chamberlain

THAT which romantic novelists call love has gone under many parti-colored canopies of deceit since first the Syro-Phœnicians erected altars to Baal-Peor and hung significant ribbons in the groves.

Love has gone upright, naked and unashamed, during a few blessed interludes. Love has gone upon all fours, like the lower order of monkeys, beaten into improbity by the bastinado of intolerance. Love has been compelled to crawl like a serpent, worming its way through chinks and crannies left in the stout walls which various conventions, in various lands, have erected against its irresistible approach.

But the thing called love remains unaltered by mistreatment. A gauzy fabric, half spun of ecstasy and half of pain, intangible but more tenacious than steel, wraps in its folds the bank clerk and the steno who love in 1923, just as it invests the yearning ghosts of Dante and Beatrice — of Abelard and Heloise —of Hero and Leander—of Adam and Eve.

Witness the popularity of Robert W. Chambers and Elinor Glyn; of Rodolph Valentino and —but why continue the list?

Obviously and unavoidably, love shall be the theme of motion pictures. But here love must go carefully—shrewdly picking its way along a thorny path of inhibitions. The censors, my friends!

A kiss in the park is a thing of frequent occurrence, by no means discountenanced. A kiss in a book has been common since Solomon wrote the Song of Songs. A kiss on the stage is a matter of established custom, of long and honorable standing. But a kiss on the screen—my heavens! Shameful! Shocking! Abhorrent to every right-thinking member of the community uplifters.

So the movies are developing their own technique of love—a technique based upon the answer to this question: How the dickens can we convey the necessary thrill to those who pay to receive it and at the same time prevent our pictures from being cut to ribbons by the scissors of Topeka?

Fooling the censors has always been a favorite sport. I was fascinated in Spain by the arabesques with which artists of the renaissance had decorated an ancient palace. Prevented by their Moorish masters from representing the human form—rendered taboo by the Mohammedan religion—nevertheless these old strategists achieved their object.

Human heads peeped from the sheltering petals of conventionalized flowers. Human limbs were grotesquely asprawl among the whorls and flourishes. The decorations oozed humanity. Suggestion had done far more than direct representation could ever have achieved.



"If I'd a-had the gifts that guy's got," remarked the electrician, "my Nellie'd never a-left me."

I was equally fascinated the other day as I watched a new technician of the movies performing a similar feat.

Joseph Schildkraut — an unromantic name to our American ears—is the latest edition of great lovers of the screen. At the United Studios I watched him making love to Norma Talmadge and he was thumbing his straight Grecian nose at the censors all the time.

Son of the Austrian stage, with all the traditions such a descent implies, Schildkraut brings to the task of fooling the American censors a delicacy of shading, a deftness of suggestion, that is destined to flutter many yards of georgette crape.

He is playing *Ramon Valverde*, the French lover of Miss Talmadge, who is cast as an *ouled nial*—an Algerian dancing girl—in Joseph Schenck's latest, called "Dust of Desire." Sheiks—camels—desert passion—you know.

The best tribute to his acting that I can imagine is one bestowed upon Herr Schildkraut by a sweating electrician.

While kleigs blazed to right and left under pendant Oriental draperies; while Willard Mack, he-actor and codirector, looked on in wonder; while Count Mario Carillo gurgled Latin approval from the side lines—I stood on a chair and gazing over their heads I watched the olive-skinned importation making love to Miss Talmadge.

He didn't touch her. But what that young man can do with his eyes!



"I love you with all my heart and soul."

When he had finished, the electrician, trailing an intrusive cable over my foot, paused to wipe his brow with a grimy hand and remark:

"If I'd a-had the gifts that guy's got my Nellie'd never a-left me!"

He made the most of the monosyllable.

"Then you must always be watching out for the shadow. Only now am I beginning to get used to people talking to me while I work. And the waits make screen acting harder. One must keep himself tuned up like a dynamo, ready to switch on the juice at a moment's notice. It's no easy matter."

I took him by the halter and gently led him around to the subject uppermost in my mind. He shied a bit at first, but presently he was snorting amidst the oats.

"Love making—ah! There is love making and—there is love making again. In the pictures it is a matter of suggestion. Otherwise there would be no footage. The scissors would get it all.

"If I made love in American pictures the way I made love on the Continental stage, I might be in jail. Yet Continental love making is the more refined. And," here he laid a finger archly alongside his perfect nose, "you know, my friend, that suggestion, with its powerful appeal to the imagination, is more effective than being literal—any day in the week."

He deposited the remnants of a roast beef sandwich on the floor and brushed the crumbs from his palms.

"In my opinion," he resumed, "Erich von Stroheim is the greatest man in motion pictures. But I find with amazement that to the average well-behaved American citizen, minds such as Von Stroheim's and my own would be considered to be running in the sewer. We deal with realism. But realism is always denounced by those who thrive on fairy stories, who live in a realm where idealism is lauded as the highest virtue.

"Morality, of course, is essentially a relative business. What is right for the Japanese woman is unpardonable sin for the Englishwoman. Continental standards and American standards differ widely. But when it comes to purity of thought—ah! There I am inclined to think the least rigid—so far as outward morality is concerned—are the cleanest at heart.

"If a thing is beautiful—if it is true to life—is it not art? But these are not the standards we must observe in making pictures. Not at all. We ask not,



"We ask not, 'Is this true to life?' but 'How will it go in Pennsylvania?'"

Twenty minutes for luncheon before the lover must return to his task. We munched sandwiches and regaled ourselves with ginger ale while we essayed a conversational excursion into the depths of this matter.

Schildkraut had removed his tunic of horizon blue with its regimental insignia and campaign ribbons. He now reclined in undershirt and breeches, booted and spurred, like an officer in barracks awaiting guard mounting.

I remarked upon the color of the breeches — a beautiful lemon yellow. Red I had seen in the French regiments and likewise pale blue, but never lemon yellow.

"Neither have I," rejoined my vis-à-vis. "I think it is one of the liberties of the motion pictures."

He smiled engagingly. I was tempted to ask him about the differences of stage technique and the technique of the screen. His mobile face reflected the brainstorm my question precipitated.

"How can I tell you?" he exclaimed. "It is so different there is no comparison. Everything that is right on the stage is wrong in the pictures. And vice versa. Timing—spacing—everything is changed.

"On the stage—well, you have the whole stage. Here you have a few feet. The effective medium to convey feeling in pictures is the close-up. But if you overdo this just a shade—ow!"

'Is it beautiful? Is it true to life?' But we ask, 'How will this go in Pennsylvania?"

Schildkraut's allusion to Von Stroheim caused me to ask him about his acquaintance with this unusual figure of the films. It came out that both had been officers in the same Austrian regiment, the Sixth Imperial Dragoons.

"It's queer," he commented. "Von Stroheim comes of a very old family—very artistocratic—very conservative. To them the stage is like the gutter. But here is the son, a great success in a medium his family would scorn."

Shildkraut said that of directors he held Griffith and Lubitsch to be the greatest. He worked with Griffith in "Orphans of the Storm," the only picture in which he has appeared so far. Charlie Chaplin he believes to be the greatest screen actor. And he burst into a flaming period in praise of "A Woman of Paris," which Chaplin wrote and directed.

"Ah! That is taking convention, smashing it to bits and flinging it in the face of the audience!

"I love to shock audiences myself," he added, a twinkle in his brown eyes. "I enjoyed playing in 'Liliom,' not only because it was a great play, but because of the way it stirred up the censors. There was Boston, as an example. The reactions of that puritanical city were most interesting—interesting and—disgusting."

He spat at his feet.

"In 'Liliom' a woman announces that she is going to have a baby. When we played Boston that line brought loud laughter from some students in the balcony. After the act was over we sent them a note: 'Thank you very much for informing us by your laughter that in Boston having a baby is funny.'

"The attitude of the audience in this New England metropolis was that of a child who listens to a story, thinking it is naughty, and giggling obscenely to itself; when in reality the story is not what the child thinks at all.

"As we went West the audiences grew worse—their smug, hypocritical morality more obnoxious. Pittsburgh and St. Louis were the worst places I remember."

Schildkraut frowned.

"I don't wish to wrong them—Heaven knows—but my experience has forced me to the conclusion that the basis of censorship is pure hypocrisy. If the censors were true to their own standards they would have to suppress the Bible."

This former Austrian army officer, this Continental stage actor, this dark-skinned, dark-eyed devotee of realism in art, has married an American girl. She is Elise Bartlett, just as thoroughly American as the dear old-fashioned pear of the same name. She is blond and she plays leads on the legitimate stage. This wife is a fine foil to Schildkraut—a foil and a puzzle to the realist.

"My wife is a hundred-per-cent American girl," he confided. "That describes her.

"'For Heaven's sake,' she begged me, 'play a *sane* play this season! Don't play your crazy plays and antagonize your public. Make them love you. Make them say you're a pleasant young man!'

"But I don't wish them to say I'm a pleasant young man. The American audiences have been very kind to me. I should like to please them. But I can't—what do you say?—deliver the goods I haven't got. Those are not my goods—the pleasant-young-man type of goods. I can't make myself into a charming matinée idol."

The unreasonable young man confessed to an ardent desire to play the lead in "The Devil's Church," a production that strikes a blow at religious hypocrisy. He said that after finishing the picture with Miss Talmadge he may return to New York to play in "The Highwayman," a satire on society, from the Hungarian.

"Such are my humble desires," he concluded. "The desires that seem to my wife like the flying of a sparrow into the face of Providence. But these feelings are within me. I cannot change my conviction of what I wish to do—what I am intended to do."



"The Continental makes love subtly. He invariably begins by kissing her hand."

Delicately I twitched the halter, directing him again to the half-finished oats in the bin. This time I asked him to contrast the Continental lover as he had studied him for stage purposes, with the American lover as he is learning about him for screen purposes, censors considered, of course.

"The American man," he responded, "makes love in one way. There is a recognized formula. All the he-men follow it. Like this. Hands at the sides. A look of determination on the face. Looking the girl right in the eye. Then the line—they all use it: 'I love you with all my heart and soul!'

"That's all. Except—when the rival appears—to hit him on the jaw."

He was silent so long that I urged him to show me the other side of the shield.

"Well," he resumed, "the Continental lover is different. He is, first of all, a gambler. He is skilled in nüances. He makes love subtly. He invariably begins by kissing her hand. Not that this gesture means anything," he interpolated hastily. "I have been accused

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Screen

This season ought long to be remembered for it has brought into prominence



Photo by Evans



LIKE their sisters in society, screen débutantes sometimes go through a trying period of being subdebs. There is Marjorie Bonner, for instance, just at the left, who drifted into movies soon after her sister Priscilla. She played extra for quite some time before she was made Bryant Washburn's leading woman in "Try and Get It." In the lower left-hand corner there is beautiful Norma Shearer, who never would have achieved the leading rôle in "The Wanters" if she hadn't had unusual grit and determination. On her right is Hazel Keener, who won a beauty contest in Iowa, but found to her dismay that that didn't get her anywhere in pictures. She had a hard time getting started, but will step forth as a leading woman with Fred Thompson in "The Mask of Lopez." Only June Marlowe, in the upper left-hand corner, is a real novice; she came right out of a Hollywood high school and into the leading rôle of "When a Man's a Man."



Photo by C. Helghton Monroe



Photo by Witzel

Débutantes

the many beautiful and interesting newcomers on the screen.



LOLA TODD, at the right, went into Universal pictures to take the burden of family support from her mother, who had been working in the Universal accounting department for fifteen years. Her first appearance will be in "The Ghost City." On her right is Trilby Clark, who came to Fox films from the musical-comedy stage in Australia. "Hoodman Blind" marks her first appearance as a featured player. Below, in Oriental costume, is Olive Borden, who came from a convent in Baltimore, and who has been disporting herself in Jack White comedies of late. In the lower right-hand corner is perhaps the most interesting newcomer of all, little Gloria Grey, who was at one time in the Gus Edwards révue from which Lila Lee came. She jumped from extra parts to the leading rôle of Finis Fox's last picture "Bag and Baggage." And she made such a hit in that that she has been promised the rôle of *Cosette* in "Les Miserables." In only one respect are these girls alike. They are all about 18 years old.



Photo by Melhourne Spurr



Photo by George Haltry



Photo by Melbourne Spurr



The dramatic breath of "Beau Brummel" may be asthmatic, but John Barrymore will be sure to make this famous figure vivid and magnetic.

Beau Barry

The inscrutable John's first big ises to be a dashing

By Peter

ONE of the worst things about Hollywood"—the girl from the East was speaking—"is that you have nothing to look forward to in the theater. John Barrymore *never* plays here. Why in New York we just sort of tolerate everybody else. You keep on going to the theater because there is no dancing in the restaurants during theater time. But a girl doesn't dig down in her own pocketbook until John Barrymore comes to town. Then she goes alone because seeing John Barrymore with any one else would be like taking a friend along to a rendezvous with one's sweetheart. Why I saw 'Richard III' three times and 'Hamlet' five, and I simply loathe Shakespeare."

Her listeners murmured politely and catalogued her as merely queer, not far removed from the girls who write J Warren Kerrigan mash notes and use the same sort of face clay Rodolph Valentino advertises.

And then John Barrymore and the romantic age came to Hollywood!

Simultaneously, there came a rush of sentiment to the ordinarily cool and calculating young heads of some of the screen's most attractive leading women One of them admitted that she used to think of all sorts of excuses for stealing over on the set where he was working. Another carried a little notebook around with her in which she penned verses which she admitted in her saner moments "were simply maudlin." Another found out what sort of make-up powder he used, bought a box for herself and kept it hidden in a drawer of her dressing table so that no friend without proper reverence could use any of it.

Ridiculous, isn't it?

But *is* it?

Remember, John Barrymore probably knows little of this, and if he does, at least he does nothing to encourage it. He is no studio *Romeo* who kisses the hands of the studio's feminine contingent each morning on arriving. He comes shambling in, in a somewhat rumpled suit and if it weren't for his very intent, piercing eyes, he would seem quite detached from the scene around him.

Perhaps it is because he is appearing in a highly romantic picture that he is surrounded with such romantic glamour. Or perhaps it is just because he is a Barrymore. After all, the stage has only three Barrymores, and to many people John is the most interesting of them. Or perhaps the girl from the East was right in her explanation of the John Barrymore furore.

"Girls don't admire Mr. Barrymore the way they do some sleek, handsome hero on the stage," she said. "He enthralls them because he represents an unknown quantity. He epitomizes the poetry they are always looking for in the men they know and which they seldom find. They respect him the more for looking down on them. He is as interesting and as elusive as a handful of mercury."

If "Beau Brummel" causes half the sensation in the theaters that it already has in the studio, its makers—the ambitious Warner Brothers—will grow rich. And

more

costume picture prom-adventure

White

if they do they ought to donate a memorial monument to Hollywood to be erected in honor of the broken hearts of the girls who didn't get in the picture. Mary Astor and Carmel Myers were the lucky ones who won over a field of dozens of eager contestants.

The play was popular in the day of plush albums, high hats and trailing, billowy skirts. It offers the younger Barrymore his first full-fledged costume rôle—if we except "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—and we can be sure that he will make the *Beau* magnetic, dashing, and debonair.

Not to know Barrymore in this will be hardly to know him at all, for none of his other pictures has disclosed his magnetic profile with such distinguished grace. None of them has presented him in such flower-embowered and brocaded settings or allowed him such latitude in romantic love making. It should prove enchanting to feminine hearts. But there is more than mere prettiness and charm to the character he is portraying. No other rôle has offered him an opportunity to unveil in such defiant relief the sardonic whimsy of his mind, for here is a hero who affects a cynical disdain at moments for those who are his equals, and even those who might be his friends. Veritably the *Beau* of Barrymore will be a beau indeed; not a mere fashion plate of the nineteenth century but a man of virility and fire, one moment a devil, harsh and cynical, the next an entirely charming knight errant of love and liaisons.



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

John Barrymore's appearances in motion pictures are still enthrallingly rare, but even if he made pictures with clocklike regularity it is doubtful if his popularity would be greatly diminished.

"He is such an unequivocal egg," remarked Barrymore to me in speaking of the rôle. "A tremendous satisfaction to play.

"It is the noble birds that are the hard ones," he shot out for contrast. "You have to pretend you believe in them while you're on the set and you want to spit at them as soon as you get off."

Despite the often-expressed opinion that he has to be handled with gloves, Barrymore, to my observation, is one of the most tractable and patient of film actors. He may be different on the stage. In several episodes that I witnessed there was trouble with one or the other of the minor principals that required repeated retakes, but he never demonstrated the least distraction or irritation during this ordeal. He is intent on his work, and anything that is a part of that work, whether it concerns the difficulties of some one else or himself, receives all of his good will and concentration.

Off the set he is likely to make humorous passes, both Rabelaisian and light. He may go as far as gently but firmly to kid his director for spending too much time keeping him waiting to go on with a scene. More likely, though, he will pass running comments on a string of characters in plays of all languages and literatures, which are to him like real people instead of fictional, as when he sketched for me the unsuitability of "Cyrano de Bergerac" for the American stage, because it is so counfoundedly and preposterously French. Or again he may recount some joke from "behind the scenes," or pass some quip, say, to

the effect that Props, the dog, would have stolen a scene even from Edwin Booth.

Whenever the exigencies of his work allowed, for he had to make "Beau Brummel" in rapid time, Barrymore's favorite diversion was to take a run over to the Pickford-Fairbanks studio, where his sister, Ethel, by the way, was also a frequent visitor just prior to his arrival. "They were beginning to ask me whether I was working over there or on 'Beau Brummel,'" he said. "I like the atmosphere of Doug and Mary's studio. They always have such a good time."

Seldom, if ever, has much been told of the character of this man, who has divided his time between thrilling audiences of the dramatic theater, and gaining the admiration and respect of those who watch the screen. He has for the film goers in the country at large, remained somewhat inscrutable—sphynxlike. They know comparatively little of his life and intimacies through the chroniclings of interviewers. He has remained aloof, avoiding publicity not only along familiar avenues, but, one might say, altogether.

Failing to find any disclosures about him in these usual sources, many admirers have turned to the poetry of his wife, who uses the pen name Michael Strange, for revelations about his personality. Whether or not the "Comrade" of her verses is Mr. Barrymore does not seem to me particularly vital. What interests me about her verse is that it discloses the mind of the woman he loves.

Her verses are not named, as a rule, but just numbered. Perhaps the most-quoted of them is number seventeen in the volume "Resurrecting Life." It is too long to quote entire, but perhaps a few lines will prove illuminating:

O it is rare—terrible—to have once greeted anything
So poignantly akin to me as you are—
To have hailed one standing so intensely out from the rest—
And with a shock of such appalling familiarity about him—
O your appearance like a shaft of lightning
Framing the exact reverse likeness of my own accumulating image—
(And against the slow-limbed thick-featured drifting past
Of the half-awakened dream children)
O your face like a torch flashing the myriad interiors of my past
Showing the innumerable actualities of you and me between deaths—
And ere the loss of great memories filled us with gathering inexplicable sadness.

O it is rare—terrible—to have once greeted anything
So poignantly akin to me as you are—
You with that bewildering tragic beauty
Of a blasphemously impatient spiritual yearning—
You with that childish drooping at the corners
Of your transparent lovely mouth—
And with your frown distorting—conflicting—
Most eloquently expressing through your eyes
The frantic upward clamoring tangle of your mind—

And again with your slender boyish body
Fountaining a jet of gracious curves at every motion—
O glancing at you loosens me completely unto myself—
O your beauties strike me with an alertness
Separating—classifying—making order—form—
From the variously straining erupting angles of my own sublime vitality—

O comrade, in that strange illicit dialogue
Of our perfectly matched fancy—
O my comrade in that dual spurt upward
Through the liquid pearl air of the dawn—
Upward—and hard upon those violet tracks
Of the divine evasion.

During the run of "Hamlet" in New York last winter, Mr. Barrymore relaxed his usual rule about interviews and chatted with one writer about his conception of the rôle. At that time he made one observation which is interesting in that it may reflect his own philosophy.

"I believe the tragedy of *Hamlet* lies in his inability to compromise with life," Mr. Barrymore said on that occasion. "The man who doesn't compromise in this world has a pretty bad time of it. *Hamlet* is so direct that the facts of life rebound and hit him full, owing to his lack of obliquity. He is like the handball player who is struck on the rebound because he will not step aside to let the ball pass."

Personally, I feel Barrymore manifests not so much a desire to refrain from talking, as he does a disdain for the ordinary formulæ of talking. He does not care to rehash his own life for the benefit of the curious. He prefers to remain quite impersonal, and what you learn of himself is in fleeting flashes, which are generally cleverly masked. In a word the tangling, sometimes thorny vines of what he says cover the finely built trellis of what he is.

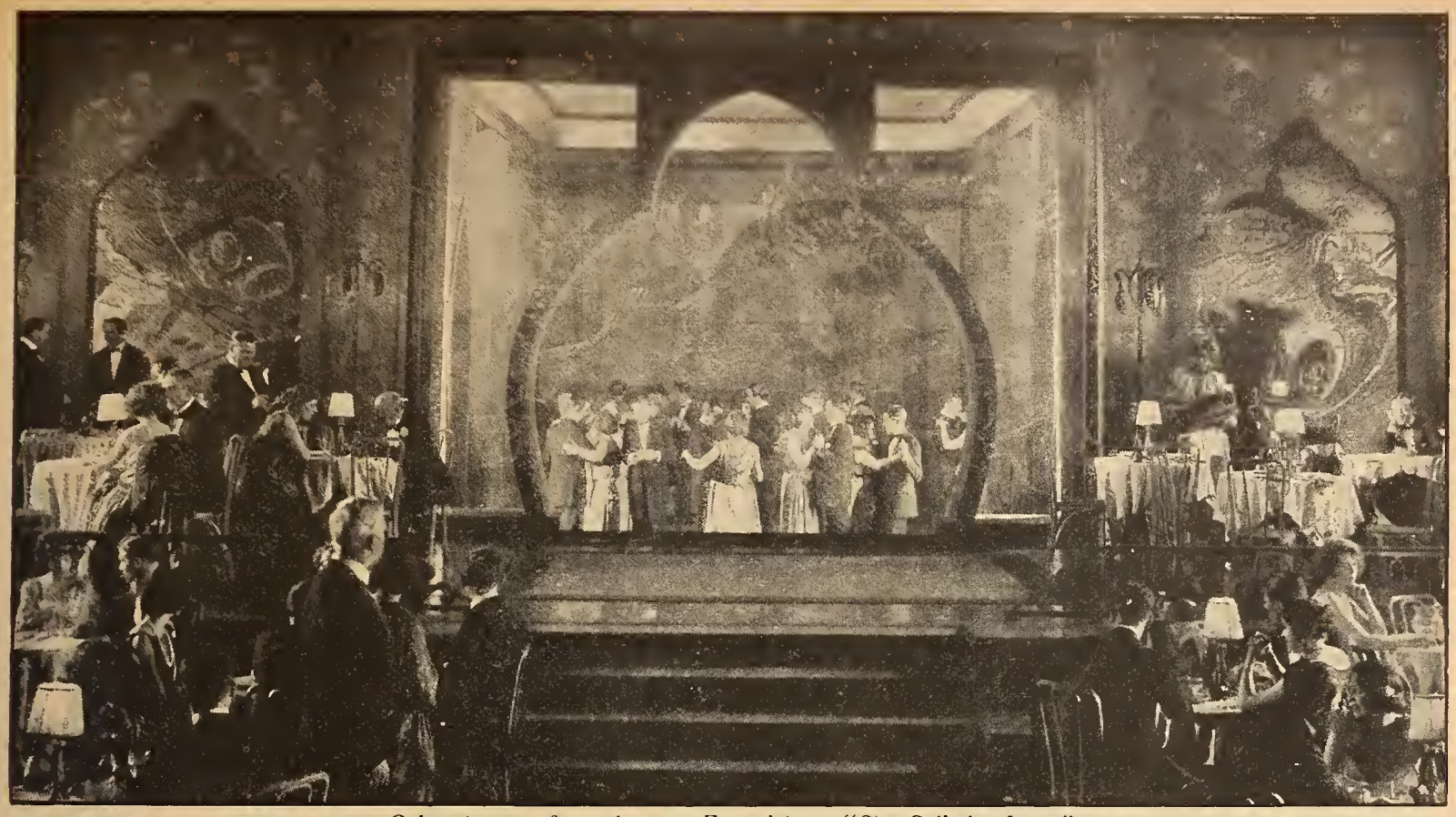
His conversation is directed into those channels that are scenically banked by books and plays, and the picturesque psychology of these same books and plays. Frequently, too, he ventures into the realm of lurking anecdotes, though these are more likely to pertain to others than they are to himself.

Years ago, the Coast knew Barrymore because he spent some time playing in stock in one of

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John Barrymore never poses for publicity photographs if he can help it, but when a photographer follows him to the railroad station or on shipboard, he is not so ungracious as to refuse to allow him to snap a picture.



Cabaret scene from the new Fox picture, "Six Cylinder Love."

The Frankenstein Cabaret

Though the jazz restaurants of our pre-war, dance-craze period have about vanished, they still remain the great illusion of the movies.

By Charles Phelps Cushing

AN old sport was complaining to me, after the manner of his kind, about the havoc wrought along New York's erstwhile "Gay White Way" by the Volstead Act. Broadway has become a Main Street, nothing more, he recounted bitterly; night life and "Parisian gayety" is dead everywhere "except in some dinky little bootleg resorts, dim and dreary, mostly in the side streets, conducted by rapacious ex-headwaiters and hat-check bandits." Prohibition, at last, has succeeded in closing all of the famous old-time cabarets. House wreckers have demolished Murray's, and Shanley's long ago quit cold. Spiders spin their webs on the padlocked door to Ziegfeld's roof. The Claridge harbors a pastry shop and a soda fountain. Where the castanets of the Madrid once clicked so merrily, a chef stands in the windows of a white-front dairy restaurant tossing flapjacks and butter cakes. The home of gay old Rector's now vends Klassy Kollege Kut Klothing, and Churchill's place across the street is a chop-suey joint. Reisenweber's has been remodeled into one of those automat food post offices.

"Those are the old-style cabarets," I interrupted, tauntingly. "Evidently you don't know where to find the new ones—which are getting bigger and brighter and more magnificent every day. Only last week, for example, I ran into a palatial one, across the Hudson in Jersey——"

"Where?" he demanded.

"Fort Lee."

The old sport's eyes showed quickened interest, but he hastily objected: "That's pretty far away."

"Then how about just across the East River in Long Island City? You can find an al fresco cabaret over there, as truly Parisian in every detail as anything you ever saw in pre-prohibition days."

No comment from the old sport yet, though his eyes were shining eagerly.

"But if that's too far away from Times Square, I know of another cabaret, just as grand and glittering and gorgeous, and seemingly as gay, at Tenth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street."

"Aw, don't try to kid me," the old sport answered, in his eyes now a glitter of resentment and suspicion. "Tenth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street—that's dog-gone near in the slums. You might find some small bootleggers around there, in rooming houses. But you can't make me believe you found a big cabaret."

"*Yes,* sir. One of the biggest cabarets you ever saw, too. And high class in every particular — evening gowns and dress suits compulsory, and all that sort of thing. Big orchestra jazzing things along. And the highest class entertainers you'd hope to find anywhere. For example, Paulette Price, Keith vaudeville headliner —that girl who dances on the tight wire. And lighting effects! Man, you never set eyes on anything finer! Scrims, too—they're the best stuff of all. Scrims with four thousand amperes of white lightning shooting through 'em."

"Scrims? Never tasted one. How do you mix 'em?"

"You don't mix 'em. They're gauze curtains, painted. When the background is dark you can't see through them. But when you flash on a bright light behind them, they become as transparent as glass. Or you can get lovely silhouette effects——"

The old sport was glowering.

"Come on," he snapped. "Spring it! What's the catch? What kind of *drinks* do they serve in this joint?"

"Water—water or iced tea."

"I thought so," he groaned. "You're talking about some of those dog-goned movie studios. Good-by!"

Whether the portrayal of such scenes is true to real

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Adolphe Menjou and Edna Purviance have the leading rôles in "A Woman of Paris."

The Screen

New releases appraised—

By Agnes

AN introductory subtitle to "A Woman of Paris," reads: "Warning to the Public. I do not appear in this picture." It is signed by Charles Chaplin, whose first effort as a director has been received with smothered cries of ecstasy by the intellectuals in New York.

The highest praise I can give Chaplin as a director is that I didn't mind his absence on the screen. I was able to enjoy a Chaplin picture without Chaplin. "A Woman of Paris" is the high spot of the film season in New York. It may not be crowding 'em in like "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" but it is gathering an audience of devoted and reverential admirers.

It is the popular thing to say that Chaplin has done something new, has charted out new paths. As a matter of fact, Chaplin has merely returned to a good old custom, the custom of telling a simple story in a straightforward manner. In these evil days of big settings, exaggerated stories and grotesque acting, any picture that doesn't look like a servant girl's dream of love and wealth shines out like a good deed in a naughty world.

Chaplin was wise in writing the story for the film himself; all film stories should be written directly for the screen and written, if possible, in the studio while the picture is being made. Chaplin selected an episode in a stratum of life with which he is familiar and in putting it on the screen he did not go beyond what he knows and feels.

Other directors, in adapting the masterpieces of literature, either fall short of the original conception or superimpose their own ideas on an alien groundwork.

And we have cases like "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," in which Wallace Worsley's imagination failed to coincide with Victor Hugo's, and films like "Male and Female," in which Cecil De Mille tried to bespangle the texture of James Barrie's story.

There is a beautifully personal quality about "A Woman of Paris" and a sensitive touch about it that has been lacking in pictures since the early days of D. W. Griffith. It would be rash to call Chaplin a genius, but it isn't overstating the case to call him a conscientious artist who doesn't stoop to anything sordid, sensational, or cheap. At any rate, he has produced a picture for the love of working in his chosen medium rather than for the more obvious pleasure of watching the dollars roll in at the box office.

And, if you will pardon a little moralizing, that has been one great fault with pictures. Few persons make them for the love of it. A great many dramas are written for the sheer joy of writing them; most pictures are painted because the artists love their work, and all music is written for the love of it. But most movies are written to make money, and it is only almost by accident that some of the makers of them love their work.

To get down to a consideration of the merits of "A Woman of Paris:" The story is ridiculously simple. A young French girl leaves a small town after a tragic love affair. She goes to Paris, captures the interest of a wealthy man and leads what the flappers jokingly call "a life of sin." Her "life of sin" is pictured as much more proper, congenial and serenely happy than most marriages. Chaplin has a gorgeous time indicating the relations of his erring couple without stepping on the toes of the censors.

And he also has a gorgeous time indicating that "living in sin" isn't half so terrible as it used to be in the productions of Ivan Abramson. The man and the girl are polite, considerate and genuinely fond of each other as two human beings. But, of course, the lover of the early tragedy has to show up and spoil a perfectly charming life of crime. The girl, true to her

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without fear or favor.

Smith

type, is sentimental and wants to marry him, even though she must share his poverty. His mother objects and the boy kills himself. Whereupon the girl reforms, as the saying goes, and breaks up one of the most pleasant illegal households in Paris.

In spite of the highly saintly ending, the moral of the picture is that a man who is decent to his mistress is a much better sort than a man who is horrid to his wife. In adopting this continental code of ethics, Chaplin has also adopted Continental restraint. There isn't a vulgar or cheap scene in the picture.

Edna Purviance, as the mistress of the rich man, stands out as a pattern of the womanly virtues. She is neat, clean and well dressed; she is also fastidious, good humored, and agreeable. After a long series of ingénues posing as charmers of men, it is a relief to see a woman who really could charm a man. Under the guidance of Chaplin, the pretty blond girl of the comedies has created one of the shining portraits of the screen.

Adolphe Menjou is also thoroughly delightful as the rich gentleman who was so appreciative of the beautiful girl. Menjou is an actor who never has had a chance. He has his chance in "A Woman of Paris" and emerges as one of the first gentlemen of the screen.



Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro are the principal attractions of "Scaramouche."

French-fried Revolution.

In directing "Scaramouche," Rex Ingram, unlike Chaplin, took no chances with public taste. Whereas Chaplin made a picture to please himself, Ingram produced a picture to add further glory to his reputation as a "box-office director." (A box-office director is not one who sits in a box office, but a fellow whose name means money for the theater managers.)

"Scaramouche," adapted from the novel by Rafael Sabatini, is brisk and colorful, but not memorable. It is the story of a gay adventurer who fights just one gallant fight after another and, you might say, runs the revolution single-handed. I have not read the original novel but, while a great fuss has been made over it, the story seems rather tawdry and theatrical.

I liked best the scenes that actually concerned the revolution itself. The politics of the time were much more dramatic than Sabatini's artificial love story. At some points Ingram hit history rather accurately as, for instance, when he shows that all the political lights of the time were incurable orators. But at other points he is superficial and uses the tempestuous mobs of Paris merely as a swirling background to a futile story.

It seems to me that the audiences at "Scaramouche" would have appreciated more historical close-ups and fewer scenes of Ramon Novarro. Just one short glimpse of the young Napoleon, placing him as an obscure figure in the Revolution, was received with applause and interest.

"Saramouche" has been produced in the best Ingram manner, with fine settings, fine photography and fine trimmings. Ingram has a great gift for striking tableaux and for making his players strike attitudes. Alice Terry, as a young aristocrat, melts from one lovely pose into another. I have never caught the Novarro fever, so I wasn't at all impressed by his acting in "Scaramouche." The subtitles kept cracking him up as the Will Rogers of his time but, somehow or other, no gleam of the wit showed on the screen. Lewis Stone, as the hateful aristocrat, acts gracefully and skillfully.

A Flying Dutchman.

Richard Barthelmess adds his share to the clashing of swords in costume pictures by appearing in "The Fighting Blade," a story of England in the time of Oliver Cromwell when prayer meetings and duels divided public interest.

"The Fighting Blade" definitely sets at rest all rumors that Barthelmess cannot play romantic rôles. He can; and so he need not go through life in just one brave boy part after another. The picture, which gets away from the set pattern of many of his vehicles, is going to add to his popularity, although, goodness knows, he never has had to worry about any lapse in public interest.

In fact, as the adventurous Dutchman who seeks and finds excitement in alien England, Barthelmess is a far better romantic actor than Ramon Novarro. He plays



Earle Williams and Barbara La Marr in "The Eternal Struggle."

with more zest and more sincerity. He resists the temptation that besets actors when they play costume rôles; he refuses to pose. And, like Valentino, he doesn't overdo his smile. I have seen one or two persons so mean spirited as to declare that Dick was some way not their idea of "the most deadly duelist in Europe," as he is made out to be in the picture. But I am sure that no real Barthelmess fan will share any such skepticism.

The story of "The Fighting Blade" romps all over the place with dashing freedom. John S. Robertson, the director, tells it in purely romantic fashion, which means that the episodes are handled gracefully and the atmosphere is charming. The settings by Everett Shinn have so much grace and imagination that they make the settings of most of the other costume pictures look like piles of bricks and plaster.

Dorothy Mackaill is Barthelmess' leading woman. Already exhibitors are beginning to star her. She is the feminine find of the year. She has poise, beauty and a set of brains in good working order. She is worth your kind attention.

By the way, in "The Fighting Blade," Barthelmess doesn't wear a wig. He wears his own hair in a real Dutch cut. The effect is so good that I hope all producers celebrate the New Year by building a gigantic bonfire of all the false hair in the studios.



Buster Keaton goes back to "cave man stuff" in "The Three Ages."

More Chicken à la King.

This month I promised a decision in the case of Pickford versus Negri in the Spanish dancer dispute. The verdict goes to *Rosita* as against Pola in her version of the mad, mad gypsy who captured the fancy of a king.

The Famous Players-Lasky version of "The Spanish Dancer" was originally tailored to fit Rodolph Valentino. But owing to the late unpleasantness it was altered to fit Miss Negri. Second-hand clothes are seldom becoming. It is one of those baffling pictures that are good in spots but unconvincing as a whole. Some of the scenes are pretty and lively but other of the scenes look like comic opera.

Seeing the picture is like walking into a large family dinner party. You meet so many people that you get all confused and you forget who is related to whom. Moreover, all the characters have a mysterious importance which doesn't come out in the story.

Herbert Brenon, the director, was working under the handicap of an unwieldy scenario and orders to make a "big picture." If he had not been obliged to make such a big picture, he probably would have made a better one. To add to the confusion in the mind of the reviewer, the picture was badly cut and put together when it was presented in New York. Even amateur critics in the audience noticed an inept quality about it.

Somewhere in the big scenes is Pola Negri. She is a little less sleek and a little more spontaneous than she was in "The Cheat." But she has lost something of her old surety and her audacity. Poor Pola! She should have had a studio and a studio staff all to herself.

Wallace Beery, as the king, kings it all over the lot. Antonio Moreno, in the rôle intended for Valentino, actually puts a little pep into his work, thereby making himself stand out from the rest of the cast. Gareth Hughes, in a small rôle, is totally unnecessary.

Neilan Throws Art to the Dogs.

If it isn't boasting too much to say it, I can almost imagine Marshall Neilan's state of mind

when he produced "The Eternal Three." Meditating on the scant success of "Bits of Life," he heaved a profound sigh and said to himself: "Who gives a hang about art? Who appreciates the better and finer side of a man's nature? Who wants real life on the screen? Nobody. The public wants bunk. The public wants hokum."

Whereupon, drying his tears, Mickey went out and produced "The Eternal Three." It is now doing good business at the refined theaters. Fortunately, it is almost impossible for Mickey to make a thoroughly bad picture, although it is plain to see he has tried hard enough. He has a way of putting original twists on horrible hokum.

"The Eternal Three" concerns a villain, a girl who has been led astray, a kind old man and a beautiful young wife who almost listens to the insinuating insults of the villain. Raymond Griffith, who by all reputes is a good actor, plays the villain as though the studio floor were made of hot bricks. Instead of acting like a wicked city feller, he behaves like an ambitious young man trying to sell insurance to his various victims. Bessie Love plays the ruined girl as though she was getting pretty bored with it all and would like to go through at least one picture without being led astray.

The melodramatic story, in fact, is not made plausible by good acting. Poor Hobart Bosworth, also tied to his type, acts as though he were getting sick of being a noble but deceived husband, and Claire Windsor, who is one of my favorites, does all her tricks as the pretty and pampered wife.

Undoubtedly "The Eternal Three" weighs heavily on the artistic conscience of Mickey Neilan. Alas for the man who listens not to the promptings of his better nature!



Dorothy Mackaill, who is Dick Barthelmess' leading woman in "The Fighting Blade" is the feminine find of the year.

Airy Comedy.

Raymond Griffith atones for his acting in "The Eternal Three" by making a good adaptation of the musical comedy, "Going Up." The picture, which stars Douglas MacLean, has good, swift farce action, and if it fails to be consistently amusing, it is the fault of the unknown fellow who told MacLean that he was another Douglas Fairbanks. Now MacLean is a good comedian, but he has made an uncongenial choice of directors in most of his recent pictures. Consequently he is using the same old set of tricks and mannerisms over and over again.

It isn't an uncommon fault on the screen but it is more easily noticeable in comedians because funny stuff is supposed to be natural and spontaneous. What MacLean needs is a set of good gag men and one good lowbrow comedy director. I hope he doesn't mind this word of advice from me; it's absolutely free.

"Going Up" is the story of a man who tries to be an aviator, and I liked the airplane scenes in it. In fact, I think airplanes are better actors than German police dogs.



In "The Spanish Dancer" Pola Negri shows up to better advantage than she did in "The Cheat."

And Speaking of Dogs.

I now come to "The Call of the Wild," which is a film version of Jack London's story about the tame dog who went back to Alaska, where dogs are dogs, and turned into a wild brute. It is obviously a story for a dog star and might have been written to fit Strongheart.

With the best intentions in the world, a group of enthusiasts went out and hired somebody's family pup to play the part of London's famous raw-meat eater. I won't mention the name of the unlucky pup because I don't want the disgrace to sadden his declining years. But when he showed up at the studio for work, he must have been all tired out from a romp with the kiddies. Consequently when the director asked him to snap and growl, all he could do was to look as though some one had stolen his dog biscuit. Honestly,

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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

NOTE: Only distinctive pictures appear in this list. It does not aim to be a comprehensive survey of all pictures now showing throughout the country, but merely a selection of the most significant ones. Pictures reviewed elsewhere in the same issue are not mentioned, but aside from those, the list comprises those generally considered the most important of the current film offerings.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Rosita"—United Artists. Mary Pickford tucks up her curls and flirts with a king of old Spain, but she is very much the dear little Mary of old. It is a grown-up story told for children. The settings are exquisite, and Holbrook Blinn and Irene Rich give truly-great performances.

"If Winter Comes"—Fox. A sincere and charming transcription of the popular novel. Percy Marmont plays a sensitive soul with great dignity. The best tear-wringer of the season.

"Ruggles of Red Gap"—Paramount. The name of James Cruze as director of a picture is a reliable standard of humor. Given this remarkable story of *Cousin Egbert* and his adventures from Red Gap to Paris there is no holding him down. Ernest Torrence and Edward Everett Horton join in the fun.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"—Universal. Not for nervous souls. Lon Chaney in a terrific rôle amid the injustices, depravities, and horrors of prerevolutionary France. Beside a million dollars' worth of scenery, including a marvelous reproduction of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the cast includes Patsy Ruth Miller, Ernest Torrence, and Norman Kerry.

"Little Old New York"—Cosmopolitan. An artificial little story of quaint yesterdays in the metropolis, produced with great charm and presenting Marion Davies as one of the cleverest comediennes on the screen. Freed from the smothering effect of pretty clothes and masquerading as a fighting Irish lad she is irresistible.

"The Green Goddess"—Distinctive. George Arliss in a subtle and suave but thrilling melodrama. He plays an Oriental potentate into whose power a party of English people fall. One of the most intelligent and entertaining pictures of the year.

"The White Sister"—Inspiration. Lillian Gish, away from the guiding hand of Griffith, proves to be as moving as ever. In an emotional race with Vesuvius in eruption she captures all the honors. In her support she has a tragic but uplifting story, real Italian scenery, and a charming new leading man named Ronald Colman.

"Merry-Go-Round"—Universal. A romance of prewar Vienna's Coney Island. A profligate son of the aristocracy and a poor little organ grinder fall in love with each other, but before they find happiness together there is death, murder, a royal wedding, a fallen empire, and one soul's renunciation of all he loves. Norman Kerry, Mary Philbin, George Hackathorne, Dorothy Wallace, and Joe Martin are in it.

"The White Rose"—United Artists. A sentimental story of a weak brother lifted to great heights by splendid photography, D. W. Griffith direction, and the powerful and natural acting of Mae Marsh.

"The Girl I Loved"—Allied Artists. Charles Ray as a lovable hick in a deliberate and sentimental film version of the Riley poem.

"The Covered Wagon"—Paramount. A thrilling picturization of crossing the Western plains with a band of pioneers.

THE BEST OF THEIR KIND.

"Potash and Perlmutter"—First National. *Abe* and *Mawruss* always good for a boisterous laugh—and usually for a lot of them—arrive on the screen in their best form.

"Puritan Passions"—Hodkinson. One of those artistic departures that is interesting but nothing to get excited over. The subject is weird and has been treated via impressionism. Glenn Hunter plays a serious rôle effectively.

"Zaza"—Paramount. Generally considered Gloria Swanson's best picture and something of a bull's-eye shot for Alan Dwan, its director. The story of a volatile, high-strung little French provincial singer who manages somehow to enlist your sympathy. The French touch is there despite the censors.

"Why Worry?"—Pathé. Harold Lloyd goes to Mexico and gets involved with revolutions, a giant, and a girl, wringing the last ounce of humor out of each one every step of the way.

"The Gold Diggers"—Warner. A gay little trifle about chorus girls who put nothing and take all. It is supposed to be perfectly proper so long as they have hearts of gold under their hard exteriors and a dear old mamma in the next room. Hope Hampton and Louise Fazenda make the best of their opportunities.

"Strangers of the Night"—Metro. A stolid and somewhat prosaic young man gets involved with pirates, an adventuress, and a night of wild events. Fred Niblo made it from "Captain Applejack," but except for some splendid individual scenes, the result is not so good. Barbara La Marr and Enid Bennett are among those present.

"Dulcy"—First National. Constance Talmadge as a beautiful bromide. What was once a delightful play is a somewhat forced comedy in pictures.

"Six Days"—Goldwyn. Elinor Glyn imprisons a beautiful heroine, in the person of Corinne Griffith, in a dugout with a man and a priest and then starts the dirt falling all over them. Charm and elegance are there, to say nothing of typical Glyn touches.

"The Girl of the Golden West"—First National. An old faithful Western melodrama replete with suspense and thrills. J. Warren Kerrigan is the handsome hero and Sylvia Breamer the girl.

"Enemies of Women"—Cosmopolitan. Gorgeous European backgrounds and an Ibañez story of profligate living and sudden repentance. Lionel Barrymore and Alma Rubens are the exceedingly interesting sinners.

WORTH SEEING.

"Salomy Jane"—Paramount. A mild improvement on the old Western melodramas with the usual fights and unusual Jacqueline Logan's eyes.

"The Silent Command"—Fox. Great propaganda for the navy.

"To the Last Man"—Paramount. Just what you might expect from Zane Grey. Noble heroes, dirty villains comic cusses, pretty girls, thrills thrills, thrills, fights, and heart throbs. Richard Dix is there at his best; what more do the girls need know?

"The French Doll"—Metro. Mae Murray cutting her usual capers. Most of her acting is done from the hips down.

"The Midnight Alarm"—Fox. A gorgeous melodrama crammed with thrills and tossing probability to the wind. What with explosions and crashes and shooting the action never dies down.

"The Silent Partner"—Paramount. A story of a Wall Street gambler's little helpmate who salts away fifty thousand dollars for a rainy day. Everything in it seems pretty hackneyed and dull except Leatrice Joy, who is genuine and charming and always interesting.

"The Broken Wing"—Preferred. The adventures of an aviator who drops in on a Mexican household where Walter Long is villaining. Miriam Cooper plays a pretty girl who wins him at first sight.

"Homeward Bound"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan and Lila Lee at sea.

"St. Elmo"—Fox. One of those good old relics that steered clear of humanness and plausibility. John Gilbert, Barbara La Marr, and Bessie Love seem a little bit bewildered by it all, and you won't wonder.

"Ashes of Vengeance"—First National. Several tons of French history backing up a story of a family feud. Norma Talmadge looks beautiful in a succession of exquisite costumes, Conway Tearle fences skillfully and Wallace Beery has a wonderful time in his own way. Uninspired, but good.

"Red Lights"—Goldwyn. A break-neck melodrama, not always lucid but intriguing. Alice Lake, Dagmar Godowsky, and Raymond Griffith do their best.

FAIR WARNING.

"The Cheat"—Paramount. What was once the screen's best scenario has been made duller than dust; Pola Negri, who was once our most vivid player, has been made a mechanical and beautiful doll; what was once a sinister villain has been made a joke by Charles de Roche. No one would believe that so many beautiful scenes could be strung together and made so dull.

"The Marriage Maker"—Paramount. Old faithful William de Mille has proved that he, too, can make absurd pictures. It is one of those stories of a faun-man—and he is played by Charles de Roche—but why go on? The other members of the cast deserve the greatest credit for keeping their faces straight.



In Hollywood no one except tourists pays much attention to movie companies at work. But in New York a company can scarcely shoot a quick scene on a thoroughfare without being mobbed. When the tournament scenes were being made recently for Cosmopolitan's "Yolanda," the gallery that ranged itself along the fence of the company's studio and along the bridges that cross the Harlem River nearby almost equaled a World Series crowd. And no wonder, for the tilting contests were as exciting as those in "When Knighthood Was in Flower."



Photo by Henry Waxman

Jackie Coogan has proved that public adulation cannot spoil him. In spite of his success he retains his naturalness.

Babes in the

Who are the infant prodigies that will and Lucille Ricksens? No one knows.

By Helen

IN the October issue of PICTURE-PLAY, Katherine Lipke pointed out the fact that the youngsters of the films are growing up and that the producers are now beginning to pick the new juveniles from among those who were the children of yesterday rather than selecting inexperienced novitiates.

This may make a hard situation for the new talent streaming out to Hollywood in droves. And naturally the question arises: then how can one get one's start in the movies?

Answer: As a baby.

For as fast as the screen children assert their right to do up their curls or wear long trousers, the producers are confronted with the necessity for choosing with care from among the new crop of youngsters to take their places.

Crop indeed! That is scarcely the word for the avalanche of young descending upon every studio, towed usually by most efficient and ambitious mothers. From among this ever-increasing stream of baby talent, a few have been chosen as evincing sufficient ability to make it worth while to groom them for the places left vacant by the Wesley Barrys and the Buddy Messingers who have reached the "Seventeen" class.



Dinky Dean has done nothing really extraordinary as yet, but he is being given big opportunities and lavish advertising.

Of those who still rate strictly as children, only two child-stars have stood the test of time: Jackie Coogan and Baby Peggy. These survived the wane of public fancy because they had the very quality, the lack of which blasted the hopes of so many mothers of infant prodigies: *naturalness*. Much has been written about Jackie's talent; but with all the analysis, I have never yet seen it actually defined. It is something utterly subconscious. Not merely imagination, for in that respect most children are gifted. It's just that he has the ability unconsciously to project his fancy into some imaginary realm and make his visualization real.

You find Jackie playing ball; you tell him, "There's a little boy over there who's hungry, Jackie." There isn't any other little boy there at all and Jackie knows it—nothing there before his eyes save the blank wall of a studio building. But instantly his big brown eyes wince as in pain, fill with tears; he *sees* that little boy who isn't there at all. Neither acting nor technique and yet something more than feeling; it is the divine fire that speaks through the body and soul of this otherwise very ordinary youngster.

If Jackie ever discovers his gifts I fancy his day will be over, for that very unconscious force will be destroyed. However, it will have to be some inward realization of himself, for outward manifestations of the idolatry in which he is held affect him not at all. He takes it all as one of those things you have to endure and be polite about until you can get away and go do interesting things, like riding your scooter down the block.

When he returned from his triumphant Eastern tour, he answered my questions, "Yes'm, there was scads of people—but listen," his eyes misty, "my canary died an' they

Woods of Filmdom

take the place of the now grown-up Wesley Barrys here are the most likely contenders for the honors.

Ogden

went an' buried it an' I wasn't there, even." Yes, the princeling of fame is safe from self-conceit bred by the throng's flattery. He knows what it is all about—what eight-year-old kid wouldn't?—but it doesn't interest him overmuch. If he ever awakens to his own gifts, however, by some inward mental process, if he ever understands *why* he does and feels these things, his naturalness will be gone.

To predict the length of Jackie's reign would be idle fancy. Soon he will reach the awkward age, indeed he is no longer able to twine himself about our hearts through sheer baby love. But I believe that unless he suddenly comes into full understanding of his powers, Jackie will pass gloriously through the adolescent age, stimulated by the new demands upon his imagination.

The main difficulty is in finding suitable stories which carry the note of pathos so greatly a part of his talent's expression and yet which permit of his growing up. This problem has been solved for the present in his "Long Live the King," Mary Roberts Rinehart's tale of the lovable little *Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto,* a whimsical, adorable character, just made for Jackie.

Baby Peggy's future is, I think, a more nebulous one. She strikes me as being more a product of training than Jackie. I doubt that she feels what she is doing so very much. She opens her eyes pop-wide on order, she smiles, she cries. But there certainly must be, beneath this machine-like response to instructions, a germ of imaginative feeling; for, though it lack the divine fire, her work is not that of a mere automaton like many other youngsters too meticulously "trained." For one thing, it hasn't squashed her. She is, despite the rôle assumed for the moment, always Peggy, a quaint, lovable child. She is distinctly individual. She takes everything very seriously — and that augurs well, for the comedian who thinks he is funny is hopelessly bad.

Once, during the production of one of her thirty-seven comedies, I suggested to Peggy that we sneak away and have a big fat ice-cream soda. She considered silently for many moments and finally replied, "Tan't. I'd det tanned—right here," pointing out the customary receiving station for her spankings.

Names that recall a host of memories pop up now and again, names of youngsters who occupied the spotlight in brief, publicized fame. It's kind of hard on the kiddies to sink into oblivion, when they weren't to blame. The saddest case of a youthful prodigy who, after a short but highly eulogized day, slipped from favor is that of Richard Headrick. "Itchie" was a sweet kid, but what chance had he against that light haloing those marvelous golden curls? Then too we were surfeited with Itchie's talents and beauty and—no, they never had to spank him, he was such a cherub. Then, the cross-roads. Itchie is no longer a baby—but they won't cut off his curls and let him be a regular boy. And I, for one, am sorry, for I thought Itchie had a bit of the divine spark. He did unforgettable work in "The Woman in His House."

Francis Carpenter, the golden-haired child of pathos, has wept more screen tears, I'll wager, than any dozen kids in real life. Where is Francis now? Frankie Lee, the crippled boy of "The Miracle Man," is more fortunately passing through the transi-



Photo by Evans

Baby Peggy is the only baby star except Jackie Coogan whose popularity has survived.



Robert de Vilbiss, although only seven, has had quite a career. He is said to be natural and ingratiating in Goldwyn's "Six Days."



The Warner Brothers have high hopes for little Bruce Guerin.

tion period, for they have wisely cast him in a series of two-reel costume pictures, the first being "Robin Hood, Jr." These little gems of childhood playing at grown-up drama will carry him until he reaches the juvenile age, when I look for him to do something in the line that George Hackathorne portrays so well.

Philippe de Lacy, who supplied the tear motif for many hapless sob plays, suffered a waning day but now is commencing all over again, rising above the handicap of his golden curls. They tell me that he does especially fine work in Mary Pickford's "Rosita." He is playing in "Ponjola" now, with Anna Q. Nilsson. Partly to Mary's interest in him, mostly to that kindly soul, Miss Edith de Lacy, who adopted this little war-waif, is credit due for the new Philippe, who runs hoops around, plays marbles, asks innumerable questions and is a realistic portrait of that bewildering quantity: A boy.

Of the new crop of little kids, some of whom are destined, perhaps, to take the places left vacant by the Lucille Ricksens and Wesley Barrys, stands out Bruce Guerin, half-past three, who has been signed on a long-term contract by Warner Brothers. They are grooming him, so it is said, with the hope that he will step into the kid rôles that Wes filled so capably until he reached the awkward age. I doubt if Bruce is a logical successor to the particular type of Wes' characterization. For that matter, I don't like that term "successor" anyway; imitators invariably fail. Bruce is individually himself; his talent is a sort of cross between Wes' boyishness and Jackie's pathos. His work in "Love in the Dark" with Viola Dana and in "Brass," though the latter was only a bit, was that of a youngster gifted beyond the ordinary but, above all, of an absolute naturalness.

Muriel Frances Dana is not a beautiful child, but she endows her rôles with a certain quaint charm all her very own. It is my belief that, given the proper parts and the exploitation that has been Baby Peggy's, she may yet make a place for herself, for she is decidedly different and unique.

I'm afraid the possibilities of the rest of the baby crop are rather sketchy. Arthur Trimble, aged six, is making short comedies for Century—following the lead of other beauty-contest winners! The gifts of Pat and Mickey Moore—in which I am a firm believer—seem going to waste in small rôles, probably through lack of efficient management or a too serene contentment with the present's even tone in those who have their careers in tow. Betsy Ann Hisle showed promise a year or two ago—another case perhaps of lack of parents' initiative.

"Peaches" Jackson, an embryonic Helen Jerome Eddy, lays no claims to beauty but is a real trouper. Much could be done with Peaches, and also with seven-year-old Mary Jane Irving, who appeared recently in "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." Both have just that grain of quaint dignity that a girl-child needs to be natural; both are splendid little actresses.

Winston Miller, Patsy Ruth's kid brother, is forging ahead rapidly in his real-boy characterizations. To my mind, it was his naturalness alone that saved "The Little Church Around the Corner" from floundering in its bogs of saccharine inanity. But Winston and Jackie Davis, Mildred's brother, who is more

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A youngster of real promise is Mary Kornman, leading lady for "Our Gang." Photo by Gene Kornman

With the Vision Bernhardt Gave

Gaston Glass started out under the auspices of the great tragedienne—but in becoming an American film hero he has not always lived up to her precepts. But the spark is still there.

By Helen Odgen

DURING dinner at the Montmartre, with lovely damosels smiling prettily at Gaston Glass, filmdom's most sought-after bachelor, we had chatted of this and that. Subdued lights, waiters slipping about like shadows, the sound of laughter—all the flowers of fashion stopping to chat. He takes their flattery with an easy, accustomed air, always polite, debonair, the Gaston that lives across the street from me and plays golf and gives enjoyable parties and never worries. A Gaston of spirit, of lightness and charm.

But later when we sat on my porch our talk grew a bit ruminative. At my mention of the sad passing of Sarah Bernhardt, he became aroused, his voice rang with sincerity.

"A dynamic, magnetic, marvelous woman! Something about her that—that sort of goes beyond me when I try to put it into words." For a moment it was a boy who sat there, the red glow of his cigarette tip a dot in the night blackness.

"She was my godmother, you know. A woman of indomitable courage. Temperamental, a genius, domineering or impulsive or tender by moods. Sometimes," somberly, "I feel I'm not living up to her confidence in me—success, money, they breed stagnation."



Photo by Witzel *He has slightly irregular features and would be undistinguished in appearance were it not for an intangible something—personality perhaps.*

For some time he talked of Bernhardt, speaking with his slight accent, an occasional fumbling for the right English word to express his chameleon thought in definite form. After a while a thin sliver of a moon peeped out of the sky and the lights went out in all the houses on our street, and still his low tones paid homage to the greatest actress of all time. I forgot all about him, about me. Time was not, nor place. Only Bernhardt, the unforgetable.

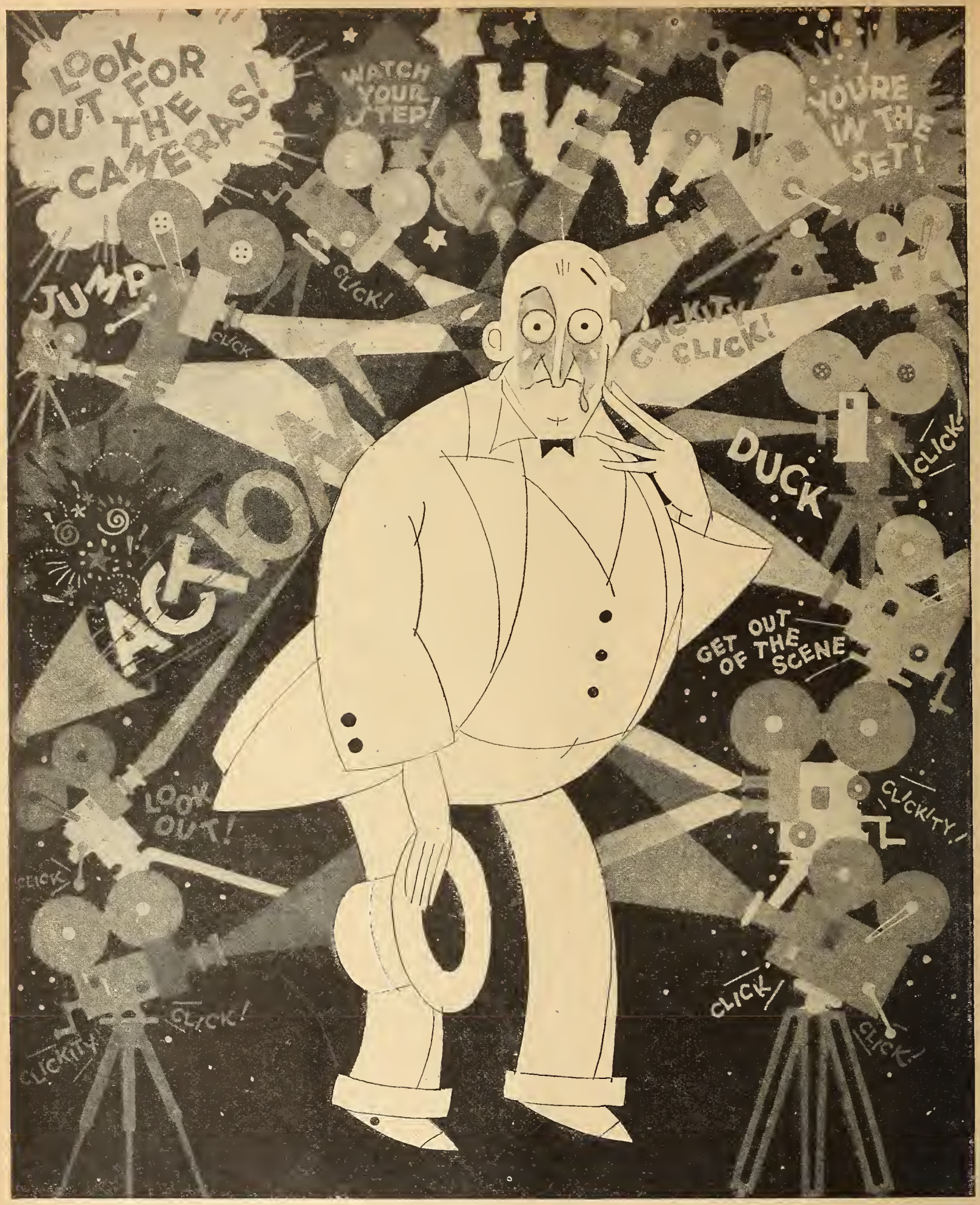
"She was a—how can I say it so you won't ridicule me?—a soul. The thing we all want to be, something in us . . . we don't talk of things we feel, do we? Too much sham and pretense in all of us . . . but Madame rose above all that. She was a—a symbol." He paced restlessly up and down the porch. "She typified to my mind: truth. Cynical, bitter at times, but always truth.

"When I was six, she took me, began my training. Until I am twenty—with some periods in school and art study—I remain in her company. Everything that I am, that I'll ever be, I owe to Madame. One thing she impressed: sincerity. This flattery I hate, how your friends say to you, 'Oh, Gaston, your performance was marvelous!' when I know, here in my heart, it was rotten." He laid his hand on his heart in a gesture that didn't seem at all theatric. "Afraid to hurt your feelings. But I like truth—and to say what is in my mind also. I make people angry, my best friends. Last night I was at a preview, very bad picture. I hurry out, because I know they will ask me how I like it and if I tell what I think they get sore. Madame used to say, 'Gaston, tell the truth. *Le diable!* what you care what they think?' "

Sunburned, of undistinguished appearance, features slightly irregular, Gaston would seem but an ordinary young man were it not for an intangible something. Perhaps personality, maybe just the "'difference" of the foreigner. But I like to think it's the imprint of the hand of genius laid upon him during his childhood by the greatest of them all: Bernhardt. Some of it has been erased in his contact with American commercialism. It has at times, in some of the very ordinary films in which he has appeared, almost receded from view.

But there is enough of it there yet, in the intenseness with which he feels things when once aroused from his equanimity, to suggest that he may yet do great things.

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WHAT'S A STUDIO LIKE, ANYWAY?

THAT'S the question that every fan asks, and of course, you can get as many different answers to it as the number of people of whom you ask it.

Here's the impression that Hap Hadley, the artist, carried away from his first bewildering visit to the D. W. Griffith studio at Mamaroneck, New York, where he went to make sketches of the shooting of scenes for the big Griffith production, "America," which is now being made.

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Peggy Hamilton

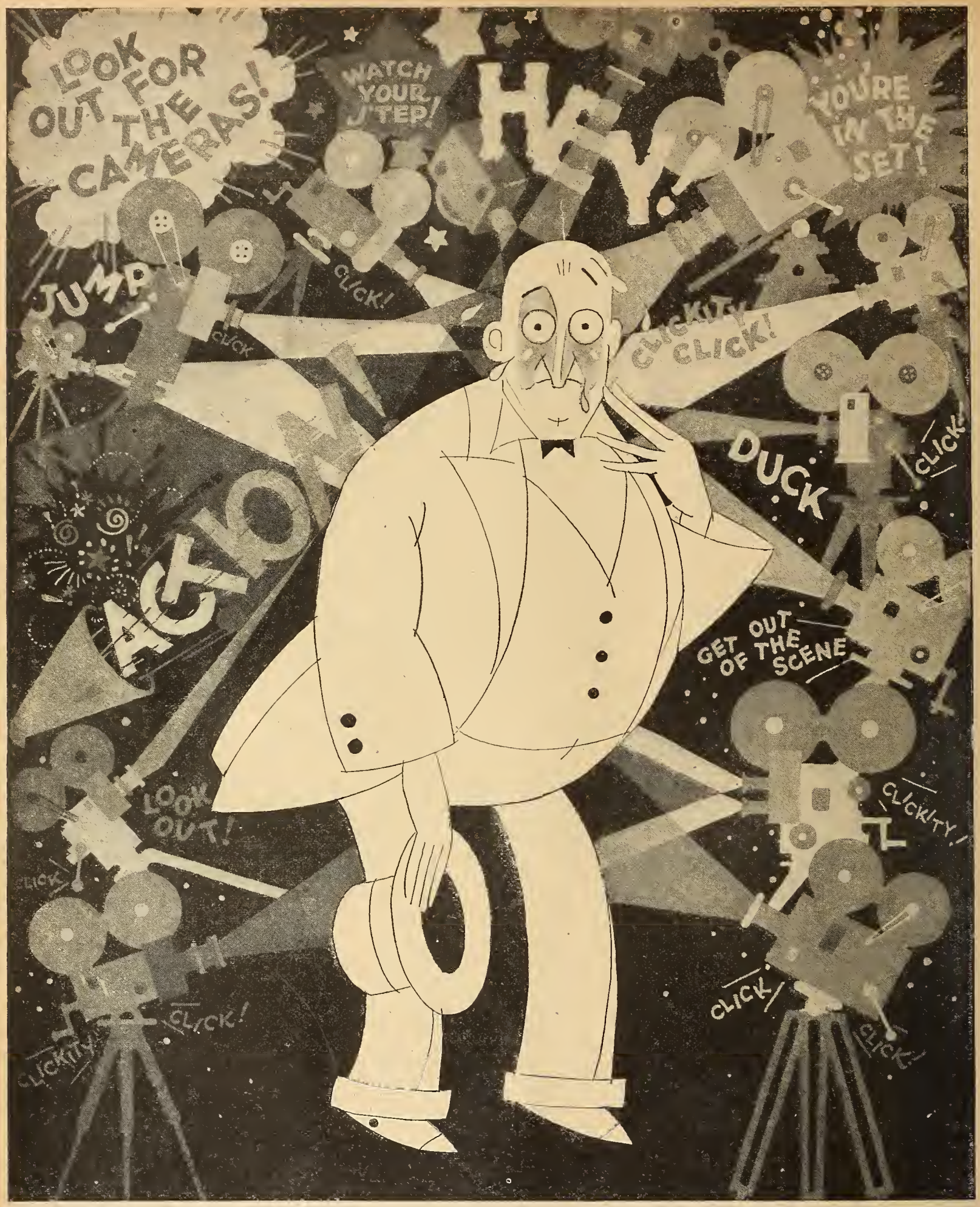
Fashion's Little Things that Count

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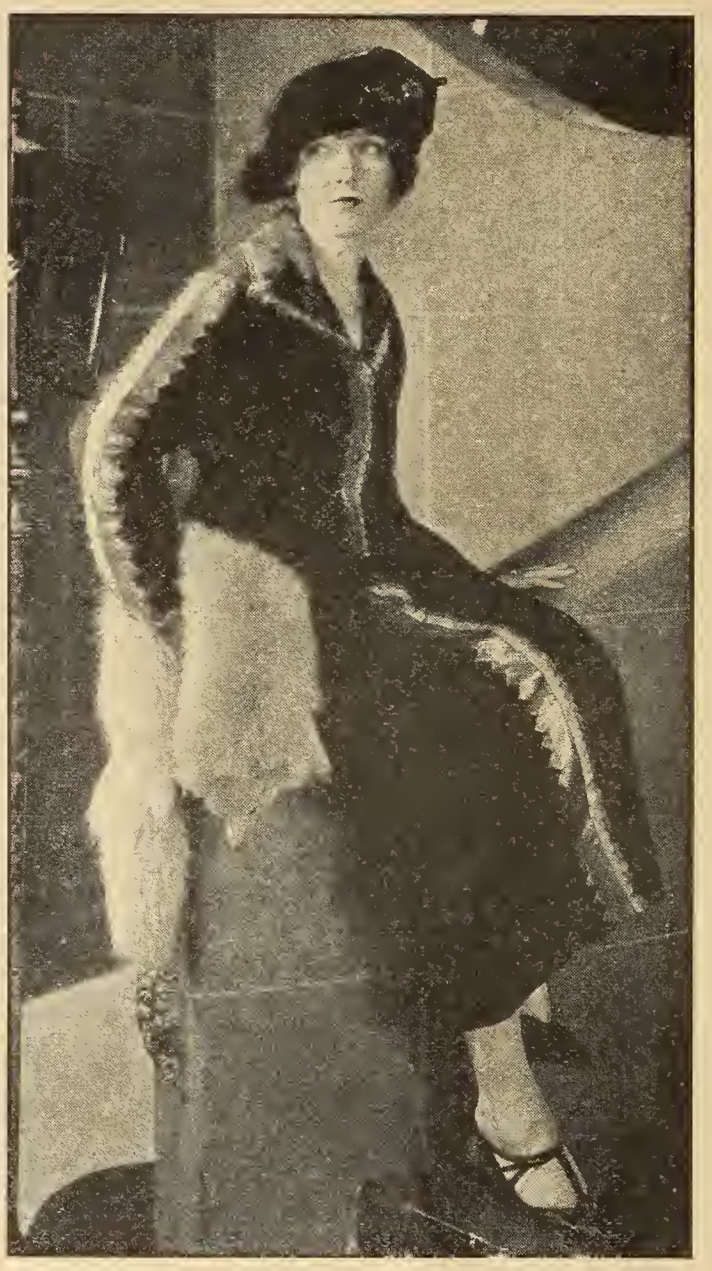
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lines and exquisite materials for the simpler fashions of fall. At such a time it behooves every woman to give a great deal of thought to every little detail of her dress. Much can be learned about what to wear and how to wear it from Bryant Washburn's picture, "Try and Get It," for



in that production Peggy Hamilton has staged a fashion pageant from which these pictures are taken. There she exhibits the smartest fashions in clothes and many exclusive dress accessories from the treasure chests of Paris.

Hardly a gown makes its appearance now without some accompaniment of soft lustrous fur. The gown above, which is worn by Gwendolyn Lee, has a hem line of mole trimming. This comes but a few inches below the duchess lace trimming on the skirt and holds the slight flare close at the ankles.

Only the softest fabrics are in favor this season, with velvet dominating even in street frocks. Hats to be worn with afternoon gowns glory in soft, shaded ostrich plumes that ripple from the brims and sometimes droop below one's shoulder. Harmony of color is more to be desired than an exact match, and so on this brown velvet dress at the top one finds deep cream-colored lace. The vogue for light-colored stockings continues, with pearl, amber, nude and neutral the most-favored hues.

Metal cloths and brilliant embroideries are dominant notes in this season's fashions, particularly in hats. The crushed dark velvet hat worn by Clara Morris, in the center picture, has a crown of steel thread embroidery. The bands on the dress are also of steel trimming, contrasting sharply with the soft Kasha cloth of which the dress is made. Rich fabrics and bizarre embroideries appear in almost every article of wearing apparel, even gloves. This season Paris has sent us soft suède gloves in all the shades most favored for stockings. They have wide, flaring cuffs which are trimmed with embroidery, appliqué and even beads of steel or jet.

The dress shown in the lower corner, which is worn by Marcelle Miller, shows how effectively brocade trimming can be used on a severely simple afternoon frock. This gown is of beige panne velvet and the brocaded trimming is a vivid orange. The skirt separates at the left to disclose a petticoat of soft silk trimmed with the same brocade. The hat is of the same materials as the dress and is simple in design. That is the keynote of this season's fashions; luxuriance in material and simplicity in design.

There are three popular silhouettes this season; the tube, the flare and the bouffant. These three frocks all are of the tube variety, the one most favored for daytime dresses, although the dress in the lower corner shows a slight compromise with the fashion for skirts that ripple around the bottom.

Only the shoes of the well-dressed woman remain plain this season; everything else is a riot of color and elaborate pattern. Particularly in evening wraps does one find gorgeous embroideries on metallic cloth. The one shown on the next page is a wonderfully becoming wrap which is



worn by Mabel Forrest in "Try and Get It." The collar is of flying fox and the fringe is heavy amber-colored silk. In California where the climate is mild, such a wrap can be worn all season, but in the East it is insufficient protection against the cold unless the coat is heavily lined with shirred velvet.

This is one of the prettiest innovations of this season's fashions. Never before have linings been so important. In fur coats one finds linings of georgette embroidered in silver, of gay-colored charmeuse, and of soft silks with dark satin stripes. In cloth wraps the linings are more commonplace, so far as material is concerned, but in color they go to extremes of cerise, canary yellow, henna, royal purple and forest green. It is in the light wraps, though, that linings are at their best, for there one finds shirred velvet of vivid hues, embroidered sometimes in tiny patterns of silver. It is one of the pretty fancies of the season's fashions that instead of a velvet coat for warmth, one wears a fragile, light-looking wrap that is nevertheless warm, for it has a velvet lining.



It was only a few years ago that some designer had the brilliant idea of taking all the best qualities of a tea gown, a dinner dress, and a flowing robe of medieval times and creating from them the "Hostess" gown. Now it has achieved such great popularity that one wonders how women ever got along without them. The picture in the center shows Lola Wheeler wearing an exquisite creation of orchid, blue and gold brocaded satin, with sleeves of chiffon shaded to harmonize with the other colors. With this gown, plain gold cloth slippers are worn, a wide bandeau of gold ribbon and hoop earrings of plain gold. The chiffon sleeves are clasped at the wrist with flexible gold bracelets, and fall gracefully to the floor.





This gown retains the low hip line that was so popular during the fall, and the straight neck line fastened low on the shoulders.

In the lower corner Iris Ashton is shown wearing a dinner dress of henna velvet embroidered in clusters of rhinestones. Only on a dress of such extreme simplicity could such garish trimming be used. A large velvet bow emphasizes the low waist line on this dress and gives a suggestion of the fashion that is just coming in—the bustle frock. Though the skirts on many frocks are still long, many dresses—especially for young girls—are beginning to be made with skirts as short as seven to ten inches from the floor.

These are only a few of the many beguiling frocks displayed in the fashion pageant in "Try and Get It." Others present a variety of fashions and fabrics. From among them any woman can find inspiration for her own frocks, and can be sure that they will be in the latest mode and the best of taste. Follow the precept this season that the silhouette should be slender and plain and the fabric gorgeous, and one is sure to be in style.

Hollywood High Lights

Critical digs and divertisements concerning the latest filmy tendencies on the Coast

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

WHILE the pretty pink dreams for a highbrow movement in pictures seemed suddenly, and perhaps unexpectedly, to be realized in Charlie Chaplin's cinema opera, "A Woman of Paris," the wild race to follow the leader that usually ensues when some one actually fills what is described as a long-felt need on the screen, failed to materialize. Every one in Hollywood took refuge, instead, behind the walls of a most forbidding conservatism. They were all exuberant in their praise of what the comedian had done, were all "for" him, and many went so far as to say that he had revolutionized the scheme of acting and plot treatment, but nobody thus far has appeared ready to take a similar plunge.

The story of the picture seems to have been the principal cause of the doubts and hesitation. "If the mother had only been more human when she was confronted with the fact that her boy wanted to marry the lady"—deplored one self-satisfied picture maker in our presence. "What sort of a mother was she? Who ever saw such a mother on the screen before?"

Another remarked that he felt the effect would have been much better at the end of the production if the auto, in which the rich Parisian was ensconced, had collided with the cart containing the girl, and they had been married by the priest, whom the children had called "Father" in a subtitle that Charlie had apparently forgotten to cut out.

Although various directors vociferated their intentions of making a picture just like "A Woman of Paris," for several days after the première, many of them later formally settled to the viewpoint that it would be better to wait until Chaplin did another exploiting his new ideas. They hoped incidentally that Charlie would soon oblige, but as he is a capricious sort, they now fear he may decide on a two-reel comedy instead.

Somebody else, then, certainly should carry the movement on, has been the general feeling, and a great many faithful to the cause of drama with a raison d'être, but lacking in the courage or the backing to carry out their ideals, cherish the hope that Eric von Stroheim will come to the rescue with "Greed," or Ernst Lubitsch with "The Marriage Circle." Both of these pictures look likely as intellectual stimuli, but the practical minds tremble for their financial success.

Altogether, and quite as per usual, the future seems to rest with the fans. They will be able to decide whether what the pictures need is mental uplifting or whether they should again plop down into their accustomed rut. They can also determine whether this uplifting, or upbuilding, is conveyed through appropriate channels in the clever sophistication of "A Woman of Paris," the sordid dramatic power of "Greed" and the comic irony of "The Marriage Circle."

These three pictures, at any rate, seem to compose the great white hope of modern realism and if they fail to meet with general approval, we are so pessimistic as to say that you may expect nothing from the greater run of producers but hokum during the next three years, in which case it is only by the most strenuous mental effort that we shall be prevented from wreaking our vengeance on the nearest piano player.



Dorothy Devore, of Christie Comedies, is quite proud of her Great Dane, who was entered in the Hollywood dog show recently.

Photo by C.E.Day

Growing Less Clubby.

The individualism of the directors, at least, is promising. No two of them seem to think alike about pictures any more. Hollywood is certainly losing its wonted clubby atmosphere. Incidentally, the picture goer will be able to go to the theater now without sleeping through the same film twice. This should afford new opportunities for dream interpreters and psychoanalysts who can now dissect the effect of an increased variety of photo plays on the same mind, where their investigations used to be inhabited by the studio output.

The calamity howlers have entirely failed to discourage the producers from making costume films, and their predictions that conventional modern stories would soon become all the vogue have not come true. They are now, as a consequence, devoting their efforts to knocking the fantasy. It isn't working so well, because they have Douglas Fairbanks as an opponent. His "The Thief of Bagdad" is being closely watched by everybody and will have to be reckoned with early in the new year.

Meanwhile, we hear rumors of other fantastic productions that are being considered. Of these, "Peter Pan" is likely an early prospect. This will be done by Famous Players-Lasky, probably as soon as they can secure the proper star for the Maude Adams rôle. We note that they have announced a change in directors for Pola Negri's next picture, "Madame Sans Gene" and suspect that possibly Herbert Brenon, who is an imaginative Irishman, with possibly a latent belief in gnomes and dwarfs and fairy princesses, such as all Irishmen are presumed to have, will be scheduled for the Barrie story. He directed such films as "The Daughter of the Gods," in which Annette Kellermann starred, during an earlier fairy-tale era.

Attention, Will Hays.

Edwin: Have you a nice fresh item for the High Lights, Elza?

Elza: Well—you might say something about pictures still being in their infancy.

Social Progress.

In an issue of PICTURE-PLAY, some two years old, we read the following interesting information: "Harold Lloyd doesn't like the ru-

mors about his marriage to Mildred Davis, and neither does Miss Davis. . . . He has never met Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford or Douglas Fairbanks. He never goes to movie balls."

The only statement that may contain any truth to-day is that Harold doesn't go to movie balls, although he is occasionally seen at the Cocoanut Grove, and also recently went to the opening of the new Biltmore Hotel, which was attended by all the movie folk. As far as knowing Mary and Doug goes, why they're now the best of friends, and have dinner frequently at each other's houses.

We have a suspicion that there is more than a mere social side to this friendship. The Lloyd contract with Pathé has only about three more pictures to run, and his name would certainly nicely adorn the select program of the United Artists.

Things to Worry About.

Lois Wilson playing a *cigarette-smoking flapper* in "The Call of the Canyon." Oh boy! Page the girls of Our Club!

Madge Bellamy and Louise Fazenda competing for stellar honors in "The Galloping Fish." How come—when the part is for a trained seal?

Did Charlie Chaplin actually appear in his own picture after all? Somebody said he was the chap who made everybody smile when he dumped the trunk in the provincial railroad station.

The parrot at Mary Pickford's studio that, since Marshall Neilan has been directing "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," has learned to say: "What, late again, Mickey?"

Why some of Hollywood's flapper sparklers refer to Aileen Pringle as "Ai," pronounced like capital "I."

Things Not to Worry About.

That Frank Mayo will some day rival Valentino as a player of romantic Elinor Glyn parts. Compare "Six Days" and "Beyond the Rocks."

That Pola Negri, like Theda Bara, in the old days, is leading the life of a lady hermit. She's one of the most seen of Hollywood stars, especially with Peruvian ambassadors and millionaire tennis champions.

That Charles Ray's production of "The Courtship of Miles Standish" is not *absolutely authentic in every detail.*

That Lon Chaney does not take his art of make-up seriously.

That Adolphe Menjou will not be in demand since he played the rich Frenchman in "A Woman of Paris."

The Flapper Queen.

The reigning queen of the flappers, so far as talent goes, seems to be Clara Bow. She succeeds Vera Reynolds, the "little sister" of Gloria Swanson in "Prodigal Daughters," who in turn followed Pauline Garon, who played in "Adam's Rib." The flapper throne is never safe for long. In fact there are so many who are bidding for it, that it is about as unsteady as a press-agent's job when his stars don't get their usual quota of publicity.

The reason for Miss Bow's sudden accession to prominence is her excellent work in "Black Oxen," in which she had a nice fat flapper part. Right after this she was awarded a nifty featured rôle as a French gamin in "Poisoned Paradise," being made by the Schulberg Company, with whom she is under contract. She's so breezy and natural that we feel she deserves all she can get in the way of success.

Advice to the Rollers.

"Eat pineapple and lamb chops."—Signed, Pauline Garon. For further information, she may be reached via Universal City. She is slender and recently played in "The Turmoil."

Nita Naldi's vocal talents, once the source of much interest in the chorus of the Winter Garden show, have again been exploited. She played a tempestuous opera star in William de Mille's production of "Everyday Love," which tells one of the fifty-seven supposedly different stories of the amour which is proper and that which is not.



Natalie Talmadge will appear as leading lady to her husband in his new comedy, "Hospitality."

Something to Shoot At.

The producers who insist on putting Barbara La Marr in gingham and calico rôles.

The captious crank who says that Marion Davies' freckles are funnier than her comedy in "Little Old New York."

The boob who plays "Hearts and Flowers" to accompany the love scenes in "Scaramouche."

The p. a. who tries to tell the public it was a real dam that they wrecked instead of a miniature in almost any of the season's melodramas

More Rising Stars.

When overhauling your list of favorite feminine players be sure to give a passing thought to Dorothy Mackaill, Mary Astor and Ethel Shannon. These girls, greatly varying in type, are among the interesting newcomers, Miss Mackaill impressed us very much in "The Fighting Blade," with Richard Barthelmess, because she seemed really to take a hearty joy in her costume rôle. She has since made her first picture on the Coast under contract with Famous Players-Lasky, called "The Next Corner." That her talents were very favorably considered was shown by the fact that Conway Tearle and Lon Chaney have the other featured rôles.

Miss Astor has put every ounce of her being into the portrayal of *Lady Margaret Alzanley* in "Beau Brummel." We watched her on the set one day as she wept her way through one of the scenes with John Barrymore, and it is regarded as significant that she was the first selected for the supporting cast.

Ethel Shannon has had no such opportunities, nor is she the same type, but one may expect from her a performance of some emotion and charm in "Maytime," which is just now being released.

Impossible!

The bright-red tulip corsage certainly goes to Corinne Griffith for willingness to disguise her charms in various scenes in two successive pictures. We saw her making tests for "Black Oxen" one day, when, as Conway Tearle facetiously put it, she was playing the gland old

woman of the screen. Her face was so wrinkled and her hair such a dull, sickly yellow, that we could hardly recognize her.

"You just *would* have to come out to see me to-day, wouldn't you!" she exclaimed, recalling a previous visit while she was covered with the messy make-up she used in the subterranean scenes in "Six Days." "Now go ahead and write something about how I'm losing my beauty!"

And that's just what we've tried to do.

Correcting a Conclusion.

When Estelle Taylor retired from the cast of "The Call of the Canyon," in favor of Marjorie Daw, because of an attack of rheumatism, everybody in Hollywood was in a mood to greet the news skeptically. Rheumatism in Arizona in early fall! How funny!

As a matter of fact, this was vastly unfair to the young lady chiefly concerned. Those who knew her well were aware of the fact that she was really quite ill. Richard Dix, chivalric gentleman that he is, told us all about the hardships of the locationing, and mentioned particularly that they had been working in a real cañon, where there was a terrible natural draught. None of the members of the company had escaped colds, but Miss Taylor, whose good fortune has never been especially noteworthy, despite her personal and mental attractions, was the one really to suffer the most.

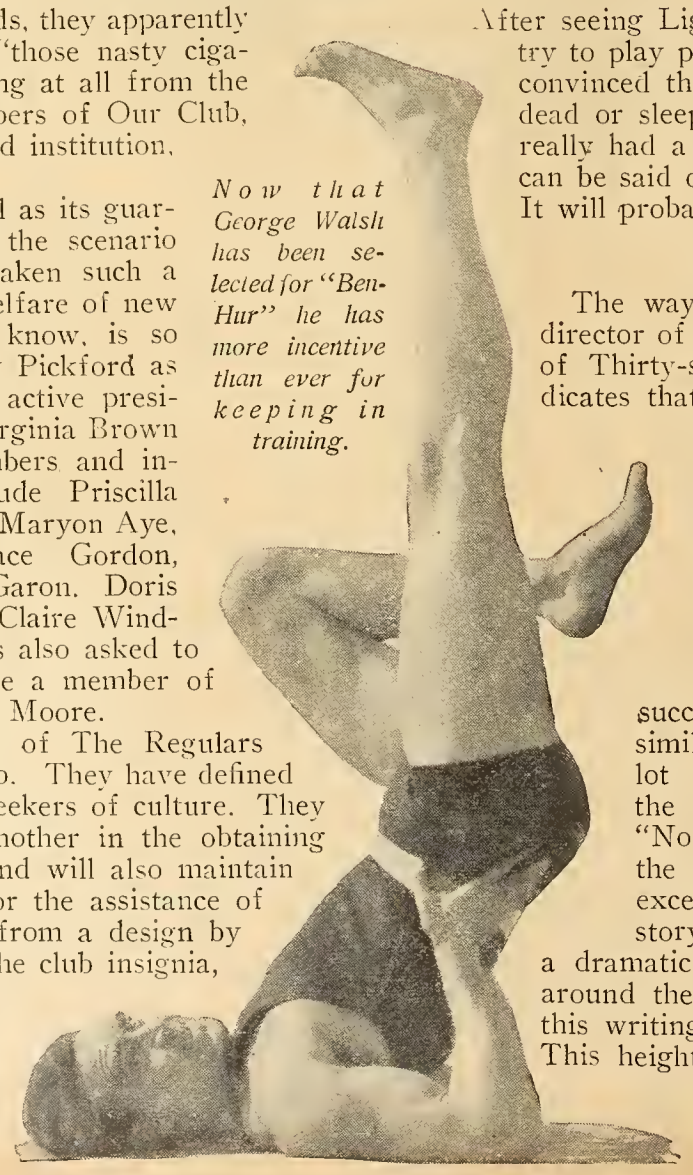
Rampant Rivalry.

Very, very disturbing to the ruling flapper set in Hollywood has been the formation of a new girls' club, known as The Regulars. Particularly, as the by-laws of the new organization, to the best knowledge of everybody, contain no restrictions on the habits and customs of members. In other words, they apparently may, if they like, smoke "those nasty cigarettes," which isn't the thing at all from the point of view of the members of Our Club, which is now an established institution, and very exclusive.

The new club has named as its guardian angel, June Mathis, the scenario writer, because she has taken such a generous interest in the welfare of new players. Our Club, you know, is so fortunate as to have Mary Pickford as honorary president. The active president of The Regulars is Virginia Brown Faire, and the other members and invited-to-be members include Priscilla Bonner, Marjorie Bonner, Maryon Aye, Menifee Johnstone, Grace Gordon, Mary Philbin, Pauline Garon, Doris May, Pauline Starke and Claire Windsor. Miss ZaSu Pitts was also asked to join, but has lately become a member of Our Club, as has Colleen Moore.

The avowed aspirations of The Regulars are on a par with Our Club. They have defined themselves as aggressive seekers of culture. They are pledged to aid one another in the obtaining of picture engagements, and will also maintain a charitable department for the assistance of war veterans. Earrings, from a design by Priscilla Bonner, will be the club insignia, which shows that they do not intend to identify themselves conventionally.

Though it's "just simply awful" that such a unique body as Our Club should have a rival, the opinion generally prevails—that is, if any opinion prevails at all—that the competition will prove a great incentive to both organizations.



Now that George Walsh has been selected for "Ben-Hur" he has more incentive than ever for keeping in training.

A Far-reaching Influence.

We have given our endorsement of the return of Laurette Taylor to the screen on other occasions, but it won't do any harm to reiterate this since King Vidor is now directing her in "Happiness." She has proven beyond a doubt by her success in "Peg o' My Heart" that a woman of mature years can face the camera without the traditional qualms about her appearance on the film, now that the scheme of lighting and make-up has so greatly improved. This certainly helps to set our mind at rest regarding what will become of many of the present-day popular favorites when they really commence to grow up.

With a family so clannish as the Talmadges, it was somewhat unusual for Norma to be left alone on the Coast, as she was this fall, while both her sisters and her mother, and even Joseph Schenck, her husband, went East to look up new plays. Norma felt, though, that she simply must work now that the spirit urges her, and after drying her eyes when she bid good-by to them at the station, she went right back to the studio, and in a few days resolutely set to work on "Secrets," an adaptation of a New York stage play of the same name. Those who liked Norma in "Smilin' Through," and that was a big majority, can look forward with eagerness to the release of her new production which, like the other, blends a modern theme with a crinoline motif.

After seeing Lige Conley ride a swayback horse and try to play polo on the animal's back we're finally convinced that all the two-reel comedians are not dead or sleeping. Conley, at least, looks as if he really had a sense of humor, which is more than can be said of most slapstick specialists nowadays. It will probably pay to watch him.

Dusty Epic Number Two.

The way in which James Cruze, the leading director of popular hits, has plunged into "North of Thirty-six," the Emerson Hough story, indicates that the photoplay goers may get all set for another dusty ride across the plains such as they apparently enjoyed to the utmost in "The Covered Wagon." The new picture will be so realistic, and so full of honest-to-goodness nature, that you probably will be able to hear even the cows moo.

While the result of following one success on the screen with another of similar character nearly always invites a lot of unsatisfactory comparisons, with the audience generally genially bored, "North of Thirty-six" has a chance, as the producers predict, to be one of the exceptions. It is, to our mind, a better story than "The Covered Wagon" from a dramatic standpoint. The plot is centralized around the character of the girl, for which, at this writing, Lila Lee seems to be the prospect. This heightens the feminine interest in the picture, which, in the case of "The Covered Wagon," was woefully

Continued on page 86

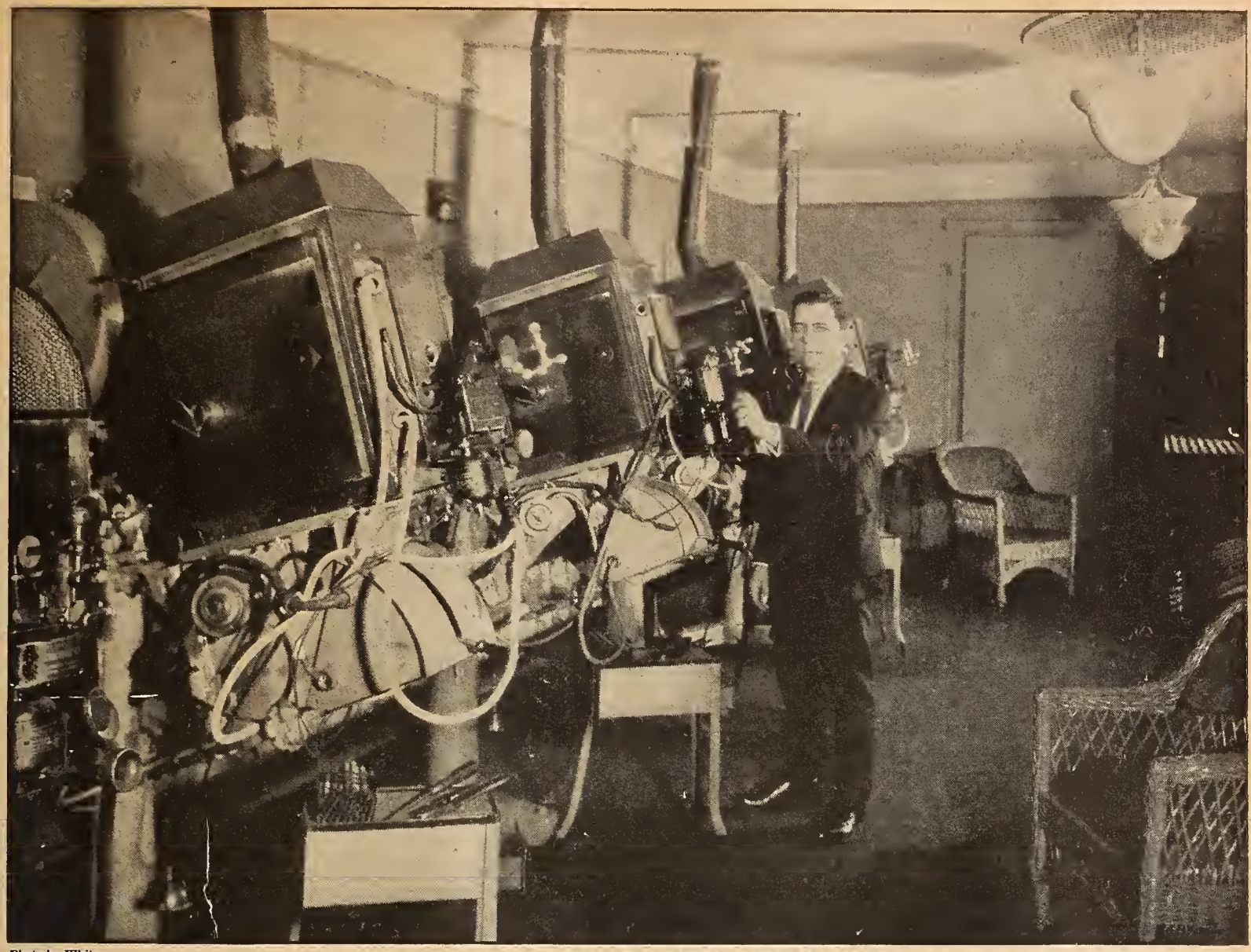


Photo by White

The projection room of the Capitol Theater in New York.

It's What You Don't See

That makes it possible to enjoy yourself at the movies. And this article, about how pictures are projected onto the screen, explains several things you'll be glad to know about.

By Frederick C. Davis

YOU go to the movies for what you can see. At the same time you get something you don't see and don't know anything about. And if it wasn't for what you don't see, you wouldn't have any movies.

This is not a story of the mysterious workings of the studios. It's just a tale about that clickety machine in that square box suspended from the ceiling back of you at the movie house. Men are in that box for about twelve hours a day, attending a machine through which the pictures are thrown onto the screen. If the theater is an up-to-date one an electric motor turns the crank of the projector, but if not, there is a crank to keep turning steadily as well as other duties to attend to.

In the portion of the projector which contains the illuminating element, there is a temperature of over thirty-five hundred degrees Centigrade. Multiply that figure by nine fifths and you have the same temperature in Fahrenheit. Water boils at one hundred Centigrade, so you can see what a nice little stove the projector man works around. The heat is so intense that if the film, which passes through the machine at the rate of a foot a second, were to stop for an instant it would at once catch fire. Indeed, until proper precautions were taken and improvements made, many men were burned to death, trapped in a box of flames that originated from that cause. A door key held close to the machine in the beam of dazzling light becomes red hot in a few moments. The arc light which supplies the illumination for the projection is literally a small sun.

But we were talking about things you don't see. As you know, a motion-picture film is made up of a series of small photographs each a little over an inch by a little less than an inch in dimension. These small pictures usually are magnified to about twenty feet wide on the screen; the magnification is about two hundred and forty diameters. Now if this strip were placed in a machine and simply pulled through, the result on the screen would be far from a moving picture. It would be merely a blur resembling very much a waterfall seen through an opera glass put out of focus. Clearly, then, something had to be done about that. Perhaps you won't believe what I'm going to tell you now, but I didn't believe it myself until I inspected a projector. The working of one of those projecting machines is something like this:

The man turns the crank. A picture is thrown on the screen. When the crank is turned still farther, a shutter blade comes between the film and the light and cuts off all illumination from the screen; the screen is dark. Then, turning the handle still farther, the picture which is behind the lens moves away and another one, the next one on the strip of film, takes its place behind the lens. Still turning the crank, the shutter blade which has shut the light from the screen during the change, moves off, and the new picture behind the lens is thrown on the screen. This is the action which is kept up, very rapidly, of course, until the whole photo play is enacted. In a six-reel play, ninety-six thousand photographs are thrown on the screen in this way.

Now, if it were not that the eye is an imperfect organ, movies would be an impossibility, and you wouldn't know what to do with yourself nights. Let us go back a second to the screen and look at it again. Let us presume that the pictures are turned through the camera very slowly; say, one photograph is shown for one second, then the screen is dark for a while, then another photograph shows for a second, et cetera. If this were done, the change from picture to blank screen to picture would be very clearly seen. But increase the speed of the changing of the pictures until sixteen different ones are thrown on the screen in one second, and it looks like something else. The eye can no longer detect the brief interval during which the screen is dark and one picture is changed for another. It seems to be one moving picture, to the eye. This is all because of what is known as the persistency of vision.

The persistency of vision has nothing to do with the man who stares at you on the street. It is something entirely different. For instance: We see a picture on the screen for a brief interval of time, possibly about one twenty-fifth of a second, more or less. That picture having been on the screen for that length of time, the light is suddenly cut off by the shutter blade revolving. Now, the question is, how long will we see the picture on the screen? Answer: for about one fiftieth of a second longer than it actually is there. That is, if a picture is shown on the screen for a brief fraction of a second, we will see it as long as it is there plus one fifteenth of a second. The image in the eye, during that time, is fading, and the scene is dying away.

It is this that makes the motion picture possible. One picture is shown on the screen, then suddenly the light is shut off. Before the image in the eye has time to fade away—before a fifteenth of a second has elapsed—another picture takes its place. This is repeated again and again, and the result is that we see only one picture which appears to move, when in reality there are hundreds of pictures flashed in a series intermingled with instants when there is no picture before us at all.

Indeed, so insignificant is one of those little photographs in the long strip that any one of them could be cut out and removed entirely without any one being able to detect it. For instance, when Tommy Meighan kisses Lila Lee devotedly, somebody could clip out one photograph in the series that make up the kiss, and even Giggly Gertie wouldn't miss it. If many of these little sections were removed, though, it could of course be detected.

You view the screen at a distance of from twenty to one hundred feet or more. The picture on the screen looks sharply focused and brilliant. But when you get within a few inches of it, things look different. The picture that looks so sharp from a distance is merely one big blur. The beautiful eyes of the heroine which twinkle delightfully from afar seem like two flickering black splotches on a white piece of goods. The principle of the projecting machine is the same principle that the professional photographer uses when he makes an enlargement from one of your negatives. He will tell you that no matter how sharply focused your negative may be he can't enlarge it, say, twenty-five times. That is, if your negative is three inches wide, he can't make an enlargement of it about six feet—seventy-two inches—wide because it would be very blurred and indistinct, and unless viewed at a distance of about twenty feet would appear very unsatisfactory. Since the image on the screen is magnified two hundred and forty times in the average movie house you can well imagine the great amount of blurring that takes place when you are close to the screen.

These figures are for the average theater. In the huge Capitol Theater, in New York, the projection room adjoins the Fifty-first Street side of the building, while the screen almost touches the Fiftieth Street side of the building, the actual distance that the picture is projected being a hundred and ninety-seven feet. On the Capitol's screen the film is magnified 68,742 times!

Since absolute perfection of performance is demanded by the management of this palatial picture house the projection room has been equipped with every possible device to make this possible. Four machines are kept in service, the lenses for which cost four hundred dollars each. The electric current used by them daily approximates two hundred thousand watts, enough to illuminate an average-sized town.

In the course of a day's operation, nine and one half miles of film are unwound, every inch of which is perfectly synchronized with the music score by means of synchronizing speed indicators which connect the booth with the desk of the conductor of the orchestra.

The film strip is not the strongest thing in the world, and many times the ribbon breaks. At once the screen is dark and the audience begins to get impatient. They want to see the villain get that smash in the eye. If the audience gets too impatient it may begin to applaud wildly and stamp its feet, and that mustn't happen. So the projection man quickly trims the ends of the broken film—often removing a small section entirely as spoken of before—scrapes the picture off the edges of the trimmed ends, applies film adhesive, places the two ends together correctly, replaces the film in the machine and—grinds on. It takes only a very few seconds.

That isn't all. Right in the most important part of the picture, the film sections might not register correctly. You've seen it too often. The hero's head is cut off at his eyebrows, and lo and behold, there's the rest of his cranium below a black line under his feet. Or his feet may be amputated and found stepping on his head. It's all because somebody somewhere, at some place, didn't mend a break rightly. And if the projector man doesn't want the manager to jump on his neck he's got to peek at the picture on the screen through a small hole six inches by twelve for hours at a time to see if everything is all right, and if not, to adjust it.

In the picture palaces where perfection is demanded such a thing as a break in the film, or getting the picture out of adjustment, practically never occurs. Film almost never breaks while being projected until it gets old, and these big theaters always get the fresh, new prints. But at the Capitol Theater, the last word in precaution is obtained by having an employee go over every inch of film used in the program every morning, by hand, watching closely for the slightest flaw or indication of weakness which might possibly cause a break. And if he finds any such slight defect he mends or strengthens the film at that point. [Continued on page 95]

A Letter from Location

Laura La Plante tells about the joys of working on the seashore



To Myrtle Gebhart

Balboa Beach, California.

DEAR MYRTLE:

This is the place where all good little seafaring vessels go when they die, and become yachts.

You know of course what this picture's all about and who's the star and everything. Reginald Denny is a darling to work with, and Harry Pollard takes a lot of pains with everybody when he is directing. But say, you'd get a laugh out of Hal Cooley if you could see him as we did. I've got to tell you about that.

Lucille Ward and I have the lower half of a pretty bungalow on the Newport bay, with a kitchen and everything. Night before last we invited Mr. Denny, Mr. Cooley, Clyde de Vinna—our camera man—and Mrs. de Vinna over to play mah jongg. As it happens, Hal is the worst player of mah jongg in the country—except myself. And remember the kitchen!

Hal and I disappeared, at the awful hour of seven-thirty in the evening, and when we got back we were loaded down with walnuts and sugar, syrup and eggs—and you know the rest. At nine o'clock we had the divinity ready. Yes, I'll admit it—I'm a better divinity maker than mah jongg player.

One thing we've all had a lot of fun out of is watching others "walk the plank." We're working on this schooner for scenes of a society costume party. Everybody that's here is in pirate costume and Reggie and Leo White have to be ducked. They're thrown off the plank into the water.

Reggie is such a fine actor that he can burlesque a scene, saying funny words, without losing any of the dramatic effect. I mean, he can act the fool and still make his face behave dramatic — which I can't. In the scene where he was supposed to walk the plank to eternal oblivion, he assumed a tense pose, raised his hands to Heaven and, as he dived, called back, "I have but one life to give for Universal Picture Company——"



"Corporation," corrected Eddie Stein, who is very careful about such matters, being our business boss, and it almost broke up my scene.

I think you asked me in your last letter what they're going to call this picture. Honestly, I don't know. When Byron Morgan wrote the story he called it "There He Goes," and somebody wants to call it "The Spice of Life"—sounds like a term for location work. All I know is that it's a Universal-Jewel "special" and they're spending all sorts of money in filming it.

All we did at Del Monte for five weeks was wait for the sun, and get up at three thirty in the morning to go fishing. I caught the largest halibut out of five that were caught one morning, so I think my next rôle ought to be that of a fisherman's daughter. Universal duplicated the lobby of the Del Monte hotel at the studio and we're using the famous "Seventeen-mile Drive" for the race in the story.

Well, this is this—I'm a rich man's daughter in this picture and Reggie's a poor chauffeur, and thereby the thick plot. If we don't weaken Reggie will get rich and famous as a racing driver in the story and I'll get back home to mother and a hot bath.

Gee whiz, it's a quarter to ten—this won't do. I'm going to cold cream my sunburned knees—you know what a pirate's costume is like—and go to bed. Love to you and your dear mother—tell her I'll repeat the divinity stunt.

Always your friend,

LAURA LA PLANTE.



Photo by Horwitz

The Soda-pop Girl Grows Up

Patsy Ruth Miller has been making great strides in the last year.

By Myrtle Gebhart

GRIM and of foreboding mien, the young judge eyed the culprit. The courtroom was filled with simple peasant folk, craning their necks to get a glimpse of the tabloid drama occurring up there before the bar of justice. In the prisoner's box stood a drab creature with haggard face and frenzied eyes—those eyes, one felt, might once have beckoned, star bright in youth's first love. Now they were half-crazed with fear, for this unlovely creature clad in ragged garments was charged with having taken the life of her baby. Childishly, piteously, her pleas burst from quivering lips.

Behind his massive desk, the young deemster was stern, his face noncommittal, albeit his hands clenched and, beneath his grimness, one could feel that he was profoundly stirred, that mercy fought in his heart with justice.

And, comforting the prisoner, a girl, straight like a sapling to the scorn of the crowd—who, having already condemned as is the way of mobs, thought the less of her, their idol heretofore, for extending commiseration to one who had sinned. This second girl's brown eyes, when they were raised to the deemster, were tender with love and trust.

Suddenly, cleaving the air like a knife, came a shriek from the prisoner, refusing to name the man for whose equal sin she alone was to be punished. Her eyes, raised to the deemster's, held a look that only her girl friend and comforter understood. Seeing that look, in one blinding flash the truth came to the girl *Fenella* and she knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that he whom she loved, whose duty was to mete out justice, was the cause of this poor wretch's suffering. Her brown eyes, wide with horror, contracted then in pain, held a look of insufferable hurt. No gesticulating, no exaggeration of acting; just that one poignant look between the girl and the man she loved.

At a sharp whistle, the lights flashed off, the cameras stopped.

"You couldn't have done that a year ago, Pat," I said, as *Fenella,* otherwise Patsy Ruth Miller, came off the set. "You're developing, young lady."

"Thanks for the comp, my darling infant." For it is our habit to use exaggerated affectionate terms. "If I thought you *meant* it, I might believe it. But, having known you for three long years, I have a suspicion that your admiration is but preliminary to some unladylike comment."

"I do mean it, strange to say. You may not realize," I turned to the big, blond man, Victor Seastrom, who is directing Goldwyn's production of "The Master of Man," from Sir Hall Caine's novel, "but, as a total surprise to me, this child has shown amazing progress this past year. Before she did 'The Girl I Loved' with Charles Ray, she was—well, wooden. Didn't put herself, her real personality, over on the screen at all. The first time I saw her shadow-self even friendship couldn't restrain my comments. But in Charles Ray's picture I got a twinkling glimpse of the real Pat; in 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame' the girl really acted, and here she's showing unbelievable dramatic depth."

"What do you want *now?*" Pat eyed me suspiciously. "I bought you two luncheons last week and gave you those lace hankies to wear on your wrist for your birthday."

"I crave nothing," I replied, "save to see you do a love scene without giggling at yourself, my infant prodigy. *That* would convince me beyond doubt."

A day later that boon too was granted me, when I watched Mr. Seastrom directing a charming love sequence between *Fenella* and *Victor* (Conrad Nagel). The room, in *Fenella's* home, was big, high-ceilinged, austere; upon the walls hung priceless tapestries. It had an impressive air of quiet, traditional grandeur. Sitting very straight and prim in a high-backed chair

of carved walnut, her little brown head flung back with patrician hauteur, gradually she responded to the shy love that spoke in *Victor's* clear blue eyes. The moment or two of byplay between them, a delicate, repressed thing of a fluttering hand, a swift glance, was exquisitely done.

"I'm crazy about this picture and working for Mr. Seastrom," she bubbled over with effervescence, the same old Pat, her momentary dignity discarded, when, the scene over, she led me off to lunch with Norma, her visiting St. Louis cousin. "He lets me be subtle—I don't have to act all over the place. I know I used to be wooden. When I got over that, I went to the other extreme, all," assuming a tragic pose there on the green lawns between the glass-topped stages, "waving arms and blinking eyes.

"I didn't want to be cast eternally as the sweet ingénue, so I thought I'd act and show 'em I could. Then, too, in 'The Hunchback' my rôle required that I be more active, more vivid. But now I've realized the greatest acting is just standing still and thinking and feeling—the little gestures, if you get what I mean, Scrambled Egg."

"I do, Fish of My Soul," I replied serenely, as we three settled ourselves in the Film Hut Cafe for our favorite pastime. "I always knew——"

"Yes, you did," calmly surveying her luncheon. "I heard you tell mother about two years ago that we might as well pack up the family silver and go back to St. Louis."

But now, all persiflage aside, I should like to say that the progress Patsy Ruth has shown in her last three pictures is remarkable. I often used to wonder, when viewing those Goldwyn comedy-dramas, why I didn't see the Pat I knew upon the screen. A Pat of irrepressible humor, bubbling over with fun; a Pat of sidelong, expressive glances that held in their restlessness but half-felt depths of dramatic fire. A Pat of kidding effervescence, but beneath the surface raillery a slumbering flame, a growing womanliness.

It was, I have decided now, self-consciousness that seemed to cloak her when she stepped before the camera. She needed time to adapt herself to the art of being herself when in a scene, the hardest art of all. Now, with the success that is coming to her, the better rôles that are her portion, has come a sense of responsibility and with it poise.



On the surface she's still the same old irrepressible "Pat."

I don't mean that she has changed much, or that she prates about "complexes" or any of those things, though she has a keen brain which quickly assimilates and can hold her own in conversational wit and surface brilliance with the best. She's still, on the surface, the same old irrepressible Pat whose personality I sketched for you in PICTURE-PLAY a year and a half ago. Intensely enthusiastic over things, a girl of superlatives; striking poses in imitation of Nazimova, whom she adores to the extent of cultivating the most thrilling set of long, pointed, finger-nails I have ever seen. But beneath it all a growing realization of her own progress on the screen and what it means to her.

"You can laugh at me, but I *do* feel that there's something in me I'm just beginning to express. Laugh all you please, you two poor ignoramuses," as Norma and I giggled over her attempts to put into halting words the gradual change in her. "You never did regard me with the seriousness I claim I deserve. *That's* what comes from chumming with a person who writes for a fan magazine. When the others come to interview me, I can talk about my dramatic art and all and act just as soulfully as I please——"

"And when you talk that way to me, I think you've got a pain somewhere, for I remember how we used to lie on the floor on our tummies and look at picture albums of Nazimova, when you wore your hair down your back and your elbows were all scratched

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"A Cat May Look on a King"

The old saying is as good to-day in a movie studio as it was in the early sixteenth century in an English palace.

By Helen Klumph

IF a writer of romances set out to describe a wily monarch he might reasonably take Holbrook Blinn as his model. To be sure he would find more inspiration in "Rosita's" king than he would in the Sunday supplement glimpses of Edward, George, Alfonso or Albert. Our real, modern rulers look nifty enough in golfing togs, but they don't look regal. Costumes of another period, of course, go far toward establishing the actor's supremacy as a king. But that isn't all. The actor has had more experience at this king business.

At best, a real king plays his part only before a limited and somewhat blasé audience, but a Holbrook Blinn can strut over a thousand stages playing *Lears* and *Louis*. The difference between a self-conscious monarch unveiling a statue in the news reels and the king in "Rosita" trying to seduce a peasant singer is more than the difference between dull duty and romance; it is the difference between life and art. And art in the keeping of Holbrook Blinn romps off triumphant.

"How has he managed to stay out of the movies so long?" Many a person asked that question about Holbrook Blinn after seeing his superb performance in "Rosita." The right answer is that he didn't manage to stay out of them before that. He made movies for about two years. Luck has favored him, though, and made most of us forget his early appearances on the screen.

I ought to stop right there, but having found that mention of the pictures he appeared in brought up some vivid memories in my mind, I am tempted to offer you the same experience. There was "The Butterfly on the Wheel" and "The Unpardonable Sin," "McTeague" and "The Boss," all World films; there was "The Empress" for Pathé and "Pride" for McClure pictures. There were others, but why harp on them?

It isn't that Holbrook Blinn was unskilled in these pictures; they were bad in themselves. While other players have been growing up with the movies and gradually acquiring a subtle technique, the movies themselves have been growing up to Holbrook Blinn.

Under high arches and tapestried walls of a medieval palace strode the king. His figure was a little bent, his face a little weak, but his was a majestic bearing. As in a crazy dream, a figure out of another century strode into his very presence and without respectful preamble said, "That girl's come to interview you."

And the king sighed a little regretfully that affairs of studio should intrude themselves. I don't know that I blame him. There he was pleasantly chatting with Marion Davies about whether or not he had absent-mindedly shifted his ring from finger to finger during the close-up just past. And a girl came to ask him about this Holbrook Blinn person that he had left hours before down in his dressing room, along with modern clothes and modern troubles.

Let me digress right here to say that his modern clothes are not of the Broadway variety. No sumptuous lapels or faun-colored spats mark him as an inhabitant of Times Square. And his troubles are neither temperamental nor racy. His country houses have a habit of burning down. For twelve years his leisure hours have been pretty steadily engaged in approving architects' plans, watching the building of a home and helping his wife to furnish it. Their first home, located near Ossining, about forty miles from New York City, burned, and treasures collected over a period of twenty years were destroyed. Elaborate plans were drawn up for another place, it was built and furnished, and the day before the Blinn family moved in, that burned down. And now they are in the throes of finishing another home.

He tried to settle down comfortably in a camp chair, as he remarked, "I find playing in movies a pleasant diversion."

That was that.

He said it pompously, not having thoroughly checked the king at the camera lines. And then his sense of humor triumphed, and he laughed at himself.

"It may prove a costly diversion. I gave up doing the best stage play I have read in years, in order to do this picture. It was based on the life of Sancho Panza. But I have the pleasure of knowing that my old friend, Otis Skinner, is to have a good play."

He looked guileless enough, but one on the lookout for a tinge of malice in his remarks might have found it.

"It is too much of a strain to make pictures during the day and appear on the stage at night. I found that out this past summer in Los Angeles. Once, for five days, I was not out of the costume I wear in 'The Bad Man.' I went from working out on the desert directly to the theater. But doing 'The Bad Man' in pictures and on the stage was fairly easy compared to the strain of doing 'Rosita' by day and 'The Bad Man' by night. It seemed as though I never had any rest. You know, perhaps, how intensely Mary Pickford works. After she starts on a picture there is hardly ever a break in the production schedule. Once it was necessary to make some big scenes on Saturday and Sunday and on both days I gave matinées as well as evening performances. After the evening performance I rushed out to the studio and worked all night. A tent with a cot had been rigged up for me so that I could take a nap, but I didn't. Doug is an old friend and when we got to talking I forgot about needing sleep. I worked straight through those two days and nights and then found that the call for Monday morning was for nine o'clock."

Although his manner is wonderfully gracious he seems aloof when he speaks of himself. It is as though the subject were one of which he was thoroughly weary.

He picked up a book I had dropped on a chair and glanced through the pages as he talked. It was a modern, autobiographical affair. "Youthful soul struggles" was his verdict at a glance. And then he was called on the set for a close-up.

I think that the part Mr. Blinn is playing at the moment affects his manner to a considerable extent. When he was playing "The Bad Man" on the stage his interview conversation sparkled. Now he is a king with a rather resigned and world-weary attitude.

I doubt if there is another man on the American stage with such an interesting career. And behind that, a tremendously interesting mother. She was Nellie Holbrook, a popular actress and the only one who ever played the rôle of *Hamlet* to the great satisfaction of the New York critics. She retired from the stage

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Photo by K. O. Rahmn

The movie book of kings, so long dominated by Emil Jannings, boasts now the illustrious presence of Holbrook Blinn. Below he is shown as he will appear as *Louis XI.* in "Yolanda." The little oval at the right is a glimpse of him as the Spanish king in "Rosita."





Some Ladies of Quality

Sensational books and famous plays that were dominated by their heroines make admirable star stuff for our screen sirens.



First of all, of course, comes "The Lady of Quality" herself, the beautiful and noble heroine of Frances Hodgson Burnett's romance. Virginia Valli plays her in a big Universal production, and she promises to bring back many tender memories to readers who wept over her and adored her. The principal supporting rôle is taken by Milton Sills.



Quite a different heroine is the one played by Barbara La Marr in Fred Niblo's production of "Thy Name is Woman," a play that thrilled New Yorkers two seasons ago. A Spanish girl, romantic, discontented, ambitious —and always living in fear that her own indiscretions or her husband's smuggling will be discovered. William V. Mong appears in her support.









Photo by Mandeville

And who of this generation can forget the stir caused by *The Lady* in "Three Weeks," the exotic, green-eyed siren who made Elinor Glyn, her author, infamous in the eyes of the Puritans. Aileen Pringle plays her on the screen for Goldwyn and makes her appear—in these photographs, at least—a demure little miss. Conrad Nagel plays opposite her.





Almost as famous to-day is the beautiful and irresistible *Mary Zattiany*, heroine of "Black Oxen," Gertrude Atherton's widely read novel of rejuvenation. Corinne Griffith is playing her for First National, with Conway Tearle appearing in her support.









Photo by Abbe

Betty Blythe, too, is helping to perpetuate our memorable heroines. The two large pictures on this page show her as the impulsive, almost savage heroine of "Chu Chin Chow," the spectacular play that ran a thousand nights in London and almost as many in New York.



Photo by Abbe

She also plays the leading rôle in a film version of Longfellow's "The Spanish Student," which on arriving on the cinema, becomes "Romany Love." Both of these pictures were made abroad.



Still At It



Photo by Edd. E. Morrison





Mae Murray has not yet exhausted all the possibilities of extravagant costuming, as she proves in "Fashion Row." By way of variety this time she starts out as a Russian immigrant, a rôle that is pleasantly reminiscent of her best picture, "On With the Dance." Later she dons a black wig, in which she bears a striking resemblance to Marie Prevost.



Photo by Henry Waxman

Conway Tearle is about the busiest of men about films. After dueling with nearly the whole cast of "Ashes of Vengeance," he proceeded to the more pleasant pursuit of making love to Corinne Griffith in "Black Oxen" and Dorothy Mackaill in "The Next Corner."

Salome on Fifth Avenue

Or, if you prefer, "Matrimony versus Career;" although, married, Dagmar is likely to annex a career.

By Charles Henry Steele



Although her husband, Frank Mayo, wished her retirement from the screen to be permanent, Dagmar Godowsky fluttered back in "Red Lights."

THE stellar sisters of the celluloid sorority are, for the most part, attractive girls ranging from pretty all the way to beautiful, who, when you are introduced to them informally, in many respects remind you of your sister or the girl next door.

Often this comes as a shock, not only to the reader, but to the writer as well. To discover that a screen Circe's favorite author is Harold Bell Wright and her life work the completion of a knitted sweater, is disconcerting. To come upon a saucer-eyed beaut who films like Helen of Troy and talks like one of Helen's Babies, is benumbing. But these matter-of-fact things happen regularly, a true report is duly turned in to these pages, and another layer of glamour peels off.

In the past six months I have met so many of the film fair who were "another of those nice young girls," the sort we all know so well, that unkind friends have suspected the sincerity of my reports.

So it is with especial pleasure that I announce the return of an exotic to the cinema. Dagmar Godowsky is unlike any sister you have ever had or met.

A few years ago she arrived in Hollywood with a flock of trunks and announced her intention of becoming a star; and, more positively still, a great star. She had mingled with celebrities and she had been wooed by geniuses; accordingly her enthusiasm was as boundless as a press agent's.

"I want to make a name for myself!" she cried in those days. "I want to be known ever-r-ry-where as Dag-mar Godowsky, star of movies, not merely as daughter of the great Leopold Godowsky."

Then she fell in love with a movie actor and conventionally married him. Heeding his wishes, she temporarily bade farewell to her screen aspirations.

Now that matrimony has gradually lost its first rosy rapture, as matrimony must, Dagmar is back—back looking for the will-o'-the-wisp, Fame, but with her equipment, safe to say, not in the background.

Despite her infrequent and comparatively unimportant celluloid appearances, La Godowsky possesses a personality rivaling that of some of our most individual stars. She is petulant, whimsical, vain, extravagant, exotic, luxurious. If the idea of stardom ever seizes her with sufficient intensity, the chances are that a new star will shine.

She is young, but a lifetime of travel has made her worldly wise. Travel is not the only way to achieve such wisdom, but certainly it is one of the surest ways. There is an air of Continental frankness about her, subtly masked by American repression. She will say something startling with demurely downcast eyes; one of her most effective tricks is to appear utterly guileless as she twists a well-intentioned phrase just enough to lend it a touch of paprika. Her eyes are restless ovals of sophistication; her smile is a silent symphony, now of sardonic mockery, now of naïve delight. When she entered pictures three years ago I called at her Hollywood bungalow, to find an Oriental, slumbrous-eyed maiden in flowing-sleeved jacket and Chinese trousers, hopping about in Mephistophelian sandals with curved tips, a figure as foreign as a Ming vase or a scimitar.

I found a change when I ascended to the vast Godowsky suite in the Ansonia.

Dagmar entered the room after an effective stage wait had been covered up by Mrs. Godowsky's recital of the events coloring her husband's most recent world tour. Dagmar was still Dagmar, to be sure—the olive skin, the eloquent eyes, the shining black hair drawn tight about her head and coiled at the nape of her neck—but instead of a properly sophisticated gown of slinky stuff, she was decked out in a crinkly, crisp, young frock, suggestive of Jessie Wilcox Smith, *St. Nicholas* covers, and the annual lawn social and strawberry festival of the Peoria M. E. Church.

Here was a brunette eye-opener in Kate Greenaway patterns, as appropriate as the Queen of Sheba in a mother hubbard, Nita Naldi playing *Little Eva,* or Gilda Gray dancing a minuet.

The potent green eyes were unchanged; her lips were as full and as red as ever; her figure had retained its sinuous slenderness. Why the Elsie Dinsmore dress? Was the siren switching to ingénues? I asked, astonished.

"No, I am still Dag-mar. But people here in New

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herself and her voice was pleasantly low. Frequently she smiled.

"Is the detail you speak of connected with a friend of yours?" I asked, without mentioning the name. She read it in my mind, however, for she shot me a look of complete understanding and said yes.

I meant, and she knew I meant, Henri Lettellier, the French millionaire, one of the more lavish donors of her jewels, according to her own admission, and who is said to have suggested the character in the story of "A Woman of Paris" known as *Pierre Revel*.

Gossip has it that Adolphe Menjou was chosen for the part because of his slight resemblance to the magnate of Deauville's casino and *Le Matin* of Paris.

Miss Hopkins was unperturbed by all this but seemed to recognize my delicacy in not probing old wounds.

The incident in question has to do, I suspect, with the quarrel between *Marie St. Clair* (Edna Purviance) and *Revel*, who laughs at her outburst and continues to laugh when the girl tears off her pearls and throws them out the window, following which she runs in frantic pursuit of the derelict who has picked them up, and retrieves them.

It is the sort of scene that smacks of real life rather than the imagination of a scenarist. And somehow I fancy Peggy, despite her momentary poise, giving way to a like tantrum in moments of hectic boudoir histrionism.

All of which brings us to the picture itself.

I might as well confess, at the start, that I went to the Lyric Theater with strong, though dim, misgivings about Mr. Chaplin's "drama of fate." For I had heard a week before that he had endowed his celluloid offspring with that portentous label.

Now "Fate," I am sure you will agree, is "strong meat." It is one of those gorgeous words that constant fingering has reduced to rags. On the whole I think such a term should be the exclusive possession of, let us say, Thomas Hardy or Anatole France—or, in other words, a genius, no matter what his nationality.

But, despite verbal prejudices, I count that day lost when the breadth of my mind shrinks. So, with a reassuring grip on the plush and an inclusive glance at my neighbors (most of whom were middle-aged, palpably sentimental and faintly suggestive of vespertine cabbage cookery) I settled down to an evening of art.

Unhappily, I had read a dodger, thrust into my hand that morning, issuing from United Artists Corporation. It was not an hyperbolic dodger, but it was definite and promised much.

"As I see it"—so rippled Mr. Chaplin's comment in this all too perishable masterpiece of prose—"the purpose of story telling is to express the beauty of life."

That was what did it. "Beauty" is much to be sought and seldom to discover, and my own feeble personal efforts to glimpse it in the Chaplinian "drama of fate" were not adequately rewarded.

A shot of a French provincial home. Cloudy lights at a bedroom window. Mist and dust below. Not bad, not bad. Miss Purviance, looking rather like a tired and slightly adipose trouper, sighing wistfully above the sill. Not so good, not so good.

And then the deluge, for two hours, of excruciatingly murky lighting, of sets that recalled nothing so much as Mack Sennett's "Dough and Dynamite," of uninventive camera angles, of sham, shoddy furniture, of that bogus simplicity which is far worse than Cecil De Mille's pretentious futility, of—to compress the idea—a master clown amusing himself by donning the hieratic robes of a small-town psychological lecturer.

Don't, I pray, misunderstand me. I am not one of those obtuse mortals who would restrict an artist to one sphere. If the immortal Chaplin of "A Dog's Life" and "The Tramp" wants to play *Hamlet*, I shall be the first to buy a moderately priced seat for the opening night.

If he desires to open a shell game in Times Square, I will guarantee to be the initial come-on who positively knows precisely where the elusive pea is to be found.

But when Mr. Chaplin tries to persuade me that he, born in France, knows Parisian night life, my laughter is loud, vulgar and violent.

Mr. Griffith, in "The Birth of a Nation," showed us that frying fish in a settler's cabin could be interesting to himself, if not important to the innocent and yawning spectators. Mr. Chaplin, possibly having sat through "Adam's Rib," and remembering that "detail" is the pearl of the modern movie's oyster, has gone both D. W. and De Mille one better.

I refer to the café scene in "A Woman of Paris." Therein, if you have the courage to face it, you shall see marvels undreamed of by Brillat-Savarin, greatest gastronome, of Paris. You shall see, in close-ups, truffles (described in a highly ethical title as a delicacy rooted up by hogs for epicurean man) in a froth of stewing champagne.

You shall see men about town "opening wine," as the silk salesmen have it, for their lights o' love, and both sexes most uncannily suggestive of Hollywood Boulevard. You shall see napkins voluptuously edged with what is described to me as "petticoat edging lace." You shall see chefs and maîtres d'hotel and waiters strangely resembling Ford Sterling, Wallace Beery and the dear old Keystone crew. And all, apparently, on their tiptoes, eager to burst into some fantastic, farcical madness which would be utterly out of place in a drama of "Fate"—or any other drama, for that matter.

In the all too fragmentary intermission I scrutinized the program of "A Woman of Paris." And there I found more "rich stuff" than I had unearthed in the film proper.

I was told, via type, for instance, that what I had been witnessing was "a story of a woman's heart, carrying with it the supreme problem of the ages—humanity being composed not of heroes and villains, but of men and women, and all their passions, both good and bad, have been given them by God. . . . They sin only in blindness."

Well, said I to myself, it is not only fictional figures of "Fate" that sin blindly. There are, there must be, in that vast and entertaining domain of the celluloid, geniuses whose sole error is to mistake their minor talents for their major gifts.

And before my eyes rose visions of Ben Turpin impersonating Rodolph Valentino, Ethel Barrymore essaying a jazz number (with a Mammy refrain) at the Palais Royal, and of Paul Whiteman composing a modern symphony — and the answer, to me, was "No!"

Yet, in farewell, I must concede to the drama which harried Miss Hopkins, that it has its points and sharp ones they are, too. There is the scene of the pearl tossing to which I have already sketchily alluded. And the scene in which the hero's parents object to *Mademoiselle St. Clair's* presence under their son's roof, and the scene in which the cynical masseuse with mute bitterness surveys the gossiping girls, and the sequence ending at the railroad station, by which the young lover is prevented from accompanying Miss Edna Purviance St. Clair to "the great city."

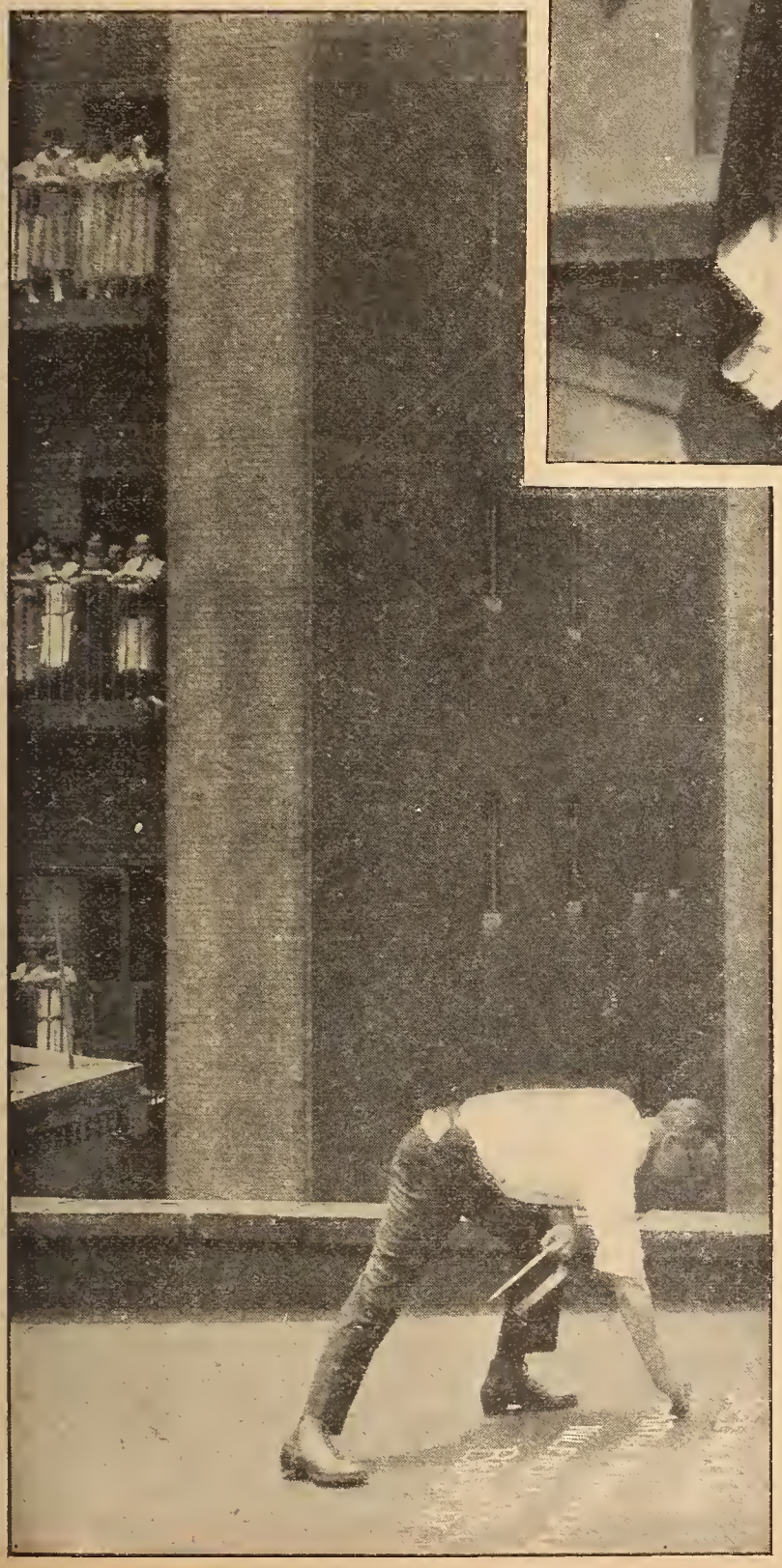
These things suggested, not genius, but acute observation and that fidelity to life at which Mr. Chaplin,

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Giving New York a Thrill

Making scenes for "The Leavenworth Case" on top of a building in one of the busiest sections in New York proves a great attraction.

GOING out on the fire escape for a breath of fresh air at noon, the workers in an old loft building in New York City don't find much to interest them. A scrub-woman puttering with some old rags on a line or a workman mending a roof—that is about all they usually see. So imagine their surprise when they came out one day recently and found



The director, Charles Giblyn, used the slate roof as a blackboard on which to answer the onlookers' questions.



The star and the scenario writer, Seena Owen and Eve Stuyvesant, sat on the edge of the roof while they conferred over the scene to be made.

a motion-picture company at work below them! That is a rare sight for New Yorkers; they aren't blasé as Los Angeles people are about watching movies made.

They crowded the fire escapes and called down to ask Charles Giblyn, the director, who it was they were watching, and soon using the slate roof of the building as a blackboard, he announced "Seena Owen, Martha Mansfield and Wilfred Lytell in 'The Leavenworth Case,' a Whitman Bennett production."

Probably no more expensive backdrop than the great department store across Thirty-fourth Street was ever utilized in the making of a motion picture, and no extras thronging a busy street and carrying on mock trade ever looked so realistic as this street with its noontime rush.

The roof where the scenes were made is not itself an office building or store but the home of Eve Stuyvesant, the scenario writer. Like many other descendants of distinguished New York families she continues to reside in the neighborhood with which her family was associated years ago, even though most of the old residences are gone and high office buildings have taken their place.

"The Leavenworth Case," as many readers will recall, was a popular detective story written by Anna Katherine Green some years ago.

But these scenes, at least, will interest the out-of-towner who likes to get glimpses of real New York.

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lacking, and there is a romance in the plot that should bring joy to the flapper heart.

The objection that might be cited to the new Hough picturization is that it offers a similar background and almost identical effects in some of the scenes, like those where vast herds of cattle are shown to swim the swollen rivers. Fortunately, though, the panorama is much larger, and the use of men and animals in the mass effects will be on a bigger scale. A great stampede, when a bolt of lightning strikes the herd, will be a thrilling feature, and the courage and persistence of the early settlers, particularly the girl, who sought to drive their cattle to a new and profitable market, against all kinds of odds of tempest and storm and intrigue, promises a stirring theme.

What will probably attract many film followers is the fact that Ernest Torrence, the hardy plainsman of "The Covered Wagon," is to play a leading rôle. No Cruze picture, especially one laid in the great outdoors, would be complete without his presence now.

Jack Holt, as the hero, will have a break in the monotony of his series of ineffective portrayals of the last few years.

Incidentally, if the price of beef is high this winter, you'll have to complain about it to Mr. Cruze, because he's going to use three or four thousand head of cattle in some of the bigger scenes.

Simplicity Needed.

In addition to the famous tiger skin, specially purchased and shampooed for the occasion, something new in settings and props is promised to the film beholder in the Goldwyn production of "Three Weeks." At the studio, these are referred to as "futuristic," and they are perhaps something like those that you saw in Nazimova's "Salome" and "Camille."

There seems to be a commendable artistic tendency on the part of some of the producers toward more simple backgrounds, getting away from a certain garishness and pertaining more directly to a dramatic mood. This is exemplified in the picturization of the Glyn novel, especially in the gracefully arched ceilings, the smooth and undecorated walls, the scarcity of furnishings, and the sweep and softness that is given by the occasional hanging or drape.

Many of the fans have doubtless tired of looking on the excess of adornments in some of the recent films, not only those of the period type, but the modern as well. The directors have inclined to overdo the bigness of their construction, without the correct regard for the limitations of the camera. This instrument is peculiar in that it has a way of gathering up everything that is in sight, and bringing it all together in a very small space. Certain sets, say like those in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and "The Spanish Dancer" looked magnificent when you beheld them in actuality. They filled the eye and seemed just like the original.

When they showed on the screen it was a different story. Something about them was a trifle disappointing. You felt, perhaps, a lack of quality. They did not seem to match the bigger contrasts of the story, and convey little or nothing of the period in which that story was laid. Despite the excellence of the aging process, which was used in their construction, they persisted in being new and movie-esque.

Douglas Fairbanks is probably one of the most successful in his use of period settings, and his theory is that you can't be too real when you are dealing with an imaginary theme. We have always felt that his huge castle for "Robin Hood," outside of one or two shots, where miniatures were used that were painted on glass, continues one of the most excellent examples of architecture that fit the story. There was no crowding of the interior with useless trappings. You sensed at all times the bigger spaces wherein there was plenty of room for your vision to roam. Admittedly, most feudal castles are squat affairs, when they are compared with the Woolworth Building, or structures of that character, but Doug succeeded in impressing you with a splendor and bigness that, while not traditional, aroused a real thrill over the beauty of the legendary times.

Financial News.

It was probably just a natural sequence of affairs that Betty Compson, on coming back from abroad, should complete the present cycle of her experience by returning to Famous Players-Lasky to head the cast in "The Stranger," adapted from John Galsworthy's "The First and the Last." The other players include Richard Dix, who made his entrée into the Paramount coterie of actors by playing opposite Miss Compson, beside Lewis Stone and Tully Marshall.

Doubtless, too, Miss Compson is receiving more money for this engagement than she averaged when she was a star, in which respect she parallels May McAvoy, who, we believe, advanced her price considerably when it came to being engaged for "West of the Water Tower."

Free lancing may not mean a steady succession of jobs, but it has its share of compensations.

Taps for Charlie.

For years great, bulky Charlie, the Universal elephant, has carried mock Indian princesses through studio streets; with a majestic air he has strolled into comedies, wreaking havoc to the furniture and bringing terror to the hearts of the players. And too, he has often played in circus scenes. That must have seemed odd to Charlie, for no doubt he thought he had shaken the dust of the circus from his great flat feet when he was ingloriously fired years ago.

Charlie came into the movies under a cloud. He had not been a good boy. But that was before the days of morality clauses in players' contracts and before theater owners passed resolutions barring pictures which featured notorious characters. So, in spite of the fact that Charlie had broken loose several times during circus parades and smashed up brand-new automobiles, he was given a job out at Universal City.

Charlie was not one of those placid elephants who could be driven on a truck from studio to studio to play his parts. He had to live in a specially constructed compound where he was chained to a concrete floor. Only Curly Stecker, his trainer, dared direct him. And when the camera men and players went on to do a scene with Charlie, every one admitted freely that he was nervous.

For months, now, Charlie has been unmanageable. He has been a real menace to the safety of people out at Universal City. And so he had to be killed. So that he would not suffer, a crack marksman came and fired the shot that killed him. His skeleton has become the property of the Los Angeles Museum of Natural History.

As the main situation is somewhat exciting, the fans will probably be interested to know that Universal has lately completed a picture called "The Signal Tower," in which the men who work in the railroad switch towers, and upon whom thousands of lives daily depend, are cheered. Two men in the picture are thus employed, working different shifts. One is the husband, the other the lover of the heroine, who is played by Virginia Valli. So you can now figure out the plot.

It looks as if there would be absolutely no end of these pictures that pay compliments and fling bouquets

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What a Man Will Do for His Art

Introducing Edmund Lowe whose alabaster skin and marceled hair in "In the Palace of the King" shouldn't prejudice you against him.

By Barbara Little

WHEN you see Edmund Lowe in "In the Palace of the King," you may be moved to remark, "How perfectly beautiful." I know it isn't the sort of tribute most men would like—and it isn't the sort of thing a girl says about her real screen heroes. But—that is what he gets for having artfully shaded, soulful eyes, a complexion that is a triumph of the cosmetician's art, and beautifully waved hair. If you are romantically inclined, you will adore him; if you are not, you may want to kill him.

Now the only way that a man can look as handsome as Edmund Lowe does sometimes and still live, is to back up his good looks with a strong right arm. He does. He was a great athlete in his college days out at Santa Clara and he still keeps in training.

Some day at one of his pictures, and I hope it happens during one of his most torrid love scenes—some sweet young thing is going to rise up and say, "Oh, there's teacher." She won't be as crazy as she sounds. Before Mr. Lowe became a professional actor, he taught history of English literature at Leland Stanford. That was in nineteen hundred and ten and eleven. But the memory of the good times he used to have in the amateur theatricals at Santa Clara made him hanker for a stage career. With his profile and his deep melodious voice, the business of getting a job on the stage involved neither waiting nor hardships. He walked right into a part.



Because he is so decorative in costume rôles, Edmund Lowe may find it hard to persuade directors that he can act.



Photos by Paul Thompson

In real life he flaunts his freckles proudly, slicks his hair back straight and spends his spare time exercising at Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's gym.

He believes that a Jesuit college is the best training school for an actor; their instructors are so thorough, their study of the arts so inclusive. During his last two years in college he played in seven or eight of the Shakespearean favorites, one Greek drama and a number of modern plays, gaining therein some valuable experience.

While in New York, Mr. Lowe plays a not inconspicuous part in Broadway's night life. He is no hermit who gathers his books about a student lamp to make a night of it. But, chatting with the other members of the company making "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," he can always be counted on to hold them spellbound with his erudition. Mention figures and he thinks not of the "Follies" but of the table of logarithms. He reminisces of differential calculus as though it were an all-absorbing passion.

Second only to that is his interest in the history of the American Revolution. Tear eight or ten pages out of the encyclopedia and you have a fair sample of his pleasant luncheon table repartee.

He has alternated stage and screen appearances for the last few years, but now he appears only on the screen.

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If ever that spark dormant within the sleek, well-groomed contentment of him be touched by an overwhelming desire for something unattainable, something that he wants and can't have—he is likely to reach the heights for which Madame trained him.

"There is something wrong with my acting," he confessed in his sudden, dejected, introspective mood. "But what? I can't tell," shrugging helplessly, "*why* I like or don't like a thing. My heart is in my work. When I start a picture, I study the script for a week. I know my scenes, as one does on the stage. Next I dress the character. There is much psychology in dress. When I put on evening clothes, I feel important. I am somebody. I am dignified. But when I wear flannels, old sport-clothes, I slouch. Dressing the character is half the business of making him real, individual. I work hard, yes. But always it lacks something. What?

"Madame would say, 'Gaston, act with the mind, not too much with the heart.' She had that real actor's gift of—of standing aside and watching herself act. While seemingly broken-hearted in the scene, she would scold me in a whisper for something wrong that I do. Norma Talmadge and a few others—they snap into a scene and snap out of it. Some actresses, they make me sick, the way they 'wait for the mood,' demand music. Foolishness. An *actor* needs none of those things. Madame scorned them."

Gaston likes sports—in moderation. A round or two of boxing; golfing or tennis when so inclined. He likes to camp and fish and hunt. Five kindred souls—Gaston, Tom Forman, Kenneth Harlan and a couple of other fellows—go on fishing trips.

"When I want to know a man, say what kind of fellow is he, I take him out to the country. If he fuss, 'I want hot water, I want so-and-so,' then I know he's not a man at all and I like him no more. We sign a pledge, we five, not to shave or change our clothes for a week."

I could fancy Gaston so garbed, for I see him often lounging about the yard none too fastidiously gotten up; but imagine the immaculate Kenneth in old clothes, his chin boasting a stubble of beard!

I asked Gaston if he should like some day to return to France.

"To visit, yes. Not to act. There I am nothing. Here I am not so much, but a little bit. America give me my chance, my prosperity. It makes me sick when foreign actors think they are better than Americans."

I mentioned one of his countrymen, a man of exceeding vanity. I had heard Gaston arguing one evening, most forcibly, with this fellow, berating him for his high-handed attitude, advising him to change his air and to try to make Americans like him.

But he paid tribute to the charm of Andree Lafayette. Though she has been here some time it was only recently that they met. They have a little French club here — Gaston, director Louis Gasnier, Maurice Canonge, Charles de Roche, Robert Florey, who handles the foreign publicity for the Pickford-Fairbanks productions and who shares Gaston's bungalow. One evening to their meeting came Andree.

"I hesitate about meeting her," Gaston said frankly. "These 'too beautiful' women are unreal. But Andree! Like a child, unself-conscious, the spirit of fun. They parade her here as a beauty, she is bewildered, retires into her shell. They call her cold and unfeeling—it is just that the poor child is wondering what it is all about. With us, only her countrymen, she can be herself. So out to Venice by the beach we go, seven or eight of us, riding the shoot-the-chutes, throwing the balls for the funny little dolls, eating hotdogs and popcorn. And, leading us into all sorts of foolish mischief, always Andree, laughing, crying, so happy to be herself for a minute.

"It is hard for a foreigner here," Gaston reminisced of his own humble beginnings in this country. "I came here when I was twenty, with Madame's company. When she return to France, I stay here. I want to play in a stage comedy, and then maybe pictures. She upbraided me. 'I've trained you to be an actor,' she stormed, throwing at me whatever happened to be handy. 'With the grace of *le bon Dieu*, you might yet be one. Instead, you would play *comedy!*' Pictures, she thought, had a great artistic future, but comedy was nothing.

"I knew my own mind, so I stayed. It was very hard. I had only a little money and was unknown, nothing. I could speak no English. A friend took me to the Lambs Club and there I would sit for hours, listening to the fellows talk. I would smile and say yes, yes, when I should say no.

"Funny, isn't it, how self-conscious we are?" He fell silent, searching again for the answers to those inexplicable questions which trouble him on those rare occasions when he stops to think about them. "Why is it? Others, they would help. But we are ashamed to admit our ignorance. I would sit in my room, in an agony of unhappiness, moody, until I would force myself to go out and mingle with people, even though I blunder. Gradually I began to learn. And then John Emerson ask me one day to translate a French word. He give me a little rôle in 'Oh, You Women.' Then I have no more difficulty."

And therein lies the answer to the question: why doesn't Gaston Glass, who proved once that he had it in him, astound us again?

B. P. Schulberg, who has him under contract, will feature him next in a quadruple rôle—great-grandfather, grandfather, father and son—in "Maytime."

To many girls Gaston personifies romance. But living close by a person does shatter illusion. One finds realities, to like or dislike. I see in Gaston a gifted boy too inclined to take things easily, who could do big things if some impulse should arouse him from his devitalizing contentment.

He knows his classics, the mental food that Bernhardt gave him during his childhood. By the hour he muses of Balzac, of Dumas; in a lazy, analytical way he likes to take life, people, impulses, everything, apart to see what makes them go. Dissatisfied because he can't understand the vague things his chameleon mind wants to peer into, he brushes the cobwebs of thought aside and, in an instant, is dancing divinely to the victrola's jazz.

Perhaps the trouble with Gaston is that he doesn't understand himself.

Some Day

By Loraine B. Birdsall.

Some day, when my ship rides in from sea
Laden with wealth and pretty things for me;
Some day, when the rainbow's end is found
And the pot o' gold dug from the ground;
Some day, when money grows on trees
And I can pick a fortune any time I please—
Some day, when all my dreams come true,
I'll tell you what I'm going to do:
I'm going to buy a stretch of sun-kissed beach
Down where the cold winds cannot reach
And there I'll build a wondrous movie home
And have some bathing beauties all my own.

Film Stars Who Were Athletes in College

HERE are four of Hollywood's favorites who previously distinguished themselves by their physical endurance and skill.

Conrad Nagel was a star runner and basket-ball player at Highland Park College, in Des Moines, Iowa. Dave Butler, who has been playing in Metro pictures, is a former Stanford and Olympic Club football player, while "Lefty" Flynn was a famous star on the Yale football team before he became a star in films.

Malcolm MacGregor, another Metro player, was also a Yale man, and a member of the Yale swimming and track teams.

Huntley Gordon, a native of Montreal, is a graduate of Bannister Court School, Hampshire, England, where in 1910 he played cricket, hockey, soccer and rugby. He's a yachtsman of prominence and formerly was captain of the Victoria amateur hockey club of Montreal.

Fred Thompson, the Universal serial star, was a football hero, and Jack Holt was well known as an all-around athlete when he attended Virginia Military Academy.







Above, from left to right, are Dave Butler, Conrad Nagel and Malcolm MacGregor.

"Lefty" Flynn doesn't go in for quite such strenuous athletics as he used to.

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in his Broadway apartment, I went away with the idea that he was something of an egomaniac.

"Oh, that was all right," said Lew. "Just a matter of opinion. You were entitled to think whatever you chose."

"Did you say Lew was self-centered?" demanded Miss Busch. "Well, you got him wrong. All wrong. He never talks about himself."

The suave Cody hastened to my defense.

"I did talk about my work. You see, when Mr. Oettinger asked me what I had been doing on the Coast I couldn't very well reply, 'The cows are in the meadow.' But it's all over, and no one the worse for it."

"Lew isn't an I-man," said Mae, patting him on the back. "Your mistake, sonny."

There was talk of Broadway and Hollywood, the last prize fight and the recent World's Series, the Chaplin drama, and that ever-interesting subject, Von Stroheim.

"Hughes is the greatest man to work for," said Cody.

"Yeah, but this boy Seastrom can give them all cards and spades," said Mae. "He simply takes your emotions and knocks 'em for a loop. I acted for him. Really acted. He treats you like a human being instead of an automaton, and I guess I appreciated it."

Then we happened to mention poetry. First exacting our promises not to make light of her efforts, Mae read us some of her free verse. It was all autobiographical, I gathered. It was frank and formless, but one little piece, a quatrain called "Hope," was excellent. She was not surprised to hear me say so.

"I should publish some of it, I s'pose, but I have so much to do." She shrugged her slim shoulders. "Writing the stuff is simply an outlet, anyway. Expression. That's what we live for. Keeping things corked up is fatal."

There is apparently no pose about her. She made no attempt to be very highbrow or, on the other hand, one of the girls. She restrained her expression of likes and dislikes and, as I have indicated, disliked fewer things than I had supposed she would.

She has played seriously in "Only a Shopgirl" just as she purposes to put her heart and soul into Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model, yet she has a sense of humor. She is slow to scorn and quick to praise—an unusual state of affairs when the subject seems sincere. And Mae is sincere. "Be yourself!" is her creed to all and sundry.

In "Foolish Wives" she was ideally cast, a fact that was forcefully demonstrated in "The Christian." In that picture her early scenes lacked something of realism, while later, in and about the theater the Busch characterization left nothing to be desired. One of the most effective bits of the screen season was the dressing-room sequence with the scent from the Busch boudoir playing havoc with the staid Dix outside. Mae Marsh couldn't have played the second part of *Glory Quayle* nearly so well, just as Mae Busch didn't play the introductory episodes as Mae Marsh might have.

The point I am making is this: the bobbed-haired beauty with the Sphinxlike face is a fixture in the film firmament only so long as she is properly placed. In "Name the Man!" she plays another Mae Marshmallow, I am led to believe. Perhaps she does it well. But how much more effectively she could do the studio hostess in "Black Oxen" or even *Savina Grove* in "Cytherea." Why fit a sophisticated, Manhattan type into wondering, wandering ingénue rôles?

However, Mae Busch says it can be done, and, what is more, she avers that she is the one to do it.

And what Mae says is more than likely to go.

The Screen in Review

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Theodore Roberts in a fur coat could have given a better performance.

I always thought that dogs and babies were camera proof. But now I see that there are dogs and dogs, and that maybe all babies don't look cute in a close-up.

Struggling under such a handicap, "The Call of the Wild" is as good as possible.

The Dangerous Germans.

"Monna Vanna" is a not-so-good foreign film, purchased in Germany by William Fox. It was directed by Richard Eichberg, who made "The Golem," one of the best pictures I ever saw. It has flashes of beauty and moments of great effectiveness but the acting is just the sort of thing you would expect from Germans masquerading as Italians. Having been told the Italians use a lot of gestures, they go through the picture looking as though they were trying to convince the world they had no bananas.

The story was written by Maurice Maeterlinck, who was once such a famous playwright that Samuel Goldwyn offered him real money to write for the screen. It concerns a lady of medieval Italy who offers to save her native town by walking into the tent of the conqueror without any clothes on. A similar feat could be performed by any bathing girl without causing a ripple of scandal. Anyway, the big punch of the picture is lacking because the censors wouldn't allow the patriotic deed to be shown on the screen. It was the feat that caused the Leaning Tower of Pisa to rock on its base.

"Monna Vanna" has a great deal of beauty, most of which is confined to the settings. The cast is short on beauty.

Mr. Blinn Takes Another Cake.

There are dire stories going around to the effect that much of the satire of "The Bad Man" was deleted from the film version of Porter Emerson Browne's play for fear of making the Mexicans just a little madder at us. The joke of the thing is that the play was more of a satire on Americans in the first place.

However, it is possible to say without fear of international complications, that "The Bad Man" is a highly amusing and extremely intelligent comedy and that Holbrook Blinn, as the marvelous bandit, is quite as good as he was in "Rosita."

If the picture falls below the level of the stage play, it is because much of the comedy has been largely turned into conventional screen melodrama. Except for the *Bad Man* himself and his portrayal by Mr. Blinn, the picture strikes no sparks.

More Chile Con Carne.

"The Broken Wing," another comedy of Mexico, is decidedly inferior to "The Bad Man." However, I feel that if Walter Long had had half a chance he might have pulled the film up into a rival of "The Bad Man." Long, too, plays a Mexican; not a subtle Mexican, but a broad comedy character. But Long, who started out in his screen life as a villain, has developed a real comedy gift and as a result, his performance makes "The Broken Wing" worth sitting through.

As for Kenneth Harlan and Miriam Cooper in the leading rôles, they fail to add much to the picture. But the scenery is good—if you like scenery.

The Grist of the Mill.

There is no law to prevent a director from making stories about the Royal Mounted, so naturally Regi-

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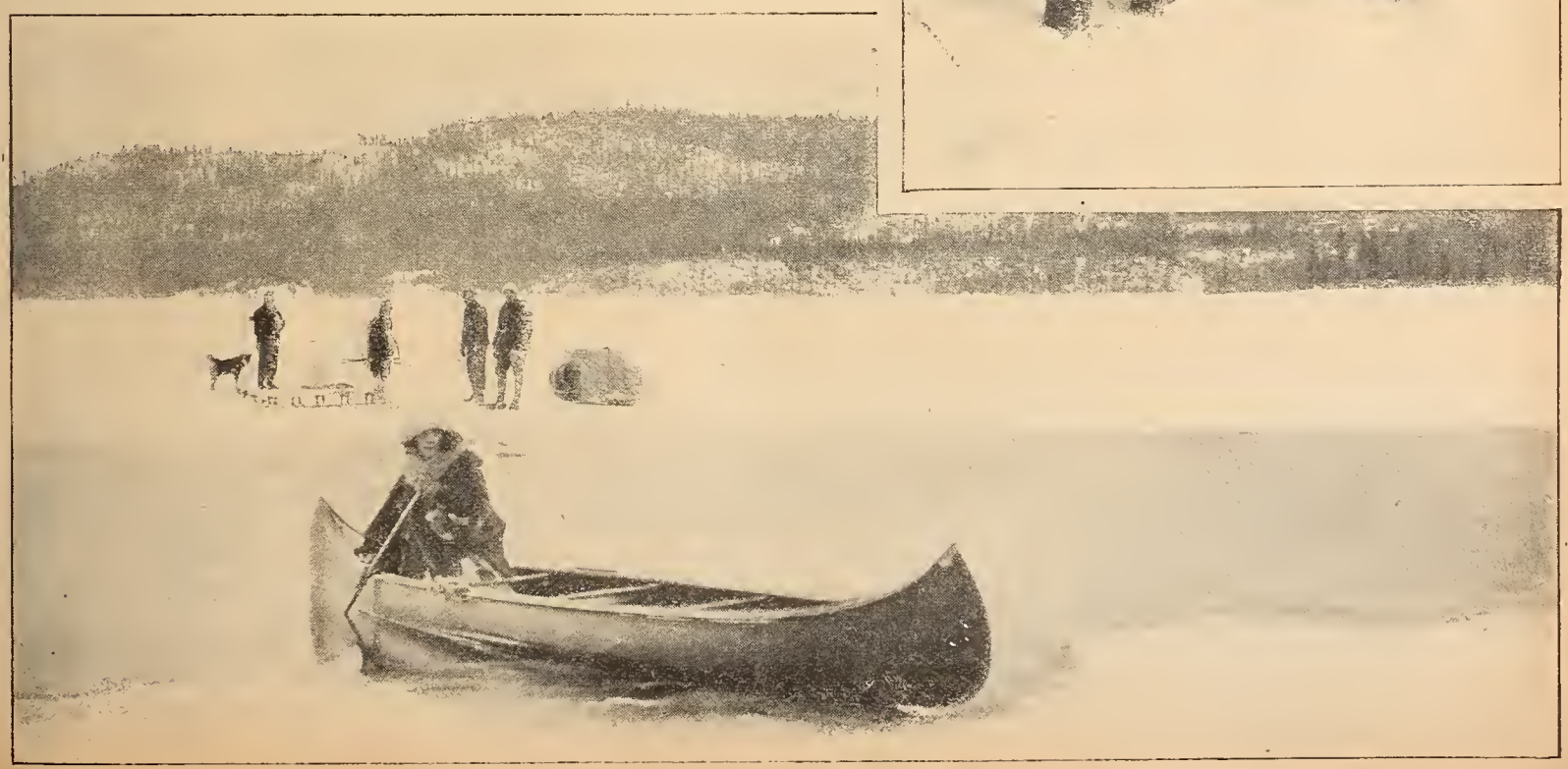


NELL OF THE SNOW COUNTRY

Hardy Miss Shipman faces no competition on her film locations.

NELL SHIPMAN is unique as a movie star. Instead of the usual luxurious surroundings of most screen players, she lives and works all the year round on an isolated ranch in northern Idaho. Miss Shipman has a regular menagerie of wild animals on her ranch, which she trains and uses in her film productions, the latest of which is "The Grub-Stake."

At the top of the page Miss Shipman is shown with the Alaskan dog team with which she journeys to civilization, and below she is shown covering part of a thirty-mile trip in a canoe across Priest Lake. To the right, she appears with "Brownie," the valuable bear that figures in her films.



Your Local Exhibitor—Does He Work for You?

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far-seeing exhibitor knows that they would be disappointed, so his ads point out definitely that the picture he is running isn't at all what the title suggests.

Now if you are fortunate you have an exhibitor in your locality who tells the truth. There are quite a few like that. And there are others who merely refrain from lying in advertising their pictures. But there are thousands and thousands of others who grope around in the darkness without any business ethics. Something ought to be done about them right away and the fans are the ones to do it.

You can classify all exhibitors as subsidized, sensational, or sincere. It isn't just a fair classification, for many of the men in charge of theaters that are subsidized by big releasing companies and who have to run the pictures they release, are as sincere with their public as they dare to be. There is Samuel Rothapfel of the Capitol Theater in New York, for instance, who has made such an art of presentation that even a terrible picture will not keep his regular patrons away. He runs Goldwyn, Cosmopolitan and Distinctive productions in his theater and occasionally a Preferred picture. He never gives his personal endorsement to a picture that he does not actually like. Any fan who has taken the trouble to find out that the other pictures are booked either because the company that controls the theater distributes them or because there were no good pictures available, saves himself the expense of paying to see a mediocre picture. That is, unless the Rothapfel program magic will take him to the Capitol even when he knows there is a poor picture.

It is the sensational exhibitors that the fan must reform; and by that I do not refer to the sort of man who books a picture called "Your Secret Sin," who placards the town with scarlet posters advertising it, who sends out floats exploiting it. He, at least, is comparatively honest with you and if you go to his theater after such a ballyhoo, you deserve what you get. No, the sensational exhibitor I refer to who is to be avoided is the man who deliberately misleads you, who runs program pictures and advertises them as great special productions, who presents a popular star in a terrible production and advertises it as "The triumph of Miss X's career."

When the fans begin to demand more of exhibitors, a good many of the problems of the industry will clear up. An interesting side light on this needed spirit of cöoperation is contained in a letter written to Agnes Smith by an exhibitor in a small town in Wisconsin who had read with interest her recent article in PICTURE-PLAY, called "Shopping for Pictures." He remarked in his letter, "Many pictures which I do not care for, please my patrons. I try to book accordingly but I can't do as I wish, for in order to get one I want I must take others. . . . There seems to me to be an immense overproduction of motion pictures. This is an exceedingly unhealthy condition and should be remedied. When factories have no orders they shut down, but producers go right on making pictures whether there is any demand for them or not. This is contrary to the law of supply and demand. The worth-while ones are sure to be marketed but the others, too, must be sold, so the block system is used. . . . If producers and distributors had a suspicion that their pictures, good, bad and indifferent could not be forced on exhibitors they would be more cautious in their offerings. We need fewer pictures, better pictures, and an abolition of the block system. . . . The system of buying motion pictures should be made public to a point where an exhibitor and said public can coöperate. Then there would be a chance for accomplishment."

How the Red Sea Was Made to Open

Continued from page 25

on the sand) to obtain a definite and convincing perspective.

I have given this explanation in such detail to indicate all the more vital steps in the securing of the final effect. It required more than a casual effort on the part of the technical expert, Roy J. Pomeroy, who is credited with much of the success of the undertaking, to obtain such a remarkable illusion. Mr. Pomeroy combines a knowledge of both art and engineering, having been a magazine and newspaper illustrator and portrait painter, as well as the inventor during the war of airplane cameras, bomb sights and other like instruments, and he has visualized many telling scenes in pictures, depicting the upheavels and disturbances of nature, but this is possibly his most pretentious tour de force.

For the even more complicated effect of the closing of the seas, there were erected at the studio, sixty feet above the ground, two immense tanks, provided with sliding doors that could be opened in the twinkling of an eye. Each of these tanks, I am told, contained about thirty thousand gallons. Right below them was a sort of basin that duplicated in general appearance, at least, the walls of sea, as did the translucent miniature. It was made out of greenish concrete, and over the surface flowed a broad shallow stream. The cameras, traveling in ultra speed, so as to give a greater heaviness to the cataract of water, were set up, and then the sluice gates on the tanks were lifted. Two mighty waterfalls descended with a rush and roar, and, reaching their common center in the basin below, as a wave, mounted hugely and high. Not huge and high enough, though, for the purpose. They were magnified sufficientlyby the speed cameras to attain the illusion of a majestic and gigantic tide, thus achieving a transcendent force and movement and volume when actually flashed on the screen. A close-up subsequently was secured of similarly torrential water, filled with clothing and dummies and perhaps a few fragments of chariots, to supply the details of the catastrophe.

After these precedents were established, what seems the most difficult feat—namely the opening of the sea—though perplexing enough, was not absolutely baffling. It required a lot of exceedingly careful camera work, and presumably a number of retakes. The scene of the closing just described was shot in reverse—the same sort of thing that is sometimes used in pictures of a melodramatic or lighter character, for depicting accidents where automobiles are supposed to collide with a train. In other words, the dash of the waters from the two towers downward was taken backward. Hence, the waves instead of coming together, seemed to recoil and rush apart and upward in most uncanny and amazing fashion when the film was screened in the normal way.

To insure more reality many extra exposures were taken on the films showing the actual opening and closing. Stretches of sea and sky were photographed to lend atmosphere. With the collapse of the walls the water also was made to dash in from the sides, and a great white breaker coming over the surface of the sea, seems to start the flood. Too, one constantly beholds the troops of *Pharaoh* in their march and their manifestations of terror, and even, in a near shot, the leader himself, until they are all finally submerged by the Gargantuan tide.

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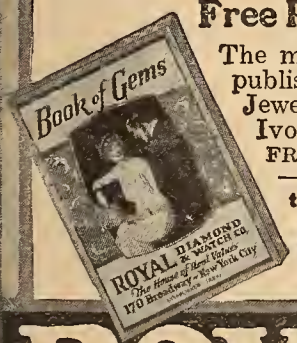
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THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

HENRIETTE.—Yes, that is quite a quaint idea, calling yourself after your favorite movie characters. Since you loved Lillian Gish in "Orphans of the Storm," I'm sure you're going to worship her in "The White Sister." Even hard-boiled moviegoers have strung superlatives about her in that. I've heard 'em, and I know. "Romola" will be Miss Gish's next picture, which she will make with her sister Dorothy in Italy, and after that she expects to do a story about Joan of Arc, to be produced in France.

IVAN R.—Sorry to disappoint you, but I don't think you'll be able to get a "sample scenario" of that film, "Sawing a Woman in Half," so that you can discover how the trick is done. The knowledge of how it is done is the valuable part of the act, and the one think that its sponsors are anxious to keep secret, naturally. Aside from this, it is practically never possible to get a screen continuity of a picture, as these working scripts are the property of the producing companies and seldom pass out of their hands.

A FANNY FAN.—Oh, don't waste all that nervous worry on the salutation. Anything'll do. When you don't know how to begin a thing, it's a good idea to plunge right into the middle of it. The "sheik" picture in which Monte Blue tried so hard to look like a dashing bad man of the desert was called "The Tents of Allah." Mary Alden played his mother in it. More heights. Why are you fans so interested in them, I wonder? They are the all-perpetual question in which interest never seems to die down. Well, Claire Windsor is five feet six and a half; Jack Mulhall is five feet eleven; John Bowers is one inch more than that; and George Walsh falls back to Jack's height. I'm sorry I can't tell you which stars require quarters for photos and which do not, but I have no official list of the do's and the don'ts. It's always a pretty safe guess, though, that the more important players, who receive a great many requests, will not mail photos unless some fee is inclosed. They would soon be bankrupt if they sent out the thousands of photos that they do free of charge. But if you are writing to a player who is not so prominent, you have a better chance of getting a photo without an inclosure, and also of receiving a personal answer beside.

ANTOINETTE M.—I bet I can guess your favorite word. It's "wonderful," isn't it? Anyhow, I'm glad that I come under its flattering influence, along with all your other enthusiasms. Thomas Meighan is thirty-nine, and was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. His wife, Frances Ring, used to be a well-known stage player, and is the sister of the famous Blanche Ring, but the wife of the famous Tommy now devotes all her time to being just Mrs. Meighan. Yes, I can understand that the fact that your name is almost like Antonio Moreno's would give you a kindred feeling for him. Tony's next screen appearance will be in Pola Negri's "The Spanish Dancer," in which he plays Pola's lover. This is the rôle that Tony's friends are counting on to establish him in what they consider his rightful but long-withheld place as one of our most dashing romantic actors, so be sure not to miss it.

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

H. K.—I understood your letter perfectly. You write very well for an Armenian who made the acquaintance of English such a short time ago. In another year you'll be shaming some of us natives. Stuart Holmes was born in Chicago, Illinois, and Lon Chaney in Colorado Springs, Colorado. There are no Armenian actors in pictures in this country that I know of, at least not any well-known ones. There is no screen player named Remember Steddon. That was the name of the heroine in the story from which the film "Souls for Sale" was made.

MICKEY.—Yes, fair Mickey, Bert Lytell is married, and has been for a long, long time—for the movies. About ten years ago he and Evelyn Vaughn, who at that time was a well-known stage player whose leading man was Bert Lytell, were married. Mrs. Lytell, though, has not done any acting for the past several years. You'll be able to see Bert soon in "The Eternal City," then he will make some films for Cosmopolitan. Charles Jones played the principal male rôle in "The Fast Mail."

ELAINE I.—I have heard lots of queer movie rumors before, but I never heard that Alice Lake and Theda Bara were the same person. Any one who believes that must think that either Miss Bara or Miss Lake have a magic secret for making extraordinary changes in their appearance, for I can't see the slightest resemblance myself. Just tell the kind souls that told you that they were slightly off the track that time. You may see Alice Lake in "Red Lights," but Theda Bara is still in eclipse as a screen player.

DORIS.—Yes, I suppose Ben Lyon could be called "awfully cute" in flapper language, but I doubt if he'd appreciate the compliment. Actors, you know, would rather be praised for their art than for their "cuteness." Ben did such satisfactory work in "Potash and Perlmutter" that he has signed a nice long contract with First National and has gone to California to appear in their productions, so you probably will see a lot of him on the screen in future. His first love was the stage, you know, and although he started in pictures about six years ago he has played in comparatively few screen plays because of his continued stage work, and hence is generally hailed now as a newcomer to the screen. If you're anxious about Ben's description, he is five feet eleven, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, and has brown hair and dark-blue eyes.

T. R. D.—Oh, dear, I thought I finally had you fans trained not to hurl those "Is Lillian Gish a better actress than Pola Negri?" questions at me. But still they come along to upset my placid pastime of answering harmless, noncontentious queries. The answer is that I wouldn't tell you if I could because, though opinion may spread itself over every other page of the magazine, we try to keep this department a strictly neutral fact dispenser. I know this isn't very satisfactory to the controvery enthusiasts, but if you move your ideas about Lillian and Pola to the "What the Fans Think" columns, I'm sure you'll find enough dissenting fans there to keep you busy thinking up new adjectives and arguments. The full address is: What the Fans Think, PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

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It's What You Don't See

Continued from page 70

When a reel of film is ground through the machine, the projector man has something else to do beside merely taking it out of the machine and laying it aside until he is ready to use it again. If that were the case people would be seeing half their photo plays backward. After each reel of film is removed from the machine the man winds it on another reel before putting back in the projector again.

Why is this? Well, while in the machine the strip is wound from one reel, through the cogs, to another reel. This makes it so that the beginning end of the film is in the center of the reel. It is clear that the last end of the film is on the outside; if this end were threaded through the projector first, the picture would be shown to the audience backward, which, despite being a novelty, is not desired by many.

It takes two men to run a booth in which there are two machines. They must keep one eye on the screen, one eye on the machine, one eye on the carbons that furnish the light so they won't burn down or go out, and the other eye must be kept on the rewinding of the film to other reels. If there is vaudeville to follow the picture, he has to keep another eye on the story so that he will know when the end is coming. He has to give the stage people a buzzer warning a certain length of time before the end.

Mr. Chaplin Attempts Fate

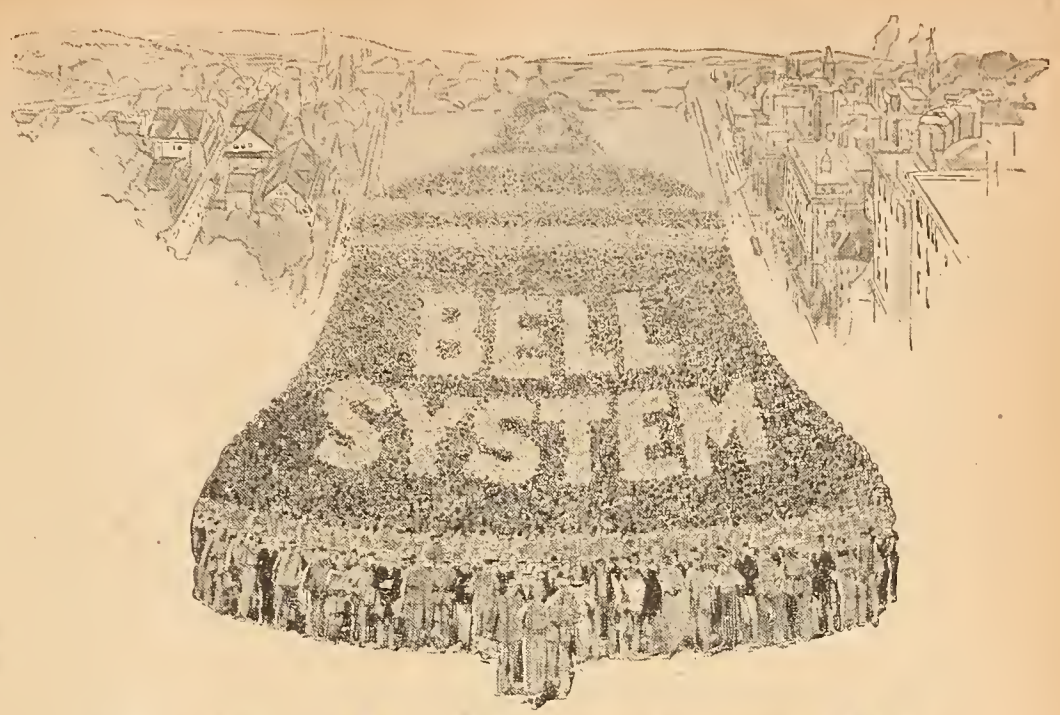
Continued from page 84

when of the Sennett mimes jested, and they were consummated with honesty, tact, intuition and—terrible photography.

Back to that scented and charming theater dressing room sped my thoughts. Provocative Peggy was again, in a flash, before me and into my mind came her soon-to-be-famous remark:

"Mr. Chaplin is a genius but he shouldn't have betrayed my confidence."

The confidence which Mr. Chaplin betrayed, in my case, was not precisely that to which the lovely lady alluded, but the phrase covered all. I felt desolated, deprived and dingy. I wanted the Charlie of "Shoulder Arms" and "The Kid," and he was lost to me—perhaps forever.



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Babes in the Woods of Filmdom

Continued from page 60

than holding his own with the Roach "Our Gang," are getting into the big-kid class. A youngster of real promise who seems admirably suited to the Lucille Ricksen type of child rôles is Mary Kornman, now little leading lady for "Our Gang."

Among the babies, adorable Jackie Condon shows talent. Billie Lord and Mickey McBan are attracting attention locally, but I have not seen enough of their work to offer comment.

The latest child-star is Dinky Dean, Chaplin's protégé of "The Pilgrim." All I've ever seen Dinky do was slap people's faces in that picture and, frankly, I can't say that I was thrilled pink over the youngster. However, they are spending a lot of money giving Dinky all the show-case splendor of stardom. His initial vehicle is taken from Abbie Farwell Brown's "John of the Woods," a fifteenth century Italian drama, and in the cast are such auspicious names as Josef Swickard, Virginia Pearson, Sam de Grasse and Ethel Wales. So possibly his tests have revealed more promise than I saw in that bit in the Chaplin film.

Hosts of others there are, some of whom may spring into prominence through fortuitous chance; but I can't see anything in their work as yet to augur greatness.

After all, I haven't answered the question: where among to-day's baby-crop are the Wesley Barrys and the Buddy Messingers?—for the simple reason that they aren't present. I mean I can find among these kiddies no prototypes, or logical "successors" to these adolescents. But that is by no means saying that these youngsters of to-day will flivver. It is merely that evolution brings changes, that the growth of the film requires new types, a gradual getting down to reality in its pictures of life. The places left vacant by this first generation of filmdom's babies will not be filled, for actual duplication is impossible.

But I have no doubt that several of these baby-actors of to-day will in their time carve new and individual niches for themselves. And then, in a few years, we will find sudden vacancies in their ranks as they too grow up and a new crop will be chosen while the procession marches ever onward.

The Soda-pop Girl Grows Up

Continued from page 73

up from chasing your kid brother Winston over the back fence when he swiped the book of drawings you had made to show the kids in the neighborhood. I can't forget those days, when I see you now, your hair done up, your face so clean—really, I'll have to tell Mr. Seastrom he'd better get all the scenes he wants right away for there's no telling how long you'll——"

"Shut *up!* This is an interview. But," shrugging a disdainful shoulder, her eyes beguiling beneath drooping lids—the latter, I had a suspicion, for the benefit of the handsome, dark-haired chap at the next table—"what's the use of my telling you anything? The only secret we can keep from you and the public is——"

"Pat, for Heaven's sake!" Norma, a young miss with bobbed black hair, turned reproving gray eyes upon her irrepressible cousin. Still thrilled pink at journeying out from St. Louis to find the girl cousin she used to play with and go to convent with now a most important young lady actorine, Norma always regards our jesting as slightly bad form. "We'd been keeping up with Pat's films, but you've no idea how it surprised us to find how she's getting ahead. They've been loaning her out for twelve hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. Think of *anybody,* much less somebody in your very own family, being worth that much money."

The problem was too much for Norma, so she returned to her pork chops.

I don't think I exaggerate when I say that Patsy Ruth Miller's ascendancy has been the greatest, in the shortest time, of any of those scintillant personalities that have shot into the cinematic heavens the past year or two. With the increase in her salary, the bigger, more dramatic rôles which are being intrusted to her, the evidence of the respect in which she is held by the community as well as her increasing fan following—all of these have brought out in her, without in any way quenching her irrepressible spirits, a sense of responsibility.

"It sounds silly to talk about it to

you," she said hesitantly one day, "but when I first started in pictures, it was all just a thrill, the way any girl would feel at the chance I had—when that director saw me on the beach and offered me a rôle, when Nazimova gave me that part with her in 'Camille,' when other engagements came to me with scarcely any effort. It was all kind of bewildering, like fairyland come true. But now I'm sort of waking up. It means a lot to me, the faith everybody has in me. I didn't work very hard at first—it was so much fun just playing at acting—but now I'm trying to learn. I want to do something really good and if I didn't think, deep down inside of me, that I *could* do it, I'd quit this minute.

"I'm trying to create a new ingénue type in this *Fenella* person. She's a human being; there's a lot of drama in her life. I was wild to play *Bessie Collister,* the little tragic figure that Mae Busch won. It has such dramatic possibilities. But she's a better actress than I," generously, "so, more power to her."

I happen to know that Pat longed to interpret *Bessie's* woes and griefs—but that didn't keep her from congratulating Mae with whole-hearted sincerity. (Incidentally, when the other actresses hereabouts knock Mae, Pat invariably stands up for her.) It wasn't that Pat wasn't skilled enough to play *Bessie;* she is more Mae's type, a bewitching, devilish little minx, a prey to her own impulses. The gently bred, warm-hearted *Fenella,* whom Pat is playing in a key of light, girlish charm until the dramatic dénouements awaken her womanly love for *Victor,* is a rôle ideally suited to the development that success has brought about in Pat's talent.

The roguishness of her is by no means eclipsed by this dawning of dramatic power. She's a tantalizing young woman—I give you my word that, without a quiver of an eyelash she took six men away from the fascinating Elinor Glyn at a dance the other evening and then, with fetching innocence, pretended she didn't know how it happened that she suddenly became but a girl island entirely surrounded by black-clad male adoration. Unlike most girls whom men admire, she is a favorite with her own sex.

But, while in externals she's the same Pat, beneath the fluff of her runs like a molten rivulet the lava of this new understanding of her responsibility. It is bringing new things out in her sparkling brown eyes now and then; it is causing her to think seriously upon occasion. In short, Patsy Ruth is just beginning to come into her own.



Do You Believe in Luck?

Thousands waste the best years of their life waiting for some "stroke of luck" to make them successful. Two men starting exactly alike as babies with the same kind of attention—then as boys with the same advantages of education—then as young men feeling around for a start in life—and then after the final test as men, one is a failure, the other a big success. Is it luck? No indeed.

At the Age of 2

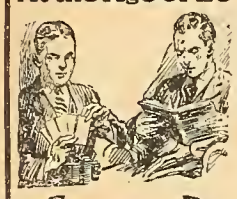


He believes in Luck — He in Himself

Luck vs. Self

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At the Age of 20



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At the Age of 30



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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 90

nald Barker went ahead and filmed "The Eternal Struggle," which has a story about as original as its title. Mr. Barker had been successful with "The Storm," and so he said to himself (I seem to be able to read directors' minds)—"Why not hit 'em again in the same place?"

"The Eternal Struggle" is nicely directed and all that sort of thing but there is no use getting up out of a sick bed or breaking an appointment with the dentist to go and see it. Renee Adoree, its heroine, has made considerable progress as a film type since she first made her appearance in a Fox picture.

"Cameo Kirby" might have been a wonderful picture under the right circumstances. If it had caught the wonderful Mississippi River atmosphere, it could have had something of the sweep and the appeal of "The Covered Wagon." But it is a conventional rehashing of the sort of supposed-to-be Southern stuff that is a terrible bore, on the stage, on the screen, or in real life. The South has been much maligned; it has been represented as a comic opera sort of land, permeated with strange ideals and stranger codes of manners. The falsity of presentation ruined "Cameo Kirby" for me. John Gilbert, who ought to be a good actor, plays in bad luck.

"The Dancer of the Nile," inspired by poor old King Tut-Ankh-Amen, is the best comedy since Ben Turpin's "The Shriek of Araby." Perhaps Carmel Myers, Bertram Grassby, Malcolm MacGregor and June Elvidge thought they were making a knockout of an historical drama but they were fooled. It's a rip-roaring and slightly risque farce.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 86

at the men who are responsible for public safety and welfare.

We wonder, though, when one will be made extolling the censors!

How's This For Good-Luck Sign?

Among the happy and blessed of the moment may be numbered Leatrice Joy and Rod la Rocque. They are playing the featured rôles in C. B. De Mille's picture, "Triumph," just as they did in "The Ten Commandments."

Heretofore, of course, two productions under the direction of "C. B." have been considered an absolutely infallible indication of oncoming stardom.

"A Cat May Look on a King"

Continued from page 74

and went to California to live and there, in January, 1872, her son Holbrook was born. He made his début at the age of six, being carried on in "The Streets of New York." He didn't stay on the stage then but went to school. He attracted national attention when as the founder and editor of the *Palo Alto* magazine at Leland Stanford University he adopted a liberal policy. He attacked such sacred institutions as compulsory attendance at chapel and wrote with such fervor that newspapers and clergymen all over the country took up his arguments and defended or denounced them. The liberal magazine remained at Stanford, but Holbrook Blinn left.

It is not surprising that he had a vigorous personality even in those days. He inherited it along with an instinct for the stage. When he was only four years old his mother began to take an active part in the affairs of the Republican party. She was active in the Hays campaign in 1876, and by 1880 she was speaking for Garfield on the same program with Ingersoll. By 1884 she was a full-fledged campaigner who stumped through Indiana.

Her son's real début on the stage came in 1892, when he appeared as *Gratiano* in "The Merchant of Venice." He made a good impression so he was retained in the San Francisco stock company, playing juveniles and acting as stage manager for three years. Here was no eager boy, striving to learn the principles of his art. From the first, I am told, Holbrook Blinn was a personage. The praise

of critics meant not a great deal to him because he was showered with it so early in his career. "The most finished, versatile, and powerful character actor," he was called all of twenty-seven years ago.

Praise hasn't made him conceited. Finding the critics rather easily pleased, he has turned all his efforts toward pleasing himself. When a choice had to be made between being starred in a mediocre play and playing a subordinate rôle in an interesting production with a feminine star, he invariably chose the latter. Mrs. Fiske, Blanche Bates, Grace George—all have given some of their greatest performances when he played opposite them.

Once when the New York theater season had settled into a jog trot of conventional offerings he decided to do something different. He took the Princess Theater and put on thirty one-act plays in bills of four or five. They were Grand Guignol thrillers.

Mr. Blinn's secretary was talking to me of them when the lengthy session of close-ups was over and Mr. Blinn returned to us. We asked why he didn't revive them.

"Oh, no, I wouldn't do that," he said brusquely. "I doubt if there would be much support for such a program now. The people who were interested have seen the plays. One exhausts an audience with any type of production. Why repeat? There are plenty of new things to be done."

After he finishes "Yolanda" there is another big production awaiting him. He will again play a king, a greater king, he says, than these others. No doubt he will play him superbly, for it represents "a pleasant diversion" and that is all he asks of his work. But I wonder if you won't love him more as "The Bad Man." For when I remember his sly smile in the stage production as he shrugged his shoulders and said, "When I kill evil man it makes me very happy for I have did a good deed," I forget all the kings in filmdom.

Mr. Blinn always lives in the country and motors home after an evening performance even during the worst winter weather. Although his neighbors are Blanche Bates and her husband, George Creel, Margaret Illington and others connected with the theater, most of the farmers in the neighborhood do not know that Mr. Blinn is "one of them actors." Oftentimes, I am told, he puts on old clothes, goes down to the lower meadow of his estate and lies in the grass, swapping observations on the weather and the crops with the old farmers who drive by.

He is an actor who can play even that sort of part convincingly.

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The New Technique of Love

Continued from page 45

of making love to scores of women in America because I kissed their hands, when I was only trying to be courteous.

"The Continental proceeds step by step. There is no hurry. There is no importunity. There is, instead, a delicate adjustment to the moods and caprices of the lady. And so he continues till finally there comes an opportune moment. And then the prize, like a ripe pomegranate, is ready to drop into his extended palm!"

He stretched out his arm as though actually to receive the ripened fruit. From the set a voice floated, respectfully insistent:

"Mr. Schildkraut! Mr. Schildkraut!"

The actor got up and thrust his bare arms into the sleeves of his tunic.

"In making love," he concluded, as he buttoned it over his chest, "in making love it is well to remember that there are three kinds of women. The first kind requires devotion, and you must be constantly hanging around to please her. The second kind requires the same tactics, presents and flowers and constant attendance—and hates you for it. The third kind either loves you or hates you irrespective of what you do to please or pain her. So there you are."

With a wink of his delicately tinted right eye, he left me musing among the props.

Beau Barrymore

Continued from page 50

the theaters in Los Angeles, and old-timers have not forgotten how he was forever upsetting the equilibrium of performances with his improvised dialogue and other flighty eccentricities. But his engagement for "Beau Brummel" gave him his first chance to become acquainted with the film-wise colony. He marveled particularly about some of the routined troupers, and their skill at getting right into a scene. He always takes a few moments to settle into a part, especially when the requirements are for something delicately exacting.

Thoroughly disreputable had been the morals of the scene that he had just finished the day I met him. He had been with a gluttonous crowd of British aristocrats, who had devoured huge sides of beef and pork, and drunk large stoops of wine. They were drenched with the atmosphere of freedom and prodigality that prevailed in the old-time English tavern, and the *Beau* had hoodwinked the *Prince of Wales* into believing he was just the man to be his grace's companion and adviser, instead of doing military duty up in Manchester. Subsequent to the guzzling and gorging, which accompanied the little intrigue, he had, I take it, carried on a violent, if passing, flirtation with a chambermaid, that went to show that, though his preference was for courtly ladies with husbands, the *Beau* was cosmopolitan in his amorous tastes.

However, in the story, there is at least the suggestion of one true love. Naturally this is an unhappy affair, and serves to redeem the otherwise willful character of the *Beau*. The lily-white heroine, played by Mary Astor, in a way comes to be his ideal, exacting from him the token of self-sacrifice. Fleeting glimpses they have of each other through the story, for the most part in the vicinity of an ivy-covered castle, and though he duels with her husband because of her, and mocks him for being a poor shot, there is naught but the most fragrant sentiment about their scenes together. It is to her that he returns to say good-by, risking an encounter with his creditors, who would throw him in jail, just as he is about to flee England.

The scenes of their partings, of which there are several at various stages, during their screen lives, are fraught with deep emotion. Here Barrymore, as the lover, will radiate all the glamour of his personality, in a manner to delight a matinée girl's heart. The pressing of a rose into the heroine's hand with a kiss is a symbol of this manner. He becomes here the very essence of chivalric demeanor, shunning finally the victory which, because of the truth and sincerity of her affection, he might claim over the heroine's heart. Elsewhere, of course, he meets a world of sham with an intensification of that sham, but here the fineness of his nature rises above his Machiavellian exterior.

In no other instance has the Apollolike charm of the Barrymore presence been so strikingly transferred to the celluloid. The nearest approach that will be recalled is the idealistic *Dr. Jekyll*. Personally he did not care for that rôle, because it lacked energy and contrasts, but in "Beau Brummel" he is able to carry

to the wider world of photoplay-goers the impression of that light and shade which has made him an outstanding figure of the stage in such plays as "Hamlet" and "The Jest."

Barrymore loathes "nice" parts. He wants characters with depth and color. In "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" his preference was naturally for the sinister gentleman with the bald head. He never has done a single rôle with a typically heroic gesture, even though it might be written that way.

The scenes which he enjoyed the most in "Beau Brummel," no doubt —except for those in which he is maliciously delightful — were those depicting his sordid death. Here in the midst of phantoms and visions of his glory when he was the *Prince's* favorite, yet with naught but destitution and want and privation as his real companions in a prison cell, the lamp of his life that had once burned as a beacon for what was perhaps largely meretricious, flickers out. Only the eternal love ideal, the one true thing survives, like the gleam of some far-away star, though in actuality he dies in the arms of his servant.

This is Barrymore's greatest chance for acting in the picture, because he can here sustain the reality of the fantastic illusions, and yet mingle this with the effect of his tragic dissolution. There is room here not only for the finest *pianissimi* of feeling, but the great broad contrasts of his almost-genius style. It is for such as he that the finer points of such scenes are reserved. For after all a Barrymore is a Barrymore. It is a name that rings through the annals of the stage.

Barrymore recommends strongly the present tendency to play up costume productions. In fact, he is quite ambitious to do more in this line.

"The costume pictures are so much more fun," he said. "I mean for the audience. Those older days are filled with imagination. One can break away from the conventionality of modern types, and really live through much in a portrayal."

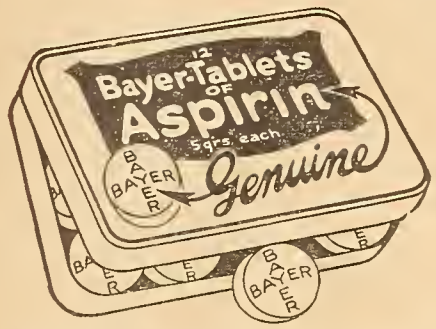
I have a feeling that Barrymore's first trip to Hollywood will not be his last by any means. It has needed some one to start offering him the right kind of inducement in a story and a rôle, and when it comes to casting future costume pictures you may be certain that his name will be frequently regarded for its magic allure. In fact, he may grow to fulfill on the screen a great romantic destiny, even as he has on the stage, since the advent of "The Jest."

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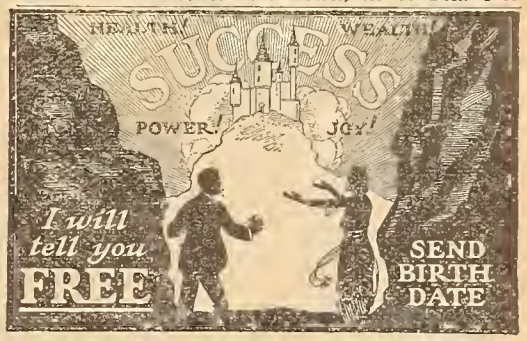
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The Heart of a Comedy Girl

Continued from page 34

or she doesn't like you. It takes time to know her, time to appreciate the sterling qualities of her.

She hates insincerity more than anything in the world. Though by no means a Pollyanna, temperamental at times but always generous with her praise, she will seldom say a word against any one not present, but makes no bones about speaking her mind to his face. She has offended people by her frankness; but those who have enough of real worth in themselves to understand the sincerity of it appreciate her the more.

Changeable in outward things, but steadfast in friendship and the things that really count, she gives her confidences with a characteristic sweeping gesture to those who have won the right to them. I don't want to get maudlin—if I did she would calmly hold my nose and force castor oil down my throat—but I am trying, in my futile way, to make you see something of the real girl, of the big heart, beneath that calico misfit you have laughed at so often on the screen. Life is pretty much a cap-and-bells joke to her; she is no tragic queen; but she is so dog-goned *real*.

"Husky," she often describes herself. A strong body, virile with health. Resolute, clearly cut but unbeautiful features. Firm, muscular arms, well-tanned. Capable, large hands—they have never worn a diamond, they wouldn't look well decked out in jewels—but they are the sort of hands I'd like to have caring for me if I were ill. A remark that Anna, her housekeeper, once made, sums up Louise: "I bet there's not another movie star that wears flannel nightgowns."

I often think, when I am driving with her, that the heterogeneous clutter in her car is an index to her character: a mingled array of clothes—plain garments—a prayer book, a box of powder, some choice bits of meat that she's taking home to her dog, a book that some friend has expressed a desire to read and that she has gone to great trouble to obtain, a wet bathing suit, a thermos bottle—odds and ends, in careless confusion, but useful things.

Her father is Italian, her mother of German extraction. These two heritages have given her a practical veneer which she uses as a coating to the finer things of the soul which she seldom voices, and then only in fumbling confidence. Louise wants to appear a trifle hard boiled; but, in snatches, the more welcome because of their rarity, I have caught glimpses of her inbred love of beauty. She has read a great deal, but lacking the advantages of a systematic education, her reading has had to be done in a helter-skelter fashion. Oddly enough, as it may seem to you, books of grim realism, such as those by the Russian writers, have a fascination for her. She doesn't talk profoundly, analytically—confesses that she hasn't figured out quite what everything is all about—and is just content to give the best of herself to her work, to her friends. An interesting sidelight on Louise is the fact that one of her very closest friends is Emma-Lindsay Squier, the writer of animal and fiction stories, and former contributor to PICTURE-PLAY magazine.

"I like the bright lights, gayety," she once confessed with her naïve directness. "So far I've repressed the impulse but I can't quite smother it. The other day somebody described me as 'wholesome.' Gosh, I don't want to be a breakfast cereal. I only wish I could make somebody suspect me of something." But if they did she'd be mortified to death.

"I can't get over a feeling of awe at the way things have come about for me," she has said, time and again. "It has all been just a wonderful accident. If it hadn't been for pictures, I don't know what I would have done, there was no other niche in life for me. I can't act and I'm not beautiful. And a business job would have bored me—I hate monotony. The thing that holds me to the movies is the constant change. When I was a youngster my mother had an awful time keeping me anchored, especially on rainy days. Always flighty, changeable, I could never stick to the same thing for two minutes."

There is some truth in what she says, though she feels more humility than she should and will not give herself the credit she deserves. Her first work was as a chocolate dipper in a candy factory in the summer time to earn money for her clothes for the following school year. Later, never dreaming of wealth or fame, she became a movie actress, rather awed because they gave her a chance to earn her living. She had to furnish her wardrobe and support herself on twenty-five dollars a week, and for a long while it looked as if this odd, somehow pathetic creature who couldn't seem to fit in anywhere had no future at all on the screen where beauty reigned. Then, all of a sudden, the public began to applaud her humorous antics, her quaint garb—



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that was all too real to misfit Louise. And then her fortune was made.

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"I've been poor all my life until the last few years. You can't understand, maybe, the feeling that I have, the appreciation that I owe to the public for taking me up this way. I shouldn't kick if they laugh at me. Why, I never had anything. Until I was sixteen, I never wore a *new* dress—always made-overs. I was starved, just that, for beautiful things."

Yet to-day, though she can have all the realities that she visioned in those years of longing, though, too, she often gives costly presents to others, I have never known Louise to squander a dollar on herself. She buys utilitarian things, she has never owned a jewel; once she bought a lovely pink chiffon blouse for eighteen dollars and fifty cents. Spreading it out on the bed, she spent an afternoon of alternate bliss and self-rebuke—and finally, as I knew she would, took it back and exchanged it for—a lawn mower.

I don't know whether, in these rather chaotic sketches, I have shown you the real Louise or not. I have tried to, but there are so many facets about those we know well that it is rather difficult to highlight those points which best express them and which are so commonplace to us. I can merely sum her up: if it were possible to have but one real friend whom we could choose, I would not hesitate one moment in selecting Louise.

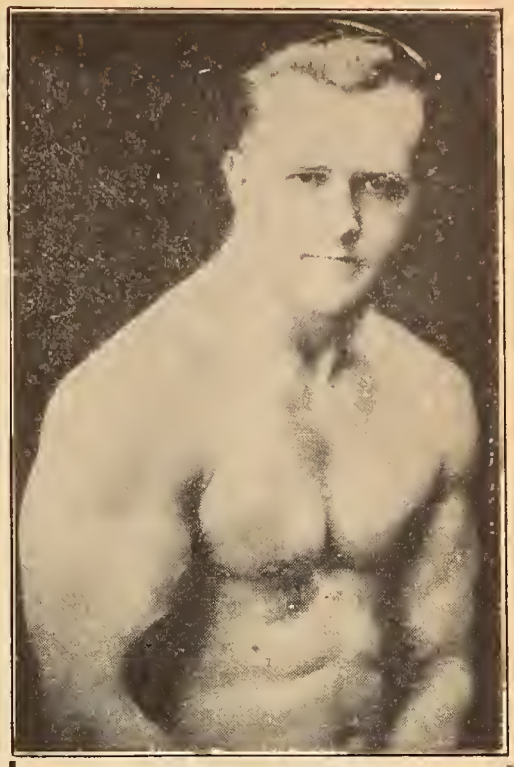
My Speed

By NAN TERRELL REED.

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Salome on Fifth Avenue

Continued from page 83

York say that I am so wick-ed that I must dress this way to show they are wrong. Don't you think it is becoming? I like it. Every one does."

As I failed to display the proper enthusiasm, she pouted prettily. "Well, I look in-no-cent and so that is why I wear it."

Her explanation would have sufficed; unexpectedly she continued.

"If you do an-n-nything in New York, oh! how you are crit-i-cized. Heaven forbid"—her eyes rolled heavenward in a most seductive manner—"that I should be talked about. What would Frank say?"

Her sense of humor is to be vouched for. I have met her husband, doughty hero of many a Universal thriller, Frank Mayo.

It was easy to gather from her vivacious conversation that she was having a good time in New York, "vacationing," as she called it. Her evenings meant dining at the Ritz or Pierre's or the Biltmore; theater, preferably something simple, like "Little Nelly Kelly" or "Polly Preferred;" then supper-clubbing at Montmartre or Rendezvous or some kindred salon of syncopation, followed by an early-morning sandwich at Ruben's, delicatessen of a thousand and one bejeweled nights. (It is at Ruben's that the lighters of the gay White Way congregate to assimilate a final sandwich before calling it a night. After 2 a. m. celebrities are as common as silver pocket flasks.)

Dagmar is one of those who look infinitely more alluring off the screen than on. This in itself is unusual, for high lighting and baby spots and a judicious arrangement of reflectors often go to make a screen beauty out of a fairly good-looking girl. Lily painting is one of the things the man behind the camera does nothing else but.

Nazimova can thank the photographer's art for moments of genuine beauty on the silver sheet; Alma Rubens at tea at the Plaza looks not at all like the gleaming *Countess* of "Enemies of Women;" Miriam Cooper and Betty Blythe and myriad others do not impress you as much away from the Klieg lights and gauze screens as they do beneath the magic hocus-pocus of the studio. Some stars, of course, register beauty as effectively one place as another; Pola Negri could block traffic at any given hour in the ambassador lobby; Bebe Daniels is another resplendent example; Mary Minter another. But these are exceptions. And Dagmar takes her place among them.

She said something about the uselessness of this earthly existence, whereupon I intimated that she had grown cynical.

"Why not?" she demanded, shrugging her slim shoulders only as eloquently as one educated in a Parisian convent can. "Have I not been married two years?"

Although her husband has insisted upon doing the acting for the family, Dagmar contrives to appear occasionally.

"I persuade him," she explained, with a wink that spoke volumes. "I have just done a picture. 'Red Lights.' He will let me do pictures as long as I am on the same lot as he is." She paused to light a gold-tipped cigarette. "So he can see whom I am lunching with," she concluded.

Her sense of irony is never lacking. Dagmar knows, too, the value of a stressed syllable to color her remarks. She is capable of making the merest "How do you *do?*" a veritable invitation.

"I should like to be a Broadway star," she murmured. "My name is so long. It would attract attention in electric lights. But I suppose Frank would insist upon a divorce then. He is not original. He for-*bids* my going on the stage. So I shall do more pictures with Goldwyn."

The stage would be the richer for having this unusual hothouse belle. Besides filtering her beauty, the camera fails to record her inimitably arresting accent—a Franco-Russian-Italian *entente* that smites the ear unforgetably.

Box-office statisticians would look at her and diagnose her magnetism as sex appeal, but it is more than that. Her vivid type appeals most strongly to the imagination. She is straight from the "Arabian Nights;" out of a Kipling tale of India; the rajah's favorite; one of Pharaoh's best-loved dancing girls. Were she to lay aside her Kate Greenaway costume for something savoring more of the Tut-Ankh-Amen period, she would call to mind nothing so much as Salome on Fifth Avenue.

AT LAST—A GIRL WHO IS WORTHY

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Continued on page 112



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Over the Teacups

Continued from page 32

you know how absurd most actors are when they play reporters. They go rushing around jotting down notes in a little book, eavesdropping at keyholes and all that. Finally, they got Edward Burns. He ought to be splendid. You remember him in 'Jazzmania,' don't you?"

Not waiting to find out whether I did or not, she went right on.

"Gloria has to masquerade as a boy in this picture. She tried on the assistant director's clothes the other day and every one says she looked cunning. The same man who directed 'Little Old New York' is directing 'The Humming Bird,' Sidney Olcott, you know. If he makes an awfully good picture this time I suppose producers will offer him one story after another where the heroine masquerades as a boy.

"By the end of the year he ought to be runner-up in the best directors' tournament. He did both 'Little Old New York' and 'The Green Goddess,' you know. Just one or two more and a lot of men can look to their laurels. And that reminds me, the motion-picture trade papers are beginning to compile their annual list of the ten best pictures of the year. I suppose, beside those two pictures, most of the people will nominate 'A Woman of Paris' and 'The Girl I Loved' and 'Rosita' and 'Scaramouche.' Maybe 'If Winter Comes' will get in. And I am sure all you highbrows will insist that 'Peter the Great' be included. But if anybody asked me for my list of the ten best, I'd follow the example of a New York dramatic critic and say that choosing the ten best is an unemotional and unexciting pastime. How much better to select the ten pictures you enjoyed most. There are lots of pictures that are poor and some that are terrible that I enjoy much more than some that I am convinced are really good pictures. But I can't go into that to-day. I'm going to rush over to the studio and watch Alma Rubens working in 'Week-End Wives.' And if any one should ask you for the ten best pictures in my opinion, just tell them the last ten that Lew Cody was in."

The Frankenstein Cabaret

Continued from page 51

life or utterly false, the fact remains that the cabaret scene or its equivalent—such as a ballroom scene in the home of one of the idle rich—appears these days to be quite indispensable, quite inevitable, in the movies in almost every film. Every director I ever talked with heart to heart confesses that he approaches the making of them with fear and trembling—it's gone on so long now that it's nothing short of an ordeal to think up something novel for them, and unless he does get some novel stunt, it's such a lot of money to fling away. But every director, in competition with his rivals, is afraid to risk doing without them. How much longer they can go on this way, with the sets getting bigger and more costly, the wages of trained "extra people" soaring higher, the amperes of light consumed mounting steadily—Heaven only knows.

Telling the motion-picture fan—*proving* to the fan — that no such cabarets exist in real life—that society does not disport itself as the screen pictures it—will have small effect on the screen cabaret. For, though some of the more thoughtful fans have become bored by these too-oft repeated visions of merriment—and though a few others resent what they know to be hokum thrust upon them, the majority arise and say, "We don't care whether they represent real life or not. They represent a life that we like to fancy ourselves slipping into for the hour or so of relief from the drudgery of life as we find it.

"Bring on the after-dinner diving into the pool, and all the rest of the fun!"

With Grandma

By ALIX THORN.

When Grandma visits movies
  She's straightway lost awhile.
There dawns amid the wrinkles
  A sweet and tender smile
To see an old-time picture
  That's glowing on the screen.
A village street, a farmhouse
  Behind the maples seen.

And I, I only watch *her,*
  For oh, she's wandered far
Across the tranquil meadows
  Where dreaming shadows are,
And where a little laddie,
  Forgotten are the years,
Beside a brook is fishing,
  Her eyes are brimmed with tears.



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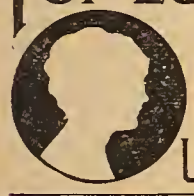
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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 15

How the French Regard Mary Pickford.

I wish to call your atention to an article entitled "American Pictures Abroad" in your August number. The writer, A. Mircea Emperle, makes a totally false statement to the effect that Mary Pickford is the idol of France. When you eonsider that the average French child understands sex and how to eat a full-course dinner at the age of five years you can appreciate the inability of the French—or any other Latin people—to understand Mary Pickford. To them she is a charming, slightly daft, young woman who is as much out of touch with the realities of life as a fairy princess.

GILBERT RILLEY.

28, Regent Park Terrace, Headingley, Leeds, England.

What About These Big Salaries?

I have just finished reading the article regarding Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., written by a Myrtle Gebhart. She says that she feels a slight annoyance over the manner of his entry into the movies. I wish to say that I feel a *great deal* of annoyance. In company with many others, I have to work a long time for one thousand dollars, and I resent the fact that a child who apparently does not have to work for a living—as he seems to have enjoyed many advantages that most of us mortals have to do without—is to receive such an exorbitant salary. If he were a trained actor I might feel differently.

As a matter of fact, I did not consider this article in very good taste. If I were in his father's place, I know that I would not feel it proper, or necessary, for me to "guide the footsteps" of the beginner, when he is under contract to the largest motion-picture eompany in the world, with its immense resources.

I have read a great many conflicting statements concerning the reason for Doug Jr.'s entry into pictures—that his mother did not wish him to enter until his education had been carried to a certain point, that his grandfather induced him to make the step, that Lasky made the offer and the boy "jumped" at it, et cetera, and now the boy's mother says that an old friend of the family persuaded her to give her consent. I cannot help but wonder if the real reason has been given. However, I do not wish to be sarcastic, but I happen to be extremely tired to-day, working for my pittance, and sometimes I think that those who try the least get ahead the fastest.

AMY LEWIS.

Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Collegiate Rôles for Dick? Never!

I have never written a fan letter before, but T. C. Van Antwerp has me riled saying that Diek Barthelmess should play collegiate parts. Take it from a co-ed that any cake eater with a bottle of hair oil and a eollege-cut suit could play a college boy on the screen, but it takes a *man*, my dear Van Antwerp, and a clever man at that, to play the type of rôles Barthelmess essays. I'm for Dickie "as is."

I have been eagerly waiting for "Ben Hur" to appear on the screen, but if it is true that George Walsh is going to play the title rôle, here is one fan who will not see the cinema version. George Walsh as *Ben Hur!* Pardon me while I laugh.

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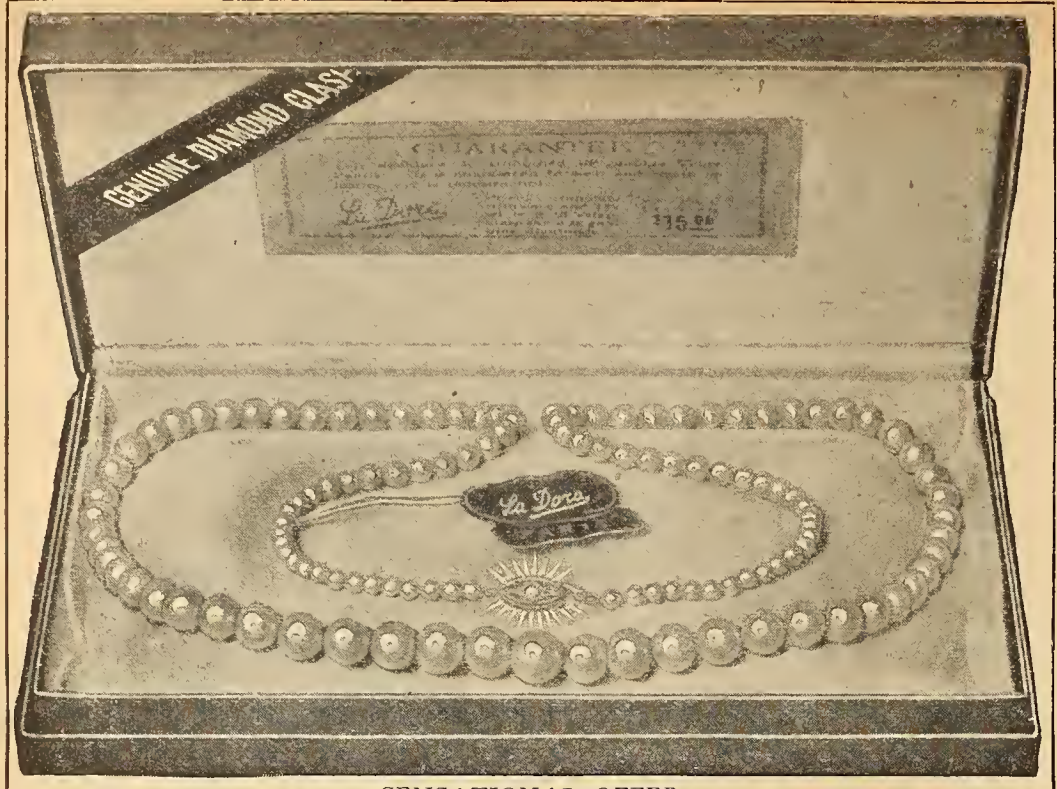

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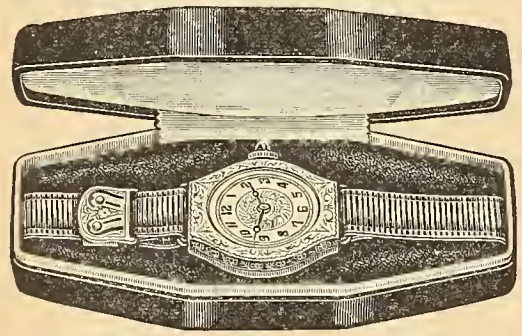
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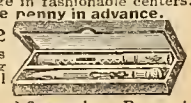


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The South in Pictures.

A great many moving pictures which have the South as a setting have been made within the last few years, and all that I have seen, with the exception of "Driven," which was a splendid picture, tend to give the wrong idea of this part of the country.

These pictures give the impression that the South is inhabited by old, thin, gray-haired gentlemen, mustachioed, in frock coats and wide-brimmed, soft hats, with canes. They are invariably owners of antebellum homes and large beautiful estates; they are former generals or colonels in the Confederate army; they all hold high the family customs, honor, and traditions. Incidentally, their wives are all dead, and they have usually only one child. A big, devoted "mammy" and an old bent negro man are in the household.

That is about what the pictures show. This is all right when the play is definitely laid in about 1864, but no such condition exists now; yet many of the pictures laid in the present time still show the 1864 conditions. Southern atmosphere, I suppose; but it does not create any "atmosphere" down here where we all know how things are.

I have lived all my life in the South, and never have I seen such a gentleman as the movies show me. There are very few Colonial homes, and no traditions are attached. The children of these old homes are all married and they have children ready to marry. The black mammy has disappeared entirely; occasionally one finds a good resemblance, but not an original.

Viola Dana's "Crinoline and Romance" is the picture which at last impelled me to write this letter. The picture had an interesting plot and an amusing climax, but a few subtitles and scenes spoiled it. I will not critieize the heroine's imprisonment and ignorance of the outside world as impossible, but I do not see how she could be educated, as she appeared to be, nor how her father could have a library, as he must have had, without her knowledge of other people until such a late time.

One glaring subtitle is the one containing the phrase, "You-all must help me," when *Emmy Lou* was speaking to the negro woman. It is used similarly in several places in the film, and always in addressing one person, as if to call attention to the fact that Southerners use it in that manner. "You all" is equivalent to "all of you," which is very good English; it is not a hyphenated expression. Every American has said at some time, "We are all going," "They are all here," or something like that. The "all" may easily be placed before the verb and so make the sentence more correct: "We all are going," et cetera. Thus we have our much-knocked localism in the first and third plural; then why not the second person plural? The South particularly uses the idiom "you all," and it is correct as *we use it,* in the plural; *it is never used in the singular,* as in "Crinoline and Romance" and in "Truxton King." Every Southerner knows that, and when that kind of a subtitle is shown, it is distasteful to him.

I think writers would do well not to do stories of the South unless they know what they are writing about, especially if they scribble such atrocities as a singular "you all," which are an insult to the intelligence of the South; and the North is displaying ignorance as long as it believes those expressions are used by the educated South.

The second erroneous subtitle—one which was very much out of place and

should have been cut out, was "I'll have her whipped within an inch of her life!"

Whoever wrote that seemed to have forgotten that the days of slavery have passed, that men, as *Cavanaugh* was shown to be, did not beat slaves as good and devoted as the negro woman was pictured. It was a great mistake to bring back remembrances of incidents that are long past and that we are trying to forget.

I suppose this is no place to discuss the colloquial language of the South, nor to argue the slavery question. But those have come up in photo plays so much and in such a distorted and misleading manner that I feel something should be done. A picture with the faults I have mentioned will take all right in the North, but here in the South they fall flat and cause anger in a small degree, or maybe it is disgust.

HUBERT CREEKMORE.

Water Valley, Miss.

In Defense of Agnes and Gloria.

Oh, my blood simply boiled at some of the slams that the fans that think: "Oh, I Know It All," hurled at Agnes Ayres and Gloria Swanson in the October issue of PICTURE-PLAY.

If Miss Swanson has more originality than any other star on the screen I admire her for it. We must admit that her clothes are bizarre and overgorgeous, but that is the very thing most of the women go to see.

How many of these very women and girls that slur and throw brickbats at Gloria have tried to do up their hair as she does in a vain effort to impersonate her? Yes, and how many of the same people have tried and tried to wear clothes the way she does? Do they succeed? No. So they give vent to their tempers by taking advantage of PICTURE-PLAY's kind offer of space, and do nothing but slur, slur, and slur.

The same can be said of Miss Ayres. She is pretty and can act with the best of them. Why any one can write that she is a spoiled darling and of no use to the screen is beyond my comprehension. I have noticed that most of this slamming is done by women and not by the men, which goes to show that it is not the truth but sheer jealousy.

STELLA PATULSKI.

2034 Carolina Street, Chicago, Ill.

A Word About Pola.

Just a word in praise of that wonderful actress Pola Negri. Miss Negri seems to have been the object of much slamming by the critics and would-be critics in PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, but I'm glad to stand by her. I hope that all those who chucked a brickbat in Pola's direction may see "The Cheat." Although I can't say that she attained the heights she made in her German productions, I feel sure that this picture will reëstablish Pola in the favor of the great American public. RICHARD TOMPKINS.

P. O. Box 951, Modesto, Calif.

A Misunderstanding Set Right.

You all no doubt read my letter in the October PICTURE-PLAY, and I see by the many letters I received that it was misunderstood. My "star friend" was not Jackie Logan. I'm sorry that mistake was made, for she is a very faithful girl to her old friends, as I have learned from a friend who knows Miss Logan.

Other writers suggested Eleanor Boardman, and they were just as wrong. But I'm happy again, for the "star friend" I referred to wrote to me to-day. She started her letter this way:



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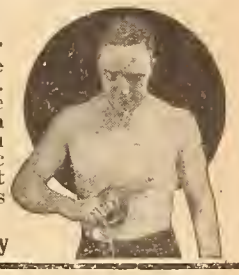
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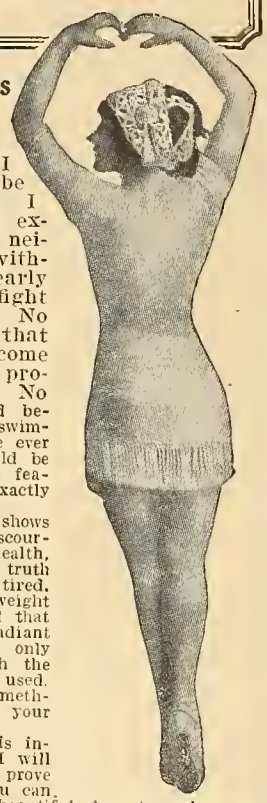
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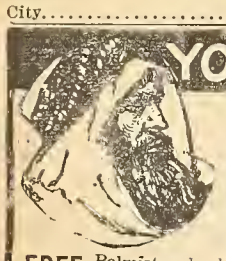
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CLAIRE MASON.

258 Sharonut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

In Praise of Richard Dix.

I read with pleasure Jeannette Lloyd's letter in the September number championing Richard Dix. Here is no potential Valentino (why is that "Valentino's successor," campaign still booming? There is only one Valentino, and Novarro, Moreno, and the rest are perfectly distinct personalities). Dicky Dix is a good-looking, wholesome, and very likable young man. I like his searching, frank brown eyes with their glint of humor, his charming smile, and general air of an outdoor man. The passionate dark eyes of Valentino make one think, so his fans say, of deep shadows staining the subtle radiance of the moonlight with drifts of aquamarine and grape purple . . . of pink-tipped lotus flowers jeweling an Eastern lake . . . of camel bells tinkling through the star-lit night, and the throbbing notes of a languorous desert serenade floating up from beneath a hibiscus-twined lattice. . . .

Dicky Dix brings to the screen none of Valentino's Eastern enchantment, but a breath of the open—the warm smell of the heather, the clean tang of the sea. He stands for wholesome things—friendly and outdoor things. He is a splendid example of typical American youth. And he will go far because he has genuine dramatic ability, and, what is more, genuine charm.

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Brighton, Sussex, England.

Regarding Stunts and Doubles.

In the September issue of PICTURE-PLAY an article of mine appeared which dealt with the question of the producers employing doubles to perform hazardous stunts for the players, pointing out that an actor should not be an acrobat, but that the risks incidental to obtaining dangerous thrills for the films should be undertaken by the stunt men who are trained for such work. In the article I mentioned scenes for "Quincy Adams Sawyer" in which Ray ("Red") Thompson doubled for John Bowers. Mr. Bowers has called to my attention his belief that I unwittingly gave the impression that he invariably employs doubles.

Believing in fair-play, I think that this impression—if it really exists—should be corrected.

Bowers, like most other screen actors of experience, has taken part in scenes that might be called very dangerous indeed. That he did not do a sixty-five-foot dive was merely common sense, as he is not trained to high diving. However, he did perform some scenes, I learned, in "What a Wife Learned" on the top girders of a seven-story building under construction, when the director and others in the company screamed to him to get back from the edge where once he slipped and fell, barely catching himself on a girder. And in "Quincy Adams Sawyer," the picture in which the double did the dive for him, both he and Miss Sweet were in real danger in one of the close-ups, just six feet from the falls.

Doubles had been engaged for both Viola Dana and Mr. Bowers in "Crinoline and Romance," for a scene in which



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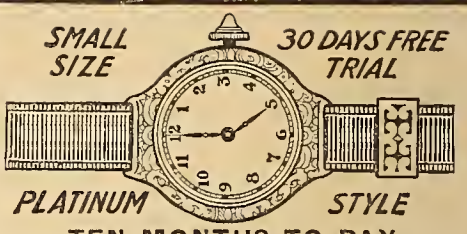
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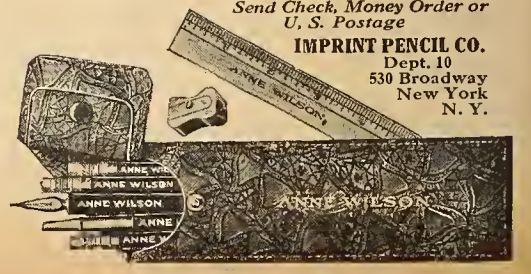
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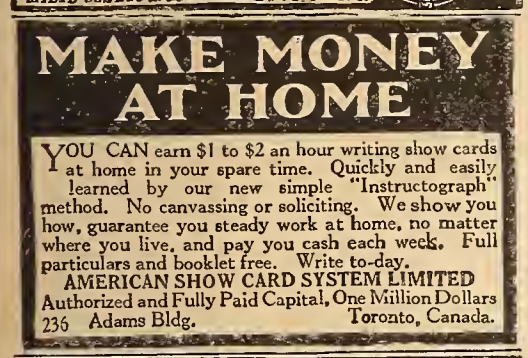
















it was necessary to show the heroine being taken from the back of a runaway horse by the hero a-horseback. The man who was a double for Bowers failed to appear and he consented to do the trick, though inexperienced in rescuing fair damsels from runaway steeds. Crete Sipple, the girl doubling for Viola, agreed to place her life in Bowers' hands, though not bound to do so, inasmuch as she could have demanded a double trained in such risky work. However, neither the plucky girl nor Bowers was injured.

In "Tinseled Harvests" with Madge Bellamy, he did rather dangerous fire scenes himself, though from the distance of the long shots a double might as well have appeared, and also did the swimming scenes in an icy river for "What a Wife Learned."

I hope that, by giving these facts—the truth of which I can vouch for—about the pictures in which Mr. Bowers has played, I have corrected any unintentional false impression conveyed by my other article as to his lack of courage.

MYRTLE GEBHART.

Hollywood, Calif.

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 94

C. V. DEM.—Ben Turpin is about the only cross-eyed actor of any prominence in pictures. Although Ben's eyes are to him what Chaplin's shoes and Lloyd's glasses are to them, those orbs in any other head probably would be nothing but a great physical handicap. Aspirants for screen careers whose eyes happened to be out of focus would, of course, rush to have them straightened out before showing their faces to a casting director. The only field in which persons with physical abnormalities have any chance is in comedy, and even in that they seldom get beyond bits, unless, like Ben Turpin, they also have comic gifts that make for popular laughter.

SENORITA DE VEGA.—You seem to have a Spanish complex. Well, I suppose it's more intriguing than an American homespun one. Girls must have their romance, willy nilly, must they not? Harriet Hammond has not been cast in any production in months, so far as I know. She is still in Hollywood, though. It is true that Florence Deshon is dead—it happened about a year ago. Leatrice Joy's family name is Zeidler. The addresses you want are in this issue, so you won't have to do any more of that fruitless searching. So you have joined the Agnes Ayres club, too? That seems to be quite a favorite among the high-school girls. So many of them have written me how "perfectly lovely" they think Agnes and the club are.

MARY LOUISE M.—"Splendiferous" is a word which certainly ought to satisfy even the most praise-hungry of actors, so I'm sure Rod la Rocque would be pleased to know that his art means all of that to you. His address is in this issue. Rod was born in Chicago, Illinois, and educated in Nebraska. He has black hair and brown eyes, and is just six feet tall. His latest rôle is in "The Ten Commandments." You know, I suppose, that he is under contract to Famous Players-Lasky and will appear only in their pictures now. So you won't have such a job hunting him down at the theaters. Robert Frazer, Edward Burns, and Rod la Rocque were all in "Jazzmania" with Mae Murray. Rod's name is pronounced just like the word rock. Constance is the youngest Talmadge, then comes Natalie, and Norma is the oldest.



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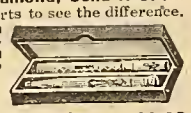
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Continued from page 105

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IRENE B.—Well, I should say the players do have to really know how to do all the things they perform on the screen. It is impossible to fool the camera and the audience. That is one great difference between acting on the stage and in pictures—a stage player may pose, say, with a musical instrument and idly pass his fingers over it from time to time while some one offstage plays his song for him, but if a movie player tried that, in a close-up, the whole effect of realism would be ruined because those in the audience who were acquainted with the instrument would know that he had no knowledge of it. So screen players who are called upon to do things of this sort must have at least a superficial knowledge of how to go about it—it may sound atrocious, but it must *look* right; otherwise some fan is likely to write in from the wilds of Oregon to say that the player was trying to fool the public, and that *he* knew he was faking, all the time. So you can see what an amazing amount of knowledge of all kinds a screen player can pick up through his rôles during even a moderately long career. Beside the usual accomplishment of riding, shooting, swimming, dancing, et cetera, players—especially the ones that go in for widely different parts—are obliged to learn something new for almost every picture. Since the onrush of costume pictures, fencing has become all important. Theodore Kosloff, Bert Lytell, Conway Tearle, Douglas Fairbanks, and a few others have become quite expert with the sword. Even Constance Talmadge, most modern of actors, has had to take fencing lessons for scenes in "A Dangerous Maid," her seventeenth-century production. Before that, for "East is West," Constance had to learn to eat with chopsticks and walk like a Chinese woman. Leatrice Joy had the same difficulty in navigating on the stiltlike shoes she wore in "Java Head." Norma Talmadge learned to ride for the first time in "Ashes of Vengeance;" she always used a double before. Then, before beginning "Dust of Desire," Norma had to take special dancing lessons for three hours a day. Lenore Ulric, who had a comparatively easy time of it on the stage, had to go through all the outdoor scenes for the screen version of "Tiger Rose"—poling a raft down rivers, clambering over mountains, et cetera. In "Blood and Sand," Valentino had to learn enough about bullfighting to be able to get away with the close shots. Besides having to acquire all these various accomplishments, players make sacrificial changes in their personal appearance for the sake of art. Bert Lytell peroxided his dark hair for "Rupert of Hentzau;" Valentino grew sideburns (and incidentally started something); a number of feminine players have changed the color of their hair when they thought it would help them with their rôles; Douglas Fairbanks let his hair grow to his shoulders for "The Thief of Bagdad," and Anna Q. Nilsson has caused loud groans of sorrow from admirers by having her blond locks cut close to her head like a boy's for her part in "Ponjola."



CURIOUS.—How can a producer spend a million dollars in salaries, costumes, and props for a picture? The answer is that he doesn't. I'll admit that some of the big pictures don't look like a million dollars' worth when they are shown in their final form, but the producer has to bear a tremendous amount of expense that the average movie patron never thinks of when viewing a film. Here is an interesting list made by Joseph Schenck, who makes the Norma and Constance Talmadge films, showing thirty-seven different items of expense on every picture, for which the producer pays the bills. And this doesn't include studio rent or overhead, either. The list: 1, scenario; 2, director and assistants; 3, art director; 4, camera man and assistants; 5, cutter and clerk; 6, company prop man and grips; 7, star; 8, talent; 9, extras; 10, wardrobes, rented and purchased; 11, wardrobe, labor and material; 12, purchased and rented hand props; 13, architects; 14, carpenters' salaries; 15, scenic salaries; 16, prop salaries; 17, carpenter material; 18, scenic material; 19, props rented and purchased; 20, props expense; 21, location cost; 22, "dressing" locations; 23, transportation; 24, hotels and meals; 25, auto, horse and boat hire; 26, electricians' salaries; 27, electrical material; 28, negative film; 29, developing; 30, cutting; 31, sample print; 32, labor and material on titles and inserts; 33, photographing titles; 34, film and developing same; 35, still photographs; 36, publicity and advertising; 37, miscellaneous.

F. M. C.—Don't be so hard on yourself. Your note impresses me as being anything but witless. We have had stills from all the productions you mention in the rotogravure sections of PICTURE-PLAY, but—and it's a big but—we haven't any of those issues left in stock. It is seldom possible to get a number of the magazine that dates back more than five or six months. So, unless you want blank spaces in your scrapbook in the future, you had better keep up with the magazine every month. Forrest Stanley plays opposite Lenore Ulric in "Kiki." Perhaps we shall have him in the gallery soon, though I can't promise, as I have nothing to do with that end of it.

ELSIE S.—Joseph Schildkraut played the rôle of the *Chevalier de Vaudrey* in "Orphans of the Storm." You'll have a chance to see him soon in "Dust of Desire," Norma Talmadge's latest picture, in which she plays an Eastern dancing girl.

PHYLLIS W.—Alice Joyce's first husband was Tom Moore, and her second, and present spouse is James Regan, a business man. Alice had a little girl by her first marriage, and now has another baby girl. Yes, Buster Keaton used to be an acrobat on the stage. He was a member of the vaudeville troupe called The Three Keatons, and was trained almost from infancy by his father. That's why Buster can take those screen tumbles he does without breaking all his bones.

GENE.—"Why Worry" was the first picture in which Jobyna Ralston played opposite Harold Lloyd, and following the example of her predecessors she will appear in all his pictures, I suppose, until she becomes a star herself or some one's wife or perhaps both. Mildred Davis finally has persuaded her husband to agree to her going back to the screen, and she will make a Preferred picture, so you won't have to worry about what you're going to do without her. Mildred seems to stand aces high with you.

HORACE J.—Now, now, Horace, don't get so excited! I'm sorry if you had to "scratch out" in your record book, but the information I gave you was correct when I wrote it. Not being a psychic reader, how can I know that a company that announces it is going to make a certain production next, will change its mind and do something else instead? Or that a picture is going to have its title changed half a dozen times—each time with due publicity—before it receives its final moniker? The latest report on the screen version of Edward Knoblock's play, "The Faun," is that it will be released as "The Marriage Maker." I believe it was "Spring Magic" when you asked before. Jack Holt, Agnes Ayres, and Charles de Roche have the principal rôles. In case you lose track of Glenn Hunter's "The Scarecrow," you may find it again under the title "Puritan Passions."

MISS SAN DIEGO.—The actor you have had such a hard time tracking down since that old 1917 Norma Talmadge picture is Niles Welch. Not such a hard name to remember, is it? I wonder how you could see him in as many pictures as you have without discovering his real name. But now that you know, I suppose you will proceed to make up for lost time in writing him and asking for photographs. His address is in this issue, at the end of The Oracle. So you want his age, too? It surprises most of his admirers, who judge him to be a mere juvenile. He was born in 1888, and his birthday is July twenty-ninth.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month.

Lila Lee, Pola Negri, Richard Dix, Rod la Roeque, Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Mackaill, Conway Tearle, Lois Wilson, Agnes Ayres, Leatrice Joy, Alma Bennett, Edward Horton, Ernest Torrence, Mary Astor, Theodore Kosloff, Estelle Taylor, Maurice Flynn, Charles de Roche, Jack Holt, Thomas Meighan, Jacqueline Logan, Betty Compson, Theodore Roberts, Vera Reynolds, and Antonio Moreno at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, Californila.

Norma Shearer, Clara Bow, Mildred Davis, Kenneth Harlan, Gaston Glass, Miriam Cooper, Huntley Gordon, Netta Westcott, Ethel Shannon at the Mayer Studios, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, California.

Gloria Swanson, Nita Naldi, Edward Burns, Alice Brady, Elsie Ferguson, Glenn Hunter, and James Rennie, care of Paramount Pictures, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

George Arliss, Alice Joyce, Alfred Lunt, Jetta Goudal, and Lynn Fontanne, care of Distinctive Productions, 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Monte Blue, Lenore Ulric, John Barrymore, Irene Rich, Marie Prevost, Florence Vidor, Bruce Guerin, Ernst Lubitsch, Hope Hampton, and Carmel Myers at the Warner Studios, Sunset & Bronson, Hollywood, California.

Alma Rubens, Marion Davies, Seena Owen, Lionel Barrymore, Louis Wolheim, Ralph Graves, Lynn Harding, Anita Stewart, and Bert Lytell, care of Cosmopolitan Productions, Second Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, New York City.

Malcolm MacGregor, Alice Terry, Matt Moore, Viola Dana, Ramon Novarro, Jackie Coogan, Mary Alden, and Renee Adoree at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Barbara La Marr, Colleen Moore, and Corinne Griffith, care of First National Exhibitors' Circuit, 383 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Norma and Constance Talmadge, Joseph Schildkraut, Natalie Talmadge, Buster Keaton, George O'Hara, Jack Mulhall, and Jane Novak at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Bryant Washburn, Marjorie Bonner, and Mabel Forrest, care of Grand-Asher Productions, Hollywood, California.

Tom Mix, John Gilbert, Ann McKitrick, Charles Jones, Jean Arthur, and Gladys Leslie at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Harold Lloyd, Will Rogers, Marie Mosquini, Jobyna Ralston, Snub Pollard, Mickey Daniels, Little Farina, Jackie Condon, and Ruth Roland at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

Carol Dempster, Ivor Novello, and Neil Hamilton at the Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, New York.

Claire Windsor, Frank Mayo, Eric Von Stroheim, Mae Busch, Dorothy Wallace, Dagmar Godowsky, Lucille Ricksen, Fort Sterling, Raymond Griffith, Hobart Bosworth, Conrad Nagel, Eleanor Boardman, Patsy Ruth Miller, Aileen Pringle, Helene Chadwick, Lew Cody, Kathleen Key, James Kirkwood, and ZaSu Pitts at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Rockcliffe Fellowes at Nautilus Place, New Rochelle, New York.

Ann Forrest and Genevieve Tobin, care of Fox Film Corporation, West Fifty-fifth Street, New York City.

Marguerite De La Motte and John Bowers, care of Principal Pictures, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Phyllis Haver at 6621 Emmett Terrace, Hollywood, California.

Betty Blythe, care of Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Lillian and Dorthy Gish, May McAvoy, Richard Barthelmess, and Ronald Colman, care of Inspiration Pictures, Incorporated, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Jack Hoxie, Mary Philbin, Reginald Denny, Virginia Valli, George Hackathorne, Gladys Walton, Hoot Gibson, Eileen Sedgwick, Lon Chaney, Baby Peggy, and Norman Kerry at Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Douglas Fairbanks, Julanne Johnston, Mary Pickford, Anna May Wong, Lottie Pickford, and Allan Forrest at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, California.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1923.

State of New York, County of New York (*ss.*)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ormond G. Smith, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is President of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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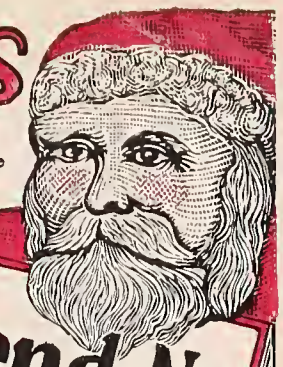
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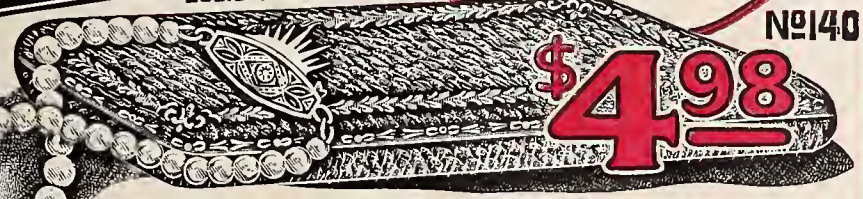
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Again She Orders — *"A Chicken Salad, Please"*

FOR him she is wearing her new frock. For him she is trying to look her prettiest. If only she can impress him—make him like her—just a little.

Across the table he smiles at her, proud of her prettiness, glad to notice that others admire. And she smiles back, a bit timidly, a bit self-consciously.

What wonderful poise he has! What complete self-possession! If only *she* could be so thoroughly at ease.

She pats the folds of her new frock nervously, hoping that he will not notice how embarrassed she is, how uncomfortable. He doesn't—until the waiter comes to their table and stands, with pencil poised, to take the order.

"A chicken salad, please." She hears herself give the order as in a daze. She hears him repeat the order to the waiter, in a rather surprised tone. Why *had* she ordered that again! This was the third time she had ordered chicken salad while dining with him.

He would think she didn't know how to order a dinner. Well, did she? No. She didn't know how to pronounce those French words on the menu. And she didn't know how to use the table appointment as gracefully as she would have liked; found that she couldn't create conversation—and was actually tongue-tied; was conscious of little crudities which she just knew he must be noticing. She wasn't sure of herself, she didn't *know*. And she discovered, as we all do, that there is only one way to have complete poise and ease of manner, and that is to know definitely what to do and say on every occasion.

Are You Conscious of Your Crudities?

It is not, perhaps, so serious a fault to be unable to order a correct dinner. But it is just such little things as these that betray us—that reveal our crudities to others.

Are you sure of yourself? Do you know precisely what to do and say wherever you happen to be? Or are you always hesitant and ill at ease, never quite sure that you haven't blundered?

Every day in our contact with men and women we meet little unexpected problems of conduct. Unless we are prepared to meet them, it is inevitable that we suffer embarrassment and keen humiliation.

Etiquette is the armor that protects us from these embarrassments. It makes us aware instantly of the little crudities that are robbing us of our poise and ease. It tells us how to smooth away these crudities and achieve a manner of confidence and self-possession. It eliminates doubt and uncertainty, tells us exactly what we want to know.

There is an old proverb which says "Good manners make good mixers." We all know how true this is. No one likes to associate with a person who is self-conscious and embarrassed; whose crudities are obvious to all.



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By telling you exactly what is expected of you on all occasions, by giving you a wonderful new ease and dignity of manner, the Book of Etiquette will help make you more popular—a "better mixer." This famous two-volume set of books is the recognized social authority—is a silent social secretary in half a million homes.

Let us pretend that you have received an invitation. Would you know exactly how to acknowledge it? Would you know what sort of gift to send, what to write on the card that accompanies it? Perhaps it is an invitation to a formal wedding. Would you know what to wear? Would you know what to say to the host and hostess upon arrival?

If a Dinner Follows the Wedding—

Would you know exactly how to proceed to the dining room, when to seat yourself, how to create conversation, how to conduct yourself with ease and dignity?

Would you use a fork for your fruit salad, or a spoon? Would you cut your roll with a knife, or break it with your fingers? Would you take olives with a fork? How would you take celery—asparagus—radishes? Unless you are absolutely sure of yourself, you will be embarrassed. And embarrassment *cannot be concealed.*

Book of Etiquette Gives Lifelong Advice

Hundreds of thousands of men and women know and use the Book of Etiquette and find it increasingly helpful. Every time an occasion of importance arises—every time expert help advice and suggestion is required—they find what they seek in the Book of Etiquette. It solves all problems, answers all questions, tells you exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every occasion.

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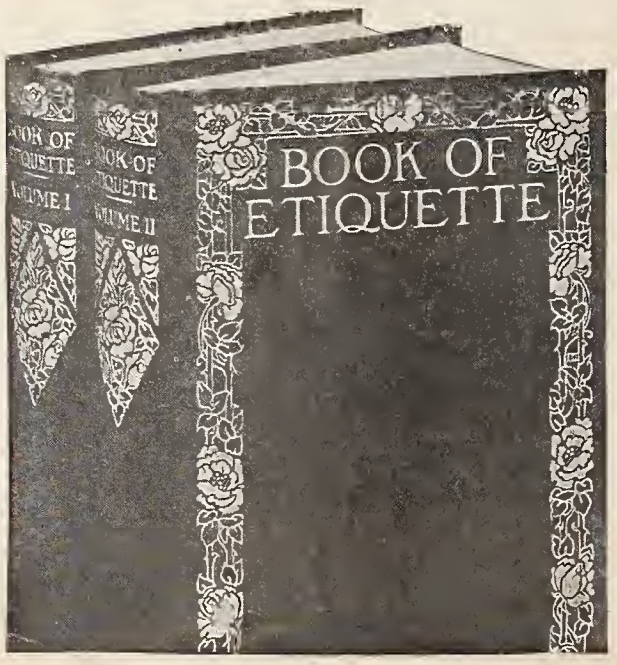
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MAGAZINE

FEB. 1924

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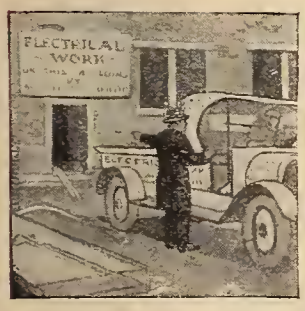
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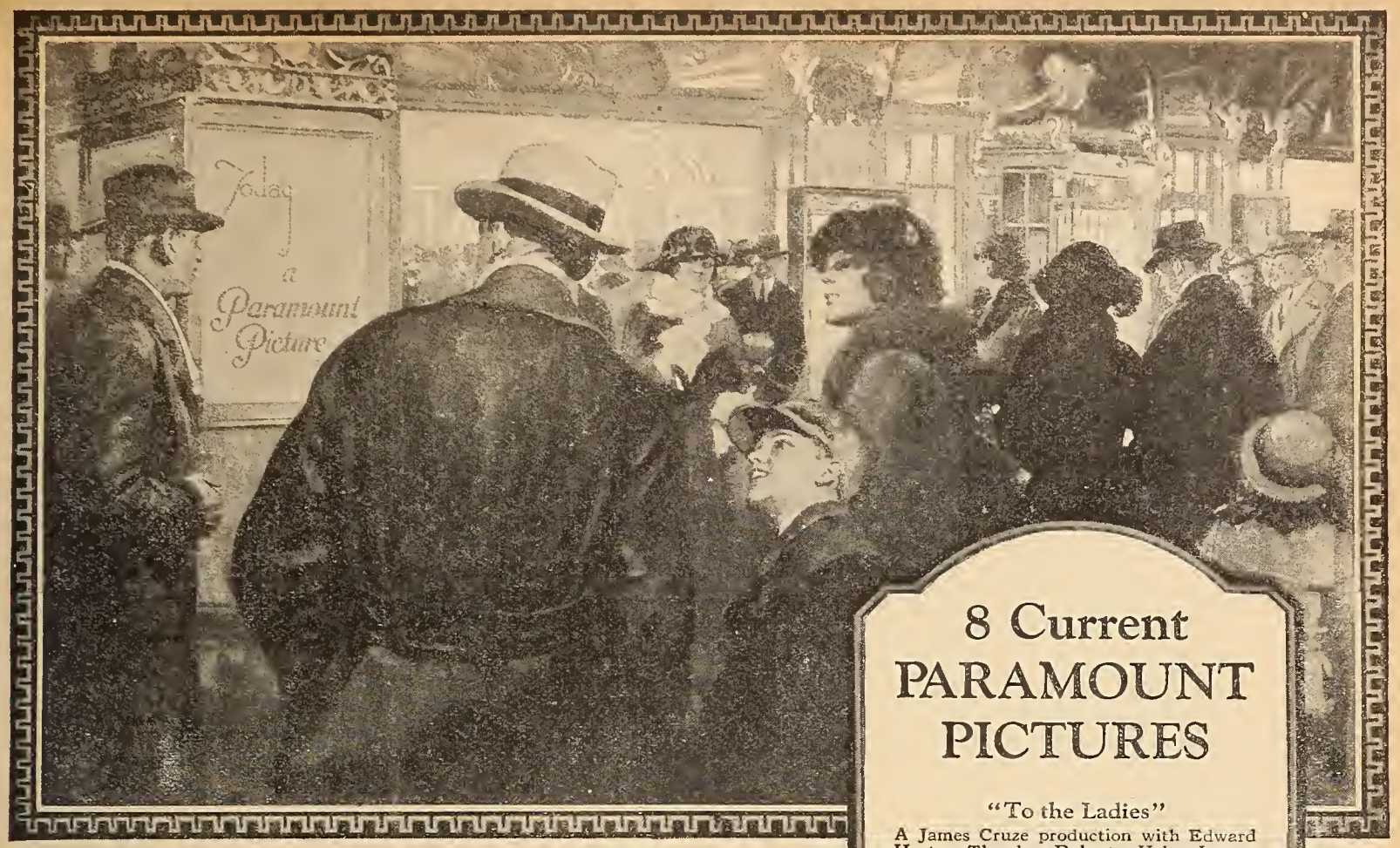
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"Flaming Barriers"

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"The Humming Bird"

Starring GLORIA SWANSON. A Sidney Olcott production. From the play by Maude Fulton. Screen play by Forrest Halsey.

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But we are going to make it an even bigger and better magazine.

In this issue, beside other improvements, you will find eight more pages of text and pictures than we have had in previous numbers. And this is but a foretaste of what we are going to give you in the coming year, which holds forth promise of better and more varied screen entertainment than we have ever had in the past, as Edwin Schallert shows in his comprehensive article in this issue.

IN AN EARLY ISSUE

we are going to take up a subject in which the fans have shown an unusual interest of late. That subject is: Just what is the greatest acting? Should the leading stars submerge their own personalities into the rôles they are enacting, or use these rôles as vehicles for displaying their own personalities? Should they show us the greatest possible versatility or continue to play the sort of parts in which they first won popular approval? You will find many radical and divergent opinions on this subject in the letters from the fans concerning Mary Pickford's "Rosita" in this issue. Other fans are beginning to discuss, in a similar way, the recent Norma Talmadge productions.

Helen Klumph is preparing an article on the subject of acting which should do much to clear up these discussions. She will discuss it from many points of view, showing you what the best authorities on the subject have said in the past, and will apply the principles they have worked out to the work of our leading screen stars.

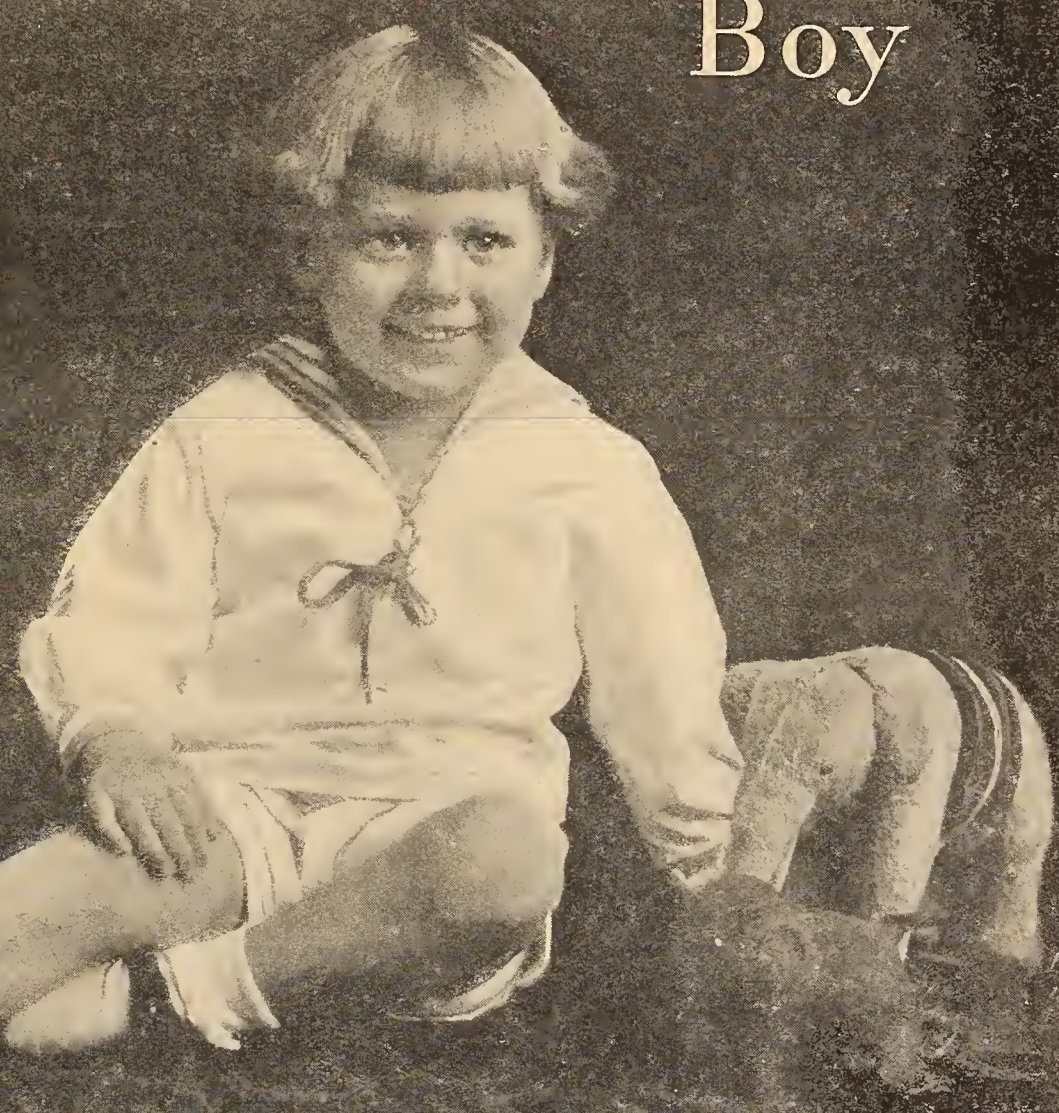
There are two articles by Myrtle Gebhart scheduled for our next issue which will be of unusual interest to every reader. One is the story of just "an average girl" who came to Hollywood determined to become a star. Unlike most stories of this sort, this is neither one of a "fairy-tale" success or of defeat. This girl is still struggling, still hopeful, but she still has a good way to go. It is intensely human, and it shows what the average girl of pluck and some ability has to go through when she starts out on a career in pictures.

The other is a little story by the same author, telling something of her own experiences, and of what her work for PICTURE-PLAY has meant to her through the contact it has given her, through correspondence, with fans. After reading it you will feel closer to every one of PICTURE-PLAY'S writers.

These are but two of the many novel and interesting features we are preparing for you next month. Don't miss the next number!

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What the Fans Think



From a Fan in Exile.

WHEN I read these letters that the fans write, criticizing our movies, oh, how I wish I could see even the worst movie, but I can't. I am a tubercular patient taking the cure at a sanatorium, and oh, it is so slow. Months, and long ones, will pass before I can go to a movie. I wonder how many of our fan kickers would feel if suddenly they were put in exile as I have been. Anything called a movie would look good to them.

I get PICTURE-PLAY, and with the help of some very kind fan friends keep in touch with the movies. How I long to see Constance Talmadge and Tommy Meighan, my old favorites, and my new idol, Pauline Garon. I saw her as a glint of sunshine through the darkest of clouds, a bit of sunshine amid my tears. Only once did I see her, in "You Can't Fool Your Wife," and I remember her smiling face as she said those words spontaneously that are the title of the picture. That picture, which I saw last May, was the last one I have seen, and that was the only one I had seen since November, 1922.

Some day I'll get well, then I'll get to see movies, but in the meantime I must depend on my fan friends and magazines. LAURENCE R. BENDER.

Irene Byron Sanatorium, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

How Some Fans See the Stars.

When Rex Ingram's picture "Scaramouche" had its Broadway première, I noticed the large crowd of people standing by the entrance of the theater, apparently waiting to see the celebrities who might enter. I joined them, thinking it would be an opportunity to see just how the movie stars appear to an audience who chose this way to get an idea of what their film favorites look and act like in the flesh.

It was noticeable how quickly the people sensed the attitude and manner of the celebrities we saw go in and marked them accordingly as, "nice and friendly" or "up-stage." So I heard Marion Davies accused of being "up-stage" and "indifferent" because she paid no attention to the throngs of people as she pushed through, ignoring a girl's "Hello, Marion!" The blue-black haired Alma Rubens, in an ermine wrap, made a direct contrast in beauty to the fair Marion as they entered together. Near the doors inside of the theater, Miss Davies was seen to smile and greet all those she knew in there. That made the fans outside feel slighted.

And when the crowd surged around the tall, distinguished Frank Keenan to applaud him, he failed to greet them in turn, so their enthusiasm was quickly dampened by the cold, austere impression he gave.

George Beban was more friendly, but he seemed to take the crowd's excitement at discovering him as a joke—and fans don't like to be laughed at!

Claire Windsor, who is smaller than we expected, looked very annoyed when the admiring multitude hemmed her in till they had properly recognized just who she was.

Mary Thurman, Dagmar Godowsky and Jetta Goudal, the latter two heavily made-up and in bizarre, Oriental array, passed through indifferently.

On the other hand, the tall, dark Mrs. Lydig Hoyt wasn't too proud to notice those that clamored around her and bestowed a friendly smile on them. So did Betty Blythe, who was striking in a gayly colored Spanish shawl. She turned to smile and greeted us with "Hello, girls!" as she passed. Her manner left a favorable impression on the people and she was voted unanimously as "sweet and friendly."

Nice, big Monte Love, looking so bewildered at the display of recognition and applause, won all hearts as he stopped and pushed through the crowd to shake hands with one enthusiastic young girl who was trying to reach him.

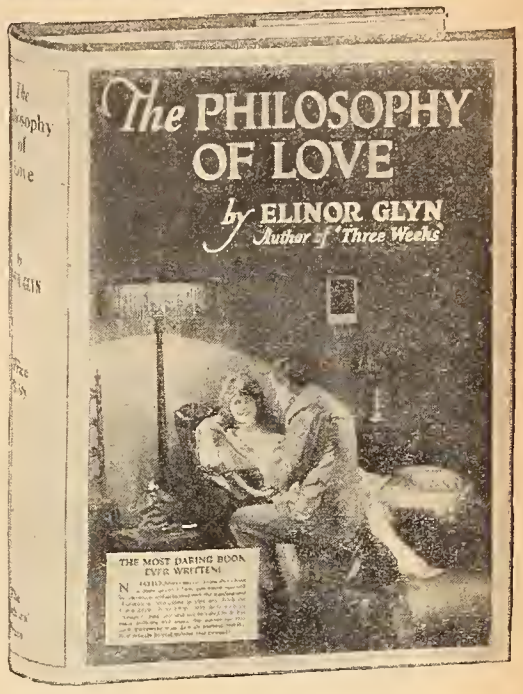
Richard Barthelmess was accorded the most rousing reception, of course. Dorothy Mackaill came with him and her amazing blondness shone out so beside the handsome dark countenance of Dick. They were instantly recognized and almost mobbed. Dick's harassed expression was amusing, as the excited flappers called out his name and raved to each other about his good looks. Mr. Barthelmess in person is never disappointing.

This seems a unique way to see the stars as they are. Many fans living in the metropolis boast of having seen ever so many celebrities by waiting for them like this. They have all the players classed by these impressions. But it is hardly fair of the fans to judge them by such brief impressions, and to pass these opinions on to the other fans.

The glimpse one gets of a celebrity passing through a mob of film followers cannot give an accurate idea of what the star's personality is really like. For instance, every one who has had a chance to meet Marion Davies knows she is *most* friendly and *not up-stage at all.* The players are often nervous before such throngs of people and it is only by trying not to see all those peering faces that they can retain their composure. They do not mean to give an impression of being aloof. Some stars feel that it is vainglorious to accept such idol worship — that recognition of such adoration would show too much susceptibility to flattery; and lay them

Continued on page 10

Startling Truths About Love and Marriage!



Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks," has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman—married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel—it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this daring book at our risk—without advancing a penny.

WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

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ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

Do you know how to make people like you?

IF you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or please your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do *YOU* Know About Love?

DO you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

What Every Man and Woman Should Know

—how to win the man you love.
—how to win the girl you want.
—how to hold your husband's love.
—how to make people admire you.
—why "petting parties" destroy the capacity for true love.
—why many marriages end in despair.
—how to hold a woman's affection.
—how to keep a husband home nights.
—things that turn men against you.
—how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
—the "danger year" of married life.
—how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming—how to rekindle it if burnt out.
—how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
—how to attract people you like.
—why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
—are there any real grounds for divorce?
—how to increase your desirability in a man's eye.
—how to tell if someone really loves you.
—things that make a woman "cheap" or "common."

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you *MUST NOT DO* unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most vital relations of men and women. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

"The Philosophy of Love" is one of the most daring books ever written. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of real value, could not mince words. Every problem had to be faced with utter honesty, deep sincerity, and resolute courage. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade—while she deals with strong emotions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can safely be read by any man or woman. In fact, most persons should be *compelled* to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the most dangerous sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

Certain shallow-minded persons may condemn "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

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YOU need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

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Continued from page 8

open to the charge of "playing to the gallery." So they appear not to notice it.

Another thing, a good many players look upon such a crowd, collectively, as curiosity seekers who stare rudely and mob and crush them, and this is often too true. They don't think of the individuals among the throng who are just ardent enthusiastic fans trying to get a fleeting glimpse of their screen idols. To those —a favorable or disillusioning impression of the "partieular star" means everything.

Since the unleashed enthusiasm of the movie followers will not allow their screen idols to make the quiet, graceful entranee, seemingly unaware of spectators, that good breeding calls for, but insists on elamoring about them and hindering their progress. it is, I believe, unfortunate when they refuse to unbend. A dignified, unseeing manner of a celebrity under sueh conditions gives an air of deliberately ignoring the public who pay them homage.

A player loses just so much prestige and admiration that is not easily reeaptured by an indifferent, unfriendly attitude toward their followers—while loyal supporters are gained and prejudices banished by a mere nod or smile of appreciation on the part of the star. Surely they could do that. It would pay them.

ETHEL SANDS.

Plainfield, New Jersey.

A Word About Mexican Characters.

I am a Mexican girl, sixteen years of age, and have lived in this country for almost nine years. During that time I have seen many pictures in which a Mexican character appears as a bandit or villain. I wonder if movie directors think that Mexicans are the only bandits in the world?

The Mexican is always pictured as a mean man, who is always trying to capture the poor helpless girl and who is armed with guns, daggers, pistols, and everything imaginable for the destruction of humanity.

As a matter of fact, a real honest-to-goodness Mexiean bandit doesn't care a snap about a silly girl. If they capture a girl—if they really do—it isn't because they want to make love to her, but because they want her to help as a *cosinera* or eook. Also the poor bandit—so I've seen in the movies—always gets killed or is shot by the handsome young hero who saves the girl in the nick of time. After a fight the bandit is always dirty looking while the hero is immaculately clean.

And why use the word *Caramba* so much? Can they think of no other Mexiean word? If ever I see a Mexican in any other rôle besides that of a bandit—*Caramba!*—that will be a surprise.

Another thing I've noticed in the movies is that the bandit always wears a large sombrero and the charro suit. No bandit wears that sort of a suit. I have been in many parts of Mexico and the charro suit is worn *only* by the well-to-do Mexican man.

ARMANDINA CANTU.

2454 Forest Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri.

Varied Comments on Screen Crushes.

I have just been reading Edwin Schallert's article "Are Crushes Going Out of Style?" and as answers are invited, here is some testimony on the subject.

I was wild about Barbara La Marr. One day I read in one of her interviews something like this: "Men? Bah! I am through with men forever!" A little later her marriage to Jack Dougherty was announced. I decided she was kidding the public, and although I eagerly wait for her pietures, I never rave any more.

Another of my favorites, Rodolph Valentino, on his dancing tour in Waterbury, Conneeticut, refused to give a dollar to some soldiers' benefit. Now the question of his return to the screen is the least of my movie worries.

I could give you many more illustrations, but I'll end up with this:

Ever since it was found out that poor Wally Reid was a drug addict, many of my friends have become very suspicious of these actors. Until about three years ago we all thought that they were people higher than the rest of us. But since that time so many of the actors have done so many shameful things which the papers have written up that the public came to realize that the actors weren't any better than other people, and some of them worse. If we had not placed them on so high a pedestal the shock wouldn't have been so mueh felt. At that, I still have a few favorites, for I wouldn't be a real fan without one.

RAMON SHEMORA.

Hartford, Connecticut.

The artiele in December PICTURE-PLAY on crushes impressed me very much. I have found it to be very true. Why, only a year ago I was raving—*mad,* some unkind people would call it—over Rodolph Valentino, but now I am only lukewarm. The sensationalism in the papers had a lot to do with that, I suppose. Now that I have reached the very mature age of sixteen, I can look back and laugh at myself.

I'll never forget my first crush. John Bowers in "Lorna Doone." I like big men, anyway, and John *is big.* "Smilin' Through" was the only picture that ever came near "Lorna Doone." I still like John—can't wait to see "When a Man's a Man"—animals, some of 'em are. Then came Mr. Valentino, Robert Frazer, Madge Bellamy, and too many others to mention, but "them days are gone forever."

I have often thought how fortunate it is that I live so far from Hollywood, for I do not doubt that some of my favorites would turn out to be common everyday people; that those beautiful curls are acquired, that those "come hither" eyes are very "stay-away" in the prosaic light of day; that the most cavemanish sheik of the lot sells real estate when he isn't abducting beautiful "wimmen." Columbus, Ohio, is the best place in the United States for keeping illusions. Oh, it's great to be sweet sixteen and all that sort of bunk. There's always the hope that some beauty-contest judge will look cross-eyed at my picture and send me to Hollywood.

RUTH WARD.

Columbus, Ohio.

P. S. I like Pola Negri!

Mr. Schallert's article on the passing of the screen crush in the December number is only too true. The satires on the motion-picture people, the "they-are-folks-just-like-you" type of publicity, the submergenee of the star's personality in huge productions—these things have all done their bit to disillusion the fans and to kill their crushes.

I know I do not get the same satisfaetion from attending the movies that I did when I could have a real crush. No longer able to see only perfection in a favorite's acting, I have become overcritical and more interested in the direction, lighting, et cetera, all of which may be more edueational, but it does not make one leave the theater with so keen a feeling of having had a good time.

The motion-picture producers made a mistake when they started to disillusion us about the stars. Theda Bara was much more interesting to me as a strange exotic person quite unlike any one I ever knew than as a dutiful wife. It is the same with other players.

Perhaps it is best for us fans to know that the stars are only human, but I wish that all the disillusionments had been kept from us, so it would be possible to have an old-fashioned erush again.

CARL HANSEN.

2052 Lane Court, Chicago, Illinois.

Mr. Sehallert asks, "Do you feel about your favorites as you did a few years ago? Do you render them a homage now as you did then, that perhaps eame wholly from your heart?"

Let me emphatically assert that my enthusiasm for some of the old favorites has not decreased with the advancing years. Why should it when the objects of my erushes have so bravely tried to make the best of many mediocre rôles handed out to them!

The following idols have not fallen from their niches, though the names of many of their vehieles are lost to memory.

Our beloved Wally was my first erush oh! So many moons ago. He was and *always will be* the first on the list—time poor plays, and adverse circumstances have made no difference and have only increased my wonderment of him.

Next comes Tom Meighan, whom I have watched steadily climbing the ladder of success. Be he soldier or sailor, crook or eonvict, gentleman or butler, hick or other character, the rendering of it has been all that could be desired. The crush of "a few years ago" has nothing on the crush of the present time. Tom is the prime favorite, all right, and no doubt prefers the "forty per cent of his mail" coming from sensibly-minded admirers to the sixty per cent of twaddle, that means nothing.

My third favorite is Rodolph Valentino. Why—don't ask me, as I don't know myself. The characters he has had to portray are not to my liking, and yet I am strong for the one who could "get by" with "The Sheik." I am anxiously awaiting his comeback, and am dead positive he will not be found wanting. My intuitions rarely fail me.

These are my lasting crushes, and if what Mr. Schallert says is true, then "the consensus of opinion at the studios is against me."

True, some of my favorites have retrograded, in my opinion, at least. For instance, the handsome and wonderful Richard Barthelmess. Dick, how did you ever happen to play "Tol'able David," a character suited to Charles Ray? Why emulate Al St. John in doing stunts with a barrel? It just filled me with horror to see Ernest Torrence and Tyrone Power wiping up the earth with you! You were so charming as *Murietta* in "Scarlet Days" and *Mr. Abbott* in "The Bright Shawl." Why not keep to these types? We know that you can act.

Another worthy and splendid aetor deviated from the beaten traek with a wax nose and other facial disfigurements—for what reason, pray? Milton Sills, were you trying to show us that you could enact a different type of character, or was it a demand you could not refuse? You are strong and convincing and an ideal lover. Why not stay with a good cause?

Continued on page 12

The Stars Invite You

to a NEW YEAR party that lasts a month

A Few Of the Big Ones

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By Booth Tarkington
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Frank Lloyd Productions, Inc., presents
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Directed by Frank Lloyd

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NORMA TALMADGE
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Samuel Goldwyn (not now connected with Goldwyn Pictures) presents the
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"THE SWAMP ANGEL"
with
Colleen Moore
By Richard Connell. Directed by Clarence Badger


CONSTANCE TALMADGE


NORMA TALMADGE


RICHARD BARTHELMESS


COLLEEN MOORE


MAURICE TOURNEUR


CORINNE GRIFFITH


THOS. H. INCE


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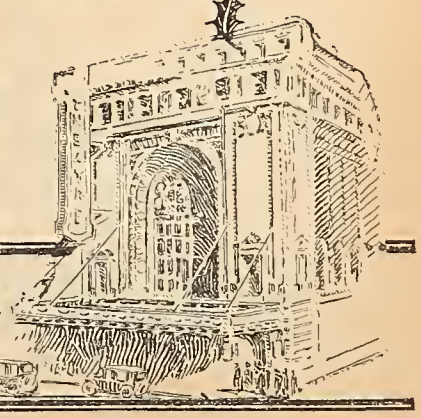

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

Monte Blue is faithful and conscientious in his efforts and, for a while, seemed on the upward path but, apparently, has slowed down. Somehow, I liked him best opposite Mae Murray and Irene Rich.

Another actor with unusual talent I used to enthuse over was Henry Walthall, and am still loath to give him up. His sensitive features and nervous fingers could convey impressions with telling effect.

I went quite "dippy" over Dustin Farnum, he was so superb in costume plays. "David Garrick" and "Cameo Kirby" have ever been pleasant memories, but when he began riding around in Western plays with his left arm stuck out horizontally, the spell was broken.

It was the same with his brother, William. He gave us some good portrayals, especially fine was the dual rôle in Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," but as a cowboy he was too well groomed to be convincing. As the outlaw in Clarence Mulford's "The Orphan," he outdid Hermann, The Wizard, in performing the impossible. He was supposed to sleep all night behind a boulder with only a saddle for a pillow and, behold! He arises in the morning with a bland smile; clothes immaculate and without a wrinkle; every hair in place and visage tonsorially perfect. Had "Bill" Hart been in this predicament, he would have looked eleven ways all at once, and by that I mean he would have looked grimly one way for the sheriff and anxiously the other for the oncoming Indians, besides scanning the horizon for some avenue of escape. Not so our handsome William; he was gazing placidly and nonchalantly at the camera.

J. Warren Kerrigan and House Peters used to mean a great deal, but their irregular appearance on the screen have caused a lack of interest.

I agree with Mr. Schallert that "An intelligent feeling, and a normal, sensible appreciation of the personality of a player is always a more lasting thing," but my admiration for Wally, Tom, and Rudy has been even more than this. I have resented any criticism or disparaging remark, allowing that the other party was entitled to an opinion—but somehow it *hurt*.

Is it really "aloofness" that makes some of our stars appear haughty? Might it not be attributed to "The heartache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to?" The very stars Mr. Schallert mentioned, Valentino, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Mary Garden, and Geraldine Farrar have been targets for "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." Is not their attitude akin to that of a noble animal at bay, waiting and watching with alertness for the next attack? I glory in their bravery, knowing

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or free lunch in our Westerns, we won't have much use for Indians, miners, cowboys, desperadoes, posses, or cattle rustlers.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

Monte Blue is faithful and conscientious in his efforts and, for a while, seemed on the upward path but, apparently, has slowed down. Somehow, I liked him best opposite Mae Murray and Irene Rich.

Another actor with unusual talent I used to enthuse over was Henry Walthall, and am still loath to give him up. His sensitive features and nervous fingers could convey impressions with telling effect.

I went quite "dippy" over Dustin Farnum, he was so superb in costume plays. "David Garrick" and "Cameo Kirby" have ever been pleasant memories, but when he began riding around in Western plays with his left arm stuck out horizontally, the spell was broken.

It was the same with his brother, William. He gave us some good portrayals, especially fine was the dual rôle in Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," but as a cowboy he was too well groomed to be convincing. As the outlaw in Clarence Mulford's "The Orphan," he outdid Hermann, The Wizard, in performing the impossible. He was supposed to sleep all night behind a boulder with only a saddle for a pillow and, behold! He arises in the morning with a bland smile; clothes immaculate and without a wrinkle; every hair in place and visage tonsorially perfect. Had "Bill" Hart been in this predicament, he would have looked eleven ways all at once, and by that I mean he would have looked grimly one way for the sheriff and anxiously the other for the oncoming Indians, besides scanning the horizon for some avenue of escape. Not so our handsome William; he was gazing placidly and nonchalantly at the camera.

J. Warren Kerrigan and House Peters used to mean a great deal, but their irregular appearance on the screen have caused a lack of interest.

I agree with Mr. Schallert that "An intelligent feeling, and a normal, sensible appreciation of the personality of a player is always a more lasting thing," but my admiration for Wally, Tom, and Rudy has been even more than this. I have resented any criticism or disparaging remark, allowing that the other party was entitled to an opinion—but somehow it *hurt*.

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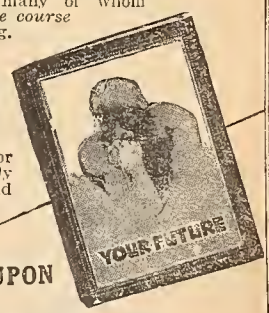
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to it in "What the Fans Think." She said that people were always talking about screen heroines who were beautiful but dumb, and asked "What about the handsome but dumb heroes?"

What an opening!

In addition to Norman Kerry, whom she nominated, I would like to suggest Kenneth Harlan, Edmund Lowe, and Frank Mayo. What are the other fans' nominations?

FAY MARGERY MANDEL.

Saginaw, Michigan.

Diverse Comment About Mary Pickford.

I hope I am not too late to add my word to the Mary Pickford discussion.

I cannot forget the little girl I first saw some fourteen years ago—a slender young creature with apparently nothing much to distinguish her save a wealth of curls. This, in itself, did not appeal to me, as I then had curls of my own and viewed all others with indifference, but before the picture was finished I had forgotten the curls. I was lost in the joys and sorrows of a little slavey in a calico dress, a youngster with shabby shoes and wistful eyes. I probably did not shout "Eureka!" or predict a new luminary in the theatrical sky, but I did remember that girl. Her personality made such an impression on me that when several years later I saw her in one of the stupendous five reelers I said, "There she is!" And *she* was Mary Pickford.

Since that day when I first saw Mary I have outgrown curls as well as many of my youthful fervors. I have come to know something of the theatrical world, and to recognize the blah-blah of much of it, but I still have the same unswerving faith in the art of Mary Pickford.

But I think she is unfortunately hampered. Not by her curls, nor by the efforts of her press agents, nor by her pout—but by the type of vehicles to which her talents are confined. And this limitation, in the last analysis, is because of her public. She must display her wares in a way that will suit the fancy of the people who love hokum, who clamor for the obvious, the theatric, the unreal. It is as though Balzac were asked to write for the public of Ethel M. Dell.

The movie fan is supposed to be improving mentally. Perhaps that is so, but the fact remains that such stories as "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," are being filmed and meeting with success while the art of "Stella Maris" is rejected. Mary Pickford has grown, and has still far to go, but until the public at large, that great court of last resort, is much more educated, she is hampered, and her talent is rendered nearly useless.

It took the American stage a great many years to pass from the "Lena Rivers" to the Theater Guild era and the screen has just as far to travel. Mary Pickford was born twenty years too soon. A thousand pities she must be sacrificed in pioneering.

MARY LOUISE ANAWALT.

Uniontown, Pennsylvania.

I think it is perfectly *silly* for any one to think of criticizing Mary Pickford! To me she is absolutely perfect in everything she does. I have adored her for four years and a half, and I shall always adore her whether she continues in child parts or whether she grows up. I write to her after seeing each of her pictures, and the letter that she once sent me is my dearest possession. If I could grow up to be one one hundredth part as sweet and lovely as Mary Pickford my dearest wish would be fulfilled.

SARAH ALLEN THOMPSON.

Bangor, Maine.

I haven't seen "Rosita," but if Mary Pickford fails to rise to the comedy direction of Mr. Lubitsch there must be something very wrong somewhere. *And not with Mary!*

It vexes me to have Mary pay so much attention to these folks who have been wailing for her to put up her curls. When she tries something different, like "Rosita," they simply turn and rend her because she doesn't act just like Pola Negri.

L. C. ALLEN.

605 South Fourth Street, Aurora, Illinois. November 7, 1923.

To MISS PICKFORD: In this department you recently gave your reasons for making "Rosita." Is this not an unconscious admission of failure? Does the master artist reason for the output of his brain and soul? You bow to the public. Does that also lead to better, finer productions; or is it but favoritism you demand?

Your work in "Rosita" is no more great than the dramatic merit of your former stories has been great. Delightful and easily digested, but not great as the world's work is reckoned.

If Pola Negri had been given your cast and settings what would, and could, she not have done with them? Her "Spanish Dancer" failed because it lacked all that you in such full measure had.

A good actress subordinates herself to her rôle. If you are Spanish then I can be a picaninny—which I am *not*. *Rosita* was the product of a Latin race, the youth of which mature early and of which the feminine is all absorbingly and absolutely feminine. From such a race and from the poorest, filthiest, and most harrowing environs you create a hoyden who cannot and has not a single durable quality by which to combat ordinary life—such as it was centuries ago—yet you presume to tell us that such a character has endurance that would far surpass that of a woman far more mature in years and experience. And, also, a tempestuous woman's love which the part called for became, as depicted by you, a passion measured by the adolescent standards of a child.

"Rosita" is a farce on Latin life and temperament, and a rather dull parody on human love and emotions. Perhaps one should not ask for so much. You are, of course, "America's Sweetheart," and one does not dissect or try to analyze a sweetheart. That would be robbing the idol of its halo; defiling the sanctity of a stabilized convention.

MARY E. DREYMAN.

329 East Fify-sixth Street, New York City.

The time has passed when Ye Knyghte could seize a lance and joust, when his Ladye was insulted, *but* the would-be champion still has a pen! I have waited patiently for some more worthy of her millions of admirers to come to "Our Mary's" rescue; since none have appeared, *I'll* start it!

First: Miss Mary, do not feel badly over the strange reticence on the part of "the rest of us"—they are merely stunned into a sort of coma by the audacity of such violent rhetorical attacks as have come among us, but *not for long!* I have been content to read "What the

Continued on page 114

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JAN 2 1924

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE
Volume XIX FEBRUARY, 1924 No. 6



Photo by Evans

The newest star in the film firmament is Laura La Plante, whom Universal has just promoted from their ranks of leading ladies. She will succeed Gladys Walton as the ingénue star of the organization.

A Forecast

An advance glimpse of what the entertainment and a critical

By Edwin



One of the biggest events of the coming season is, of course, the appearance of John Barrymore in "Beau Brummel."

EVERY picturegoer realizes that a really prodigious effort has been made during the past season to give a more appetizing flavor to our cinema fare.

The fall testimony of this was ample. During that period, in centers like New York, de luxe premières took place at the rate of three or four a week. Theaters were booked a month or two in advance, and engagements running into weeks were the goal of every producer. Successively, there were shown such chef-d'œuvres as "Merry Go Round," "The White Rose," "Little Old New York," "Rosita," "The White Sister," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Scaramouche," and finally, attaining a spicy intellectual peak, Charlie Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris." There was a luxury and social éclat about their openings that would almost convince any true believer in the future of the silver sheet that the millenium of fine discrimination had arrived.

Many of the fans, elsewhere in the country, don't yet know what all the clatter was about. A lot of them in outlying sections, where two-dollar admissions are still considered an investment rather than a speculation, won't see the bigger fancier orders for many weeks to come. Mayhap, in some places they will never see them.

In the big centers the banquet of huge productions has already somewhat lulled, and the chatter induced by adroit press-agentry has abated. One can begin to digest what is over, and contemplate with some interest what is going to be the dessert.

Chiefly, what has occupied the attention of the audiences during the fall in the big cities have been the costume delicacies. These have called forth the utmost magnificence. But whether they actually contain the highest artistic feeling is another matter. Whether the stories are any better, or just the same old hokum, dressed up in a new disguise, is something over which the fan club members may debate. When a dish is so elaborately garnished, it is sometimes difficult to tell whether it is pheasant or just fat goose. Turreted backgrounds, glittering armor of mail, brocades, velvets and other satin and plush apparel, which are natural aids to dignity, contribute much to trick the eye, and enthrall the imagination, but they also neatly clothe and hide a mediocre piece of junk.

The most successful picture of the year depended on none of these things. It was a straightforward knockout, a cooling draught from the plains. Something in it awakened the pioneer spirit in the hearts of men and women, and made them proud of their heritage. It was made by an organization that is rarely given to excessive cost sheets, and the characters were selected with a fair, though not outstanding taste, while the scenery



One of the newcomers who is likely to find high favor is Julanne Johnston, leading woman for Douglas Fairbanks.

Photo by Hoover

for 1924

new year may bring forth in cinema appraisal of the recent productions.

Schallert

was that of nature in its broadest and most heroic guise.

Yet any one who saw "The Covered Wagon" must of necessity concede that for really immense significance and vigor it outranked any production of the year. It was more than merely successful, it was a great influence. It stimulated the interest of the American in his own history, and heralded the advent of other similar themes. The growth to which it naturally leads is consequently in a new and important direction, quite independent of the glitter of the costume picture with a European setting, although actually this is an epic of the past.

In making a choice of the other winners of the season, I am to an extent regulated by popular approval of this sort of thing. The list may include as a further example, "Little Old New York." More feminine interest here, perhaps, and while lacking in the stirring qualities of "The Covered Wagon," it nevertheless limned in most enterprising fashion the manners and customs of early New York, and disclosed intimate side lights on the families of the Astors and Vanderbilts, et al. It offered, too, a historic thrill with the launching of the *Clermont*. Too much average tinsel went into its making for it to compare with "The Covered Wagon," but it registered as something better than mere entertainment. What is more, it gave a truly legitimate excuse for the presence of Marion Davies on the screen. She really proved herself to be a piquant comedienne, when masquerading in pants.

I do not reckon "Little Old New York" as the second best film by any means. To make my list complete I will now cite the really prominent features, for the most part distinctive, in the order of their importance. They are "The Covered Wagon," "Scaramouche," "A Woman of Paris," "If Winter Comes," "The Girl I Loved," "Merry Go Round," "The White Rose," "Little Old New York," "The Green Goddess," and finally, though hesitantly, "Rosita." I am not including "The Ten Commandments," because that had its première so close to the end of the year that it really belongs to the pictures of 1924. "The Thief of Bagdad," "The Marriage Circle," and "Greed," all of which are splendid candidates, no doubt, for a place of highest rank, also go over into this year's bill of fare.



Clara Bow seems to have every chance of becoming queen, or rather princess, of the flappers. Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston



Corinne Griffith has crossed the threshold of stardom again and seems to be leading the field as the queen of passion.

I have named ten pictures as the best, but glancing over the list I find myself in the same quandary as to their genuine artistic merits that I experience every year at this time. *There is not a single one on the list* that has not some disturbing and distracting fault. Some lack dramatic emphasis, as for example, "Scaramouche," splendid as that is in respect to its being adult entertainment; another is fundamentally claptrap melodrama, like the exotic and sophisticated "Green Goddess," and the bulk of the others, like "Rosita," "Merry Go Round" or "The Girl I Loved," are inclined to be somewhat childish, or at least overly



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

The year has brought a Famous Players-Lasky contract to Mary Astor and under their auspices she will probably have a chance to grow in favor.

sentimental. You cannot help but feel that each director has gone the limit in obtaining results in any number of different directions but in some specific one has lost his sense of proper blending.

"The White Rose" is a striking example. It is far from being a howling triumph for D. W. Griffith in some of the cities in which it has been shown. It reveals in broadest relief all the soggy sins for which D. W. is noted. He hauls his heroine around in the rain for endless scenes, and has all the terrible teary hokum about the cruelty and oppression of the weak. The picture dragged and dragged and dragged, extracting the last vestige out of every emotion, yet in a peculiar if somewhat indefinable way it managed to be deeply and wholesomely appealing. What is more, it offered a veritable Corot landscape in natural photography.

Of the sentimental type, "Merry Go Round" was actually much better, because slightly more grown up. "The Girl I Loved" was a grand parade of love, self-abnegation and sacrifice, but had a splendid background of rural life, and in a way poignant depth, while Mary Pickford's "Rosita," at best, was but a clever idealization by a clever director of the star's familiar pout and curls.

Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris" affords a mighty contrast for the intellectual to this overdone sentiment. Here is something that really has a nouveau vitality. The treatment—that is, the acting, or lack of it—is revolutionary. No time is wasted on long-drawn-out pauses for the sake of getting over some fatuous expression. There is activity, life, sophistication and paprika in every foot of this ultra feature.

Chaplin exhibits many fine ideas, but he was minus a big essential idea. That is his fault. His film is like anchovies—something very nice if you like them, but most people prefer steak or halibut.

The reactions to the Chaplin production have been dismaying to those who are really enthusiastic about grown-up stories. They are interpreted as meaning that the public—that is any great majority of the public—does not care for better and cleverer films, and if this is the dictum there is really little chance, according to the observers, for any other unusual pictures that depend on realism, such as Ernst Lubitsch's "The Marriage Circle," Eric von Stroheim's "Greed," and possibly even "Name the Man," which was directed by that reputed genius of Sweden, Victor Seastrom, to survive in the future.

I take issue with this contention, however, because despite all the strivings of the highbrow critics, I believe that there is still a considerable portion of the intelligent public who shun Chaplin and all his works. They don't care for his comedies and they are not ready to meet him on the newer serious level. For the rest, the propaganda about his brain power has gone catapulting over their heads into the farthest timber. They still see him as a comedian and like him that way best.

That Charlie will gradually build up a new clientele, and possibly even convert some of his old admirers to his clever modern style, I have no doubt, but it will take more than "A Woman of Paris" to accomplish this. Rex Ingram in "Scaramouche," Eric von Stroheim with his adaptation of the powerful "McTeague," John Barrymore as the star of the tragic "Beau Brummel," Ernst Lubitsch as the director of that smart Viennese "operetta," "The Marriage Circle," and James Cruze with his ozone-laden outdoor specials will have a better chance to prosper during the present season—at least with the more intellectual public.



Skilled acting came into its own this year, and well in the lead of the actors who survived the test is Conway Tearle.

To the list of pictures that I have given, as representative of the most pretentious and imposing qualities, may be added a number of others that have worth, and that made a strong bid for popular favor during the year. Some of these are already familiar to the fans. They include "The White Sister," "Peter the Great" and "Ashes of Vengeance," all three of which edge closely to the list of ten; "The Fighting Blade," with Richard Barthelmess; "The Spoilers," "The Spanish Dancer," "Potash and Perlmutter," "In the Palace of the King" and "Enemies of Women" for their decorative richness; "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," for some occasionally dynamic scenes; "Trilby," "Three Wise Fools," Fred Niblo's "Strangers of the Night," and "The Bad Man," principally because of Holbrook Blinn; as well as such older features as "Where the Pavement Ends," "The Christian" and "The Isle of Lost Ships," the latter two directed by Maurice Tourneur; Barthelmess' "The Bright Shawl," "Only Thirty-eight" and "Grumpy," by the elder and more meticulous De Mille; "Peg o' My Heart," which Laurette Taylor made delightful; the strenuous if unsatisfactory "Driven,"

"Fury"—Barthelmess again; "Hollywood," "Main Street," "Prodigal Daughters," that despite many faults showed Gloria Swanson in a very serene portrayal, "Safety Last," and "Suzanna," as well as the more recent "Dulcy," "A Dangerous Maid," "Three Ages" and "Hospitality" from the Talmadge-Keaton sector, and "Long Live the King!" Surely this is a very gratifying list. Few seasons have been able to offer so many things of comparatively tasteful interest; in fact, probably none before this one. Mention should also be made of the rawer fascinations of such films as "Down to the Sea in Ships," which was really quite a splendid fish salad, and the African-wild-animal hunting excursions.

Inspired by these evidences of advancement—that is not in the wild animal and whale pictures, especially, but the season as a whole—and disregarding the perturbations concerning the fact that in the making of the bigger productions a debt has been piled up that will take nearly as long to liquidate as that which the Allies have carried since the World War, I think I may safely hazard some optimistic predictions regarding the future. These especially concern the players, or rather a few of the players, who have lately come into the foreground. They have never had as fine an opportunity to manifest their talent, and they have certainly set about making the most of it. Acting is really the thing that has hit the high mark, because practically every one that really has talent has shown a surpassing light and shade and a rare adaptability to characterization.

Star making has, of course, been a poor business. One or two companies have been trying it, and you may see their goods—also their bads—on the bargain counters during the coming year. The personalities of to-day are not naturally star personalities. They are not capable of carrying a production by their name and face alone, which, reduced to terms of two-plus-two-makes-four, is, in the movies, being a star. A few still hold their places, but for the most part even these are doing it by virtue of better material. The instances of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks and their scenically ambitious features illustrate this. Even Norma Talmadge has had to resort to every trick and subterfuge of novelty and spectacle to keep up with the times, and she has had to change the nature of her plays with surprising frequency, especially as she is required to make several of these a year. Since "The White Sister" Lillian Gish has virtually joined the Pickford-Fairbanks group as a producer on her own, and with "Romola" and "Joan of Arc" in sight for her, she can hardly be expected to assume the traditional stellar supremacy, no matter how brilliantly her name may adorn the marquee.



Photo by White

Jetta Goudal is one of the most interesting personalities revealed this season.

Richard Barthelmess demonstrated that he was keeping pace with the modern era when he made "The Fighting Blade." He put lots of dash and realism into his own portrayal and he gave every chance to Dorothy Mackaill to act and score in a rôle that was almost co-equal with his. When it comes to the immediate outlook one may anticipate that story prominence and setting prominence will outflare even his own in "Nathan Hale."



Irene Rich, long buried in do-nothing rôles, proved when given an opportunity that she was a splendid player.

Charles Ray, on the other hand, after capturing a lot of sincere sobs in "The Girl I Loved," has again slipped behind. "The Courtship of Miles Standish," despite its possible educational value, is not going to add to his artistic stature. The fault is simply with himself. He has exaggerated his own importance in a character that is not above a Rollo. Ray is undoubtedly one of our finest actors, but he has yet to come out of the wildwoods. What he needs chiefly, regardless of his tremendous knowledge of picture technique, is somebody who will rule him with a steely hand.

Much, therefore, is to be anticipated from those stars who lose sight of their own abilities in concentrating on a *picture*. The one who has done this most flashingly is Fairbanks, and his leadership is still unargued—at least in Hollywood. I have not the least doubt that he will start a pirouette toward fantasy with "The Thief of Bagdad," even as he projected a rush to the antique shops with "The Three Musketeers" and "Robin Hood." I do not predict that it will be so tumultuous an affair, but it will doubtless hasten the birth of such announced films as "Gulliver's Travels," and "Peter Pan," providing the right young child spirit for the latter, possibly Jackie Coogan, can be found. These pictures all require much of miniature work, double exposure, and other trick photography, that is now at such an apex of its usefulness that dragons may be fought with impunity, and the earth literally set up on end.

The best star bets, at present, are those tempted from the stage. The most prominent naturally, is the mag-

Continued on page 92



The ghost of NELLIE *became a limp wreck as she watched the fight between Edmund Lowe and Lew Cody on the fire escape, while Claire Windsor was tied to the elevated tracks below.*

Nellie Comes Out in the Open

The favorite heroine of the ten, twenty, thirt' theayters has said good-by to dusty props and painted scenes and is reliving her melodramatic life in the real New York streets—before a motion-picture camera.

By Helen Klumph

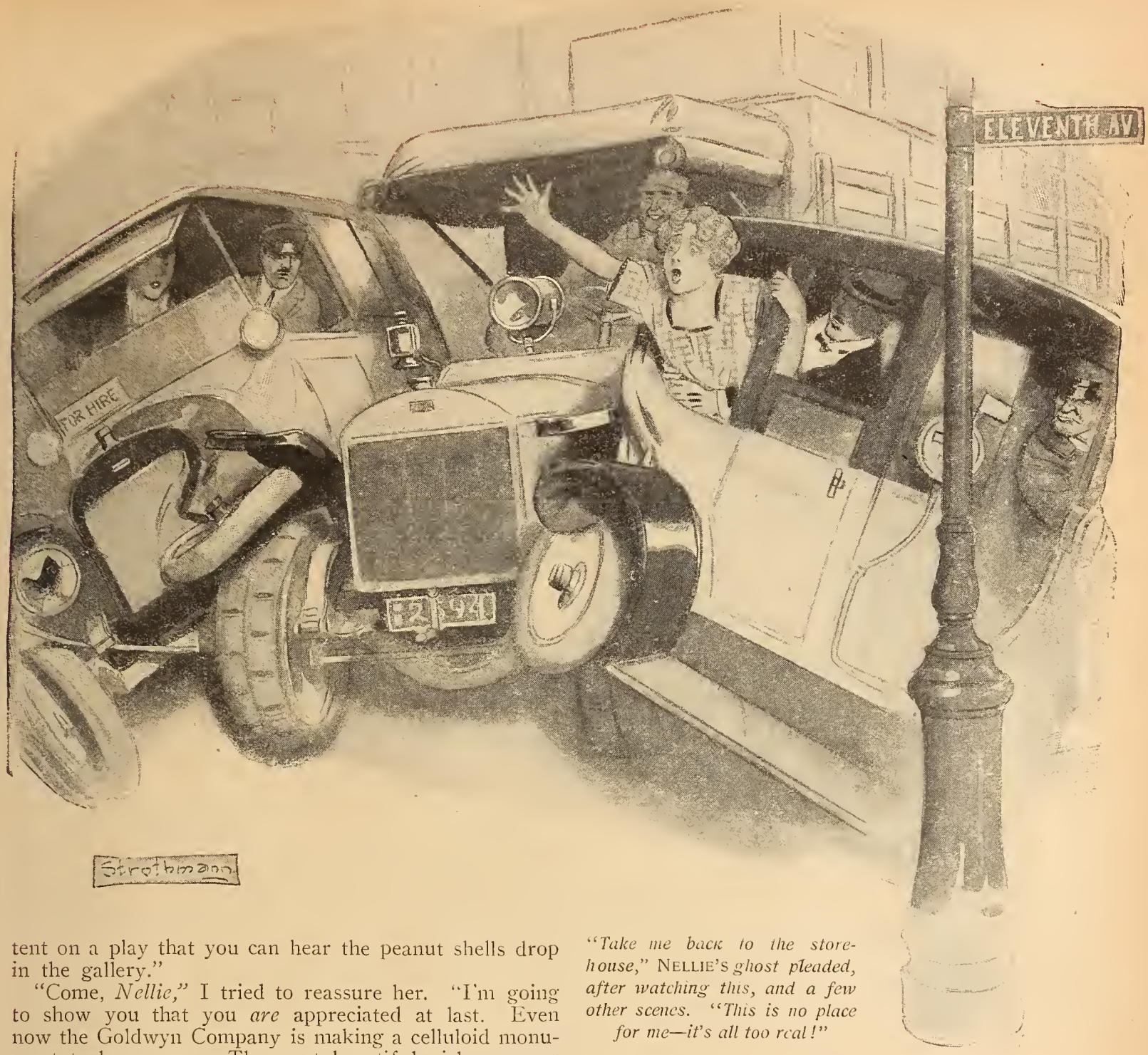
Illustrated by F. Strothmann

A LETTER on my desk told me that the Goldwyn Company was making "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," with an all-star cast—making it on the streets of New York, where the action of the famous old melodrama was supposed to have taken place.

Now a faded flower pressed in an old volume is just rubbish to me; the sirupy strains of "The Merry Widow" bring back no rapturous memories of my first waltz; but mention "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," and a rush of sentimental memories brings a lump to my throat. Many a time I have risked expulsion from school and held out the Sunday school collection money just to suffer with *Nellie* once more.

So I went to Cain's storehouse, the old-people's home for discarded plays, and there among the papier-mâché sawmills on which so many distracted heroines rode almost to their doom—there among the canvas trees upon which they were always threatening to hang the hero before the rescuing party thump-thumped on the stage to save him—I found the ghosts of dear old *Nellie*, her poor but upright friends, and the dastardly villains who used to try to do away with her every night in the week and at three matinées.

"They don't appreciate us any more," the poor, frail little ghost of *Nellie* sobbed. "When we're mentioned people laugh. And even Owen Davis, who wrote us, has turned on us and gone to writing highbrow stuff that wins him the Pulitzer prize. Folks don't know good plays now. You never hear of the audience nowadays forgetting themselves and throwing chewing tobacco at the villain. You never hear of them so in-



"Take me back to the store-house," NELLIE'S *ghost pleaded, after watching this, and a few other scenes. "This is no place for me—it's all too real!"*

tent on a play that you can hear the peanut shells drop in the gallery."

"Come, *Nellie,*" I tried to reassure her. "I'm going to show you that you *are* appreciated at last. Even now the Goldwyn Company is making a celluloid monument to honor you. The most beautiful girl you ever saw is playing your part. Her name is Claire Windsor. And *Polly,* your little friend, who ran errands for a modiste's shop and so often helped you out of trouble—you'll love her. She is Mae Busch, the most thoroughly alive person you ever saw. And there is a grand villain named Lew Cody, and a villainess named Lilyan Tashman; there's a taxi driver named Raymond Griffith and a handsomer hero than Edmund Lowe you never saw."

By that time we had reached Fortieth Street and Tenth Avenue, where an enormous crowd was gathered.

"There's *Nellie* now," I said, indicating the window of a tenement building where Claire Windsor was hanging out. "Doesn't it seem funny to see Claire in a simple little gingham dress!" I added, speaking more to myself than to my companion.

"Rags is royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake," *Nellie's* ghost reminded me. She was never one to forget her lines.

She watched intently while an ambulance tore up to the curb. A crowd gathered and watched the body being carried out on a stretcher. "All right, Miss Windsor!" a voice shouted from the opposite curb, "See it!" Miss Windsor rushed to the window, looked out with an agonized expression. A taxicab drove up, piloted by Raymond Griffith and with Mae Busch crouching on a camp chair where another front seat should have been, but wasn't.

"How funny it all is!" remarked the ghost of *Nellie* reflectively, "Not once has any one stopped to say 'I will save this pewre gell from that dastardly villain's clutches if it takes my last drop of heart's blood,' or 'I'll get her yet, ha-ha! No power on earth shall thwart me!' How will audiences know what the actors are thinking?"

"They are supposed to show it in the expression of their faces," I tried to explain. "Come over and meet Emmet Flynn, the *Peter Pan* of directors, and he will tell you all about it. He is something like what the stage director used to be, only more so."

But the ghost of *Nellie* was shy. She said that the ghosts of the old theater mean little to young motion-picture directors. And perhaps she is right.

"We're having good luck," remarked Emmet Flynn. "I wanted a lot of cats in this picture and look at 'em." One hungry-looking animal had strolled across the window sill where Claire Windsor was; another slunk along

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At the Sign of the Mustache

Adolphe Menjou's remarkable characterization in "A Woman of Paris" has suddenly brought him into the spotlight of public interest.

By Gordon Gassaway

MAYBE their mustaches had something to do with it, but certainly there was an affinity fellowship of genius compounded when Adolphe Menjou went to work for Charlie Chaplin.

Years may pass before a good actor finds the director who is destined to make him famous. Before a Damon finds his Pythias.

And so it was with this man-o'-the-hour Menjou. Before we saw him in "A Woman of Paris," what did we know, or care, about Adolphe Menjou? Follower of the films that I am, though his face was somewhat familiar, I could not have told you his name, or in just what pictures I had previously seen him.

But now every one who was walking out of the theater was saying: "Now, that guy Menjou . . . who is he? Where'd he come from? What's *he* ever done before?"

Like Ernest Torrence, he sprang into being, so far as the film public is concerned, overnight and at the touch of Chaplin's magic wand. Only, of course, it was the wand of Henry King that turned the trick for Torrence.

If you want to catch an actor at a disadvantage, interview him in his own home. Most of them are too wary to allow that nowadays, and if they can they'll seduce you into seeing them on the set or in their trick dressing room, with all the panoply of the land of make-believe around them. Only the lately arrived ones will usually trust you in the intimacy of their home. Some of them will even go so far as to lunch you or dine you to avoid the home stuff. But not so with Mr. Menjou. He was most cordial in inviting me out, when I suggested over the telephone that perhaps the world would like to know what kind of an oyster he was anyway, and that I was the one delegated to open him up. It's refreshing, in these days of cut-and-sun-cured interviews to get in on the ground floor, as it were. Just as soon as an actor makes his hit, all the magazines pounce down on him and squeeze him dry in about three rounds. Sometimes a really resourceful actor will last four rounds before he takes the count and discovers that he's told all he knows—and usually a little bit more. So you see why his inviting me to the Menjou mansion in the hills of Hollywood was promising. Not that it's really a mansion—yet—but rather, a very tidy little white home set in the midst of a very tidy little green grass plot. I left the "mansion" in for the sake of alliteration, and to indicate that Adolphe Menjou's fortunes may yet so rise that there really will be a mansion.

There are some people in this world whom you can catalogue and file away in perfect pigeonholes. They wear their characteristics like earrings.

Then there are others, who, no matter how long you may know them, simply never fit into any kind of a pigeonhole at all. They don't give out enough of themselves to jell in your consciousness. Before this *Pierre Revel* of the picture and I had been seated long in his orange-and-black-oilcloth study upstairs, whither he had led me after the usual greetings and murmurings at the door, I saw that Adolphe Menjou is the sort of man one must judge by externals and by inferences.

He is, I believe, what is known as a man of the world—even as the character he portrayed in Chaplin's story. That character, as you doubtless know by this time, was suggested by Henri Letellier of Paris—wealthy . . . bon vivant . . . connoisseur of women, wine and "wictuals!"

As an off-the-screen human being, Adolphe Menjou has the instinct which many native New Yorkers and the hermit crab hold in common—to secrete their real selves in very smooth, hard shells. An oyster also protects itself from inquisitive interviewers in the same way, and since that was our original figure, I'll stick to it. So I got out my oyster-opener, in this case a pencil, and went to work. Since Menjou seems destined to prominent screen recognition, let's know as much as we can about him.

It is only the extraordinary human being who doesn't think well of himself. Some better than others. It shades the difference between egoism and egotism. Many actors are egotists—and a few are egoists. In this latter category I place Adolphe Menjou. The walls of his study are studded with school and college diplomas, with army insignia, medals and honorable papers.

His desk was strewn with clippings of reviews on "A Woman of Paris." It wasn't long before he showed me what Alan Dale had said. But back to our muttons.

"My father," he began, getting back to the beginning, "was French and my mother was Irish. That accounts for a lot of things. He was a famous caterer, both in France and in New York and Chicago. From him I inherited an appreciation of the good things of life. Not only food, either."

He didn't mention what he got from his mother, but if I am any judge I should say it was the Irish blue eyes, perhaps the coal-black hair, and a love of adventure.

"I am making a business of acting in motion pictures," he said, in his rather staccato voice, crisply. "It is just as though I were a lawyer, or a broker, or a dentist. I came to Hollywood with that intention, and I am not new at it. I was with Vitagraph as far back as 1913.

"I have been in other businesses, too. And there have been breaks in my business—picture-acting business—career."

His flashing glance to the army decorations tacked on the wall, and a few words, explained that he had been the first from the Lasky studio to enlist as a private in the war. He later became a high officer.

He is a mental type, rather than a physical, and radiates a force which would raise him, in time, from a private to an officer or from an extra to a part where others might never rise even with what are considered better qualifications.

So fresh was he from the Chaplin triumph, and so recent from the Chaplin spell, that his thoughts ran largely to directors and direction.

He lighted a cigarette—and soon after that, another—as he talked.

"Although I've had good parts in some of the biggest late oustanding successes—'The Three Musketeers' with Doug, 'The Sheik,' 'The Eternal Flame,' and 'The Fast Mail'—it wasn't until Charlie Chaplin called me aside, four days after we had started working on 'A Woman of Paris,' and told me that I was made,

that I really believed that I had found myself. And I'd been working steadily for three years with only one vacation, and that of three weeks!"

Like our Anna Q., here is a bear for work.

"And even when Chaplin told me that, I wasn't sure," he went on, changing nervously from one chair to another.

"It has brought home to me very forcibly the fact that the director, whoever he may be, must be the touchstone of the actor. An actor may go along for a great while in a groove which is fairly successful, but until the right director gets him—and when I say 'gets' I mean it in more than one sense—he is only common clay.

"It is the director who must vitalize the actor.

"Look at what Von Stroheim, Lubitsch, Rex Ingram—and one or two others—have done for certain actors! They've taken 'em, unknown, and made them! The really good director does not have to surround himself with high-class talent to make successful pictures. The good director is himself an innate actor, and he can take raw material and mold it into shape."

One instinctively feels that Adolphe Menjou gives Chaplin all the credit in the world for making him what he is to-day. And it isn't so much that Menjou feels that Chaplin made him an actor as it is that he believes that Chaplain *recognized* the talent that was there, and brought it forth.

They were mental affinities, as it were. Menjou was able to scale the heights of Chaplin's genius, and abide there. Brothers, they were, under the mustache. Only it happens that Charlie assumes his, and Menjou doesn't.

Adolphe Menjou didn't go to Culver and Cornell for nothing, as the saying goes. He's that dangerous type of actor known as the "thinking kind." He is not warmly emotional in daily life, and I doubt that he could ever be warmly emotional on the screen. He admits that he is the society villain type, and he intends to capitalize the fact.

His restless dissatisfaction with hackneyed screen systems, and his constant references to dumb-bell directors — unnamed — convinced me as to why the mental type of actor is a dangerous type.

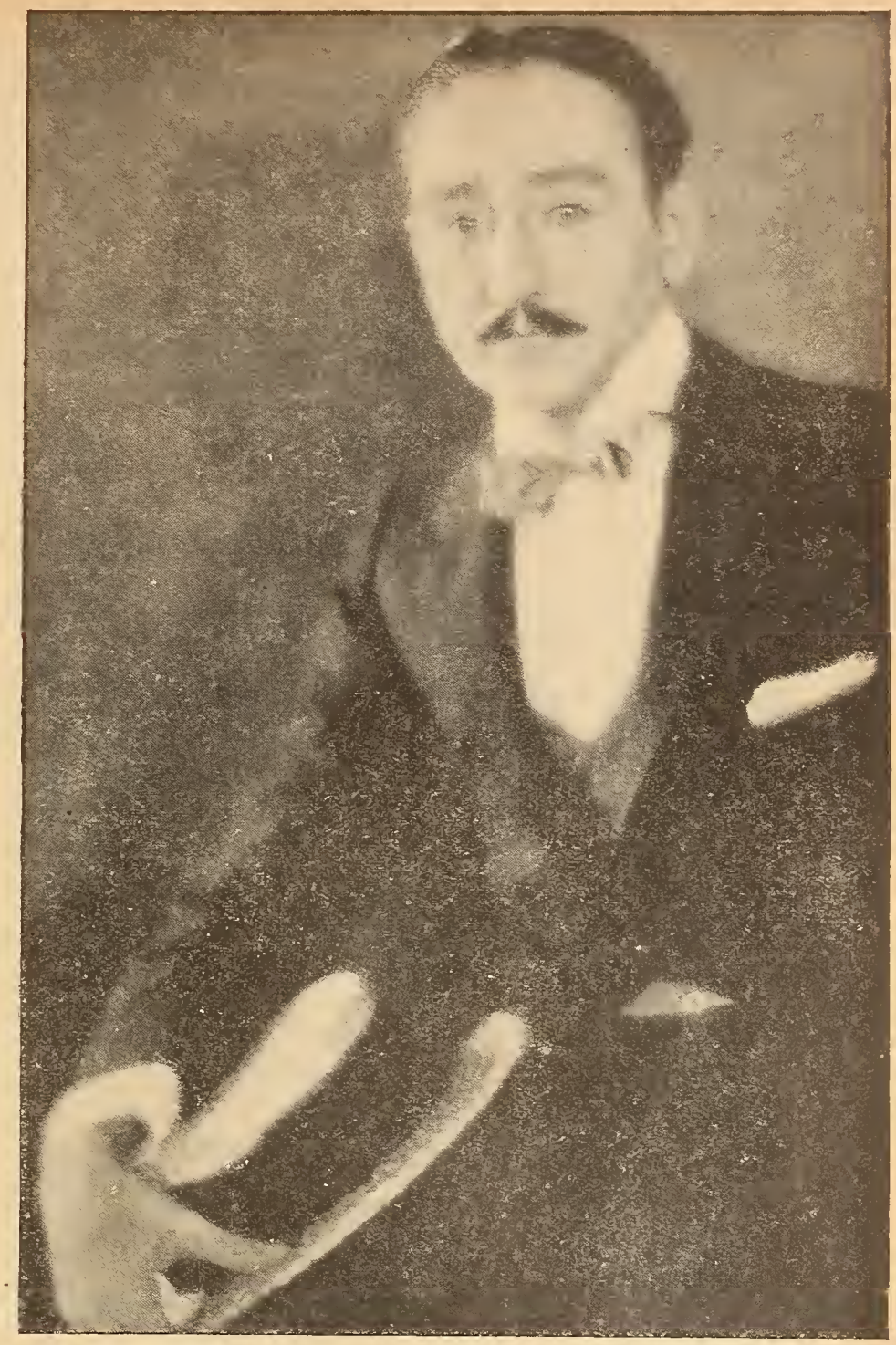
They are dangerous to the sort of director who isn't on their same brain level. And no actor can give very good work when he knows more than his director.

Success, I have noted in a rather long career of interviews, affects different individuals in far, far different ways. By the time this is published the breadth of a continent will divide me from Mr. Menjou—so here goes. He can't catch me for five days, at least. Some actors who are more or less profound in their natures before they achieve success, are suddenly catapulted into the most ridiculous superficialities of thought and daily living.

Others who have been superficial, fly-by-night, vain, are suddenly steadied to a marked degree by sudden success. It is as though a bright light had suddenly bloomed in their pathway of life and they can see the rocks there.

I think that the volatile, Latin temperament of Adolphe Menjou, fused from the French and the Irish, has undergone, very recently, a steadying — almost an Anglicization, as he realizes the responsibility of success. Some actors never

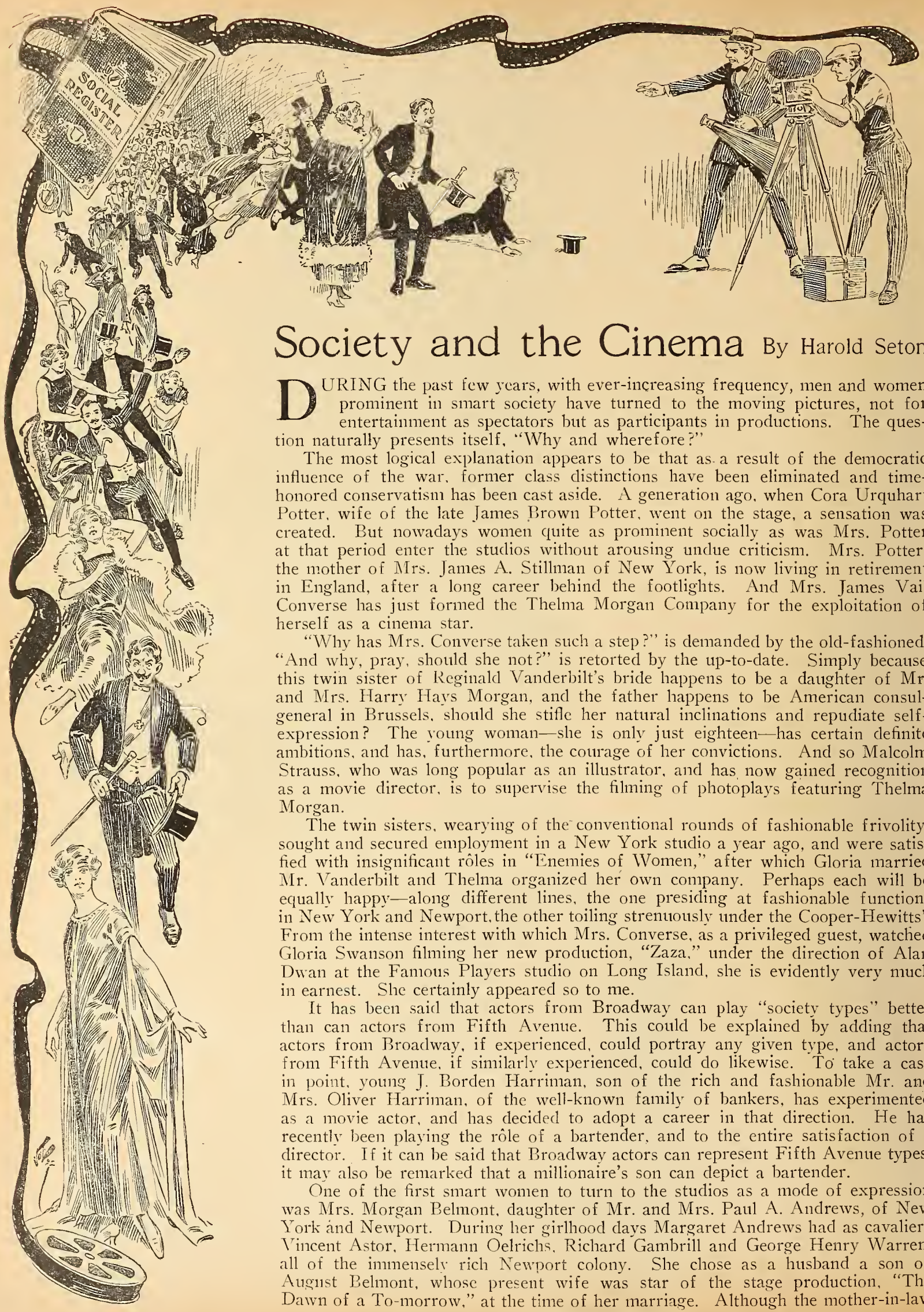
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As PIERRE REVEL, *in the Chaplin picture.*



One of his latest rôles was in "The Spanish Dancer."



Society and the Cinema By Harold Seton

DURING the past few years, with ever-increasing frequency, men and women prominent in smart society have turned to the moving pictures, not for entertainment as spectators but as participants in productions. The question naturally presents itself, "Why and wherefore?"

The most logical explanation appears to be that as a result of the democratic influence of the war, former class distinctions have been eliminated and time-honored conservatism has been cast aside. A generation ago, when Cora Urquhart Potter, wife of the late James Brown Potter, went on the stage, a sensation was created. But nowadays women quite as prominent socially as was Mrs. Potter at that period enter the studios without arousing undue criticism. Mrs. Potter, the mother of Mrs. James A. Stillman of New York, is now living in retirement in England, after a long career behind the footlights. And Mrs. James Vail Converse has just formed the Thelma Morgan Company for the exploitation of herself as a cinema star.

"Why has Mrs. Converse taken such a step?" is demanded by the old-fashioned. "And why, pray, should she not?" is retorted by the up-to-date. Simply because this twin sister of Reginald Vanderbilt's bride happens to be a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hays Morgan, and the father happens to be American consul-general in Brussels, should she stifle her natural inclinations and repudiate self-expression? The young woman—she is only just eighteen—has certain definite ambitions, and has, furthermore, the courage of her convictions. And so Malcolm Strauss, who was long popular as an illustrator, and has now gained recognition as a movie director, is to supervise the filming of photoplays featuring Thelma Morgan.

The twin sisters, wearying of the conventional rounds of fashionable frivolity, sought and secured employment in a New York studio a year ago, and were satisfied with insignificant rôles in "Enemies of Women," after which Gloria married Mr. Vanderbilt and Thelma organized her own company. Perhaps each will be equally happy—along different lines, the one presiding at fashionable functions in New York and Newport, the other toiling strenuously under the Cooper-Hewitts'. From the intense interest with which Mrs. Converse, as a privileged guest, watched Gloria Swanson filming her new production, "Zaza," under the direction of Alan Dwan at the Famous Players studio on Long Island, she is evidently very much in earnest. She certainly appeared so to me.

It has been said that actors from Broadway can play "society types" better than can actors from Fifth Avenue. This could be explained by adding that actors from Broadway, if experienced, could portray any given type, and actors from Fifth Avenue, if similarly experienced, could do likewise. To take a case in point, young J. Borden Harriman, son of the rich and fashionable Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Harriman, of the well-known family of bankers, has experimented as a movie actor, and has decided to adopt a career in that direction. He has recently been playing the rôle of a bartender, and to the entire satisfaction of a director. If it can be said that Broadway actors can represent Fifth Avenue types, it may also be remarked that a millionaire's son can depict a bartender.

One of the first smart women to turn to the studios as a mode of expression was Mrs. Morgan Belmont, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul A. Andrews, of New York and Newport. During her girlhood days Margaret Andrews had as cavaliers Vincent Astor, Hermann Oelrichs, Richard Gambrill and George Henry Warren, all of the immensely rich Newport colony. She chose as a husband a son of August Belmont, whose present wife was star of the stage production, "The Dawn of a To-morrow," at the time of her marriage. Although the mother-in-law

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What Will Become of Baby Peggy?

These are big days for our littlest millionaire—but what of the future? Read what her mother and father have to say about it.

By Helen Klumph

I'M going to put my baby in the movies and make a million dollars," the young matron on the hotel porch informed me conclusively.

"Isn't he a darling?" she cooed a few minutes later. "Why he's got it all over Jackie Coogan and that little Baby Peggy. He's just the beautifullest baby that ever lived."

She gurgled on and on in that language that eludes exact reproduction on the printed page, and is spoken in life only by adoring young mothers. But soon the inevitable question came. It seemed to me as though it had come hundreds of time, from hundreds of just such mothers.

"How do I go about it?" she asked. "You're in the movie business. You can tell me. How do I get my baby in the movies?"

The answer will never come to be a dull formula with me; I feel too deeply about the infants I have seen working in movies. The memory of a crowd of women carrying young babies—a crowd that overflowed the anteroom of a casting director's office and spread out in the alley way in a dripping, clammy mist, makes me shudder. The thought of mere infants blinking in a glare of lights, their nerves rasped by insinuating music played to make some adult player emote, makes me want to plead with women not to put their babies in pictures.

"But they get paid so well," the mothers protest. "My baby could have a lot of comforts he doesn't have now if he were bringing in a lot of money. I could afford a servant and would devote all my time to baby."

My protests usually fall on deaf ears. The ambitious mothers brand me a rank pessimist. For if I tell them that work in a studio is hard on a child they point to a few movie children of splendid physique as ample refutation. If I tell them that there isn't really much money in it, they point to a few glowing exceptions that they have read about.

The only argument I can fall back on is that the field is overcrowded and that they have but one chance in a hundred ever to get even a day's work as extra for their child. And I cherish a clipping from an article that recently appeared, under the name of Mary Pickford, in which she said, "While I have never seen a child badly treated in the film studios, it does not seem right to me that a family that can afford to give their children home and childhood should put them into the pictures. It is not fair to the child to keep it on a dark stage on sunny days or in the cold on location. And it riles me up a good deal to see a strong man bring his child to work." Perhaps some of the mothers who won't listen to me, *will* listen to Mary Pickford.

And yet, deep down in my heart I know that the field was overcrowded when Baby Peggy went into pictures; I know that

From the series:
"The Man with the Brown Derby."

Many a man felt like this when he read the reports of Baby Peggy's salary under her new contract with Principal Pictures. In fact, so much antagonism was aroused that Sol Lesser, president of the company, declared that the stories of her million-dollar salary "were entirely out of reason and unfounded." While no official statement has been made it is assumed in the industry that each of the Baby Peggy productions will represent an investment of a million dollars. Her share in that will be far from negligible. Such salaries are not being paid blindly. Peggy has proved to have great commercial value. But where she has succeeded, thousands of other beguiling children have failed to make a lasting impression on the public.

Cartoon reproduced through the courtesy of Webster and the *New York World*.



Peggy herself picked out this photograph as one that showed her having a good time.



Photo by Woodbury

her mother and father felt just as deeply as I do about parents capitalizing on the tender years of their children; and I know that Baby Peggy, a veteran player at the age of five, is one of the healthiest, most unspoiled, most perfectly normal children I have ever met.

Only a few days after the papers had proclaimed to the world that Baby Peggy had a million-dollar contract to make pictures for the next year, I dropped in at the Biltmore to see her mother and father. Peggy and her older sister, Louise, curled up on the chair beside me and entertained me by drawing pictures. Peggy has no stage-child's patter; she is oddly Sphinxlike.

Only once and that more than a year ago, can I remember her lapsing into the cute tricks of a child performer, and then it was the fault of her company's press agent. He taught her to pipe up, "We stars must have our publicity," when introduced to newspaper reporters.

The first time Mr. Montgomery heard her say it she got spanked. And she never takes orders from press agents any more.

A stream of interviewers from newspapers and magazines came to see the baby while I was chatting with her parents.

"Now what does a reporter talk about to a wonderful baby like you?" one girl, obviously ill at ease, gurgled at Baby Peggy. Louise, with one glance of triumph at Baby Peggy, slid off the chair and made for the next room. But poor Peggy, instructed to be polite to the ladies who had come to see her, simply gazed back wonderingly.

"Wouldn't you like to strangle that woman?" I remarked sotto voce to Mr. Montgomery.

"Would I!"

The whole world, epitomized by that one girl reporter, seems to be bent on making Peggy unnatural by acting unnatural with her. Miraculously enough, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery have managed to offset their influence, so far.

Peggy does not know that her experience has been any different from most other children's. She does not know the difference between a nickel and a dollar and money has never been discussed in her presence.

Just as a Chinese baby takes his slant eyes and coarse hair for granted; just as a princess accepts the homage of her subjects, Baby Peggy accepts the fact that she does what her father tells her to do in front of a camera, goes to see the daily rushes of her pictures, and has to meet a lot of silly grown people who seem to take complete leave of their senses when they talk to her.

Her fifth birthday was celebrated by a big luncheon in the grand ballroom of the Biltmore Hotel in New York, attended by famous writers, artists, actors, and men prominent in the motion-picture industry. Next day her gigantic birthday cake was escorted by Peggy to the New York Foundling Home, where she had a lot more fun playing with the children than she had had with the grown-ups the day before. Then she had to go to Newark to talk over the radio, she had to visit the toy department of a big department store, where thousands of children had gathered to greet her, she reviewed the police guard at Bryant Park, solemnly marching down the line of New York's finest and seeing that their puttees—which was about as high as she could see—were properly shined. Then there were endless shopping trips. And Peggy came through it all as blithe and unconcerned as though she had just spent a pleasant morning playing on a sand pile.

But what of her future?

Is Peggy going to be another of those children who never knew what a real childhood is like? Is she going to go on and on being pushed into the limelight until at twelve or fourteen she is one of those jaded, nervous, hypersensitive beings who think that they crave solitude but who really demand continual excitement?

Peggy is not, not if her father has anything to say about it. And Mr. Montgomery usually has a great deal to say about what Peggy does and does not do.

"The present contract has a year to run," Mr. Montgomery told me, "and after that Peggy probably will be able to make pictures for another year before she reaches the awkward age. At that time she will have earned enough to provide everything she and Louise will ever want.

"She will never go on the stage or in the movies again if my influence counts for anything. I am an outdoors man and I want Peggy to grow up loving the out of doors as I do. She does now, and as she grows older there will be a thousand and one other things to interest her. I'm going back to ranching."

"But won't she miss the excitement of the studio? Like a circus horse and the smell of the sawdust," I asked.

"Not at her age." Mr. Montgomery feels positive of that. "A child of that age has end-

IS HE THE SCREEN'S WORST ACTOR?

When George Walsh was chosen to play the rôle of Ben-Hur there was a storm of protest from people who declared that he was "the worst character on the screen." The very vehemence of their attacks on him suggested that here was a young man of forceful character.

Much of the success of "Ben-Hur," one of the most expensive productions ever made, will depend on George Walsh. Why is he given this responsibility?

Elza Schallert raised this question and answers it by giving you a sympathetic and rather intimate portrait of the young man in next month's Picture-Play.



Peggy and her sister Louise are learning to read via Peggy's fan mail.

Photo by Woodbury

less curiosity—and I am sure she will take to music and dancing lessons and longer school hours with just as much enthusiasm as making pictures. Acting in pictures has never been a joyous game to Peggy. It has been work, good, hard work from the first day."

"We aren't really making any plans for Peggy's future," pretty Mrs. Montgomery volunteered. "What's the use? You never can tell what will happen. She went into pictures after we had decided she wouldn't, and it has been a wonderful thing for all of us."

Perhaps you have wondered, as I have, how Baby Peggy really came to be in the movies. It is one of those stories that has Fate's finger on it. The Montgomery family was going from Spring Valley, Arizona, to Los Angeles because the doctor had said that Mrs. Montgomery was too frail to endure another bitter cold winter. At Needles — where the train stopped and the passengers streamed out for a breath of air, a little old lady who said that her son was an electrician at one of the studios in Hollywood asked Mr. Montgomery why he didn't put the baby in pictures. "She's the most obedient child I ever saw," the old lady exclaimed. "My, but they would be glad to get hold of her. Why my son says it is just terrible what a hard time they have getting some of the children to mind. They don't care a snap about pretty children. A cute little girl like yours would suit them much better."

But when the Montgomerys reached Los Angeles every one told them that the movie market was flooded with babies and that they didn't have a chance. Mr. Montgomery went to work at the Fox studios and later at Universal City as a cowboy, and the idea of putting Peggy in the movies was dropped. It was quite by accident that Peggy and her mother went shopping with a woman who introduced them to a casting agent. Two days later he sent for the baby and she has been working in pictures ever since—almost three years.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Peggy belies her five years in some of her photographs but really she is a tiny mite, and still has babyish ways.

The little old lady brought out the significant detail about Peggy—her obedience. Beauty counts for nothing—a sense of pantomime, which almost all children have, is unimportant—strength pales in importance in comparison to obedience. When your studio overhead is eight or ten dollars a minute, and a baby can work only three or four hours a day, you can't waste any of that time reasoning with her or trying to make her mind. She has got to do what she is told *at once*.

Mr. Montgomery might make a fortune writing books on child training. But he is making one fortune now managing Peggy, so I will tell you the secret. He is firm. Peggy knows that crying or cajolery will not move him. Even as a tiny baby she was not cuddled and petted when she cried.

"Before I was married I boarded at a house where they had two children who were the most awful, squalling brats you ever saw," Mr. Montgomery told me. "I wrote my mother then that if I ever had any of my own I'd make them mind me and be quiet and well-behaved. And she wrote back that most people who

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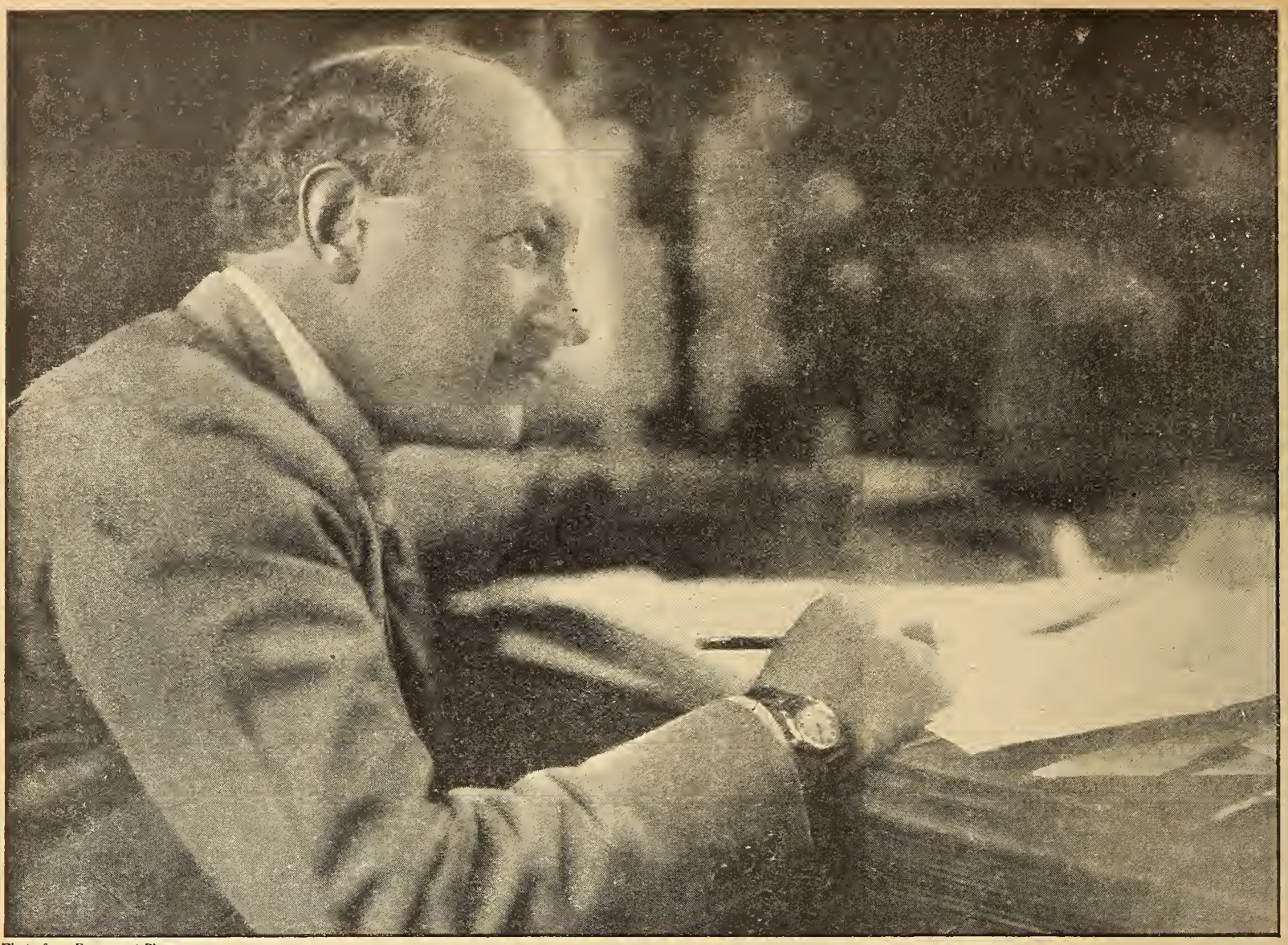


Photo from Paramount Pictures

Through Friendly Eyes

One of his former associates at the Lasky studio in Hollywood tells why he disagrees with the people who do not admire Cecil De Mille.

By Jerome Beatty

IT is too bad that there are no longer any demands for first-class absolute monarchs who can dress the part on and off.

Cecil B. De Mille would have been the best of them all. "Every inch a king," describes him exactly, and since conditions beyond his control prevent him from ruling a nation, he has a little kingdom of his own wherein he rules with an iron hand, bestowing honors upon the worthy, casting out without mercy the unjust, feared and yet beloved by his subjects.

He is not afraid of any living thing—man or beast—and he loves to battle with the best of them. When he hunts he goes after grizzly bear. When he fishes it is for swordfish. When he cruises in one of his yachts it is to explore some little-known coast, far from white flannel trousers, dinner dances, and the other paraphernalia that usually go with a yachting trip.

Cecil De Mille is a man who does exactly what he wants to do. He has made a few million dollars in motion pictures, in real estate, and in oil, and every wish he makes comes true.

As far as the records will show, the only exception to the rule was his airplane venture. He flew his own plane for several months, until the New York office of Famous Players-Lasky heard about it. They figured out how much it would cost the company if he had an accident and was killed and they finally persuaded him to give up flying.

As this is being written, word comes that "The Ten Commandments," De Mille's latest picture, has just been completed at a cost of one million eight hundred thousand dollars in real money. That is a million dollars more than "The Covered Wagon" cost.

Only a man who was every inch a king could spend one million eight hundred thousand dollars as calmly as "C. B." has done. Few kings could arrange their banking connections so as to spend even half of it, either calmly or with intense passion. And the insiders say that De Mille was the only calm man in the Paramount organization during the making of "The Ten Commandments." There was a lot of passion in the comptroller's department when the bills came in. And there'll be more in the sales department if the picture isn't as good as De Mille says it is.

But this is not a story about "The Ten Commandments." It is an effort to give a true picture of a man whose personality is practically unknown outside of Hollywood.

"C. B." dominates the Lasky studio in Hollywood. Even Pola Negri is awed in his presence. Whatever he wants he gets, and gets it quick. His reprimands usually are withering sarcasm but he shouts praise as

loudly and as freely as he does condemnation. The result is that all is as it should be in a well-conducted monarchy—those who are efficient, admire and respect him, knowing that here is a mind whose workings are well worth studying. Those who are inefficient and weak are cast out and go about telling tales that are mostly untrue.

The De Mille unit always has the fastest electrical crew, the most efficient photographers, the best costumers, the finest designers and builders of sets. It delivers the best of everything and delivers it on time. He realizes that he has the greatest overhead of any production unit in the world and he keeps his people hopping. Everything he can possibly want is near by. He can shut his eyes and call "Script!" and reach out his hand, knowing that immediately some one will place the script in his fingers. No matter where he may be on the set, De Mille can safely sit down without looking behind him. One man's job is to carry around a stool that he keeps always placed behind the chief.

In Washington, D. C., in the middle of Pennsylvania Avenue, the drivers of touring cars for rent by the hour park side by side, their engines running, their cars pointed toward the curb. When you want to take a ride, you walk to the curb, hold up a finger and the first one to you gets the job.

A few months ago I was in Washington. I walked to the curb. I didn't move a hand. I just *looked* as if I wanted a car, and four Cadillacs, a Pierce-Arrow and a Packard leaped toward me, seeking my favor.

That was the only time in my life that I ever felt like Cecil De Mille on a set.

His crew is so well trained that all he needs to do is to scowl and look around him and the chief electrician orders three more sun arcs, the casting director shoots out motor cars to bring in a hundred more dancing girls, the property man rushes in with four more tapestries, the orchestra starts playing the latest jazz tune and three more camera men start cranking on actors suddenly startled into frenzied action.

The editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE asked me to write an article telling the absolute truth about Cecil B. De Mille, "good, bad and indifferent." As I write, I find myself picturing him as living the one life that all of us have hoped at some time to lead. Perhaps that is true. Perhaps he has solved the problem of how to live luxuriously, how to work luxuriously.

But after all his life is not all joyful. He has had to read a great many letters from you and from your theater manager as to just what you thought of "Adam's Rib." When he made this picture he thought he was giving you what you wanted. But he wasn't.

He also has been placed in the position of failing after putting every sincere effort of heart and soul into the making of a picture of genuine emotions, of great dramatic force. He has seen this picture hailed as the finest dramatic work ever screened and he has seen it play to empty seats in theaters because it was "too gruesome." That picture was "The Whispering Chorus," of which more later on.

To be praised by "C. B." is the ambition of every actor and director on the Lasky lot. A kind word from him puts new life into them, for he is recognized as a master, and a man who means what he says.

There has been a great deal of talk about De Mille being jealous of James Cruze because of the success of "The Covered Wagon." This story has been spread by the Hollywood gossips, who can give an ordinary gossip a thousand miles head start and beat him to New York with the story by five days.

Long before "The Covered Wagon" was finished, De Mille had planned to make "The Ten Commandments." He was one of the first to recognize that "The Covered Wagon" was a great picture and he was quick to say so to Cruze, which compliment made Cruze as happy as a kid with a new bicycle.

It was ambition, not jealousy, that made De Mille plan to try to make "The Ten Commandments" the biggest picture that ever came off the lot. "C. B." doesn't want to be number two in any profession and he is no man to fool himself nor to let his great congregation of "yessing" subjects make him think he is greater than the box-office figures indicate.

A DRAMATIC CRITIC

once said, several years ago, "We have three kinds of actors: good, bad—and Richard Mansfield."

This was a tribute to Mansfield, for it meant that, like many great men, he could not easily be pigeon-holed, or treated from a single point of view. Opinions about him differed too much.

Cecil De Mille is somewhat like that. For that reason we recently presented him through the eyes of Don Ryan, who is frankly not altogether an admirer of Mr. De Mille or his works, and we now present him through the eyes of a writer who is frankly an admirer of Paramount's Director General. Both writers have tried to present De Mille honestly, as they saw him. We do not ask you to accept the opinion of either, but to compare the two, and to form your own opinion.



De Mille directing a scene from "The Ten Commandments." He is the figure with the black hat standing in the automobile.



When the Red Sea sequence for "The Ten Commandments" was made, De Mille waded out into the ocean, along with the others. He is the second figure from the right in this picture.

"The Covered Wagon" was only one of the things that influenced him. For a long time he had felt that Griffith was his only rival and the box-office reports showed satisfactory evidence that De Mille pictures were making a great deal more money than Griffith pictures. As a matter of fact, in the last five years, De Mille's pictures, all combined, have played to more people than those of any other one director.

But here were new directors coming along. Ingram had made "The Four Horsemen" and was starting on "Scaramouche." Universal promised big things with "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." "The Covered Wagon" was setting the country on fire. "Robin Hood" and "When Knighthood Was in Flower" were being named among the best of the year.

Lubitsch had come to America and was said to be doing big things for Mary Pickford's "Rosita" and promised to bring to Hollywood the technique that had made his German productions so distinctive.

It looked as if the De Mille productions no longer were going to head the lists of best sellers as they did in the days of "Male and Female."

So De Mille communed with himself and said something like this: "I've failed with 'Adam's Rib.' They'll forget me if I don't do something big. I'll go out and show them that I'm a better director than any other living man. If it's big pictures they want, I'll make the biggest picture the world will ever see."

"The Ten Commandments" was the result. If this picture is all De Mille expects it to be he will have achieved his ambition and he can go back to making cheap half-million dollar productions. If it isn't, if he has shot away nearly two million dollars of Famous Players-Lasky cash without hitting the mark — well, you've heard of Napoleon.

Let's see, now, who this fellow Cecil B. De Mille is. What has he done for and against the motion-picture business in the ten years that he has been operating in it?

His father's name was well known in the theater for years. Henry C. De Mille wrote, with David Belasco, "The Charity Ball," "Lord Chumley" and other famous plays. Cecil and William De Mille grew up in the theater under Belasco. Cecil De Mille and David Belasco wrote "The Return of Peter Grimm."

Cecil De Mille, developed under the greatest showman of them all, brought to the motion picture a mind well trained in stagecraft. But he never has felt that he knows it all.

Beginning with "The Squaw Man," his first picture, he always has been learning, and most of the time he has learned something a few months before the other fellow heard about it.

He made Hector Turnbull's story, "The Cheat," with Fannie Ward and Sessue Hayakawa, a production which was used for years to combat the argument that the motion picture produced no literature of its own.

He turned out "The Girl of the Golden West," "The Warrens of Virginia." He produced Geraldine Farrar's good pictures, "Carmen" and "Joan of Arc." He brought Mary Pickford back to her queenship with "The Little American," after a string of bad pictures had tossed her from her throne.

Then came "The Whispering Chorus," to my mind the motion picture's greatest dramatic achievement. But the public turned it down. They didn't want that kind of stuff.

At this point Cecil De Mille turned to worship other gods. He gave up all his ideas for the betterment of the mental condition of the motion-picture public and set out to give them what they want.

Until the failure of "The Whispering Chorus" he was a sincere, faithful producer of life as he saw it. But Cecil De Mille wants success above everything else. He is out after the popular vote.

In that trait he differs from his brother William, who stands by his gods and the louder the rabble howls the more determined he is to keep on quietly doing what he wants to.

William de Mille will not believe that the motion-picture public is composed entirely of lowbrows. Cecil is sure of it. Each works in his own way, neither trying to change the ideas of the other, but perhaps one argument for the plaintiff is that Cecil has made about ten times as much money as William. But both are equally content with life.

After the failure of "The Whispering Chorus"—a much finer work than Griffith's greatly heralded "Broken Blossoms"—Cecil De Mille started out to give

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THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

What the Fans Think

Clayton Hamilton, in an article on dramatic criticism, once called attention to the fact that different forms of dramatic entertainment must be judged by different standards; that it would be absurd to apply to a musical comedy, for example, the same critical judgment that you would bring to bear upon a Shakespearian production.

That, to-day, is true of motion pictures.

Motion pictures have become too diverse in their achievements, and in their appeal, to be considered from any single point of view. Their increasing influence, the interest which they now have for persons of every shade of taste and of every grade of intelligence, and the honest efforts of most of the producers of any consequence to raise them toward something approaching a real art, have opened up innumerable new fields of discussion, and have made it possible to apply to the best productions thoughtful and critical standards.

But the farther any art is developed, the more divergent become the opinions, both popular and critical, about it. Thus it devolves upon us to present discussions about motion pictures not from any single point of view, but from many, so that, by comparing these, the reader may be led to form his own opinions. What any particular writer thinks about pictures is of vastly less importance than what the fans think about them. And that the fans are thinking a great deal about pictures there is abundant evidence in another part of this magazine.

A Film Outline of History

Glancing back over a list of motion-picture productions shown in the last year or so, it occurs to The Observer that film fans now have a fair framework for a complete outline of history. Producers have found some thrilling stuff by delving into history, and there is still more to come.

But as it stands our film outline of history goes something like this:

Our history goes back no further than the evil days of Sodom and Gomorrah pictured in "The Queen of Sin." And in many ways that picture went far enough.

Nothing worth filming happened then, apparently, until Betty Blythe's ancient prototype "The Queen of Sheba" discovered beads.

Then "Nero" gave some parties and broke into the news.

For a while it seemed almost as though the Crusades were parades organized to leave all England for "Robin Hood" to jump around in. But then "The Talisman" came along and featured the glories of the broadsword in the Holy Land, so it seems the Crusaders themselves were doing some jumping.

"The Three Musketeers" swagged in to the eternal glory of swordsmanship and of France.

The first historical record of a mulatto headliner was "Othello."

As a king Henry VIII. may not have been an entire success, but as an entertainer film fans have found him incomparable. His mismanagement of his sister's love affairs in "When Knighthood Was in Flower" impressed many of them even more than his changes of heart in "Deception."

Film history jumps back to France then and "Ashes of Vengeance" features the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve, though it doesn't stress the religious differences involved.

Then interest shifts to Russia, where "Peter the Great" holds sway.

"Passion" introduced one of the royal affairs of Louis XIV., and showed how a milliner could high-hat a king.

And then we positively glory in the French Revolution. Danton, Robespierre, and Marat begin to seem like old friends and we have seen the carmagnole so often we could give lessons in it. "All for a Woman," "Orphans of the Storm," and "Scaramouche" make Terrorists of us all.

Then we become preoccupied with America. Going back again to the year 1492, there is Christopher Columbus" and discovery; later there is "To Have and to Hold," and swashbuckling, "Puritan Passion" and witchcraft, "Little Old New York" and the first steamboat, "The Covered Wagon" and the glorification of the pioneer spirit, "The Birth of a Nation" and the dreadful days of reconstruction following the Civil War.

Crossing back to England we learn the ways of diplomacy in "Disraeli," and there filmed history has caught up with the news reels.

There are other bits of history coming to the films—medieval Italy in "Romola," early fifteenth century France in "Mary of Burgundy," Biblical in "The Ten Commandments," and various periods in the "Chronicles of America." But there are vast, untouched glories. Who will be the first to bid for Alexander? Napoleon? The War of 1812? General Wolfe in Quebec? The quest of De Soto?

What About the News Reel?

An article by Fred C. Kelly in a recent issue of *Collier's Weekly* called attention to the fact that, though the news reels appeal to many persons the most interesting part of motion-picture programs, they show too many tiresome formal parades, celebrities standing at attention, corner-stone layings, and the like. In place of so many of these so-called news events, Mr. Kelly suggests that we have more pictures of real human interest, and his argument, in part, is as follows:

> We all like to know about the other fellow. Everybody is interested in seeing pictures of other Main Streets, to compare them with the Main Street that he knows best. Right now I

should like to know what the noonday crowd is like in front of the leading dry-goods store in Red Key, Indiana. What do the leading citizens look like as they proceed home from stores or law offices to lunch? How many wear whiskers? Where do the politicians loaf in Faribault, Minnesota? What sort of looking people are on the streets there just as the stores are being opened up in the morning? Who is the champion checker player in Oskaloosa, Iowa? What town in Illinois has the prettiest high-school girls? Why can't one be permitted to see them as they walk home from school?

I spent an hour recently in a college town and couldn't think of anything else while there but how the dress of college boys has changed since I was a victim of the higher learning. Why have the movies compelled me to go and see for myself what the current college folk look like as they proceed quietly to classes? The only pictures I have seen have shown them in the grand stand at football games, or else in the excitement of a class rush. Neither is as interesting as seeing them in their natural state when nothing special is going on.

Not long ago I saw a picture of a flower carnival in a small California town. But what I wanted to see was what that town looked like when there *wasn't* a flower carnival. I'd like to see the crowd of loafers at the station when the 10:35 train pulls in.

We often see news pictures of a society wedding at a Fifth Avenue church. But society people are rarely interesting. They are perpetually on parade, dressed in approved styles and as self-conscious as a window demonstrator. But I'd walk several city blocks to-night to reach a picture theater where I might see the wedding party of plain, average young folk coming out of a nice little home on a side street in Lebanon, Ohio. Even a picture of a crowd going to a country dance, provided they didn't know they were to be in a movie, would be worth the price of admission. It conceivably might be as good as one of Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen" stories.

The Observer is inclined to agree with Mr. Kelly. Despite the sincere efforts that the news-reel editors and camera men make, they do sacrifice human interest in an effort to get big smashing news events—which are not always interesting—and freak news pictures. Burning oil tanks, ship launchings, and destroyers laying smoke screens are interesting when seen for the first time, but by their constant repetition they become extremely boring.

We should like to hear what some of our readers think about the news reels, with suggestions as to how they could be made more interesting.

Concerning Advertising

What do you think of this as an example of advertising?

The picture shows a man holding in a passionate embrace a young and pretty girl very scantily clad in South Sea Island garb. In bold black type is a big heading, "Her Husband's Secret!" And beneath it:

> He was the famous Master of Ka-Hale-Nui—and she the humble daughter of Kiano. Their married life, entered upon with such supreme happiness, had quickly turned to sadness. Her husband, whose gay laughter and song once filled their home, had suddenly become silent and morose.
>
> But at last she pierced the shadows of his past. Now she knew his secret—how he had sold his soul that he might marry her—how the curse of the Chinese Evil had fallen upon him—how he was now haunted day and night by a most horrible fate—the hideous price he must pay for his folly.
>
> And because she loved him dearly——

It's pretty bad, isn't it, the way these movie distributors resort to such sensational advertising to put over their films? And the chances are that it may not be nearly such a cheap and lurid picture as the text above would indicate.

But as a matter of fact, the foregoing has nothing to do with movies. It is from an advertisement for a new edition of the complete works of Robert Louis Stevenson, inserted by Charles Scribner's Sons, the publishers, in the literary supplement of the New York *Times*.

From the Inside

Motion pictures have been the victim of many venomous, ill-advised diatribes written by people whose acquaintance with the new art was decidedly casual. Now The Observer believes—and the thought isn't the least bit original with him—that thoroughgoing, well-informed criticism is one of the healthiest influences of any art. So he hails with pleasure "What's Wrong with the Movies?" a book which has just been published. It is by Tamar Lane, for several years associated with the industry.

The Problems of Distribution

As a motion-picture fan, you probably are not particularly interested in the business problems of the industry. Yet some of these problems have a very direct bearing on your pocketbook and upon the selection of pictures which your theater shows.

The present system of selling and distributing pictures, for example, is one which tends to make pictures expensive, and which, in some localities, tends to shut out certain pictures which you would like to see.

Last year, out of $115,000,000 which the exhibitors paid for the rental of films, $40,000,000—more than forty per cent, went to the middlemen for the costs of distribution and selling. Obviously, that is too much.

The selling of pictures in blocks, by which the exhibitor is practically forced to take a company's entire output in order to get certain of its pictures, is another bad feature of the present distributing system. It forces the exhibitor to show a lot of pictures which he knows are not the best, and fills up his schedule so that he has no open dates on which to show independent productions which have been hailed as big successes, and which, were he free to shop around and buy each picture by itself, he could do.

Mary Pickford has gone so far as to say that, if this system is continued, she will quit the screen. Testifying before the Federal Trade Commission recently, she said: "I have to worry so much about distribution now that my ability as an actress is impaired. Producers have so bottled up the best theaters that it is often impossible for me to get a showing of my pictures in them. I will retire from the business if conditions get any worse."

Douglas Fairbanks also declared that it was impossible for independent producers of big pictures to make money under the present booking system.

No one can at present predict how these problems of motion-picture distribution are going to be solved. All that we know is that there must be more of a selective process in getting pictures before the public. With all the attention and publicity that these problems of the industry are having just now, some way surely will be found.

What About Costume Pictures?

Are you getting tired of costume pictures? They have had a long run now and opinions about them vary. Of late the reports from exhibitors are beginning to indicate that the demand for them is falling off. This has been shown particularly in one or two cases of recently completed costume pictures for which the advance bookings have been very light.

On the other hand Mary Pickford recently made the statement that she intended to continue making costume pictures. Her reason, as stated, was that all of the best stories had been made and remade, and that the only way to achieve novelty in the future was to adapt the most suitable plots and themes to different interesting historical periods.

Favorite Picture Players



Photo by Richard Burke

AFTER "Romola" Lillian Gish will play *Juliet* with Richard Barthelmess as her *Romeo*. As if that were not enough to overshadow all other promised productions of the great love story, they plan, too, to make the picture in Italy.



EDWARD BURNS has been much in evidence lately as leading man to beauteous stars, the most recent of whom is Gloria Swanson in "The Humming Bird."

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

JOHN GILBERT will invade the Canadian woods as "The Wolf Man" in his next Fox picture. Norma Shearer will supply the beauty and the spiritual motif.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

WHENEVER producers need a clever actress of genuine womanliness they select Irene Rich and stop worrying about the part. Warner Brothers' "Lucretia Lombard" will be her next big rôle.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

BEATRICE JOY has the gift of lending such variety to her beauty that she seems always a charming surprise. She appears in Cecil De Mille's "Triumph" for Paramount.



Photo by William Eglinton

THOMAS MEIGHAN never disappoints his fans, and even if he does they won't admit it. "Pied Piper Malone" will be his next.



Photo by W. F. Seely

RICHARD DIX seems to be gaining steadily in the great American hero contest. His next appearance will be in Paramount's "The Stranger."



Photo by Evans

BEFORE sailing for Europe to make "The Sheik of the Desert." Claire Windsor added one more interviewer-captive to her beauty's train. You will read the result on the opposite page.

Dusting Up the Superlatives

The professional sightseer's customary equilibrium is upset with the following confession resulting.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

IN appraising the stellas of the mute, but not inglorious, drama, it is best to be frank, even at the risk of occasionally being unkind. Then when a script lauding some fair sister of celluloidia rolls from your typewriter, people cannot well sneer and sniff, "The same old stuff!"

Topping each story "Beautiful" after meeting each passing star is a poor idea, traceable all the way back to the juvenile who was accustomed to crying, "Wolf! Wolf!"

There is a temptation, of course, to gloss over an attractive woman's defects, to stretch a point, and call her beautiful. Kinder souls than I might neglect to say how the silversheet enhances Mae Murray's appearance, or how colorless Marjorie Daw becomes, off stage; they might forget that Jacqueline Logan looked like the young girl's dream of how a movie queen should look; they might omit all mention of Nita Naldi's strident voice. But if they unqualifiedly pronounced these supreme beauties, flawless, superb in every respect, what would they use for words when they met Claire Windsor?

Claire is the rainy day for which I have been saving superlatives.

In estimating the lovely ladies I have tried to be properly appreciative of their virtues, yet not unmindful of their shortcomings. Only by dint of following such a policy can a reasonably faithful portrait be sketched. And the fact that I have been uncomplimentary in some instances serves as an acceptable guarantee of sincerity—a guarantee most essential when the lyre is strummed to produce encomiastic strains.

When, then, this typewriter is responsible for the opinion that Claire Windsor is the most beautiful woman currently before the public, its engineer cannot be accused of repeating himself.

I am susceptible to beauty; I have met Corinne Griffith, Gloria Swanson, Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge, Elsie Ferguson, Mary Miles Minter, Barbara La Marr, and equally radiant creatures, but at no time previous to this have I set my hand and seal to so extravagant a statement as the above. The superlative beaut is la belle Windsor.

"And who are you," you may ask, in tones less dulcet than is your usual wont, "who are you to disclose the ultimate pippin?"

The answer is E Pluribus Unum, a free translation of which might read, One of the Boys. Others have discovered the subject of this thesis long before this. This is simply by way of adding one small voice to the swelling chorus.

It was necessary to miss the last act of "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary" at the Belasco in order to get to the Algonquin in time to meet Claire Windsor. If it had so happened it would have been worth while to miss Mrs. Fiske entirely in order to meet Miss Windsor.

The usually discerning eye of the camera fails entirely in translating her to the screen. The silversheet is stingy to her. No picture, moving or stationary, does her justice.

She has golden hair, fine features, and a smile that beggars, to coin a phrase, description.

Things were at a standstill in the lobby as long as she was in sight. Five transients waited patiently to be assigned rooms while the desk clerk looked. The telephone *deus ex machina*, not unaccustomed to eye-filling sights, actually swung round in her throne the better to see. A portly gentleman waited for change while the Carmen of the cigar stand stared in frank admiration. Three gold-braided lieutenants of the dining-room forces stood off, with open mouths, getting a close-up.

"Being recognized and pointed out and all that really isn't so bad," she said, as we moved toward the dining room. "Most women like flattery, even if they don't admit it. But it does amuse me a little." She smiled whimsically. "Really, I can't see why any one should point me out. I haven't done a thing I'm proud of."

She took a moment to reconsider.

"With one exception, perhaps. I had a scene in 'Poor Men's Wives' or 'Rich Men's Wives'—whichever it was—looking through a glass door at my baby boy, from whom the scenario writer had separated me. I liked that bit."

Miss Windsor is being poorly quoted. For this apologies are in order, to the lady and to you. I was more engaged in looking at her than in listening to her. She might have been phrasing with all the eloquence of a Walter Pater; her utterances may have been as profound as those of a prime minister; it all was lost on me. Such is the effect of pulchritude upon the casual observer.

It is perhaps treading familiar paths to note in passing that her name was changed from Olga Cronk to Claire Windsor by Lois Weber, that it is likely to be changed again by John Steel, and that her son is the handsomest lad on the Pacific coast; these are authentic facts doubtless cherished by tireless seekers after the whole truth and nothing but. In considering a figure of such splendor, statistics seem sordid, irrelevant, and utterly unnecessary. The best way to write up Claire Windsor would probably be to publish a special rotogravure section composed of her pictures. This, however, would be disappointing. Off screen she is infinitely more beautiful than pictorially. There is a warmth and coloring that quite eludes the camera.

"You know," she said, "that I can't act. Really, I can't. My limitations are all-encompassing. I don't know the first thing about acting. It's all something of a mystery to me how I can be kept working regularly. They do keep me going, from picture to picture."

Whether she can act or not matters little. The picture play enshrines beauty. Loveliness is more to be considered than histrionism. Alice Joyce and Alice Terry and Katherine MacDonald and Betty Blythe achieved stardom not because of their acting ability but rather in spite of it. In pictures, be beautiful, my maid, and let who will be Minnie Maddern. The stage is different, but on the screen Mrs. Fiske gives way to youth and pulchritude. Acting is beside the question.

The head waiter hovered solicitously over our table, hoping, from time to time, that everything was *bien*. A passing bus boy dropped a soup tureen, thus getting a chance to pause, in retrieving it, to steal a longer look at the blond vision before his gaping gaze. A bell hop passed through the room not less than three

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Photo by Evans

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The usually discerning eye of the camera fails entirely in translating her to the screen. The silversheet is stingy to her. No picture, moving or stationary, does her justice.

She has golden hair, fine features, and a smile that beggars, to coin a phrase, description.

Things were at a standstill in the lobby as long as she was in sight. Five transients waited patiently to be assigned rooms while the desk clerk looked. The telephone *deus ex machina,* not unaccustomed to eye-filling sights, actually swung round in her throne the better to see. A portly gentleman waited for change while the Carmen of the cigar stand stared in frank admiration. Three gold-braided lieutenants of the dining-room forces stood off, with open mouths, getting a close-up.

"Being recognized and pointed out and all that really isn't so bad," she said, as we moved toward the dining room. "Most women like flattery, even if they don't admit it. But it does amuse me a little." She smiled whimsically. "Really, I can't see why any one should point me out. I haven't done a thing I'm proud of."

She took a moment to reconsider.

"With one exception, perhaps. I had a scene in 'Poor Men's Wives' or 'Rich Men's Wives'—whichever it was—looking through a glass door at my baby boy, from whom the scenario writer had separated me. I liked that bit."

Miss Windsor is being poorly quoted. For this apologies are in order, to the lady and to you. I was more engaged in looking at her than in listening to her. She might have been phrasing with all the eloquence of a Walter Pater; her utterances may have been as profound as those of a prime minister; it all was lost on me. Such is the effect of pulchritude upon the casual observer.

It is perhaps treading familiar paths to note in passing that her name was changed from Olga Cronk to Claire Windsor by Lois Weber, that it is likely to be changed again by John Steel, and that her son is the handsomest lad on the Pacific coast; these are authentic facts doubtless cherished by tireless seekers after the whole truth and nothing but. In considering a figure of such splendor, statistics seem sordid, irrelevant, and utterly unnecessary. The best way to write up Claire Windsor would probably be to publish a special rotogravure section composed of her pictures. This, however, would be disappointing. Off screen she is infinitely more beautiful than pictorially. There is a warmth and coloring that quite eludes the camera.

"You know," she said, "that I can't act. Really, I can't. My limitations are all-encompassing. I don't know the first thing about acting. It's all something of a mystery to me how I can be kept working regularly. They do keep me going, from picture to picture."

Whether she can act or not matters little. The picture play enshrines beauty. Loveliness is more to be considered than histrionism. Alice Joyce and Alice Terry and Katherine MacDonald and Betty Blythe achieved stardom not because of their acting ability but rather in spite of it. In pictures, be beautiful, my maid, and let who will be Minnie Maddern. The stage is different, but on the screen Mrs. Fiske gives way to youth and pulchritude. Acting is beside the question.

The head waiter hovered solicitously over our table, hoping, from time to time, that everything was *bien.* A passing bus boy dropped a soup tureen, thus getting a chance to pause, in retrieving it, to steal a longer look at the blond vision before his gaping gaze. A bell hop passed through the room not less than three

Continued on page 103

Over the

Fanny the Fan discloses facts and favorites and tells you what is hap

By The



Photo by Nickolas Muray

Count that day lost whose flickering arc lights see not at least a motion-picture and a stage engagement in store for Doris Kenyon.

HAVE you heard the latest about *Romeo* and *Juliet?*" Fanny demanded excitedly, strewing mesh bag, vanity case, gloves, and veil hither and yon over the tea table.

"I thought they were dead long ago," I commented between bites of a muffin. "Anyway that old scandal is as stale as Conway Tearle's first divorce suit."

Fanny simply glared at me.

"You're silly enough when you just act natural. Don't force yourself. You know what I meant. Have you heard that Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess are going to play 'Romeo and Juliet,' and they are going to make it in Italy in the spring? Won't they be simply ideal?"

"They'll be simply idealized, if that is what you mean. And I have an idea that *Romeo* and *Juliet* were two extremely young and foolish puppy lovers. They were utterly lacking in a sense of humor. Now my ideal *Romeo* and *Juliet* would be——"

"I know," Fanny interrupted, "Baby Peggy and Jackie Coogan. That isn't original. About a thousand people have suggested that."

"But if you would let me finish, you'd find out that I was speaking of Louise Fazenda and Ben Turpin. *They* would make a film worth seeing."

"Yes, I suppose they would, but it would be a strain on Louise. There aren't any animals in the cast. And she would be simply lost out on location without an alligator, or a pony or a seal to play with She has all of them in her last two pictures."

"And when she finishes I suppose she will write 'Intimate Revelations of My Life in the Zoo,' or 'Getting Tanked Up With a Seal,'" I suggested.

"I wish she would," Fanny chimed in enthusiastically. "There are two girls in pictures who write brilliantly, and one of them is Louise."

"And the other is——"

"Doris Kenyon, of course. Don't act as though you didn't know. And that reminds me, the literary atmosphere follows Doris wherever she goes. She has been working in 'Restless Wives'—I'll admit that doesn't sound any too literary, and when she went down to Port Washington to make location scenes, she discovered that she was going to work on the estate of Ethel Watts Mumford.

"As usual, Doris simply cannot make up her mind whether to give up the movies or the stage. As soon as she finishes 'Restless Wives' she will start rehearsing a play, and then as soon as the run of that gets under way she will start making another picture, I suppose. And somehow, in spite of it all she finds time to go to shows, and write poetry, and ride horseback, and play golf. She and Madge Kennedy



Pauline Frederick and Lou Tellegen have been making scenes for "Let No Man Put Asunder" down on a big Long Island estate.

Teacups

fancies about her motion-picture
pening in New York cinema circles.

Bystander

played an exhibition golf match up at the Sleepy Hollow Golf Club a while ago. They didn't intend it to be an exhibition match, they just went out for a nice, quiet, friendly game but when people found out who was playing they trailed along until the girls had quite a gallery.

"The members of that club are so conservative, they think actors are some kind of savages. No two persons could have been better chosen to disabuse their minds than Madge Kennedy and Doris Kenyon. That reminds me of the time when Will Rogers was making scenes in the neighborhood and the governing board of the club decided it would be a pretty courtesy to invite him there to luncheon. When Will got there the members all stared at him as though they expected him to do something unusual, so he did. He ate blueberry pie with a knife.

"There are more movie companies working around New York now." Fanny paused to readjust her hat to the one-blind-eye angle which Betty Blythe taught her was all the rage in Paris. "No matter in what direction you drive, you are sure to bump into a movie company at work. Lou Tellegen and Pauline Frederick are making scenes for 'Let No Man Put Asunder' on a beautiful estate down on Long Island, and 'The Hoosier Schoolmaster' is invading all sorts of quaint little towns up in Westchester. Gloria Swanson's company fixed up old Fort Schuyler to look like St. Lazare prison in France, and thrilled the townsfolk to death by making a lot of scenes there. Some of them got awfully tired, though, hanging around waiting to see Gloria. She was in boy's clothes, and they didn't recognize her."

"I thought Gloria was ill." Even though Fanny never stops talking, and never listens to me anyway, I cannot resist an ejaculation now and then.

"She was," Fanny observed, casually. "People often get Klieg eyes when they first come back to the studio after working outdoors. She had an awful case, I guess. They put her to bed and put cabbage leaves, and strips of bacon over her eyes. Somebody called up to condole with her about her illness and Gloria brightly observed that if she only had some onion earrings and a chain of carrots around her neck she would be a complete boiled dinner."

"There's nothing a movie actress won't do for her art——".

"And," Fanny went on importantly, "if you think that is terrible, you should hear about Claire Windsor. In the last scenes of 'Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model,' she is parading around in a fashion show wearing a brief bit of lingerie when a terrible fire breaks out. The others got burned badly enough, goodness knows, when that scene was taken, and they had clothes on to protect them. But poor Claire, with nothing between her and the fire but a bit of chiffon, got burned a bright lobster hue. As soon as the picture was finished, Claire had to rush East and



Photo by Nathan

Helen Kyle never was satisfied to go back to work as a continuity clerk after she had played INTOXICATION *in "Experience." She has stuck to acting ever since and now she has a big part in "The Warrens of Virginia."*



Gladys Frazin is a newcomer to pictures, but every one in New York remembers how stunning she was in "The Masked Woman" on the stage. Photo by White



Sylvia Breamer came to New York to do some shopping and hustled away without even waiting to see herself in "Flaming Youth."



Photo by De Vorkin

Hope Hampton surprised everybody by admitting that she had married her manager, Jules Brulatour, last August.



Lucy Fox has recovered from a serious attack of pneumonia and is going West to play opposite Elliott Dexter.

Photo by Tanner

go abroad to make 'A Son of the Sahara.' She wanted to come by airplane to save time. And what do you suppose the Goldwyn office told her? They couldn't allow her to risk her life. Too bad they didn't think of that when they were tying her to railroad tracks and putting her in burning buildings.

"And the worst of it is that when Claire gets to Biskra she'll have to ride across the desert on a galloping camel and there isn't anything faster on earth. One of the reasons Edwin Carewe went to the Sahara to make the picture instead of using the dear old movie home of the sheiks down at Oxnard, California, was that all the camels in California are broken spirited and slow, and he wanted real action. They say no race horse on earth ever went so fast as a real Sahara camel.

"Maybe the Goldwyn officials were right. Motion-picture actors seem able to stand anything so long as it is for a picture. But just let them try to do anything for their own amusement and they wake up in the hospital. Reginald Denny made a picture in which he played a racing auto driver and he went through it with hardly a scratch. And then a few days later while he was on vacation he was peacefully driving home when he tried to climb a telegraph pole. The pole was one of those tough, unyielding ones, so Reginald's face just naturally had to give in."

"How tragic for the flappers!"

"Oh, he is going to come out of it all right. His face won't be scarred a bit. But let's talk about something cheerful. Did you ever hear of a tribe called the Flathead Indians?"

"No, I didn't. And I bet you never did either."

"That's just it. I'm puzzled about them. I saw a notice in the paper that Baby Peggy's indefatigable press agent took her down to the big rodeo at Madison Square Garden just before she went back to Los Angeles, and the Indians there made her a member of the Flathead tribe. They gave her the name of Monteh-la-sel-ish, and that's supposed to mean Angel-seen-in-the-clouds. But it all sounds funny to me. You see, I just remembered a story that Richard Connell wrote called 'The Last of the Flatheads' and then I remembered that Mr. Connell was one of the speakers at Baby Peggy's fifth birthday party. It looks to me as though Richard Connell might have been the big chief who elected Baby Peggy a member of the Flathead tribe."

"Probably was. All in the interests of publicity," I chimed in. "But is that Richard Connell the man who wrote 'The Swamp Angel?'"

"Um-hum." Fanny was digging around in her cavernous envelope purse. Finally, she held out a pale-green envelope and started talking angrily. "The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Film Favorites ought to censor Richard Connell's stories before they are ever filmed. Poor Colleen Moore has had about a dozen accidents making 'The Swamp Angel.' Just listen to this. First a carriage broke and she was knocked unconscious; then a baseball hit her

in the forehead and she was knocked out again. In sliding to base, she was skinned from knee to hip and while separating some boys who were fighting a stray blow hit her in the jaw and knocked it out of its usual place. Then by way of diversion she fell in a bunch of nettles and sprained her foot. When the company saw how things were going they didn't change the scenario any or get her a double, but they did take out one hundred and fifty thousand dollars extra insurance on her."

"That was nice of them, but even that doesn't make her worth as much to them dead as alive."

Fanny was staring out at the door, but eventually she turned back to me.

"There are so many players in town now, you see them simply everywhere. There's Rodolph Valentino and his wife. And Charles Ray is here. He is going to play 'The Girl I Loved' on the stage. Sylvia Breamer was here on a shopping trip for a few days but she didn't even stay over to see the opening of 'Flaming Youth.' George Walsh is here on his way abroad to play *Ben-Hur,* and Constance Talmadge was here until a few days ago. She showed Alma Rubens' mother three simple little dresses that she paid seventeen hundred dollars for and Mrs. Rubens figured out that she could get enough bungalow aprons to last her a hundred years for that much."



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

Paramount officials figure that a sight of Nita Naldi in person would knock rural housewives for a row of lipsticks, so they are sending her out on a personal-appearance tour.

"But I noticed that Mrs. Rubens was wearing sables and not a bungalow apron at the opening of Alma's picture."

"Oh, well, she always talks about liking simple things anyway and that makes me feel comfortable," Fanny insisted. "Constance has gone back to Hollywood now to make 'The Mirage,' a hand-me-down. They bought the scenario to fit Norma and she didn't just like it. It was too good to throw away, so they gave it to Constance. She is so good-natured that she will stand for anything.

"Jetta Goudal is going West to make pictures right away. What will first nights in the New York theaters be without her? She always looks perfectly stunning, but, oh, such a temper! If she doesn't like the seats she gets she complains so violently that the show can hardly go on. Usually, in desperation some one changes seats with her.

"Pauline Garon is in town, too. She just finished making 'The Marriage Market' out on the Coast and maybe now she is here looking it over.



Flora Le Breton, an English film favorite, has come to America to try her luck.

Photo by Foulsham & Banfield

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A Letter from Location

Jacqueline Logan writes about her adventures while driving a fire truck

To Myrtle Gebhart

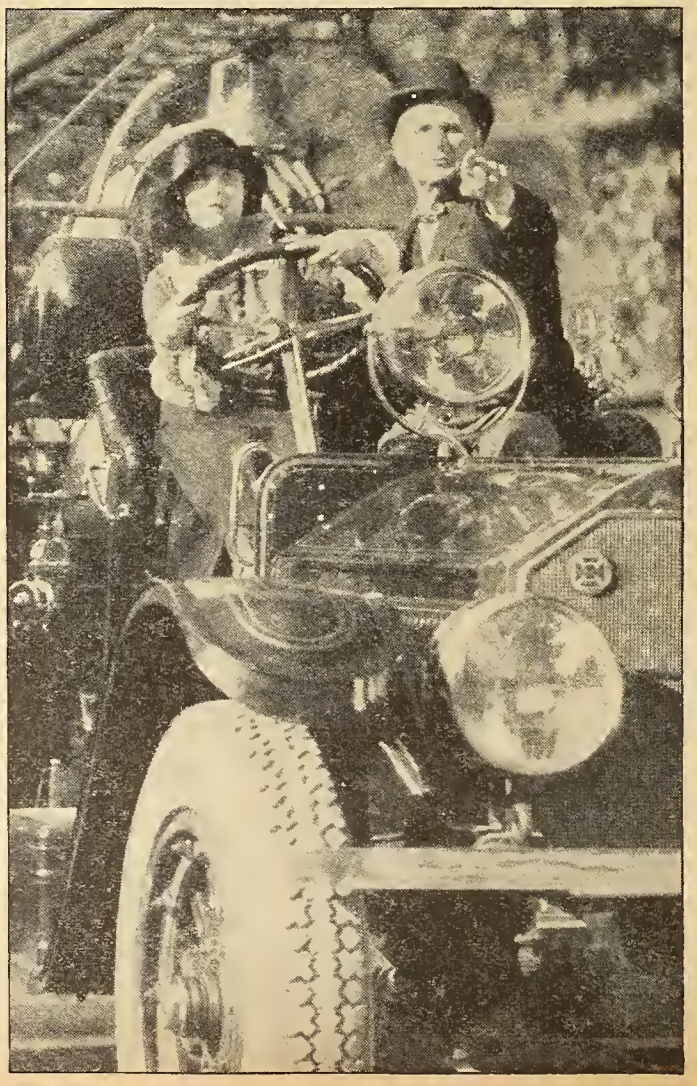
By the light of a grate fire in a forest cabin at Douglas Camp, California.

DEAR MYRTLE:

I thought you might be interested to know that I am spending most of my time driving a fire truck. We are on location in Sonora, California, filming "Flaming Barriers." Antonio Moreno is playing the leading male rôle, Charles Ogle is my father again—for the third time. Being his daughter is becoming a habit and not acting. If I were to be a naughty girl I know he wouldn't hesitate to do his fatherly duty, probably over his knee!

Walter Hiers is playing the efficiency expert. In one scene he is supposed to hide behind a bush, but it took a small hedge to conceal Walter. Mr. Luke Cosgrove is taking the rôle of mechanic and trusty friend to the "Malone Truck Co." As *Jerry Malone* I share all honors with "Molly," the fire truck.

I named her Molly. She is painted a fiery red and has a disposition to match—very



quick and snappy. I felt misgivings when I walked in the fire house to meet her. There seemed to be a malicious gleam in her headlight eyes. Molly is one of the largest brand of fire trucks made. Climbing into the driver's seat, I felt like a fly crawling on a pumpkin. I stepped gingerly on the starter. Molly jerked snorted and shook herself I felt like leaping down and running away, but Mr. Melford was watching, so I pretended I loved the noise. After that first ride Molly and I were fine friends, in fact we are inseparable through this picture. I think my next car will be a fire truck, they are fast, powerful, and there is room enough to accommodate a crowd—and everybody gets out of their way.

The other day we burned a deserted shack in a near-by town. I drove Molly to the fire. Charles Ogle sat beside me to clang the bell and Luke Cosgrove hung on Molly's back doorstep to manage the hose. We arrived at the fire

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Enter—a New-fashioned Hero

The new ones are not so handsome nor so given to languishing glances, but they can act, and the characters they portray are like real human beings.

By Myrtle Gebhart

WHAT has become of the handsome soda-water hero of yesterday, whose lady-killing smile and pomaded hair or waving locks elicited riotous feminine applause? The present focus discovers the character actor taking the plums of the season's best rôles away from the good-looking young fellows.

In the past, personality has been highlighted. On looking back and analyzing it, the Valentino craze seems to me a part of general public uncertainty. He himself is an ideal, in a way, that satisfied second-hand the cry for glamorous romance that passes by our humdrum, everyday lives. Now, being sane, commonplace people, some of us have grown a wee bit ashamed of our exuberance; the reaction is setting in and, back to normal again, we want human types more than extravagantly fascinating heroes. Idol worshipers though we are, we are beginning to realize that it takes a stronger claim than mere personality to hold our allegiance.

When the public dissatisfaction began to be felt a while back, the producers cast wildly about for panaceas to the ill-feeling. A lukewarm attempt to keep alive the popularity of well-known favorites by broadcasting photographs of them boxing and doing their athletic exercises, failed—the public stuck its tongue in its cheek and said, "You can't fool us."

Now that the realization has come that personality alone cannot carry a play, attention is being given to production rather than to individuals. The error of miscasting, long a fault of the screen, is being corrected, in that actors are being chosen to impersonate types for which they are most suited rather than being thrust into any rôle for the mere purpose of keeping them in the spotlight.

Even Valentino, when he returns to the screen—though some of you may heatedly clamor against this—will have to change his technique a bit. With the public dissatisfaction with the handsome-hero craze, the producers began experimenting with various types. In many cases they have hit upon the expedient of careful casting, and have brought to the front a number of capable actors, each different.



Photo by Evans

William S. Hart is coming back to the screen, playing heroes of history.



Percy Marmont is at last coming into belated popularity.

Endeavoring to group the season's male successes under one head, I can but use the term "character-hero," for heroes they are in the argot of the screen, and yet all are of more mature years, bearing the imprint of the character-actor's technique.

Another reason for these old-young chaps with the pepper-and-salt dispositions lies in the fact that the middle-aged-man's drama is more vital than the young man's; it deals with finalities, ultimate analyses of life looked back upon from the mellow, discriminating years. It has vigor still and more concentration upon those fundamentals that make for drama, less waste upon trivialities. It's as though the character-hero said, "Let's get down to business."

This is indeed a healthy sign for the screen's progress, the fact that acting is winning its due of appreciation. It marks the film's further development along solid lines. On the stage it is not the young man of personality who plays year after year to an enthusiastic public—it



seems to have been definitely cast for "Ben-Hur," illustrates this discontent, this groping about by producers for a new type. Walsh is an experiment and, in my opinion, a mis-hit. Why he should be given the most important rôle of the year is one of those mysteries of picture production which I admit I am incapable of solving. Mary Pickford's choosing him for "Rosita" does not prove much, for Mary invariably, perhaps that the spotlight may be the more centered upon her own interesting self, selects leading men of comparatively little pulling power. Before this, she had Lloyd Hughes and now Allan Forrest, both straight leads of some ability but with no tremendous personal appeal.

In contrast with this policy, Norma Talmadge selects leading men of much more magnetism—Eugene O'Brien and Conway Tearle, for instance. Tearle, in "Ashes of Vengeance," at times almost outshines the star.

Though many persons fail to understand why George Walsh should be handed the big plum, I have noticed from reading the fans' letters in PICTURE-PLAY, Walsh is not without his supporters and opinions are very definite, either strongly for him or as determinedly against him. C. C. McAlister, in a recent issue, rooted for him in no unmistakable terms, ably seconded by James McCandles in a later issue, whereas Alma



In groping around for new types of heroes, producers have given George Walsh some of the biggest rôles of the year.

is the seasoned, skillful actor, trained in dramatic technique, who continues to draw 'em in after the first flush of personality's appeal has passed.

There are no screen actors — though, unhappily, there are still a few actresses—who inveigle you to their pictures because of their personalities alone. No one has been able to take Wallie Reid's place. Possibly because none other expresses his lovable charm, his gay insouciance, so definitely; but more I think because of the change in public taste. In the old days there were the Costellos, the Bushmans, and numerous others, who pulled in the crowds almost solely on the strength of their personalities.

George Walsh, who



After fathering almost every heroine in pictures, Ralph Lewis is now making a name for himself in servant-of-the-public rôles.

Ernest Torrence paved the way for the tardy recognition of the character actor by his sterling performance in "The Covered Wagon." This picture shows him as he appears in "West of the Water Tower."

Louise Porter stepped right up front and expressed her dissatisfaction in no uncertain terms. At any rate, if the decision really is final, it will be interesting to see the result. More than one player who formerly appeared in vapid rôles has shown surprising ability when given a real chance.

Because of this highlighting of the character-hero, salaries of the eligibles have been soaring. Many a former heroic star is chagrined to receive but a few hundreds a week, while Ernest Torrence is drawing $1,500. Lon Chaney's remuneration has jumped from $750 to $2,200 and Lewis Stone, Hobart Bosworth, Elliott Dexter and H. B. Warner are paid from $1,500 to $2,000.

Ernest Torrence paved the way for this tardy recognition of the character-hero's sterling worth in "The Covered Wagon." He answered the public's demand for a new and dominant type. His was not a principal rôle in the initial stage of the picture's filming—he was but a scout, one of those who fill in the gaps while the hero is out heroing and the heroine is pining for his return. But the human quality that he put into his interpretation, its sly comedy, won the plaudits. He is making another hit now, not quite so smashing because the production is by no means pretentious, in "Ruggles of Red Gap."

And speaking of *Ruggles,* we have in the gentleman himself a potential character-comedian, Edward Everett Horton, stage actor, who stepped onto the screen without misplacing a bit of his whimsical individuality.

The return of Bill Hart promises us another exponent of the new type of hero, similar to the things he used to do, but with an added mellowness of character. His years of retirement have but slightly diminished his popularity. At a local entertainment, when the various stars were introduced, who do you think won the greatest applause? William S. Hart brought the cheers and hand clapping, though at that time he had but signed to return and had not commenced work on "Wild Bill Hickok"—and all the handsome lads stood around with weak-spirited smiles and wondered how come. Hart is bringing back to the screen the Western hero, but a hero more deftly drawn, mellowed, more characterful than in the old days when he made this type famous. He plans better stories, also, some with historical background in keeping with the ever-growing interest in such themes brought about by "The Covered Wagon's" success. His first will show scenes in which such interesting characters as Lincoln, Custer and General Phil Sheridan appear.

One film which, at this writing has not been released, but which I believe is going to be widely heralded as one of the achievements of the year, is the Rockett's picturization of "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln." George A. Billings gives a remarkable portrayal of *Lincoln* and the whole production is well-knit, vitally in-

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Elliott Dexter is always much in demand.
Photo by F. W. Seely



Earle Foxe is rapidly winning back the popularity that was his years ago when he made "Panthea" with Norma Talmadge.



As the lovable bandit in "The Bad Man," Holbrook Blinn gives a performance that ranks among the greatest.

The Clothes

Not elaborate and gorgeous individuality are the favorite

Directed by



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee



Peggy Hamilton

This hat of Blanche Sweet's is of navy moire, trimmed with hand-made velvet flowers of blue and rose





Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

When three of the screen's most prominent featured players were asked to display for readers of PICTURE-PLAY their favorite gown and hat, they chose these charmingly simple creations.

The really eminent women of the films rarely, if ever, affect bizarre frocks off the screen. In their picture-plays they may occasionally look as if they had just left the studio of a hectic exterior decorator, but when they choose models for their own wardrobe, they give the first glimpse of their real personalities. In clothes, above all else, stars are individualists.

Leatrice Joy, while not an exotic type on the screen, leans toward ultra modes in her personal dress. She is a very dashing girl, and in her quick movements, snappy brown eyes, and the vivid colors of her clothes she reflects an alertness that is quite compelling. Her favorite gown, shown at the right, is of peach-colored broadcloth with a flower motif developed in padded silk of Oriental hues. The fitted princess bodice is flattering to her trim figure, as are the circular skirt and bell sleeves. The neckpiece she wears with this frock is a baby red fox. Her favorite hat, shown above, is of black satin crape with Turkish brim and strip of ostrich feather.

Blanche Sweet reflects a demure quality in her wardrobe. She is always attractively gowned, but one feels that the latest fancies from Paris are not an obsession with her. Her favorite dress, shown above, is of navy twill, and its only ornament is a belt of two-toned suède. Her wrap is of the same material, and both are modeled in careless, straight lines, which emphasize her youth and her slight figure. A Tokio-blue handkerchief of extravagant proportions flares from the left-side pocket of her coat.

that Stars Like Best

frocks, but simple styles of distinct costumes of these prominent film stars.

Peggy Hamilton



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Blanche Sweet's favorite hat is of black pressed velvet with a crepe Roma crown. A Chantilly lace veil is caught at either side of the brim, disclosing her eyes.



Blanche Sweet clings to certain simple rules of dress through all changes of style. Her hats are always simple and soft in outline, making just a frame for her face, and not attracting attention to themselves by their tortuous shapes or striking coloring. Another individual detail is her choice of shoes. Whether they are the accepted mode or not Miss Sweet always has among her boots a pair or two of perfectly plain French-heeled patent-leather pumps. Her slender, delicate feet always look trim and well groomed. These distinguishing touches show Miss Sweet to be a conservative, and tend to prove that she is one of those rare people who dominate their clothes rather than being dominated by them. Fashion does not mean nearly so much to her as simplicity and real individuality do.



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Barbara La Marr is a woman of many personalities, but she is most interesting as an exotic. With her olive-tinted face and sleek black hair ermine wraps and long, clinging lace and metal-spun gowns are the proper habiliments for her half-regal, half-mystic beauty. Her favorite hat is not a hat at all, but a bandeau which Madame Frances designed for her. It is made of tiny silver beads crocheted on cloth of silver, and circles her head somewhat more loosely than the usual bandeau. Not a dress, but a boulevard walking suit was Miss La Marr's choice for her favorite daytime outfit. The coat pictured at the left is a Callot model, set off by natural lynx trimming, a large black velvet hat, and a walking stick with a matrix head.

The Screen in Review

What's right and wrong with recent releases.

By Agnes Smith

Caricatures by Walter Kinstler

FOLLOWING close upon the news that Charles Chaplin's picture, "A Woman of Paris," has been banned by the censors in several States, comes "Anna Christie," which is apt to be just as welcome to the censors as a reduction in salary. I was lucky enough to see the film before any board of censors had decided to turn Eugene O'Neill's heroine into a nice, quiet home girl.

Thomas H. Ince went right ahead and bought the rights to the O'Neill play in spite of the fact that he knew right well that *Anna Christie* is not the sort of screen character to please the public. Moreover, in the sordid action of the drama, there is not a single cabaret scene nor even a short glimpse of a swell society house party running at full blast. Therefore, I can only assume that Mr. Ince liked the play for its intrinsic merits, that he believed he could make a fine picture of it and that he thought it wouldn't do any serious damage to his reputation to turn out an artistic success.

And so "Anna Christie" is one of those pictures that atone for the sins of all the million-dollar spectacles that have been harassing the public in the last few months. It ranks higher than "A Woman of Paris" because it is a picture drama and not just a pictorial episode. And it has Blanche Sweet in the leading rôle. Miss Sweet was once the first star of the screen; now she is the first actress of the screen.

"Anna Christie," like all of O'Neill's plays, is usually called brutal and sordid. It relates the story of a tramp Swedish sailor who sends his daughter to a Minnesota farm to get her away from the "old davil sea." His daughter comes back to him, not a clean, wholesome country girl, but a hard, debauched, disillusioned woman, considerably down on her luck. She goes on a sea trip with her father. It is her first contact with her native elements—the salt water, the fog, and the wind. A magic change comes over her. When she meets a young stoker, she forgets her loathing of all men and falls completely in love with him.

Above the atmosphere of the water front, with its fighting and drinking, there is real poetry and romance in "Anna Christie." John Griffith Wray, who directed the picture, might have made it a sordid and repellent melodrama. But by one of those happy chances that sometimes takes place in a studio, he has managed to bring out all the beauty that is implied in O'Neill's play.

There isn't a decent or respectable character in the drama. They are a bad lot. But the cursing and fighting seemed much less repulsive than the wiggling of the flappers in the alleged society dramas. And if I were a censor I would much rather vouch for the honesty of "Anna Christie" than for the motives of "Flaming Youth." I hope the censors agree with me.



George Marion who created the rôle of CHRIS *in the stage version of "Anna Christie," plays the same part on the screen.*

Most of the interest of the picture centers about Blanche Sweet, who gives the finest performance of her career as *Anna.* Miss Sweet has always seeemd to me an inspired actress. Her inspiration doesn't always stay on the job but when she cuts loose and throws herself heart and soul into a rôle she can make the other actresses on the screen look like a bunch of ambitious amateurs.

Miss Sweet is commonly spoken of as a "movie veteran." But at this stage of her career she looks younger and more radiant than many of the actresses who were in kindergarten when she was the chief dramatic support of the old Biograph company. When it comes to technique, she has forgotten more than most stars will ever know. No simpering, fidgeting, or heaving for Blanche. She is no emotional shimmy artist. With eloquent simplicity of gesture and expression, she manages to say more in one scene than most actresses are able to get over in a whole picture.

Beside Miss Sweet, there are only three other players of prominence in the cast. George Marion, who created the rôle of old *Chris* on the stage, plays it in the film. It is an excellent performance, although a little too emphatic in spots. After being a handsome he-man star for Fox, William Russell redeems himself as the Irish stoker who wins *Anna's* love. Bill is not much of a star but, honestly he can act when he gets a chance. And Eugenie Besserer gives a shrewd portrayal of an old derelict.

Well, as I have said, there are no cabaret scenes in "Anna Christie," and no ermine coats or spangly dresses so I suppose it will flop in the small towns. But it is going to do a lot towards enhancing the reputations of Miss Sweet and Mr. Ince. And if "Anna Christie" manages to bring back a star and a producer who have been negligent to the public, it will be doing a good work.

A Million and a Half Dollars—Not Marks.

At the opening of "Under the Red Robe" at the Cosmopolitan Theater in New York, every one went running around exclaiming, "Just think, this picture cost a million and a half dollars." A few days pre-

viously most of the movie magnates had come out in the newspapers and announced a general reduction of picture costs. In other words, they virtually admitted they had been gypped by stars, directors, and all concerned in the making of pictures.

In face of everything, I don't suppose I need tell the Cosmopolitan Company that it spent too much money on "Under the Red Robe." Not that it is a bad picture; it is a pretty good picture. But a million and a half dollars! Whew! For instance, fewer real jewels on the players and more real jewels in the scenario department would have improved it immensely.

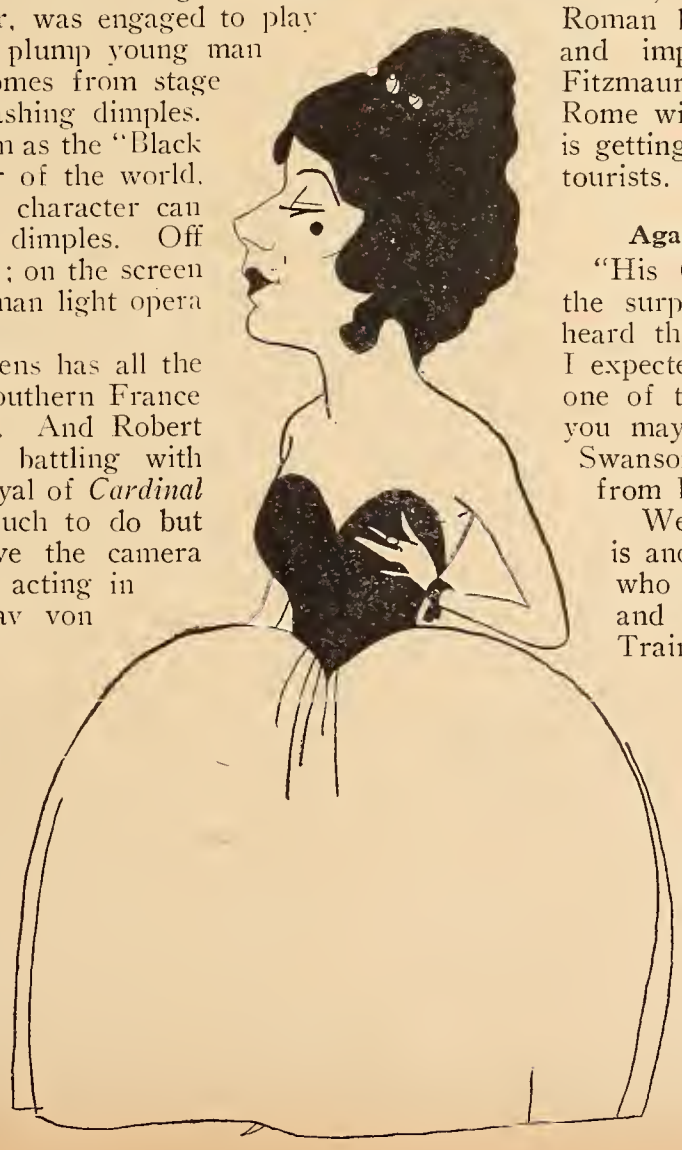
Unfortunately, "Under the Red Robe," adapted from Stanley Weyman's story, is a costume picture and most of the fans I talk to tell me that they are pretty well fed up with the Court of France. The story is one of those romantic affairs, filled with romantic characters. As I take it, a romantic character is just a polite name for a bonehead.

Certainly, the hero of "Under the Red Robe," entrusted with an important mission by *Cardinal Richelieu,* and with his life wagered on its successful accomplishment, only manages to achieve anything at all by the aid of the scenario writer. He just wanders loose around the country until he happens to "overhear" something important. And that isn't good melodrama; it's just fool luck.

And old *Cardinal Richelieu,* after getting a flying start in the action as the master mind of the works, fades out of the picture. If you can keep patient with the dumb-bells that infest the action, you may find some amusement in the picture, principally because it has some prettily set episodes.

The cast, which is a large one, is fairly adequate, although Alma Rubens is the only member of it who means much to movie fans. For some strange reason, John Charles Thomas, the singer, was engaged to play the leading rôle. He is a nice, plump young man with the ease of bearing that comes from stage experience and two beautiful flashing dimples. Every time a subtitle describes him as the "Black Death of France" and the terror of the world, you wonder how such a terrible character can hitch up with two such genial dimples. Off screen, Mr. Thomas is a baritone; on the screen he looks like the tenor of a German light opera—vintage of 1900.

On the other hand, Miss Rubens has all the dark beauty of a great lady of southern France and acts in good romantic style. And Robert Mantell, after many years of battling with Shakespeare, gives a good portrayal of *Cardinal Richelieu,* although he hasn't much to do but sit in a majestic pose and give the camera piercing looks. The best bit of acting in the picture was done by Gustav von Seyffertitz.

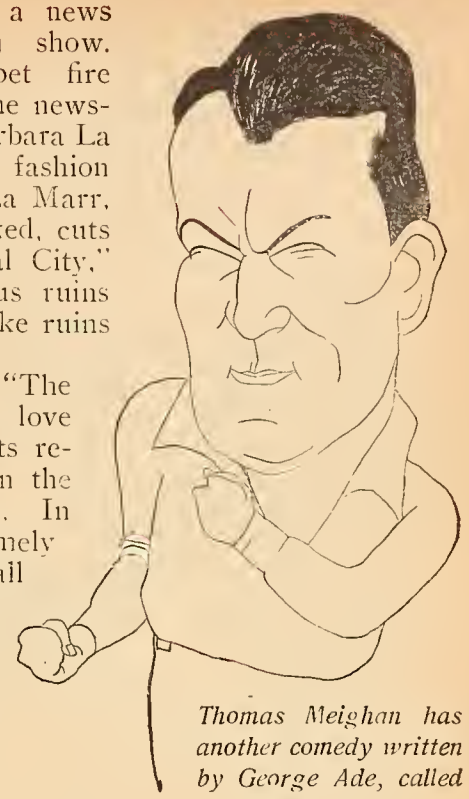


Alma Rubens plays a leading rôle in "Under the Red Robe."

Rome Made Snappy.

Hall Caine's story, "The Eternal City," was slightly out-of-date when Samuel Goldwyn sent his company to Italy, so there was nothing for Ouida Bergere to do but to make the scenario snappy and up-to-the-minute by throwing large slices of Hall Caine into the Atlantic Ocean.

"The Eternal City" looks like a news reel plus a fashion show. Mussolini, Italy's pet fire eater, is the star of the newsreel sections, while Barbara La Marr acts as the fashion model. When Miss La Marr, all draped and bedecked, cuts loose in "The Eternal City," she makes the famous ruins of Rome look more like ruins than ever.



Thomas Meighan has another comedy written by George Ade, called "Woman Proof."

The best part of "The Eternal City" is its love story; the silliest parts relate the fights between the Fascisti and the Reds. In fact, some of the timely improvements on Hall Caine are just about as foolish as the original masterpiece.

Really, if it weren't for its love story and the fun of watching an expensive cast going through the motions of acting, there wouldn't be much to cheer about in "The Eternal City." Of the cast, I thought that Richard Bennett did the most commendable acting, with Lionel Barrymore a close second. Barbara La Marr looked like a million dollars, which was all that was required of her. As for Bert Lytell—if you like him, you like him; if you don't, you don't.

And, of course, there are the gorgeous Roman backgrounds and some swirling and impressive mob scenes. George Fitzmaurice, the director, photographed Rome with the reverence of a man who is getting up an illustrated catalogue for tourists.

Again the Younger Generation.

"His Children's Children" is one of the surprises of the month. When I heard that Sam Wood had directed it, I expected that it would be just another one of those jazz dramas. Mr. Wood, you may remember, has guided Gloria Swanson's destiny since she graduated from De Mille.

Well, "His Children's Children" is another story about bad little girls who drink cocktails and smoke opium and sass their parents, but Arthur Train's novel has fared better on the screen than most similar works. Mr. Wood has even gone so far as to cling to a logical ending, at the risk of disappointing the fans.

Train's story is a pretty accurate photographic account of the goings on in certain sections of New York society. It is peopled with fairly reasonable human beings and so it is possible to believe about fifty per cent of the happenings on the screen. The episode of the millionaire who

is deceived by the "nice little actress" is accurate enough to arouse a chuckle of interest from those who read the newspapers. And the flighty débutante, who steers close to tragedy, is another rather shrewd study.

Mr. Wood had an enormous advantage over the directors who try to film big city stuff in California, because he had real New York locations to choose from. He accomplished quite a feat when he used one of the real Vanderbilt Fifth Avenue houses in his story. However, this may disappoint those fans who believe that all New York millionaires live in large English castles entirely surrounded by palm trees and eucalyptus.

Two unusually fine performances give distinction to the picture. After vaguely trying to duplicate his stage success as a light comedian on the screen, Hale Hamilton accepts the rôle of a middle-aged man and all but runs away with the interest of the picture. The other interest stealer is Dorothy Mackaill, who wins this year's blue ribbon by refusing to vulgarize the rôle of a "jazz-intoxicated flapper." In a sensitive and fine-spirited performance, Miss Mackaill makes the tragedy of the flapper the tragedy of all youth and inexperience.

Other good, but not startling performances, are given by George Fawcett and Bebe Daniels, while Mary Eaton, a "Follies" beauty, makes her début with some success.

On the other side of the slate we have "Flaming Youth." Every one tells me that the screen version of Warner Fabian's lurid novel is due to be one of the box-office knockouts of the year. Stranger things have happened.

"Flaming Youth" was produced without regard to law, order, decency or restraint. Most of the time it verges on low comedy and burlesque. Honestly, there are moments when you suspect that Warner Fabian was kidding the world when he wrote the novel. And the director must have been kidding Warner Fabian when he transplanted the novel on the screen.

The picture should have been dedicated to St. Vitus. Not only is the cast afflicted with the fidgets, but the story itself wiggles through all sorts of modern immoralities. But the wiggling is so carefully planned for the censors that "Flaming Youth" will probably be admitted where "Anna Christie" is banned.

Sometimes I wonder what actors and actresses have against society people. Most actors and actresses I know are capable of acting like ladies and gentlemen —at least when the occasion demands. And most of them have pleasant and agreeable manners. But put them on a set and tell them they are going to be society folks and blooey! They start giving imitations of the annual dance of the Waiters' Club.

Colleen Moore plays the Fabian flapper for low comedy. Even her make-up was intended to be funny, because she manages to look like Gale Henry in a two-reel burlesque. But she knows her comedy stuff and she also knows how to be pathetic. And so, as the saying does, she gets away with the part.



Colleen Moore plays the flapper in "Flaming Youth" for low comedy. And gets away with it.

Penny Arcade Stuff.

On Fourteenth Street, in New York, there used to be a penny arcade, filled with fortune-telling machines, mechanical pianos and such-like penny traps. The chief attraction of the place is a row of little machines where, by inserting a penny in the slot, you may see the oldest and crudest form of movies. You put your eyes to the box and are regaled by such pleasantries as "A Day in an Artist's Studio" or "A Romp in a Boarding School."

The idea of the penny arcade is to give the poor man just as much for a nickel as the rich man gets when he pays ten dollars for a seat at a Broadway show.

"The Temple of Venus," produced by Henry Otto for William Fox, is the poor man's review. Under the pretense of giving artistic studies of girls with few clothes on, it is doing well on Broadway, at the time of writing. Naturally, it isn't as daring as its advertisements and naturally, too, its claims to "artistry" are also phony. In fact, it comes pretty close to being the world's worst.

Starting in with a lot of claptrap stuff about a legend of love, it jumps right into modern society and its wild ways. Evidently all directors are bent on the pious mission of reforming the idle rich. But the story, which involves the trials and woes of Mary Philbin, is only a thin and erratic structure to support Henry Otto's spectacular stuff.



Mr. Otto set out to outdo Mack Sennett and obligingly engaged many of the bathing beauties to cavort about the rocky coast line of California. Mr. Otto's idea of real class in art is to silhouette the bathing brigade against the Pacific Ocean. He also delves into the beauties of nature by going in for underwater photography. But the mermaids and not the fish are the real lure of "The Temple of Venus."

There is also a strong touch of penny-arcade stuff in "The Common Law." You probably remember Robert W. Chambers' story of the poor little artist's model who had to pose without any clothes on. Corinne Griffith is the girl in the film who nearly, but not quite, disrobes before the audience. The picture makes an awful fuss over an incident which is a most casual one in the life of any model.

Directed by George Archainbaud, "The Common Law" is a picture which worked disaster to the Selznick Company's bank roll. Filled with stars, most of them badly cast, and containing the world's largest and most foolish settings, it assaults your intelligence. When you find the artist living in a studio the size of the Roman Coliseum, you swallow hard. And when you see the poor little model in an ermine coat and comfortably housed in an apartment that couldn't cost a cent less than three thousand dollars a year, you smother a laugh.

Poor Corinne Griffith, dogged by bad direction and artificial stories, puts up a game fight against terrible odds while Conway Tearle, Elliott Dexter and Bryant Washburn may be found somewhere in the settings if you look hard enough.

A Good Kid.

When Jesse Lasky signed up Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., I must confess that I harbored a few unworthy suspicions. I actually thought that Mr. Lasky was getting the lad to trade on the reputation of his dad. But after seeing "Stephen Steps Out," young Doug's first picture, I am only too glad to admit that I like the boy. There may be better young actors, unstarred and unrecognized, but Doug really measures up to his position.

He isn't a bit like his famous father. He is quiet, shy, unassuming and such an engagingly natural and wholesome boy that he wins you over immediately. The picture itself isn't much—just a light comedy with an agreeable plot—but Doug, Jr., makes it decidedly worth seeing. While I dislike the phrase "clean entertainment," it happens to suit this picture. And if the picture fails to get across, Mr. Lasky will have every reason to be cynical about the taste of the movie-going public.

Anna Starts a Style.

After hearing that Anna Q. Nilsson had shingled her hair like a boy's to play the leading rôle in "Ponjola," nothing could have kept me away from the picture. And sure enough, Anna's hair is cut short and it is so becoming that I am afraid she has started a dangerous fad.

"Ponjola" has more than Miss Nilsson's rather successful masquerade as a man to recommend it. It has, for instance, a story by Cynthia Stockley that is good movie material. It has the weird and dramatic background of South Africa to set off the love story. And it has some exceptional acting by Miss Nilsson and James Kirkwood. It is not a picture that any one is going to walk out on. And it is one of those rare cases in which the original story was transferred to the screen unchanged.

Woof, Woof Stuff of the North.

Lionel Barrymore and Seena Owen are the official stars of "Unseeing Eyes," a Cosmopolitan production. But Louis Wolheim, who acts by main strength, held most of my attention. In this story of the Northwest, Wolheim proves how a man acts when he is really a man. He does everything but eat live wolves.

"Unseeing Eyes" is about the farthest North in melodrama. It is all speed and no control. There were times when I wanted to cry out, "Come, come, this is too ridiculous!" But then Wolheim would come along and entrance us with more blood and thunder. And the scenery, captured in the wilds, helps to ease over the plot.

Here and There.

J. Stuart Blackton's old home melodrama, "On the Banks of the Wabash," served to remind me of how far movies have progressed. With its tears-and-smiles hokum, its staged thrills and its ten-twenty-thirty plot, it's the sort of thing that Vitagraph ground out until something happened and the movies changed. We still have hokum and jazzbo on the screen, but it isn't the hokum and jazzbo of the old days. Many of the old familiar faces of Vitagraph days are in the picture but we missed Lillian Walker, Edith Storey and the late John Bunny. Madge Evans, now a tall, fragile girl, plays the lead.



George Fawcett gives a good performance in "His Children's Children."

More agreeable acting from Thomas Meighan. And a pleasant but not exciting comedy. That is all that can be said for "Woman Proof." George Ade wrote the story, so you know that it cannot be downright dull.

I was disappointed in "Twenty-one," which is below the standard of Richard Barthelmess' pictures. It is a trivial romance with a plot that even John Robertson couldn't make interesting. However, again Dorothy Mackaill entrances you with a sort of charm that hasn't been seen since Mae Marsh appeared in "The Birth of a Nation."

"David Copperfield," made by a Swedish company, has achieved an unexpected success in New York. And yet the picture is neither good Dickens nor strikingly good movies. But, somehow or other, you like it. It has a certain quiet sincerity and dignity that comes as a relief after too much unrestraint. And it has excellent acting. I wish American producers would try a hand at Dickens instead of battling with the stories of Hall Caine.

I have tried to forget Wallace Beery's picture, "Richard the Lion-Hearted." But it haunts me yet. Tired of supporting stars, Beery branched out on his own with a historical spectacle. The result looks like the tenth carbon copy of a million-dollar knockout.



Wallace Beery repeats his rôle of KING RICHARD *in "Richard the Lion Hearted."*

"The Cruise of the Speejacks" will come to you in installments. It is worth looking forward to, especially if you like good travel pictures. "The Speejacks" is one of the best. It recounts the adventures of Albert Cowen, who took his wife around the world in a small yacht for a honeymoon. It is a fine real-life romance.

Several years ago "Wild Bill Hickok" would have been just

Continued on page 112

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

NOTE: Only distinctive pictures appear in this list. It does not aim to be a comprehensive survey of all pictures now showing throughout the country, but merely a selection of the most significant ones. Pictures reviewed elsewhere in the same issue are not mentioned, but aside from those, the list comprises those generally considered the most important of the current film offerings.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"A Woman of Paris"—United Artists. A serious picture directed by Charlie Chaplin. He does not appear in it. It is simple, sincere, and wonderfully directed. The story appeals to the mind more than to the heart. Edna Purviance and Adolphe Menjou play the leading rôles with distinction.

"Rosita."—United Artists. Mary Pickford tucks up her curls, does a few discreet dance steps, and flirts with a king. It is a grown-up story told for children. Ernst Lubitsch's splendid direction, the exquisite settings, and the characterizations of Holbrook Blinn and Irene Rich make it memorable.

"If Winter Comes"—Fox. A sincere and faithful transcription of the popular novel. Percy Marmont plays the sensitive soul with dignity, and suffers and suffers and suffers.

"Ruggles of Red Gap"—Paramount. As full of chuckles as the foregoing is of tears. The adventures of *Cousin Egbert* from Red Gap to Paris and back again inspired James Cruze, the director, to do his best.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"—Universal. The biggest picture of the year in sheer tonnage. A nervous shock in every scene. Lon Chaney in a terrific rôle amid the horrors, injustices, and depravities of pre-Revolutionary France.

"Little Old New York"—Cosmopolitan. Quaint yesterdays in the metropolis reproduced with great charm. Freed from the smothering effect of pretty clothes, and masquerading as a fighting Irish lad, Marion Davies is irresistible.

"The Green Goddess."—Distinctive. George Arliss as an ironic Oriental potentate in a thrilling melodrama. Weird, native rites and exotic types form a bizarre background.

"The White Sister"—Inspiration. Lillian Gish as a lovely young girl whose sorrows drive her into a convent. It is a tragic tale, developed slowly and with melodramatic trimmings, but her performance is great. Real Italian scenery.

"Merry-Go-Round"—Universal. Hectic prewar Vienna, where lines of caste separate a profligate son of the aristocracy and the little organ grinder he loves. Before they find happiness together there is war, death, murder, a royal wedding, a fallen empire, and one soul's renunciation of all he loves.

"The White Rose"—United Artists. A sentimental story of a weak brother of the clergy. D. W. Griffith has lifted it to occasional great heights by skillful direction, beautiful photography, and the powerful, natural acting of Mae Marsh.

"The Covered Wagon"—Paramount. A thrilling epic of the American pioneers who braved the elements and crossed the Western plains.

THE BEST OF THEIR KIND.

"Scaramouche"—Metro. A brisk and colorful story of a gay adventurer of France. The tableaux are striking, the photography beautiful, and the revolutionary mobs impressive. Ramon Novarro, Alice Terry, and Lewis Stone are in it.

"The Bad Man"—First National. An ironic comedy, in which a Mexican bandit takes control of a family's affairs and readjusts everything satisfactorily. Holbrook Blinn plays the bandit, so it doesn't matter who else is in the picture.

"Going Up"—Associated Exhibitors. A good, swift farce, with Douglas MacLean up to his usual tricks. The story of a man who tries to be an aviator.

"Potash and Perlmutter"—First National. The cloak-and-suit-trade's delight. Lots of boisterous laughs.

"Puritan Passions"—Hodkinson. The Film Guild goes in for art and doesn't work up much excitement over it. A weird tale of old Salem in days of witchcraft with impressionistic scenery. Glenn Hunter plays a serious rôle convincingly.

"Zaza"—Paramount. The story of a volatile, high-strung little French provincial singer, who manages somehow to enlist your sympathy. It is Gloria Swanson's best picture. The French accent is there despite the censors.

"Why Worry?" — Pathé. — Harold Lloyd goes to Mexico and joins a revolution. His comedy partner is a giant who is always good for a laugh.

"The Gold Diggers"—Warner Brothers. Hope Hampton and Louise Fazenda in an airy trifle about grafting chorus girls. It is amusing and bright and well dressed.

"Strangers of the Night"—Metro. A stolid young man gets plunged into a wild night of adventure involving pirates and a beautiful adventuress. Barbara La Marr and Enid Bennett are the attractions.

"Six Days"—Goldwyn. What Elinor Glyn can do with one beautiful heroine, one handsome hero, and three tons of dirt. Corinne Griffith is the girl.

"The Right of the Strongest"—Zenith. A story of the Alabama hill country, simply and genuinely told, with E. K. Lincoln and Helen Ferguson in the leading rôles. Also it includes one of the most terrific fights ever filmed.

"The Fighting Blade"—First National. Richard Barthelmess' contribution to the sword-clashing season, and his first outburst as a romantic lover. The result is highly successful, and he has a delightful leading woman in the person of Dorothy Mackaill.

"The Spanish Dancer"—Paramount. Pretty much the same scenario as "Rosita," tailored to fit Pola Negri. Wallace Beery and Antonio Moreno romp off with the honors of the picture, such as they are. Gorgeous settings, but the whole thing has a sort of comic-opera flavor.

"The Eternal Three"—Goldwyn. If Marshall Neilan could make a punk picture, this would be it. But flashes of the Neilan skill uplift even the most uninspired story. Claire Windsor never looked lovelier, and Bessie Love is appealing, as usual.

"The Call of the Wild"—Pathé. If you can imagine Jack London's splendid, primitive wolf dog played by a dear old family pet, you will be able to tolerate this picture.

"Monna Vanna"—Fox. A foreign production with bigger and better mob scenes and occasional flashes of beauty. The censors played havoc with the big scene where the beautiful heroine saved her home town by going to its conqueror's tent undressed.

"The Broken Wing"—Preferred. A Mexican comedy, with a broad comedy character played by Walter Long. If you don't see "The Bad Man" first, it may impress you.

"The Eternal Struggle"—Metro. Until a law is passed forbidding the making of any more Mounted Police pictures, people ought to be grateful at least that they are made by as good a director as Reginald Barker. He seems to understand the whims of Nature. And for this one he got a cast that included Barabara La Marr and Renee Adoree.

"Cameo Kirby"—Fox. One of those sentimentalized Southern pieces without a particle of sincerity. If you like a sort of comic-opera Southland, you may like this. John Gilbert is the chief attraction.

FAIR WARNING.

"The Dancer of the Nile"—Earle. One of the atrocities inspired by poor old King Tut. It is one of the best comedies of the season, but the actors and directors didn't know it.





Mary Dresses Up Again

AFTER all these years of playing bedraggled little slum children, Mary Pickford has at last donned some of the gorgeousness that is a fitting frame for her beauty. In "Rosita" she graduated into queenly robes, and now in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" she is to revel in regal finery. Lest any one fear that all these trappings might cramp the exuberant Mary's style, let it be known that *Dorothy Vernon* is a madcap princess who, disguised in soldier's uniform, fights a duel with her own lover.



In and Out of

Unconventional pictures of the



Photo by C. Reighton Monroe





"A lesson in posing from the Buddha." That is the title of the picture above, in which you see Christine Mayo, who free-lances around the studios on the Coast.



Across from her Mary Alden, who is working at the Metro studio, appears to be taking some one to task over a question of time. Did some one fail to keep an appointment, or was the director keeping Mary way past her dinner hour?

This wasn't "in the script," but Fred Thompson, Universal star, just did it to show that he could.



Like many another player, Wesley Barry seems to be going in for American history. This is a scene from his picture, "George Washington, Jr."

the Studios

players at work and at play.







Above, Carmel Myers shows that she, too, is taking lessons in posing from a grotesque statuette. The girl at her left is Marjorie Bonner, who was chosen by Rupert Hughes as the perfect type of the modern flapper, to appear in his picture "Law Against Law." Below Miss Bonner you see Hobart Bosworth, who is playing father to both Jane and Eva Novak in "The Man Whom Life Passed By."



Every one should have a hobby. Here, you observe, is Conrad Nagel's.



This is the way they filmed the rather daring and quite unconventional bathing scene in "Flaming Youth," so as to suggest it realistically, and yet not give offense.



They needed triplets for Warner Brothers' "Daddies." But in all Hollywood they couldn't find a set who could qualify. So they engaged the De Briac twins, and then hunted for an odd boy who would match. Don't you think that in picking King Evers, the lad at the right, they did very well?



Did you ever see more joyous abandon? The dancer below is one who took part in William Fox's spectacular picture glorifying the feminine form called "The Temple of Venus."



Claire Windsor's son, Billie, is often called the prettiest child in Hollywood. His mother, however, apparently has no intention of making him a child actor, though he did appear in one picture, taking the part his mother played, in an early sequence, when she was a child.

Among Those Present

Brief sketches of some of the most interesting people in motion pictures, whose work, though sometimes of star calibre, does not always get star recognition.

A MOVIE HOMESTEADER

By Margaret Ettinger

WHAT is it drives stage actors from the spoken to the silent drama? I have asked some half hundred of them and do you know what forty-nine of them have replied? Not the lure of the lucre as you and I may have surmised. No, the desire to have a home! Theodore Roberts has told me so and Tully Marshall, and whether you believe it or not that bad man of the screen, Ernest Torrence, wanted a real home too. Claude Gillingwater, one of the more recent recruits, gave practically the same reply.

"I scoffed at pictures," he told me, as we drove from the Warner Brothers studios where he was working in "Tiger Rose" to his home in Beverly Hills.

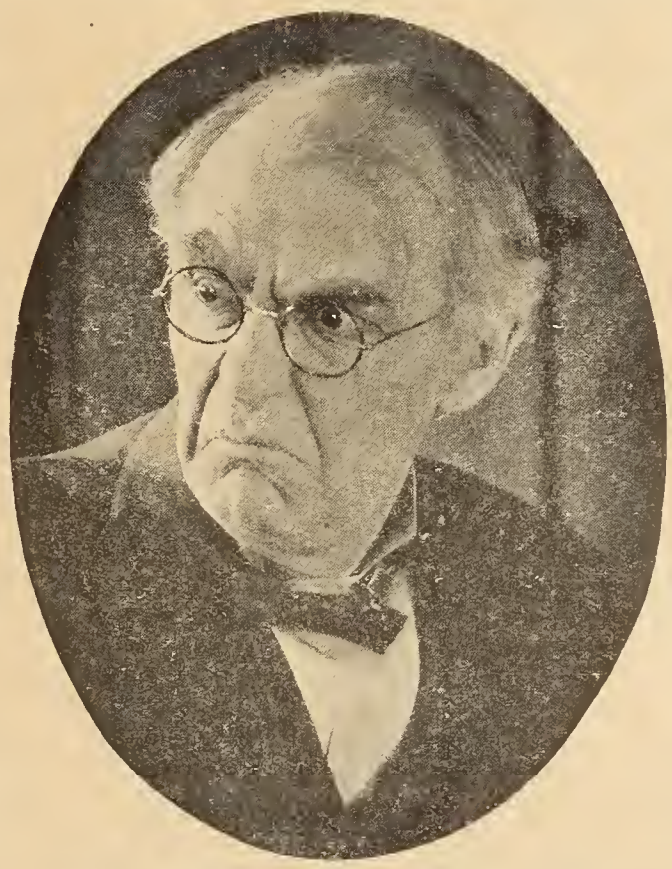
"While playing in 'Three Wise Fools' in Los Angeles, Mary Pickford approached me and offered me the part of the *Earl* in 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.' I actually rejected the engagement. It had taken me some forty years to reach the feature class on the stage. I thought it would be folly to desert the footlights. I had been advised so strenuously against it, the strongest argument being that I would never get any one to pay real money to see me on the stage when they could see me on the screen for twenty-five and fifty cents."

"But a great argument for my trying pictures was put up by my young son. He had been ill and for two winters he and his mother had sojourned in California. When I played the Coast they made the trip with me. Time came for me to go East once more. It meant leaving the wife and boy. All went well until our farewells at the depot. Little Claude had been urging me to accept Miss Pickford's offer. At the station when good-byes were being said he threw his arms about my neck and said 'Every boy has a father, but me.' That hurt a lot and made the parting doubly hard. When I reached Salt Lake City and found a wire from Miss Pickford asking me to reconsider her offer, I did, and accepted immediately without consulting any one. My manager said I was hopeless—that he would never handle me again."

So Claude Gillingwater came into pictures!

By the time he had told me that much we had reached his home in Beverly Hills and the most ardent stage fan couldn't blame him for reconsidering. A perfect picture it is. A little gray bungalow set in among tropical trees and flowers.

Claude Gillingwater's second picture engagement almost cost us one of the screen's best character actors. The director who had engaged him for a part was one of the five best known in the business. He had gone over the original script and found the rôle assigned him a corking one. In his own words: 'I started on salary at four thirty that afternoon. It was three weeks later before I received my first call. The scene was in a bank, at night. I did not remember that particular bit in the story and asked the director about it. He told me he had discarded the script I had read. Also another one that had been written in the interim and at that moment he was 'shooting from his head.' It was my first experience with anything of the sort and what a novel one it was! I was told to open the safe and deposit a package in it. I asked if I were well acquainted with the safe; did I know the combination or should I fuss with it. I had better go right ahead and open it I was told, else it might take too much footage. Then I wanted to know if I were a highwayman; a gentleman crook or president of the bank. The director didn't know. I should just go ahead and play it as I chose and he would see that it fitted in all right. The entire picture was made in that fashion, and I had no idea from beginning to end what I was doing, or what the production was all about. Neither had any one else. I was ready to give up the silent drama. I was sure I didn't and couldn't understand it. But my interest was more aroused and I determined to learn more of the intricacies of the business after I saw the completed picture in the projection room. To my amazement it proved a very pleasing production, with continuity that ran along without a jerk. I have learned since that only a genius director could have done such a thing."



Claude Gillingwater came from the stage and consented to do just one picture with Mary Pickford, but the prospect of having a real home at last has kept him in the movies.

Personally I thought Mr. Gillingwater attained his greatest picture triumph as *Steptoe* in "The Dust Flower." His portrayal of the kind-hearted old butler was so human, so true to type that it won't soon leave the memory of those who saw it.

In the two years that he has been making movies he has played in "My Boy," "Remembrance," "Fools First," "The Christian," "The Stranger's Banquet," "A Crinoline Romance," "Alice Adams," "Jewel," "Three Wise Fools," "Dulcy," "Tiger Rose," and "Daddies."

He is miles tall—way over the six-foot mark and he has a pair of the kindest eyes I have ever seen. His voice shows the years of training before the public.

I wish a little gray home in the West would appeal to more Claude Gillingwaters.



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

Edythe Chapman's rôle in "The Ten Commandments" is of a God-fearing woman, who has done a great deal of good in the world, and yet at the same time does wrong by her intolerance.

THE SECRET OF A NEW MOTHER TYPE By Peter White

I ONCE knew a girl who changed her name because of her fondness for Edythe Chapman, who plays the rôle of the Puritanical mother in Cecil De Mille's "The Ten Commandments." That was all of twenty years ago, of course, when Miss Chapman was on the stage. She did sweet and romantic parts opposite her husband, James Neill, whom you may have seen in character in the pictures, and her personality exerted a charmed influence over the hearts of dozens of young admirers.

I always look back on that incident when I see Miss Chapman to-day, and I have told her about it, and seen her eyes brighten, and heard her own lips recall how much these things come to mean to an actress in later life.

You've seen Miss Chapman in dozens of features, particularly those of Mr. De Mille, like "The Whispering Chorus," "Old Wives for New," and "Saturday Night," but you have never watched her do a character more difficult perhaps than that of *Mrs. Martha McTavish,* the woman to whom the letter of religion means more than the spirit. It isn't the sort of part you'd expect Miss Chapman to play in view of the recollection that I have told you, because there is something forbidding about the type, and she has always been associated with a quiet, if sometimes too obvious, maternal gentleness.

The reason why Mr. De Mille selected her is somewhat curious. It shows just how much family background, and a person's early life may come to mean in the studio, even when he or she is advancing in years.

Miss Chapman came of a stern old Presbyterian family of English descent who lived in Rochester, New York. They were kindly people, and her father was prominent. He was, moreover, reputed to be the third best penman in America at that time. Miss Chapman can remember that the first money that she saved, some fourteen dollars, was given to clothe an African negro for one year. She herself prepared to become a teacher of the missionaries.

All the time she had suppressed longings for the stage, and finally when she had the chance she left home and went to New York. All thoughts of a career as a missionary were put behind her immediately and she set out to obtain a part in a play.

Now, years later, the astute De Mille, ever well-versed in the selection of types, has resurrected for her, in a way, the surroundings of her early life.

THE RETURN OF THE GREAT LOVER

Lou Tellegen is coming back to the screen after various exploits, romantic and theatric.

By Barbara Little

I HAVE never heard any one rave about Lou Tellegen's personality on the screen, but who can deny that in real life he is a vivid and magnetic fellow? Since 1911, when he came to the United States as leading man for Sarah Bernhardt, the daily papers have featured his love affairs year after year. He has been extolled as the modern Great Lover. And so it looks rather as though he were riding back into the movies on a wave of notoriety.

He will appear very soon cofeatured with Pauline Frederick in a Vitagraph production of Basil King's "Let No Man Put Asunder," a story of divorce. The subject should not be entirely a pleasant one to him, as it was not so long ago that Geraldine Farrar divorced him with much attendant publicity.

Will he be the romantic figure in this picture that he has been in life? If he is, then old and young will succumb to his charms. Sarah Bernhardt, you may remember, was in her sixties and Mr. Tellegen but in his twenties when they became engaged. He was then her leading man. They never married, and when Mme. Barnhardt returned to France she urged Mr. Tellegen to stay in America where there were such wonderful opportunities for an actor. In 1916, Mr. Tellegen astonished the world by becoming the husband of Geraldine Farrar, whose unsuccessful suitors had included finan-

ciers, diplomats, brilliant writers and artists, grand dukes, some of the most brilliant musicians and composers of our day—and, according to rumor, a prince. For some time theirs was considered an ideal match—but in 1921 they separated and later his wife divorced him. Then Lorna Ambler, a beautiful Australian actress who had been playing with him in "Blind Youth" in vaudeville, admitted that she was engaged to him. Mr. Tellegen told reporters that she was mistaken. And Broadway began to whisper that already the fascinating Lou was enmeshed in another love affair.

Success has always come to Mr. Tellegen easily — in other things as well as love affairs. He made his stage début as *Oswald* in "Ghosts" with such striking success that he was given a chance to play *Romeo* a little later. What Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree characterized as "obstinate success" followed him whatever he did. After his father's death he went to Paris, where for a short time he knew the pinch of poverty. But he was happy, for he was studying sculpture under Rodin. He worked as model to support himself and his mother. Then he entered the Conservatoire and soon had offers of big theatrical engagements. He won success as actor —poet—playwright. And always there was talk of Lou Tellegen, the fascinating lover.

His real name was Isidor Louis Bernard Edmund von Dammeler, but he changed it legally to Lou Tellegen when he became a naturalized citizen of the United States a few years ago. He was born in Athens of aristocratic parents but lived in a little island near Amsterdam until he was fourteen years old. At that time he ran away, seeking the great adventures of life without family ties. He traveled through most of the countries of the world except China and Japan—and now he regrets that he didn't also go there. He made his living at whatever he could—being in turn a baker, a carpenter, a tailor, and even a dramatic critic.

Once after a great success as *Coriolanus* at the Odéon in Paris, a great sorrow came to him and he rushed away to Brazil and went off into the wilderness of the interior on horseback, there to forget his sorrow. His interested public point to this episode as his one unhappy love affair—perhaps the one that inspired his perfervid play "Blind Youth."



Photo by Strauss-Peyton

Lou Tellegen has been pursued by what Sir Herbert Beerbohm-Tree characterized as "obstinate success" as an actor, a poet, a playwright, a sculptor—and above all, in his love affairs.

His acting has been described as a marvel of technique. Reviewers have alternately raved over his command of gesture as "subtle, flexible, terse," and criticized it as being studied and artificial.

Will the screen public find him a lasting favorite, or will they just go to see him once out of curiosity? The eye of the camera is an erratic one—it brings out warmth and vivacity in some people who seem curiously aloof and cold in real life. And others who are vivid and magnetic—whose own lives are crowded with emotional experiences—seem cold and unresponsive on the screen. In his early appearances in motion pictures he seemed to belong to the latter unfortunate class; will he be able, coming back now, to bring out the charms that have made him a Great Lover in real life?



Photo by Evans

No trained actor could have helped scoring a hit as "Mark Sabre," Percy Marmont thinks.

AN OVERNIGHT SUCCESS—AFTER YEARS OF PLODDING

By Caroline Bell

THE cheers that greeted "If Winter Comes" were mostly for the quietly effective performance of Percy Marmont, in the rôle of the gentle, contemplative idealist, *Mark Sabre*. Marmont became an overnight success. Yet for several years he has been on the screen. Before he had been sadly miscast, just another lack-luster leading man doing his best while feeling utterly ineffectual as correct background for some scintillant woman star. With the new demand for skilled actors in individual characterizations, such men as Marmont are finding their opportunities.

"Acting is changing, unquestionably, in the films," he explained his theories regarding his sudden success. "'If Winter Comes' was an example of the new possibilities, the transference of thought onto the screen not in terms of action but by subtle nuances. William de Mille has been feeling his way toward that idea for some time. The one as yet unfulfilled ambition of my life is to act under his direction. There is no doubt that the movie is drawing in a more dignified, more discriminating patronage. To satisfy this new demand, the screen is beginning to get away from tinsel and overexaggeration and into genuine fundamentals and more realistic interpretation.

"But my own rather startling success is due entirely to the fact that I had a wonderful chance. No trained actor could have helped scoring a hit as *Mark Sabre*. Without undue modesty, I feel the deepest gratitude for the opportunity to create such an individual character, particularly gratitude to the author. We actors are absolutely dependent upon the authors of our plays. When an experienced actor has a good rôle, he can play it. And the public, years ago even, was quick to recognize this point, for at various times in my career, when I've done a little thing passably well, it has met a favorable reception.

"It is partly up to the actor, but, in the last analysis, he is merely the tool of the author."

When he was sixteen Marmont ran away from his English home, determined upon a stage career, later he studied music at the Academy in London. Soon that analytical quality which is the pivotal point of his character to-day showed him the foolhardiness of devoting a lifetime to what might prove to be but a mediocre talent and he returned to the stage.

In "The Man Whom Life Passed By," which Marmont is doing now for Metro, he plays a character similar in a way to "Old Puzzlehead" *Sabre*. The hero of this story is an atheist whose faith has been destroyed, who goes his moody, introspective way, trying to figure out what everything is all about.

Though admitting a fondness for sports, particularly golf, even these Marmont takes with that calm reflective attitude which is his main characteristic. That reticence typical of the English gentleman who prefers reservedly to be a bystander watching the stream of pulsating life pass breathlessly by, getting a great deal of quiet amusement out of controversies, but not caring to participate too strenuously. One feels always, in his conversation, in the even tenor of his life and work, an unshakable serenity, and a quiet, but unmistakable sense of humor.

He is tenacious, but never belligerent. Always he gives that unhurried aspect of quiet contemplation. His forte lies indeed in the transference of thought to the screen by means of these idealistic characters such as he is now playing. For he is indubitably, though disclaiming it in favor of a more critical viewpoint, an idealist. And in portraying these character heroes, he is giving to the screen not only the polished technique of the actor but something infinitely more real, unconscious though it be—himself.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY WAKES UP

By Helen Ogden



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

Virginia Valli has emerged after almost a year's illness with a new vivacity and a lovely crop of dark curls.

ILLNESS affects people differently. To many it leaves an aftermath of inertia, of devitalization. To Virginia Valli it gave not only a new crop of the cutest short, dark curls that ever framed a calm, sweet face—but it also bred in her almost a new personality!

A year and a half ago Virginia was getting along nicely, but in no way particularly distinguishing herself, in those well-groomed, ornamental leading-lady rôles in Universal films. In "The Storm" she showed promise of dramatic ability, but somehow she lacked vitality, could not seem to let herself go, to develop individuality. Too repressed always, too much out of key with her surroundings. Reared quietly in Chicago, she came to the screen as an immature girl, strangely reticent, reserved. She did not seem to fit in at all in this make-believe film world where dominant notes ring accented peals. Her personality was negative.

Then came a year's illness, when Virginia very nearly departed this life and during which she learned many, many important things.

"No, that year in a hospital didn't awaken me to the seriousness of life," she said recently. "Just the opposite—it brought out a frivolity I hadn't suspected in myself. It made me realize the foolishness of taking everything so seriously. When you think you're dying, you wish you hadn't bothered so about things, had taken time for more fun. I made up my mind that if I ever got well I'd not hang back the way I had done before."

Inhibitions, however, are not thus easily disposed of. Virginia has not become a glittering butterfly—she takes her pleasures still with that quiet, detached air of seeming to sit back and look upon them from a reflective distance. But there is a new vitality in her slim body.

To the peppy star rôle of "The Lady of Quality"—a madcap young lady reared as a boy until love's awakening put her into quaint, old-fashioned skirts and flounces—she gave the twinkle of this new Virginia.

She has been doing something altogether different in Hergesheimer's "Wild Oranges," directed by King Vidor for Goldwyn. The story concerns a lonely girl who has only her dreams and vague romancings of life for company, a brooding, imaginative girl. But it, too, has personality. Another distinctly individual rôle, is *Sally Toliver,* the heroine of "The Signal Tower," whom Virginia is now transferring to the screen for Universal.

"Wallace Beery and Rockcliffe Fellowes are to play with me. I like to have actors who probably will steal the picture from me," frankly. "It will make me work all the harder. A year or two ago I wanted to do sweet, even-tempered, well-bred girls. Now I want rôles with more pep. And actors who will make me work like the dickens to compete with them."

That equable calm is still hers, always she gives the impression of consistency, of quiet breeding and good taste. But she isn't so negative, so repressed, as a year and a half ago. Her long illness is partly responsible for this subtle change, and partly it is an outgrowth of the confidence that is coming to her with success.

Already, although "The Lady of Quality" has not been generally released, her work has been widely commented upon and even critics who have not praised the picture itself have been impressed with her performance. Her featured rôle in Goldwyn's "Wild Oranges," which is to follow this, also gives her greater prestige in the film colony—a big factor in bolstering up a modest player's confidence in herself.

Her eyes, which used to be masklike, shutting in her thoughts, twinkle with a new vivacity now and she is fired with a new ambition.



ONE HALF OF THE HOUSE OF LLOYD

By Myrtle Gebhart

THOUGH romance has in no way diminished, though ecstatic still over her wonderful home and the husband who adores her, little Mildred Davis is returning to the screen, starring in a comedy-drama for Ben Wilson, to be released through Grand-Asher, a new concern. The story is all about an adorable but impulsive young lady who accidentally exchanges her pet poodle for a baby, with humorous and at times worrisome developments. A light, frothy thing, with Mildred as its decorative motif and handsome Carl Miller as the hero.

Marriage to one of filmdom's most wealthy men has in no way changed Mildred, except that at times she strives for a bit of poise befitting her matronly dignity. It lasts about fifteen minutes in company; then, the strain becoming too patent, Mid throws the importance of her new position out the window and cuddles up on the lounge and crochets—or else shows her musical skill by playing melodious harmonies on the (electric) grand piano—or else romps all over the house chasing "Pat," her very small and white Boston bull pup, whose main ambition in life is to chew up the costly rugs.

"Looks like a library," I paused uncertainly before the awesome portal of the cream-toned Lloyd mansion.

"Nothing in here you can't put your feet on," she replied blithely, peeking under the arm of the smiling maid. Later, seriously:

"I've never had a lot of money before in all my life. It's wonderful to be able to go downtown and order anything you want and say, sort of offhand, 'Just charge it to my husband, Harold Lloyd.' I practiced that for a week, to get it just right. But buying pretty things can't take the place of work.

"It hurts so to be out of things," she said one day when I accompanied her on location for train scenes for the new film. "If you quit halfway up to the top there's always that feeling that maybe if you'd continued you *might* have amounted to something." The blue eyes were serious and the lips rounded petulantly.

"I begged and cried and pestered. But Harold has a way of quietly, I don't know just how, ending a discussion. So I stopped. Then, bless you, he said one day, 'If it will make you happy to go back into pictures, honey, I won't mind.' That taught me something," with a sage little nod; "let a man think it's *his* idea and you get your own way."

WILL ROGERS RAMBLES

By Helen Ogden

"WHAT you want to interview me for?" Will Rogers twirled his lariat uneasily. A look of panic came into his mild eyes.

"Say somethin' for the public? But I haven't got any. One nice thing 'bout not bein' an actor, I don't have to read highbrow books to get somethin' original to say in interviews. But I have to work harder'n these actors do. Whenever anybody around Hollywood has a day off, he thinks up one of these here benefit performances for the starvin' cannibals. They always ask me to appear as a contrast to the actors. *They* have a swell time doin' nothin'—all the pretty girls an' boys have to do is come out on the stage, bow so sweet an' say, 'We thank you, one an' all, dear public. . . . We are tryin' so hard to give you our very best. Thank you. Thank you.' Imagine me tryin' to pull that line! When I come out on the stage, the people look me over and yell, 'For the luvamike, *do* something'!'

"When I'm not workin' in a benefit I make movies. By the way, Secretary of Labor Davis come out here t'other day. I told him I was pleased to meet anybody even so remotely connected with labor as he is. He says he come out to investigate labor conditions in the movies an' I told him this was a darn poor place to find out about *labor*.

"That is, 'ceptin' me. This here Hal Roach must forget I've got a weak heart from playin' around those "Follies" all those years—the way he works me is awful.

Why, no sooner do I finish one two-reel comedy than right away I start another one. I get no time to practice new ways to chew my gum melodious. The boys around here claim they're gettin' tired of my regular tune.

"Just finished 'Uncensored Movies.' Had to 'personate all the movie folks. No, I didn't play Will Rogers, only the actors. Played Bill Hart—say, I like that two-gun he-man an' maybe I didn't give 'em action with them pop pistols—Tom Mix an'—an' others." About his impersonation of Sheik Valentino, the most poignant bit the screen will see this season, he remained uncommunicative. "Shucks, though, we left out the best movie actor the news reels has—Niagara Falls.

"Before that, I made 'The Covered Wagons.' When I come out here I found two covered wagons that Lasky had overlooked an' thought I ought to give 'em a chance to get immortalized, 'long with their brothers an' sisters. Sure, I play both Ernest Torrence's and Warren Kerrigan's rôles. Cheaper that way. We correct a lot of errors. Usually the hero swims the river without even gettin' his smile wet. Clothes look like they'd just been pressed into form by a Will Hays decision. I fix that up when I 'personate Kerrigan as *Will Banion* fordin' the river—I wear a nifty Yale bathin' suit.

"Now I'm playin' a cowboy like Jay Howe, my director, says to. He knows all about cowboys—he was raised in the restaurant bizness an' made so much money he retired from active life an' became a movie director.

"But say, when they show my pictures, I sure hope they leave the cake frostin' off the program. I been tryin' to see Chaplin's picture for three nights. Twice I waited through fifteen Niagara Falls, a dozen prologues, near-sopranos an' such an' admitted they had me beat. But t'other night I determined I'd stick it out an' see that picture if it took all night. I did. At ten thirty they used up all the prologues in stock an' had to show the picture, so I won," he chuckled.

"Trouble with most pictures is they got too many people in 'em an' not enough actors. Most of 'em are too good lookin' an' the director keeps pullin' 'em in before the camera to do their turn an' so much beauty confuses the audience, makes folks wonder where the story has run off to. 'Jubilo' was a good picture because there was only four characters. Each feller knew his bizness in that play an' he went right to it with a stop-watch on his actin' and didn't have time to focus his profile.

"One thing 'bout this company of mine I'm proud of — we've got no efficiency expert. Lots of movie companies go broke hirin' efficiency experts. I won't have one, 'cause he might want to hire some actors an' that would let me out. The best actors we've got in this company is this here bunch of flowers an' the school-house set. They know all the six expressions of the trained actor an', like the baseball players, never go wrong.

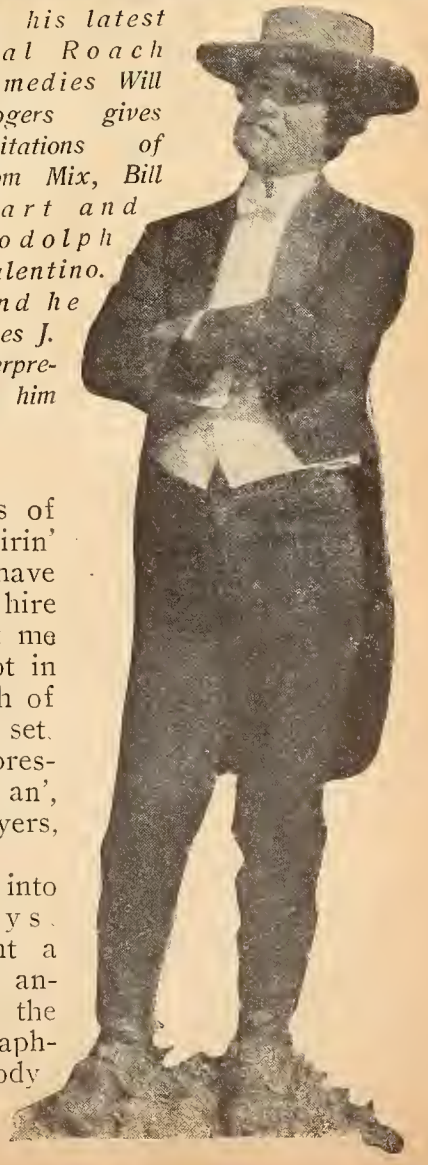
"I'm steppin' out into sassiety these days. Sure. I bought a ticket to the annual ball of the cinematographers—anybody

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In his latest Hal Roach comedies Will Rogers gives imitations of Tom Mix, Bill Hart and Rodolph Valentino. And he goes J. Warren Kerrigan one better in an interpretation of WILL BANION *by having him wear a dress suit.*

Hollywood High Lights

Reassuring news regarding the welfare of your favorites during the presumably quieter days in pictures.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

DESPITE all the unpoetical talk about a slump in picture making, and certain really disturbing indications of quiet around some of the leading studios, the era of want and privation that calamity howlers predicted would follow the boom days of the past season, has not actually set in with anything like its accustomed vindictiveness.

Fortified by their large earnings of the spring and summer, and the apparent abundance of jobs still to be had with independent companies, the boys all have had enough money to buy good Christmas cigars and plan big New Year's parties, and the girls are looking forward to heavy investments in bonbons, earrings, and spring chapeaux.

There has been a reaction, of course. It is a mild and sensible one. The most disastrous event, on the surface, has been the closing down of the Famous Players-Lasky studio, because of the tremendous number of people that they employ. However, even they have had several companies working until the last few weeks, like "Shadows of Paris," starring Pola Negri; "The Next Corner," with Conway Tearle, Lon Chaney, and Dorothy Mackaill, and "The Stranger," with Betty Compson, Richard Dix, Lewis Stone, and Tully Marshall, all of which began shooting prior to the announcement of the shutdown. Goldwyn, Universal and possibly Metro have been a little quiet, but that is all.

Many of the distributors, exhibitors, financial prestidigitators and other prosaic individuals have on the other hand been out scalp hunting. They want to tomahawk all the leading stars, because they blame the high cost of pictures on them. They've been raging about the expensive talent all fall, and have dug up the secret figures and, in some instances, mayhap genially exaggerated them to put over their point. They have declaimed at big pow-wows about the crying —in fact howling—necessity for new faces on the screen — this being quite the antithesis of their usual attitude, which is to recite a dirge about potential new favorites because of their reputed lack of box-office appeal.



Francis X. Bushman's son Ralph is growing to look more like his matinee-idol father every day. He will appear in the Metro picture "The Man Whom Life Passed By" with Gertrude Short and Percy Marmont.

The chance for any wholesale slaughtering of salaries is, naturally, out of the question. The improvement in conditions in the industry will hardly come that way. There is probably more chance along the lines of increasing efficiency in direction and production, and less injudicious expenditures in the matter of sets, as indicated in the article "A Forecast for 1924," printed elsewhere in this issue of PICTURE-PLAY. The players who are under fire are the very ones who can stick their tongues out at the producers, because their services are always in demand. The films have come to depend very largely on their experienced actors, and there is probably going to be a continually increasing income for the person with demonstrated drawing power.

Certainly there should be some adjustment where this drawing power is in doubt. Any one has a perfect right to inquire why an actress like Dorothy Dalton should have received something like seven thousand five hundred dollars, while she was under contract with Famous Players, when so clever and capable a player as, say Anna Q. Nilsson, is only becoming richer to the clink of one thousand five hundred weekly. Miss Dalton reputedly drew more than Gloria Swanson, but she is not named in the list of stars that are retained by Famous Players. As a matter of fact, her contract lapsed several months ago, as did that of the formerly fascinating Elsie Ferguson. Alice Brady is another who is not mentioned in the present line-up, though we must confess that we have always entertained the conviction that this is a time when she should be realizing the success that was denied her by more conventional plays.

The figures on salaries of the stars are interesting in that they reveal the increases that have lately taken place, amounting to fifty per cent in many instances, and even more. As far as can be seen now, these same salaries will hardly be materially reduced, except in the instance of certain doubtful favorites. Several on the list are even due for increase if they keep their good record. Following are the quoted figures, which we have revised in certain instances, according to more accurate reports: Norma Talmadge, $10,000; Gloria Swanson, $6,500; Constance Talmadge, $5,000; Thomas Meighan, $5,000; Pauline Frederick, $5,000, although it is somewhat doubtful if she obtains this now; Tom Mix, $4,000; Priscilla Dean, $3,000; Mabel Normand, $3,000; Larry Semon, $3,000; Betty Compson, $3,500; Conway Tearle, $2,750; Milton

Sills, $2,500; James Kirkwood, $2,500; Betty Blythe, $2,500; Richard Barthelmess, $2,500; Agnes Ayres, $2,500; Ernest Torrence, $2,000; Wallace Beery, $2,500; Florence Vidor, $2,000; Viola Dana, $2,000; J. Warren Kerrigan, $1,500; Jack Holt, $1,500; Lon Chaney, $1,750; Noah Beery, $1,500; George Walsh, $1,500; Shirley Mason, $1,500; Mae Marsh, $1,500; Richard Dix, $1,250; Conrad Nagel, $1,250; Kenneth Harlan, $1,000; Walter Long, $1,250, and Barbara La Marr, at least $2,500. It must be remembered that some of the players who are not under contract to one or the other of the bigger companies receive the amounts mentioned only when they are working, but at that certain individual salaries are sufficiently staggering when compared with those of some of our mere Wall Street bank presidents.

Why They've Kept Busy.

It's pretty hard to hazard guesses at the outcome of all this monetary excitement. Just about the time some of the players are beginning to feel the effects of pinched conditions, all the concerns will be coming out with announcements of large programs for the next year, and there has been anything but a dearth of activity up to the present time. United Artists stars, like Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, have been engaged on big features in which they employed hundreds of people, while First National expended $3,500,000 on new features in the space of a few months. Warner Brothers have also had several important productions under way like "Beau Brummel" and "Daddies," while Goldwyn and Metro have kept going, as has Universal.

Most interesting is the fate of some of the Paramount stars during the time of their enforced vacation. For them, it turned out not to be a vacation at all. Lila Lee, for example, was lent to an independent company to appear opposite her husband, James Kirkwood, in two pictures, the latest of which is called "The Inside Set." Agnes Ayres signed to play a Russian rôle with the Halperin Productions in a picture called "Souvenir." In this Percy Marmont was also featured, with Kathlyn Williams and Mary Alden among others in the cast. Jack Holt surprised everybody, probably including himself, by being elected to do a rôle with the seductive Barbara La Marr. Several of the other actors, among them Theodore Roberts, dallied through a pleasant season of personal appearances on vaudeville circuits and in connection with the showing of Paramount pictures.

Of course, Famous Players have been carrying a tremendous number of stars on a salary list that is said to range close to $75,000 weekly. It has been a judicious economic plan to secure some money for their services during the shutdown, rather than to have them idle.

When the studio reopens we do not look for a complete abandonment of the star system, or the elimination of smaller pictures. The output of F. P.-L. will probably be divided into two distinct classes. In one class will come the larger offerings, like "The Ten Commandments," "North of Thirty-Six" and other specials, which will probably be handled as are the Griffith and Fairbanks features—road-show fashion and at high admission prices. In the other class will be any number of smaller films made at low costs, but with some extra effort spent upon the stories. These will be adapted for the general run of neighborhood houses, in order to help these fill out their program.

Meanwhile we have not heard of more than three good actors selling their runabouts and town cars, and returning to the hard-times diet of steak and shirred eggs, and even in the instance of these three we have always had some doubts about their talents.

King Cecil on the Throne Again.

Nobody will ever know now how close Cecil B. De Mille came to leaving Famous Players during the past year, because nobody but C. B. himself knows and he will never tell now, for he has just been reappointed general director of all productions. He was variously reported as about to sign up with United Artists and with Goldwyn, but now he's virtually under contract for life. So you may look for a new pep and glitter in the F. P.-L. productions, along with a return perhaps to the "good old days" of picture making.

Gone—But Not Forgotten.

(This is particularly appropriate for the beginning of the New Year, and may be tried effectively on your radio, with suitable sympathetic music.)

There was, you know, the hero,
  Who choked the villain on the table;
The villain who did the same thing,
  When he thought that he was able;
The little girl who used to pout,
  Till the heavy locked her in the stable;
Now she carries a skeleton key,
  And wears a coat of sable;
The beauty contestant from your home town
  Who was popularly known as Mabel;
She's got a job in a restaurant,
  And knows now 'twas a fable.

Add to this the pants that Pola Negri wore in "Bella Donna;" the stockings of Nita Naldi; C. B. De Mille's assorted alabaster bathtubs; the court-plaster that Gloria Swanson put on in "Zaza;" the seven women who were supposed to draw alimony in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife;" "Salome" and "Singed Wings," and the gentleman who on the 31st day of December, year of our Lord nineteen hundred and ten, faced the broad, blue Pacific Ocean and soberly and seriously declared for the first time that the motion-picture industry was still in its infancy.

The domestic affairs of our stars are in very bad shape again. At least, our record of them is. For which reason we must mention before we forget it that Billie Dove may in private life now be addressed as Mrs. Irvin Willat, wife of a prominent director (though you don't need to put that last on the envelope); Edith Roberts as Mrs. Kenneth Snokes; Mr. Walter Long as Mr. Walter Long, but don't send him mash notes, because he's just back from his honeymoon.



One of the big hits of the Actors' Fund Benefit was the imitation of Valentino and his wife, danced by Viola Dana and Shirley Mason.

Social *Faux Pas*.

Asking any of the girls of Our Club whether they wouldn't like to have a smoke. You have no idea what a shocking question that is.

Remembering (unfortunately) that Tessa Twinkletoes was a brunette last time you met her and forgetting to recognize her as a blonde.

Inviting Pola Negri and Ernst Lubitsch to the same social affair without proper advance warning to both.

Giving Rodolph Valentino a letter of introduction to Adolph Zukor.

Worth Watching For.

Joe Martin's début as a character actor.

Those "very simple" styles of dress that it is said may be cultivated by the stars in the new crop of spring pictures.

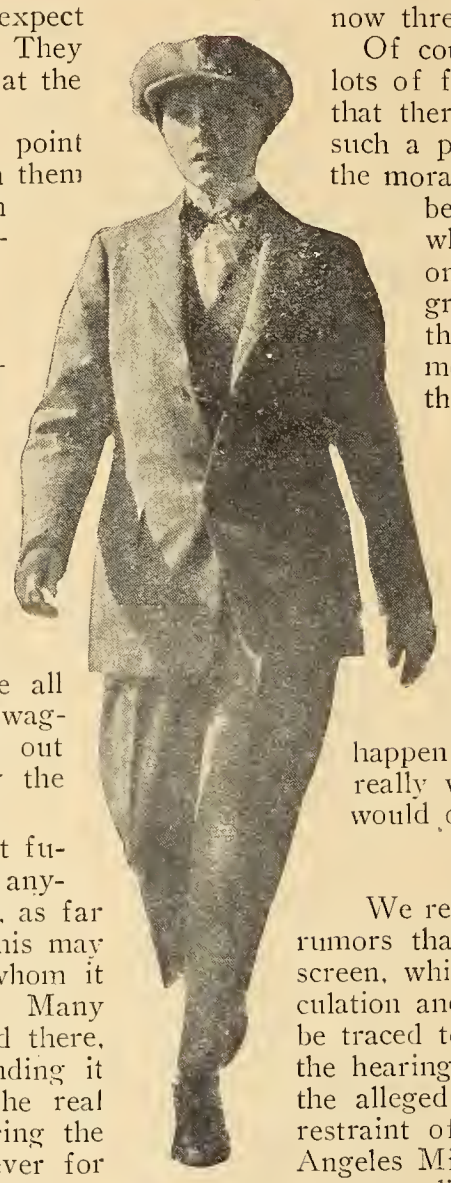
The satire on "Ben-Hur" that we expect Mack Sennett to make with Ben Turpin. They say Ben just can't make his eyes behave at the thought of this.

The new bathing girls. (At which point Elza rises to remark that Edwin has seen them and hasn't been the same since. Edwin knows a lot better, though; don't you forget it.)

The Passing of Hollywood.

Pretty soon you're going to have to address some of your fan mail to a nice new movie suburb, which they're opening up between Hollywood and the seaside. The companies that have already signified their intention of going out there are the Fox and the Harold Lloyd organizations. The Fox company, which is now on one of the busiest streets in Hollywood, is going to build a nice up-to-date studio, that will make all their stars feel very comfortable and swagger, and they've pioneered for the land out in the new section, which is known by the rather vernal name of Westwood.

Some day—it may be in the far distant future, to be sure—there possibly won't be anything to Hollywood itself, except a name, as far as the picture studios are concerned. This may seem strange to many of the fans to whom it has always been linked with the films. Many of the plants, of course, are still located there, in fact most of them, but they are finding it increasingly difficult to keep up with the real estate agents who are constantly advancing the price of land, without any regard whatever for the feelings of the producers.



Helene Chadwick bet Mae Busch that she couldn't impersonate a man successfully, so Mae fooled her by striding down Hollywood Blvd. like this.

What Fox Is Up To.

The Fox schedule of pictures for the current year might be interesting to mention, for since the favor attracted by "If Winter Comes," they really seem intent on doing some exceptional things. Chief among their plays are "The Fool," from the New York stage success by Channing Pollock, and "Loyalties," by John Galsworthy. They have also announced "The Warrens of Virginia," "The Man Who Came Back," and "Strathmore," by Ouida.

A Recurrent Disease.

Just at the moment that we thought that the crisis was all over, along come several producers with announcements for new plays along the lines of "The Miracle Man." Among these you may safely look at "The Day of Faith" and "The Stranger," because they are in more than one way original.

Who was it that remarked that in an Eric Von Stroheim picture, the first fifty reels are the hardest?

Highbrow Notes.

The latest reports from our stars indicate that they are all growing terribly tired of being good all the time. Just to think of it—Mary Pickford wishes that she could fling all the sacred traditions to the wind and rush into a wild and oathbound production of "Rain," doing the Jeanne Eagles part that started New York's Broadway last season. Pola Negri, too. She has absolutely come out flat against any more sympathetic heroines. She wants to turn loose and be a vamp wildly once again. And then there is Douglas Fairbanks, who is now threatening to do *Mephisto*.

Of course, this may be mere idle fancy, and lots of fun to talk about, but there is no doubt that there has been a reaction in star circles to such a picture as "A Woman of Paris," where the moral effect on the producers themselves has been negligible. There are many players who have suppressed longings, over which one who knows them well is inclined to grow a bit sentimental. There is no doubt that sweet rôles have palled, and that our most circumspect feel the urge to do something drastically different. Sentiments such as these naturally sprout when the late fall weather is warm, and the highbrow movement is not without its legionnaires, but the sum of it all is that many of our favorites have to keep somewhere near the popular viewpoint on their talents, though they are steadily building for a more discriminating approval.

Oh, but just to think what would happen if they did break loose with what they really want to do just once. If the producers would only let them, and if the fans——

Why We Feel Sanguine.

We refuse to become terribly excited about the rumors that Mary Pickford is going to leave the screen, which have lately received considerable circulation and mayhap some credence. They can all be traced to the statement made by herself during the hearing in connection with the investigation of the alleged activities of Famous Players-Lasky in restraint of trade. During her testimony in Los Angeles Miss Pickford remarked that if conditions did not improve for the independents she would be forced to retire from the screen because of the difficulties attendant on selling pictures.

Many fans already know something of the inefficiency, and the presumed blockades in the present system of distributing the films, from the recent articles that have appeared in PICTURE-PLAY by Agnes Smith and Helen Klumph, but we decline to worry as much as we used to about the fate of the independent organizations.

What with the agitation against anything resembling closing the gates on the better class of productions on the one hand, and the improvement in the public taste on the other, we do not feel that any of the independents of Miss Pickford's class have serious cause for perturbation over the eventual outcome of the fight which they have been making.

What Do You Think of Gloria?

Whether you admire her—or hate her—you will be interested in these observations about one of the most-discussed stars of the screen

By Norbert Lusk



Photo by Eugene Richer *Gloria's appeal is not a sentimental one; she usually is termed "wonderful" but rarely "sweet."*

EITHER you rave about Gloria Swanson or you rage against her.

You are rapturous over the miracle of her existence or you wish you were a Borgia.

At least I feel these extremes of passion in letters to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY, and from what members of the opposing factions communicate to me.

According to whichever side happens to be yours, Gloria is a great actress or a terrible one. She is endearing or repellant, beautiful or otherwise. And so on through the scale of values.

"Cold; hard," one fan critic writes, "and she ought to wash her face free of that make-up," while another is equally certain that "when Gloria cries she makes you want to take her in your arms and soothe her."

There are no mutes on the subject of Swanson. She is not dismissed with a monosyllable or a shrug. In a word, every one has seen her and all have something to say. It is not the same with all stars. A well-known actor in the company of perhaps the most famous of all of them once told me that he had never seen her on the screen.

"Who is Mary Garden?" I was questioned at another time. But is any one outside a monastery in the dark about Gloria?

At any rate, I went to see her to get some impressions of my own—impressions I hoped would stay with me in spite of those that might in future be forced upon me by others.

Some one has made the acute observation that stars parade their company manners before interviewers. That the only story which carries weight is written by one who knows all sides, including the worst, of his subject.

I dare say this is so. But it is not given to us all to know every star as an old friend who is loved through disillusionment. There are times when we must content ourselves with being reporters merely. Let me, then, report.

Miss Swanson, sans sequins and satins and sables, was a shock in pants!

She was got up as a gamin of the Paris streets, a sort of junior apache, in corduroys, flannel blouse, red neckerchief and saucy cap. And I give you my word it didn't seem wholly a masquerade. There was something arresting, real, in the scene she was enacting for "The Humming Bird."

Vigorous, too—even savage. She struggled, she fought—her clothes were torn off her again and again in the repetition of the scene. Pola Negri is said to be outdoing herself in her attack in "Mon Homme," also an apache play, and I wondered. . . . Be that as it may, one of the films is being made in Hollywood, the other in Astoria, so why bother to conjecture?

Miss Swanson, late of the early De Mille "Follies," was indubitably acting, not just breathing in a perfumed haze. But tired, very tired. I caught that in the way she raised a glass of water when the camera stopped. Rather limply.

Another detail while I waited. Gloria, bereft of long lines and trailing ermine tails, is diminutive—tiny—a scrap. Her hands, curiously incapable wisps.

The Swanson eyes, notable in one way or another on the screen, are really a very nice gray. Gray eyes rarely brim with passing emotions. More often they are cryptic. Hers are so. I looked into them. They told nothing.

She approached her caller with the aplomb of one who has polished off a thousand interviews in her day,

and began to talk at once. First, about her long day. It had begun at six that morning and the hour was nearing midnight. Other stars have confided like conditions. To me this instance was significant of Miss Swanson's willingness to exert herself as a conversationalist, notwithstanding fatigue. For when I offered to excuse myself and come another time, she would have none of it.

"I'd suggest we talk now, while we can, and you can still come again, if you care to."

It showed me that when she sets her mind on doing a thing she does it. I don't imagine she ever puts off until to-morrow what she can do to-day unless it be writing a letter.

"Then, to begin with, how do you explain the fact that picturegoers divide themselves into two classes — those who like Gloria Swanson and those who do not?"

She did not flinch at my directness.

"I can answer that easily enough," she said with a touch of animation. "I'd like to answer it. Because it's a matter of vibrations."

Now if this pronouncement had been made by some stars I'd have struggled to suppress a chuckle and thoroughly enjoyed playing with it in print, when no doubt it would have grown into a big laugh.

But Miss Swanson does not qualify as a comedienne with me—not even an unconscious one. Heaven help me! Without any patent effort she made me believe her and take seriously all she said. Weakly I confess that from now on I shall be guided by what vibrations do to me.

"Every personality is made up of vibrations," she explained. "They react differently upon each of us. These vibrations are communicated to the eyes, the ears—all the senses. Isn't it reasonable to suppose that my vibrations, though confined to the optic nerves of those who see me on the screen, should not be pleasant to all?



Photo by Maurice Goldberg *She makes her appeal—for those to whom she does appeal—because she represents sophistication, combined with freedom, extravagance, and success with men.*

"Possibly if I could talk to these people, then an entirely different set of vibrations would be the result. The voice means so much. I know one girl who has everything to make her a wonderful person, yet I can't bear to hear her speak. No one else dwells on her unpleasant voice, either. But it is wrong to me because its vibrations are opposed to what my ear knows as harmony."

More of this, all expounded explicitly, straightforwardly. Recounted because no one else in the studios has ever touched upon the subject to me. Also because it demonstrates Gloria's readiness to put across any idea she appears to believe will dispose of a question.

"Many of us call you artificial. Your severest criticism usually takes that form," I confessed, with continued frankness. "How much of your real self do we see on the screen?"

"Oh, you mean am I a clothes horse at heart, or am I just pretending to be one because it's the most I can do?" she countered with equal candor. That, after her spirited acting as *Zaza,* I thought modest.

"I *love* clothes—beauty—luxury—extreme styles. The urge for these is part of me. It *is* what you might call my real self, I suppose, though there are other things in life."

Naturally, Miss Swanson, naturally.

"Don't think I walk in twelve-foot trains around the simple rooms I have in New York"—there was a glint, only a glint, of humor in Gloria's eyes because she is not a humorous person—"but I'll give you an example.

"If I saw myself coming toward *me* on Fifth

Continued on page 96



Photo by Maurice Goldberg

GLORIA SWANSON



Photo by Karl Struss

: : : Four

Following his success in "Little Old New York," Harrison Ford again dons romantic garb in the Preferred picture "Maytime."



Photo by John Ellis

Winsome Mae Marsh has a little happier rôle than is her usual lot in "Daddies," a Warner Brothers' picture. On the stage this play served as a stepping-stone for Jeanne Eagels, and from it she rose to great heights. May it do the same for Mae Marsh!

Favorites



Photo by John Ellis

Marie Prevost plays in "The Marriage Circle," Ernst Lubitsch's first picture for Warner Brothers.



Claire Windsor says that this is the most beautiful dress "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," ever wore. It is a filmy mass of pastel-tinted tulle over silver lace and was designed by Sophie Wachner, of the Goldwyn costume department.



With Doug

Douglas Fairbanks has surrounded himself with many curious, exotic, and sinister types in "The Thief of Bagdad." One of the most interesting of the featured players is Anna May Wong, the little Chinese girl who was so touching in "The Toll of the Sea."

Photo by Arthur F. Kales



in Bagdad



The Princess about whom the action of "The Thief of Bagdad" centers is played by Julanne Johnston, and it is doubtful if a more beautiful Princess could be found anywhere. Already her beauty has won her fame, and she is well-known as a dancer.



Photo by Melbourne Spurr





Beau Brummel



The peak of the romantic cinema season will be reached when Warner Brothers release their "Beau Brummel," in which John Barrymore stars. In the picture at the left Mary Astor is seen with him.

Thoroughly disreputable is *Beau Brummel* in all his dealings, and thoroughly charming as well. It is a part that seems made for the peculiar gifts of the young Barrymore.







There are many love scenes in "Beau Brummel," for he is given to violent flirtations. Sometimes it is a noblewoman at court who interests him and sometimes, showing the catholicity of his taste, it is a serving maid. One of the most interesting of his amours is played by Carmel Myers.



Making a scene for "The Eternal City" in a little village in Italy. Barbara La Marr and Bert Lytell are in the foreground.

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Barbara La Marr has never been more strikingly beautiful than she is in a few scenes of "The Eternal City" where she dons a white wig.

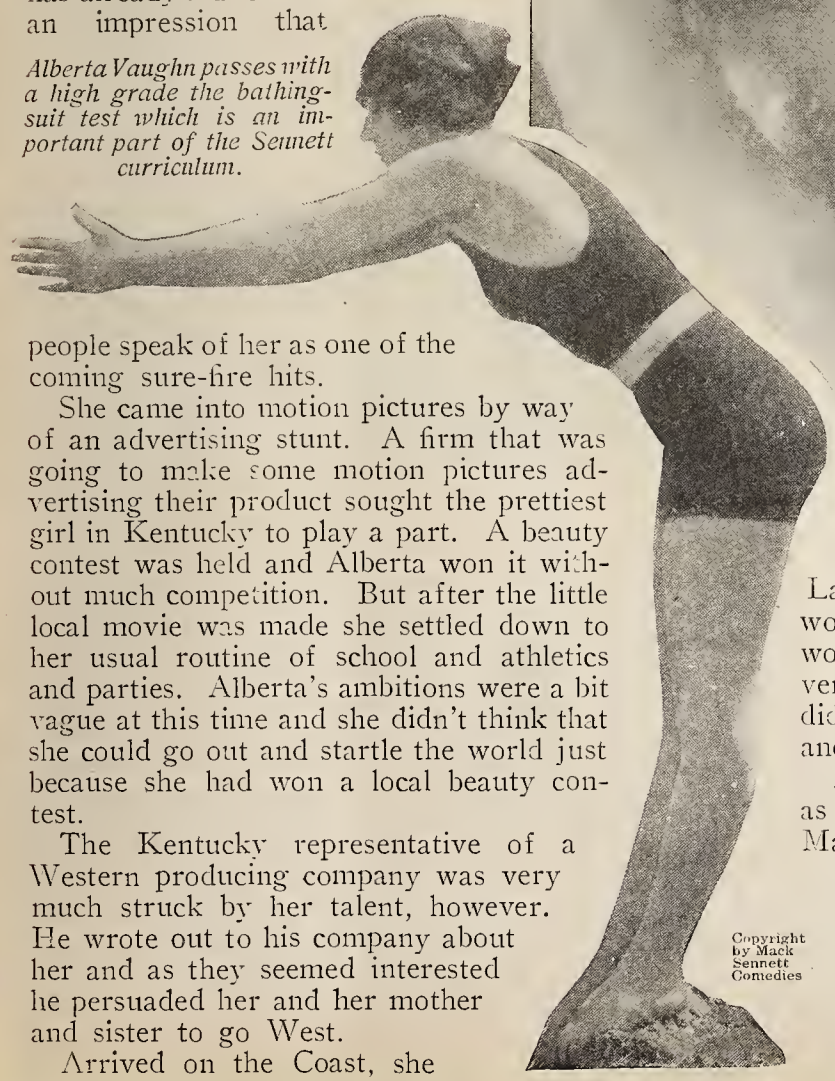
Mack Sennett Picks Another

To be put under contract by the comedy king is as distinctive in its way as being featured by Griffith or De Mille. Therefore Alberta Vaughn merits your kind attention.

By Doris Irving

THOROUGHBRED horses, oratorical colonels, and beautiful women have all made Kentucky famous, but in the Hollywood film colony just now one forgets all that. When Kentucky is mentioned, every one thinks of Alberta Vaughn. She is the envoy extraordinary of the blue-grass region, and one of the most interesting possibilities in pictures.

She may be a second Betty Compson. She may emerge from her training on the Mack Sennett lot a worldly siren like Gloria Swanson or Mae Busch. Or she may reach the comic heights scaled only by Mabel Normand in the past. Any or all of these things seem possible for Alberta. Just a few bits in other pictures and then featured rôles in five Sennett comedies and Alberta has already made such an impression that people speak of her as one of the coming sure-fire hits.



Alberta Vaughn passes with a high grade the bathing-suit test which is an important part of the Sennett curriculum.

Copyright by Mack Sennett Comedies

She came into motion pictures by way of an advertising stunt. A firm that was going to make some motion pictures advertising their product sought the prettiest girl in Kentucky to play a part. A beauty contest was held and Alberta won it without much competition. But after the little local movie was made she settled down to her usual routine of school and athletics and parties. Alberta's ambitions were a bit vague at this time and she didn't think that she could go out and startle the world just because she had won a local beauty contest.

The Kentucky representative of a Western producing company was very much struck by her talent, however. He wrote out to his company about her and as they seemed interested he persuaded her and her mother and sister to go West.

Arrived on the Coast, she went to work for one of the



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Alberta Vaughn is young and dainty and pretty, as all Sennett sprites must be. And she has a winsome, delicate charm all her own.

Lasky companies. This was about two years ago. After working in a very few pictures she was made leading woman for Clyde Cook on the Fox lot. This may sound very glamorous—leading woman and all that—but it really didn't mean much. There wasn't much beside a few falls and a fadeout for a girl in one of these slapstick things.

Alberta might have gone along in a dull, plodding way as the beauty relief in comedies so frequently does, if Mack Sennett hadn't seen her.

Now no one—unless it be Flo Ziegfeld—has a better reputation for picking beautiful girls than has Mack Sennett. So it is needless to remark that Alberta Vaughn is shapely, comely and young, that she fills a bathing suit as it ought to be filled and moves about gracefully. In addition to all this, she has a cunning way of insinuating herself into situations. Even her manners have a cooing Southern accent.

More Notes on These Actors

Bert Lytell explains the reason for spotty performances, and also talks of other things.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

BERT LYTELL is the acting version of that celebrated little girl of nursery lore who had a little curl right in the middle of her forehead. When she was good, she was good, you'll recall, and when she was bad no one liked her at all. In his professional work, Mr. Lytell is like that.

He matched his excellent work in "The Right of Way" by wandering through "A Trip to Paradise"—the maladroit movie translation of "Liliom"—in aimless fashion; his artistically realized *Lombardi* was counterbalanced by his floundering performance in "Rupert of Hentzau."

To one of analytical mind, Lytell's acting presents a knotty problem. He has not been content to present a number of first-rate characterizations to the screen; he has also handed in some obviously artificial ones.

And he knows it.

More than one actor might have crushed me with a glacial glance had I ventured to put the same question that I put to Lytell.

"How is it," ran the query, "how is it that some of your pictures are fine, while in others you are pretty bad?"

House Peters would have announced that I was crazy.

Frank Mayo would have called for an alienist.

Joseph Schildkraut would have turned on his heel with a muttered, "Incompetent fellow!"

Dozens of actors would have asked for names, dates, and an argument.

Bert Lytell simply agreed that he was good at some times and terrible at others, and, after thinking for a moment, proceeded to advance his theory concerning the reason for such unevenness.

"Good acting depends on the actor," he said, "and other things. If the story is good, and the direction good, the photography or cutting might gum the works. If the photography and story are good, it's largely up to the director. Any actor can fall to the wayside because of inexpert direction.

"The actor is the soldier, the director the officer. His command is law. If the thing looks foolish on the screen it is the director's fault. A less logical reason may be found in a poor script. Some stories are impossible, the actor feels it, realizes the absurdity or fatuity of the whole thing, and shows his despondency, unconsciously, in his work."



Barbara La Marr will appear with Lytell in "The Eternal City."

But most of all, said Mr. Lytell, the acting depends upon the actor.

"We have our off days. The old batting eye isn't always up to snuff. Often we get into a slump and run through a siege of unconvincing acting. No one can be good all the time."

Lytell talks in an artless, ingratiating manner. He belongs in the hail-fellow category.

When I saw him he was in the black shirt uniform of the Fascisti, for you should know that in revising Hall Caine's "The Eternal City" for the fillums, a modern note was introduced by making the hero a follower of Mussolini. In fact, Bert says that that fiery leader condescended to appear in a couple of scenes for director Fitzmaurice.

"We were abroad for six weeks. Fine fun. Two honeymoons in our party. Lionel Barrymore and his new wife, and Babs La Marr with her newest husband. She does some great acting in this picture. Dick Bennett's in it, too."

The theory that actors are grown-up children is strengthened considerably by just such a chap as Lytell. His manner is boyish, his mien modest, his speech singularly devoid of pretentiousness. A young fellow, you gather, trying to get along. Of course he has gotten along rather well. But this has left no apparent mark on his temperament. He is interested in prize fights and baseball and horse racing and theater as well as in movies.

Before coming to the screen, you probably know, he was on the stage. And before that he was on the stage. Statistics, inexorable things that they are, show that Bert was practically born on the stage. By his own choice he has stayed ever since.

"Footlights hold an inescapable lure," he admitted. "It's always wonderful to get back of them once in a while. Personal appearances are ridiculous things, but awfully good publicity. So I am touring a few weeks in a vaudeville sketch. Thus I combine the legitimate business of acting with the doubtful business of personal appearances. I think it's an imposition for any actor or actress to come before an audience with simply a few 'well-chosen words of greeting.' I'd hate to hear my voice saying, 'It's wonderful to feel that all of you out there are my friends. It's so good to meet you, and I wish I could shake each one of you by the

hand and call you sister.' It's bad enough for any one else to do it. Excuse me!"

The office insisted that he fill time between pictures, however, so Bert compromised by obtaining "The Valiant," a powerful one-act sketch that had been produced with great success at a Lambs' Gambol, and offering it to the booking agents for a limited tour over the Keith circuit.

It was a grim playlet by Robert Middlemass, a fellow Lamb, and the bookers evinced considerable doubt as to its reception among the less élite. Yet its première at the Palace was accorded unlimited applause. One of the most interested auditors, incidentally, was Lytell, père.

Many stars seem to feel that in making appearances they are kings descending to the common level for the nonce, and, as such, considerably privileged. On their imaginary scutcheons the sharp eye can descry the modern paraphrasing of an ancient standard: *In Hokum Signo Vinco*, which, if you flunked Latin, means, By Hokum I Conquer.

It would be a happy inspiration for other stars to follow Lytell's example, and instead of regaling their public with banal speeches familiar to the lowliest of radio fans, give the patient audience something worth while listening to.

Following his appearance in "The Eternal City," Lytell said that he was scheduled for Hollywood, then a return to Manhattan, when he was booked to sail once more for European shores to make a desert picture for Edwin Carewe. The lady in the case will be none other than Claire Windsor, hailed here and now as the most beautiful woman extant.

Apparently Lytell is doomed to go from one belle stella to the other making cellulove. . . . No wonder actors are, in the main, of sunny dispositions.

"That question about why a fellow may be good in one picture and punk in the next is an interesting one," he mused, reverting to the beginning of our conversation. "Come to think of it, all sorts of odd things enter into the making of a picture. One very bad one I was connected with was bound to turn out badly because in the middle of it the director was fired, and the new man hadn't the same conception of the plot as his predecessor.

" 'Lombardi, Limited' was easy to play, I remember, because it was a fiery Italian part permitting much gesturing and hand work. It literally played itself. In doing 'Liliom,' on the other hand, we took a typically

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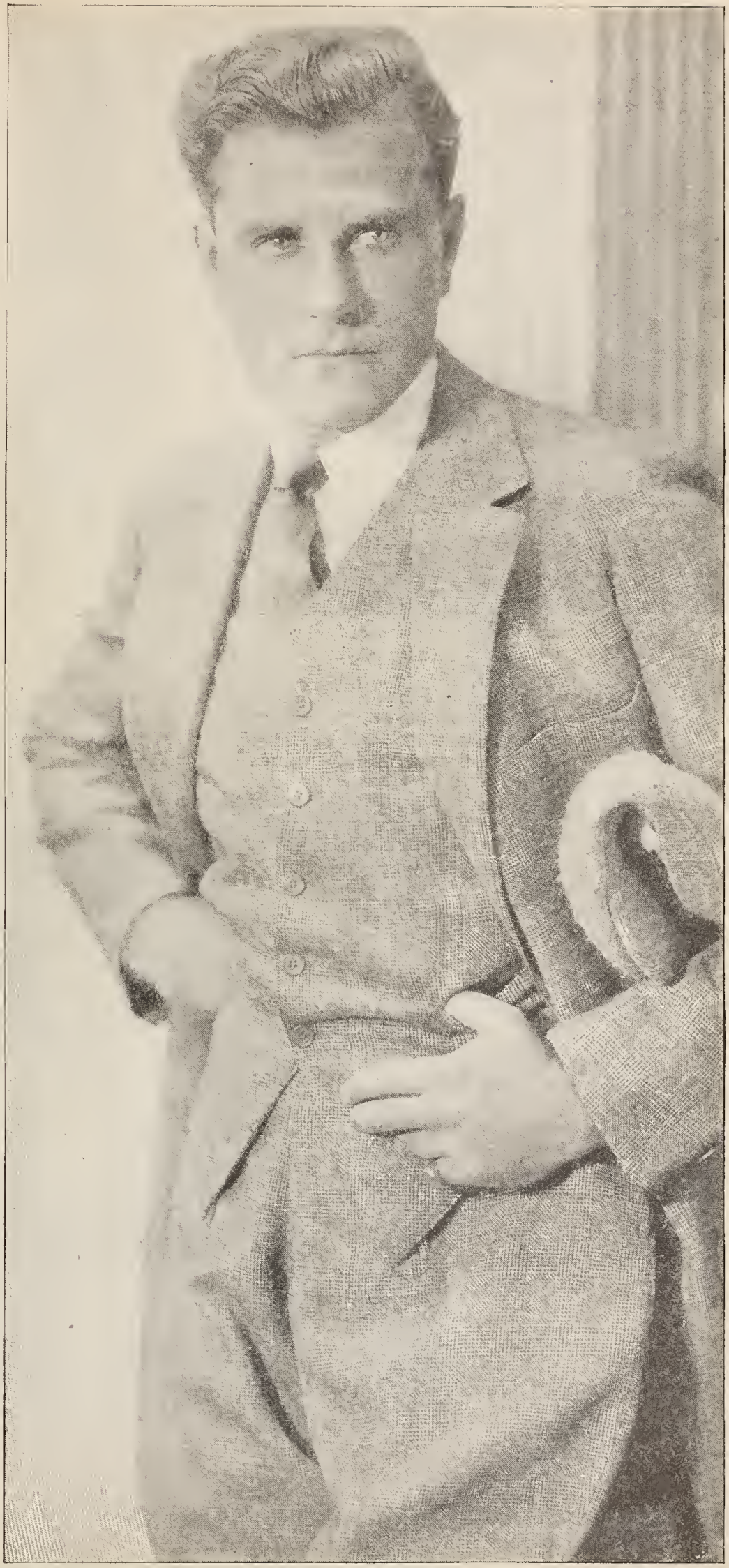


Photo by Apeda



No screen star has been the object of more maternal solicitude than Mary Philbin.

The Movie

**A fond parent may be a big help to a
Her success or failure depends upon
ence and temperament for what**

By Caroline

THE public at large has two definite ideas about the mothers of motion-picture stars—*and both of them are wrong.*

The gullible public, seeing how prettily mamma and daughter sit around in the publicity photographs with their arms about each other, decide that life is just one grand sweet song to the mother of a screen ingénue. She is her daughter's "best pal and severest critic," she has the last word in all important discussions about productions and her little girl wouldn't think of making friends with any one her mother didn't approve of. It is her rare diplomacy and tact that have made her daughter what she is to-day and all of her spare time is spent in the little kitchen of the vine-covered cottage where she and daughter live, making cakes and pies for daughter to take to the orphan's home.

Such a picture of devotion! Such sentimental rubbish!

But the other public seems to go just as far astray in its conception of a screen star's mother. It is made up of the people who have the real inside dope on the situation gleaned from a friend who knew some one whose brother once discussed a real-estate deal with Mrs. Pickford. They believe that all movie mothers are slave drivers who forced their daughters into pictures; who dominate their every thought and cooly confiscate all their earnings.

What nonsense.

Either of these pictures bears about as much relation to the truth as a cartoon of the Gumps. The picture is just distorted and exaggerated—not entirely faked. I have never met a movie mother who was as angelic and self-sacrificing as interviews with their daughters would make them out to be, but on the other hand, I have never met one that tallied with the picture which Mary Miles Minter, in her recent confessions, painted of her mother.

I do know that of the many stars who have continuously shared the spotlight with their mothers in publicity-photographs and interviews, in some instances the homage has been well earned. For some of these efficient mothers are charming, likable women. But I also know that others haven't had their dispositions sweetened much by the ambition that has goaded them on; that they are lacking in the unusual combination of qualities that being the mother of a movie star calls for.



Photo by Eugene Robert Richer

Mary Astor attributes a large share of her success to her mother's skillful management.

One I have in mind not only refuses her daughter permission to make friends among the younger people and have harmless good times but—the height of indignity to the mind of any spirited girl — she will scarcely allow her daughter to have a thought of her own. The mother invariably takes charge of the conversation, permitting the girl but a monosyllabic echo of her own beliefs occasionally. In short, her mother is trying to keep a grown girl a child—and the film colony is half laughing, half sorry, over this foolish, overzealous attitude.

Energetic, competent, this mother could be of great and estimable help to her daughter, would she but turn her efforts into the channels of the "behind the career"

Mother

girl's career, or a distinct drawback. how well or ill she is fitted by experi- is really a very difficult position

Bell



Mary Pickford's mother is credited with having been a very real factor in her daughter's career.

details and permit her daughter's mind to develop from contact with the world and other people, from studying life, from harmless pleasures.

Many of the movie mothers are widowed women who are determined, cost what it may in self-sacrifice, to give their girls a chance to enjoy the successes and beauties they have missed in their own drab lives. In putting their daughters into the movies they have done no reprehensible thing; indeed, I imagine there are countless hundreds who would do the same, had they the courage to make the break from old ties, and the opportunity. With some it has been an easy jump; they have seen only the "easy money" or the fame side of the situation.

The type that predominates is the conscientious mother who is really trying to do what is best for her girl, to give her a chance to make her life count for something worth while. She does not stress the aspect of guarding her daughter's morals, of being her "protector;" she is more of a manager and a mighty fine pal—a very desirable and enviable combination.

Of the sensible movie mothers, there are two types — one kind, like Helen Ferguson's, admitting she doesn't know an awful lot about picture making and wouldn't dream of interfering in her daughter's career with advice about matters concerning which she is herself inexperienced. Satisfied to fill her niche of making a happy home life for Helen and her sister, Mrs. Ferguson is one of the best-loved mothers in the film colony, keeping open house for Helen's friends, helping her with her clothes and such things, but sensibly content to remain in the background. Mildred Davis' mother and Mrs. Wilson, mother of Lois and Connie, are similar in this respect. They welcome their daughters' friends, assist in many ways, yet do not force themselves upon the public. The other "nice" type is the mother-manager who is capable of tactfully and successfully managing the daughter's business and professional affairs.



No star has a mother who displays more poise and good judgment in managing her daughter's affairs than Bebe Daniels.

"Whatever would I do without her?" Madge Bellamy said one day, commenting upon the help that her mother has been to her career. "She looks after everything. I'm scatterbrained, like so many girls, never know where to find anything, always forgetting, thinking only of the things that interest me. Mother realizes that I must not only pay strict attention to my work but must have time for reading, for pleasures, to stimulate me and keep me constantly up to the mark.

"So she's the general who looks after everything. First, my clothes—no small job, that. Seeing that everything is ready when it is needed. Next, my fan mail—she takes care of that, laying aside the letters that she thinks I would like to answer personally. She sends out my photographs, arranges appointments for me—and sees that I keep them, which is a harder job—looks after my business affairs. I don't know very much about finances and would probably lose everything I make, if left to my own devices, in some preposterous get - rich - quick scheme."

There are many duties for the efficient mother who would save her daughter the vexatious details attendant upon a career of acting. Claire Windsor's mother answers her fan mail and looks after their home and Claire's small son, Billy. Patsy Ruth Miller's mother is one of the busiest out here, for Pat's young brother, Winston, also works in pictures.

"Except for Pat's fan mail and her clothes, I don't have so much to do for her," Mrs. Miller said one day. "I've trained her, taught her, and now I let her do things for herself, to develop her initiative and self-reliance. But Winston needs me all the time—there are many things I can tell him, experience gained from watching Pat's early mistakes, that will help him in his work. Then he is not under contract, so I have to see casting directors, confer about his salary and so on."

Incidentally, Patsy Ruth owes a great deal of her rapid ascendancy up the film ladder to her mother's indefatigable spirit. Though fortune has smiled upon this irrepressible girl, there have been a few rocks to stumble over. Her mother, a woman of keen intelligence, was quick to catch onto things, to guide her youthful footsteps along the paths of diplomacy.

Youthful in appearance—she was married quite young — Mrs. Miller has made companions of Pat's friends, goes everywhere with her, not as a chaperone but as a pal, and all the girls think she's great. That, if you know the psychology of the young people to-day, is in itself no mean accomplishment. Yet, with all this, she manages somehow never to intrude.

Mary Astor, one of the newer twinklers, admits that at least ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent of her recent success is due to her mother's help. She started training her daughter years ago for her movie career.

One of the worst pests among the movie mothers has succeeded in the past year in pretty thoroughly wrecking her daughter's chances of success. Her daughter was hailed a year ago, after one singularly fine performance, as the find of the year, given a long contract and featured in one big production. During the making of that picture the mother became so objectionable that orders were given to the gateman not to admit her to the studio. In spite of that she managed to get in. She stood behind the director and signaled to her daughter. Whenever the director coached her to do anything that kept her from looking her prettiest, her mother signaled "No." It took a long time to make that one picture satisfactorily, and the company has not been overly interested in pushing daughter ahead since then.

Every one knows what a big part Mrs. Charlotte Pickford has played in Mary's career. Though a keen business woman with a faculty for chasing down a dollar until it wearies and gives up in self-defense, Mrs. Pickford has managed somehow to keep foremost her mother love. I happened to be with her one day when Lottie was in an automobile accident. In that moment when tragedy was in the air, owing to conflicting and exaggerated reports which said first that both Mary and Lottie were badly hurt, I am quite certain that Mrs. Pickford forgot I was "from the press." Her anxiety was by no means feigned — and, strangely enough yet not so strange when you consider the queer quirks of the mother heart, more of her worry seemed to be for Lottie, the pet of the family, than for Mary, the breadwinner.

Mrs. Pickford would doubtless be the first to disclaim this, in the cold light of the after-day. But Mary has always been, next to her mother, the head of the family, a capable sub-general. It was Lottie, the one who has always been a wee bit spoiled and "looked after," whose danger elicited fear.

The movie mother who has perhaps received the most local condemnation is Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, mother of Mary Miles Minter. You have doubtless read in your city papers the account of the recent break in relations between them, when Mary demanded an accounting of the money that she has earned and which her mother held in trust for her, telling the Los Angeles reporters "I have been a wage earner since I was five years old. Mother was socially and financially ambitious and I had to turn my beauty and talents into cash to support the whole family." While admitting that Mrs. Shelby has been something of a driver, many people now feel more than a little sympathy for her, deserted during a serious illness by her daughter, who insisted upon washing the family linen in the public press.

The worst breed of movie mother is the proud parent of an infant prodigy. I have met only about three thousand two hundred and ninety-seven of them—but then I've been out here only three years. They storm the studios by the hundreds, with their young hopefuls in tow, all brushed and spruced up—both, but the kids more so—to win some director's eye. Each, of course, thinks her own the world's greatest genius and Jackie Coogan but a flash in the pan; she rattles off her litany on the slightest provocation. Once her youngster is engaged for a scene, she plants herself on the side lines and proceeds to direct it, making scathing and rude comments on the other children's lack of talent.

It was this factor that caused Mickey Neilan, upon the completion of "Penrod," in which a number of youngsters appeared, to remark, "And to think I could have made an animal picture instead!" The kiddies weren't so much bother, as most of them were pretty good little sports and obeyed as well as could be expected of children, once they understood; but, oh, their mammas! said Mickey as he tore off the set.

A few of the youngsters are fortunate in having selected the right sort of mothers. Mrs. Coogan never interferes with Jackie's work, wisely devoting her time to supervising his health and welfare, meals, clothes, playtime.

Mrs. Guerin, mother of small Bruce, must accompany him to the studio because his father is busy supporting the family by working for another film concern. Sitting quietly at the side, never bothering the director, reprimanding Bruce when necessary—which, as is the case with most four-year-olds, and Bruce being no exception, happens quite regularly—Mrs. Guerin is one of the few mothers of young children whom the directors don't mind having around.

Colleen Moore's mother is one who is pointed out by directors as "what every young player ought to have." She never interferes with Colleen's business affairs but leaves them to her managers and lawyers; she never goes to the studio where Colleen is working unless she is invited. She leads a very active life, making her friends outside the motion-picture industry and bringing Colleen that most valuable aid—an outsider's point of view. She never obtrudes—but she is always there when wanted.

Another praiseworthy movie mother is Phyllis Daniels —mother of Bebe. She knows the ins and outs of the business, having been in charge of the publicity for the Hal Roach comedies long before Bebe became Harold Lloyd's leading woman. And she has a sense of humor that saves even the most difficult situation. Bebe's head is not likely to be turned even by the most extravagant admiration, so long as her mother is there to guide her.

A mother—the right kind—does indeed come in handy, to look after the multitudinous details back of building up a career. There are a thousand and one details to be looked after, all a part of making one's self known to the public and furthering one's interests here on the most contested battle ground in the world. And to the mother who is content to form but a background to her busy daughter's life, on a sort of pal and business-manager arrangement, many a girl now forging ahead in the films owes her success.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln

THE screen version of the life of Lincoln, which is soon to be released, is said to be a distinct departure from the usual type of picture.







It is the story of Lincoln's life, told simply, without theatrical tricks or a manufactured "story." Such a picture should have a wide appeal, and those who have seen it say that, despite its form, it has much more real drama and interest than many of our pictures based on fictional stories and plays.

It has taken two years to prepare and to make this picture. Five months were spent in research in Washington, and two months in Illinois, where not only historical records were gone over, but persons who had known Lincoln were found and consulted.

George A. Billings, who plays the part of *Lincoln*, in all but the episodes of Lincoln's boyhood, is appearing for the first time in his life as an actor.

He was chosen for his striking resemblance to the former president, and because of his deep interest in and knowledge of Lincoln's life.

Boy, the Crystal!

Well-nigh impossible though it is to read film futures, it's fun. The undersigned seer suggests that you keep your eye on Jane Thomas.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

IN no field of human endeavor is prophecy more precarious than in pictures. Whoever dons the toga to ride the pulpit with a brochure on futures is inviting a fall.

You may come upon an actress of talent doing a tiny part in an obscure picture, and predict things. She may be signed forthwith by a reputable company for further tests. She may really be good. But if she is placed under the wrong director or lighted by an incompetent camera man or swamped by a soggy scenario or edited by a clumsy cutter, you may see your forecast go blooey.

A prep school track man can become an intercollegiate star simply by running faster than the other fellow.

An ingenious chemist can project himself onto the front page sheerly through his own inventive efforts.

A bona fide coloratura may be spotted after her first aria.

But the future of a young actress is in the lap of the gods, the proprietors, you will recall, of the mills that grind slowly but grind exceeding small. . . . The young actress may have the equipment of a Pickford, the range of a Talmadge, the technique of a Gish, but until she is seen in the right part under the right director her light will remain hidden. One realizes just how important a part direction plays when one sees an actress turn in a flashing performance under one man, only to glitter with all the brilliance of a wet blanket in succeeding efforts under strange megaphones. Who would believe that the La Marr of "Poor Men's Wives" was the gleaming, pivotal figure of "Trifling Women?" Who would suspect that the Billie Burke of the dreary Paramount program of a year or two ago had once glittered delightfully in Ince's whimsical "Peggy?" Who, after seeing Bert Lytell in well-directed pictures, would recognize his talent as exploited in "Rupert of Hentzau?"

And direction is only one factor!

There is no room for argument: to foretell the future of a picture pretty is to run counter to common sense.

Yet nonchalantly enough, let us have the boy roll in the crystal globe, whereupon a little plain and fancy crystal gazing will be in order.

The first time she swam into my ken I was talking to Antonio Moreno over at the chalky mosques of Lasky on Long Island. We were seated on the southern exposure of a Sphinx, when a willowy figure undulated by, a fascinating creature with all the grace of a "Follies" girl in good standing. I stopped dead in the middle of a sentence.

"A pip, isn't she!" said Tony. "Everybody in the studio stopped work when she appeared in an Annette for some beach stuff."

The pip's name, he told me, was Jane Thomas. Then, before I could meet her, Glenn Hunter put in an unexpected appearance, and, as the matinée idol of Broadway and Paramount star-to-be, Glenn was more important than Jane. Business came before pleasure. The lovely Thomas was seen no more that day.

Passed, as the flossier titles say, a month or two. Came a day when, at the shore on pleasure bent, I saw a pretentious "Movie Ball" advertised on one of the gaudier piers—a "Ball" boasting no less than twenty stars. Then I read the list. Another one of those things . . . serial heroes . . . fading Floras dying hard . . . passé vamps . . . budding Negris . . . then my eye caught the name of Jane Thomas. Stardom, it seemed, had come upon her rapidly. This warranted investigation.

Drawing by Hap Hadley

That night—to coin a phrase—elbowing my way through hordes of Atlantic citizens and Kansas citizens and native Peorians, out on the gaily decked pier, I found Miss Thomas, under the care of a chaperone or two, a movie actor, and three committee men with big yellow badges.

Would she tell me the story of her life while the surf murmured encouragement? She would. So we left the garish lights, the jazz-mad orchestra, the demon announcer, and the slippery floor with its slickers and flappers, to seek a quieter place out in the great open spaces near the end of the pier.

When Gloria Swanson was one of the Chicago girls who applied daily at the casting windows of Essanay and Wallace Beery played low-comedy housemaids, when Dick Travers was the leading man of the day and Francis X. Bushman uncrowned king of the capering chromos, Jane Thomas was entering upon a colorful cinematic career.

As an art student in a seminary near Chicago she drifted into the Essanay studio for week-end bits. Directors found her useful. Her ankles doubled for Beverly Bayne's. Her hands doubled for Gerda Holmes'. Whenever a letter was held before the camera, Jane Thomas held it. Technically, she read hundreds of letters for the camera men. But because she had had no trouping and, like Gloria Swanson and Agnes Ayres, lacked training, parts were never hers to call her own. Her hands appeared in George Ade comedies and ripe melodramas, her feet graced many a scene, but not until she came East did she do real parts employing her *tout ensemble,* as it were.

"I might have been an artist, I suppose. I thought that I wanted to. But I love pretty clothes and solid comfort. I tried art in New York, and found that it didn't go so well. Sometimes there were only two meals a day. So I gave up art for the movies."

Where before only various decorative portions of her anatomy had served as doubles, now she doubled *in toto* for Audrey Munson. The once famous artist's model had been signed to do an idyllic little thing called "Heedless Moths." Audrey Was Heart Interest, Yellow-journal Feature Stuff, and Box-office Belle Extraordinary at that time. So when it was discovered that she was totally incapable of doing acceptable work before the camera, the impresarios, loath to part with the valuable "name" they had signed, said to themselves, "We'll use Munson for a few posing scenes some distance from the camera, and hire a double for her throughout the rest of the picture." This they did. Jane Thomas was the girl.

To the very last scene she was known about the studio as Miss Munson, and every one save the producers thought that she was the model. The posing scenes were shot late at night. When the picture was shown the world supposed it was seeing Audrey act. As a matter of fact it was looking at Jane Thomas.

That proved to be her stepping-stone from bits to rôles. During the next two years she acquired a unique if not altogether enviable list of engagements. She supported a snowstorm in "The North Wind's Malice," a cloudbust in "The Town That Forgot God," a police dog in "True Hearts," and John Lowell in "The Face on the (really!) Barroom Floor." Thus she made up for her lack of experience. She accepted all kinds of parts, and played them unfailingly to the best of her ability.

Next to the rain in the Fox fillum, Jane had the most important rôle. D. W. Griffith went to see the storm scene in "The Town That Forgot God," and remained to admire the Thomas performance. The result was a minor rôle for her in "The White Rose." More, said D. W., was to follow, but Jane couldn't wait. An independent producer used her in "The Shop Girl's Romance," Paramount engaged her to support the Daniels-Moreno team in "The Exciters," and she continued to leap from studio to studio as fast as the casting offices could reach her.

Then another independent producer saw her, and saw in her a star.

It was at Atlantic City, at the "Movie Ball," that she was being introduced as a star-to-be.

She is slender and sleek-haired, and tall enough. Her hands are long and tapering, her eyes big without being naïve. She has worked so hard that relaxation didn't seem to bore her. She was actually enjoying the blare of the "Ball," with its committee men hiding behind yellow badges, its obvious parade of publicity, its leather-lunged announcers behind blue megaphones, and its stage-struck local audience, gaping, staring and straining to glimpse the pseudo stellas and rococo rodolphs.

Despite the fact that she has been trouping steadily for more than two years, trouping has not left its mark. She didn't look "professional." In the welter of rouge and mascara and bandoline and obvious perfume she stood out in modest relief. She was simply dressed in a severe black evening gown. She possesses that self-sufficient type of beauty that does not require a setting.

"I feel guilty," she said, "sailing under false colors. Just now I was introduced to the multitude as a star. I'm not, of course. But I have a wonderful contract, and I leave for Hollywood next month."

She was scheduled to make three pictures of distinctly commercial flavor, then perhaps the colorful "Mecca."

"I want my first pictures to make enough money to permit me to make some that won't."

But something happened to her company—as things have a way of happening in the unstable movie business—and before ever making a star picture Jane was back among the New York City free-lance ranks. Whitman Bennett engaged her to play opposite Henry Hull in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster."

She would be ideal for *Dona Rita* in Conrad's "Arrow of Gold." Maeterlinck's *Monna Vanna* would suit her to perfection. Among more recent rôles that were fairly written for Jane Thomas one might name *La Clavel* in "The Bright Shawl" and the fascinating *Campaspe* of Van Vechten's "Blind Bow Boy."

No more fetching type has graced the screen in years. She is an American who looks like an Italian and photographs like a million. Here is a slimmer, subtler Naldi; a more attractive version of the exotic Alma Rubens, dark and smooth and poised.

She has an aristocratic profile and a democratic outlook on life.

Thus far she has not burned up any celluloid with her acting, but thus far she has appeared opposite dogs, blizzards, barrooms, and, to be sure, as the heroine of that super-de-luxe special feature, "Lost in a Big City." Jane has been going through the labyrinthine halls of experience; she has been doing the thankless chores of apprenticeship.

Perhaps in spite of the debacle of her own company she will get a chance to appear in pictures exploiting her personality. And unlike many stars, she has the personality to exploit, which will help. How potently her appeal will be projected upon the two-dimension stage only time will tell. How wisely her talents are employed remains to be seen.

Prophets are without honor in their own countries and in movie magazines, but, after looking thoughtfully into the crystal, this futurist is willing to sneak an opinion into the records.

With the glamorous beauty of a Swanson and the simple sincerity of a Joy, Jane Thomas will be heard from, soon or later.

UNCLE ABNER'S CRITICISM

The sight of them villains, it bores me to tears,
While the gal and her feller are hounded for years.

I can't understand (and I say it with vim),
If he's pining for her and she's dying for him;
If his heart's all in shreds and her heart's all in tatters,
I can't understand the *deelay* in sich matters.

I'd jump on them villains, by golly, and kill 'em,
And grab off the gal in the first foot of fillum!



Photo by Woodbury

Among the most promising of the featured players is Bessie Love.

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nificent Barrymore, who will be magnificent indeed in "Beau Brummel." His appearance in this picturesque period romance may signify a more active participation by him in the bigger type of screen drama. I look to see him return before the end of the year to make some metaphysical spectacle like "Faust," for Ernst Lubitsch, I know, sooner or later will want to do this.

Laurette Taylor, whose "Peg o' My Heart" was the source of much delight, is among those who will add to the season's divertisements. She has proved that youth has nothing to do with the case. She is rare old wine, and should worry. At present she is busy on the delicately charming story of "Happiness," and will follow this with "A Night in Rome." It is almost equally certain that Lenore Ulric will do "Kiki," her stage hit, probably during the summer. Here is a nifty tidbit, pepful and peppery, if they don't worry too much about the censors.

For well-seasoned performances, George Arliss is safely placed in the estimation of many. I credit him with superexcellence in "The Green Goddess," and feel that he can afford to make more than one or two hors-d'œuvres annually, while Holbrook Blinn is another real character artist and is likely to afford plenty of kick in either featured rôles or as a star of sterling merit.

Rod La Rocque is expected to shake off the inertia of being background for Mae Murray when he appears in a strong dramatic rôle in "The Ten Commandments."



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

Richard Barthelmess gave Dorothy Mackaill a chance almost equal to his in "The Fighting Blade" and paved the way for big opportunities for her.

Carmel Myers suddenly grew up and began playing sirens and now she gives promise of being one of the most interesting players on the screen.



For the Hollywood group, it is difficult to say so much. Except for the twinkling Mae Murray, the fighting Tom Mix, the gracile Constance Talmadge and a few perennially popular, some are hardly holding their own. William S. Hart might be numbered among the effulgent, only his comeback partakes more of the new production-first régime. Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri and Thomas Meighan, the Famous Players-Lasky triumvirate, have been struggling along through the mire of atrocious plays.

Miss Negri only slightly redeemed herself in "The Spanish Dancer," and the best thing in the future for her is "Madame Sans Gene." I look for the restoring of her reputation, however, when Famous releases "Montmartre" some time next summer. This is one of the finest of the Lubitsch-made pictures. Done just before Pola came to America, it is the only opus that I have seen that in any way compares with "A Woman of Paris" for the skill in treatment. Here is an example of the real "art that conceals art."

The truly promising among the featured players include Leatrice Joy, Florence Vidor, Marie Prevost, Mae Busch, Carmel Myers, Corinne Griffith, Glenn Hunter, Dorothy Mackaill, Bessie Love, Richard Dix, Joseph Schildkraut, Rod La Rocque, May McAvoy, Adolphe Menjou, Percy Marmont, Monte Blue, Ernest Torrence, Virginia Valli and Mary Philbin. I have not attempted to name these in the order of their priority, but all of them are gaining through their newer performances. Much improvement in their status may be expected from Miss Joy, Mr. La Roque and Mr. Dix, for instance, through "The Ten Commandments." Florence Vidor, Mr. Menjou (of "Woman of Paris" fame) and Mr. Blue are destined for big artistic advances via "The Marriage Circle." "Name the Man," Victor Seastrom's film, looks golden for everybody in the cast, but chiefly Miss Busch. It will also add something to the importance of the idyllic Conrad Nagel, as will "Three Weeks," which will bring Aileen Pringle into the spotlight. Mr. Marmont is so fortunate as to have played a fairly sympathetic rôle in "The Light that Failed," rather conventionally produced, right on the heels of his poignant characterization of *Mark Sabre* in

"If Winter Comes." He is probably one of our finest actors. "West of the Water Tower" should mean much for Mr. Hunter, Mr. Torrence and Miss McAvoy; "The Lady of Quality" and "Wild Oranges" for the lambent charm of Virginia Valli, and "Morality," adapted from "My Mamie Rose," for the sympathetic quaintness of Mary Philbin. Miss Griffith has crossed the threshold of stardom again, thanks to the interesting impression lately in the sultry "Common Law" and "Black Oxen," not to speak of the idiotic "Six Days." Miss Griffith, in fact, looks like the new queen of "pash."

In addition to this, one may name among those—mostly newcomers—who are likely to grow in favor, Mary Astor, Laura La Plante, Ethel Shannon, Jetta Goudal, Clara Bow, Renée Adoree, Raymond Griffith, Edward Horton, Jean Hersholt—a villain—Ronald Colman, Alfred Lunt, Lucille Ricksen, Julanne Johnston and Evelyn Brent. Some others are pretty well set on the strength of recent performances, like Lloyd Hughes, Patsy Ruth Miller, Pat O'Malley, Pauline Starke, Lila Lee and Reginald Denny.

The year was really a test for acting, and the following names are prominent among those favorites who have proved their ability to wait and do it well: Conway Tearle, Carmel Myers, Bessie Love, Anna Q. Nilsson, Lew Cody, Irene Rich, Myrtle Stedman, Huntley Gordon, Louise Fazenda, ZaSu Pitts and Norman Kerry. Gibson Gowland, Cesare Gravina, Dale Fuller and little Anne Cornwall are others that are likely to progress.

I hardly know what to say about such notorious heavies as Lon Chaney and Wallace Beery, to whom might also be added Mr. Torrence, for he is of somewhat the same type. They all have a tremendous following, quickly gained, and Torrence, who will probably soon be in the lead, is to be starred by Lasky's in "The Mountebank," while Beery has "Richard the Lion-hearted" to his credit, and Chaney "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," in which he achieved another technical *tour de force*. All character actors like these, who depend to an extent on tricks and disguises, soon settle into a certain rut from which they can hardly be dislodged. They stay put nicely and creditably, too, as far as the public is concerned. Chaney has probably been the most uniformly successful in the past, but he could stop somewhere short of a plaster cast as well as public torture to get his effects.

Leading women who have shown comparatively little progress, just lately, but who still retain an auspicious place at the table, are Colleen Moore—she has been busy getting married—Claire Windsor, Agnes Ayres, Enid Bennett, Bebe Daniels, Mabel Ballin—who is also rated as a star—Lois Wilson, Betty Compson, Marguerite de la Motte, possibly, and Jane Novak. Leading men include Jack Holt, Lewis Stone, Harrison Ford, Elliott Dexter, James Kirkwood, John Bowers and possibly Bryant Washburn, Kenneth Harlan and a few others. The fate of the following is to my way of thinking problematical just now: Frank Mayo, Tom Moore, Owen Moore, Harry Carey, Earle Williams, Madge Bellamy, Jack Pickford, Cullen Landis, Helene Chadwick and Gareth Hughes.



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

"Three Weeks" will bring Aileen Pringle into the spotlight.

Richard Dix is expected to fulfill his early promise in "The Ten Commandments."



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes



Photo by John Ellis

Florence Vidor and Marie Prevost are destined for big artistic advances under Ernst Lubitsch's direction in "The Marriage Circle."

Photo by John Ellis

Better things are perhaps in sight for Estelle Taylor, who enjoyed the distinction of appearing as *Miriam* in "The Ten Commandments." Theodore Roberts may impress, too, as *Moses* in the same picture. Lillian Langdon is a character actress who is gaining. Tully Marshall will probably continue to do a large variety of rôles expeditiously and well. Sam de Grasse is always finished in his portrayals. John Gilbert may some time find himself in satire. Matt Moore is rising in light comedy. Harry Myers has added a little to his reputation. Hobart Bosworth, William V. Mong, Noah Beery,

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Through Friendly Eyes

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the people the kind of entertainment he believed they would pay large sums to see.

He made "Old Wives for New," "We Can't Have Everything;" then a war picture, "Till I Come Back to You." For some reason he next remade "The Squaw Man," which had small success, but all the losses were more than made up by the bathroom dramas, "Don't Change Your Husband," "For Better, For Worse," "Male and Female," and "Why Change Your Wife?"

Again he tried to get away from the gowns and the plumbing with "Something to Think About," which was his last attempt to be "deep." As fast as he could shoot them he gave the waiting public "Forbidden Fruit," "The Affairs of Anatol," "Fool's Paradise," "Saturday Night," "Manslaughter," "Adam's Rib," and now "The Ten Commandments."

Although De Mille holds the title of "director general," he has nothing to do with other Paramount productions. He has a unit all his own and he pays no attention to the other pictures.

His office in the Lasky studio is typical of the man. It is the largest office in the studio. Until recently it was more than twice the size of Jesse L. Lasky's office, but recently Mr. Lasky built for himself an office that is just as long as De Mille's but not quite so wide.

De Mille's office looks like the living room of a luxurious mountain cabin as portrayed in the movies. It is decorated with hunting trophies, guns, queer jewels, curios, and antiques. When you call upon him you sit in the softest, most luxurious leather upholstered chair in the room and he gives the impression that you are a guest and he a host.

He is not a difficult man to see if you are on business bent. He will listen to any one who might have an idea worth trying. Before he completed the scenario for "The Ten Commandments" more than fifteen great authors and several great preachers of different denominations sat in that luxurious chair, invited by De Mille, and told him what they thought he ought to make out of the story. They were well paid for their advice, whether it was accepted or not. De Mille never asks something for nothing.

"The Ten Commandments" was chosen as a subject for his picture after a contest in which one thousand dollars was to be given to the person who offered the best idea. Nine named "The Ten Commandments" either directly or indirectly, and each received one thousand dollars.

De Mille always wants to know what other people think. He reads all the criticisms he can get on his own work from the reviews of highbrow critics to the box-office reports of the lowliest theater. He likes to talk to critics, especially those who disagree with him, and they usually leave him with their minds changed as to the De Mille philosophy of life.

Few persons have ever heard De Mille make a speech. He avoids public appearances, yet he is a magnetic orator.

Before he starts production he always has a reading of his story for the cast and the entire staff. I heard him tell the story of "Adam's Rib" at the reading and I left his office certain that here was going to be his greatest production. Every person who sat in the room agreed with me. It was an example of how the human voice, perhaps, can be more dramatic than pantomime.

It is his ability to persuade that turns his advisors into merely agreeable "yessers." I believe he likes people to disagree with him but he ruins their value to him by the joy he gets out of winning an argument.

Ban Johnson, I believe it was, once made a classic remark—"Take nothing for granted in baseball." De Mille takes nothing for granted in making motion pictures. He recognizes no one as a final authority and he never admits he is wrong until he has proved it himself.

Probably no man in motion pictures has been wrong as many times as "C. B." But no man ever has been right as many times. His percentage is very high. His mistakes are made because he is always trying something new. For two years he has had a costly color expert working in an expensive color laboratory trying to prove that the experts were wrong in saying that color had no place in a feature picture—that it was only a stunt.

He used color in two sequences in "Adam's Rib" and I understand he has a great deal of color in "The Ten Commandments." This time he is right.

One mistake was his idea that he might develop scenario writers. Several years ago he gathered ten or a dozen young women writers, mostly from newspapers throughout the country, and brought them to Hollywood. He paid them a small salary and let them sit on his sets and observe his work, hoping that out of the dozen might develop one with the talent necessary to write good motion pictures.

This body was known around the studio as "the whispering chorus" for so impressed were they by De Mille that all they did was to sit around and tell each other how grand he was. When none of them turned out to be anything worth while, he let them all go.

No one is quicker to recognize his mistake than he. In the cast of one of his productions was a girl who had had some success on the stage but who was inexperienced in pictures. One De Mille rule is that his actors must speak their lines in whispers. "Noise doesn't photograph," he says, and he wants to see his actors, not hear them.

This girl had difficulty in remembering the silence rule and finally De Mille lost his temper and reprimanded her with caustic comment. She went weeping from the set and he realized that he had made a mistake. He had tried to handle her as McGraw handles baseball players.

When she returned he called everybody else on the set. He did not take her to one side and whisper the apology. In as loud a voice as he had used for the reprimand, he said, "I was wrong, Miss ——. I apologize. I lost my temper, which is a bad thing to do."

Mr. and Mrs. De Mille love children and have one of their own and three that have been adopted, yet De Mille doesn't like to direct children and seldom uses them in his pictures. However, his direction of Wesley Barry in "Male and Female" and Ben Alexander, I believe it was, in "Till I Come Back to You," was excellent.

No human being, you probably are saying to yourself, can be as great as all this. There must be something the matter with De Mille.

It is easy to pick out the great things about a big man and difficult to say where he is wrong, for after all he knows more about his business than any critic.

I would not set myself up as an expert to tell "C. B." how he could have made twenty million dollars instead of ten, but nobody can stop me from giving my general impression. I know that if I told him what my impression was, it would take only five minutes of his argument to show me where I was wrong.

But a cold, calm analysis of the man, a diligent search for a weakness that all general observers say must be there, leads me to guess that the quality he lacks is humor. Don't think I mean that he lacks a sense of humor. He laughs heartiest at jokes on himself. I remember how he chuckled over a line by Robert E. Sherwood in *Life* which stated that "Cecil B. De Mille had ordered forty camels, sixty chariots and three

Continued on page 107

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Avenue, wearing a duplicate of this coat, I'd not only never wear it again but would go to bed in rage and sickness until I got over the shock."

For the sake of accuracy let me say that the coat was not part of her picture costume but was slipped on for the journey home.

Let it also be said in Miss Swanson's favor that when she confessed her love for luxury and clothes it was with no intimation that she had enjoyed them always. There was no intention to impress me at all, either with her symbols of success or aught else. Later, she spoke of hard times in her early days, brought about not by lack of work but because of her determination to lift herself out of comedies at a time when no producer would consider her services except in them.

She emphasized the fact that she never had been a bathing beauty as the films know these nymphs. "I never wore a one-piece bathing suit in my life," she went on in utmost seriousness, "and the only bathing costume I wore at all in those early pictures was a conventional lady's suit, once. It doesn't matter one way or the other, but it does seem as if people who should know all about pictures might get that detail straight."

From this you will gather that the off-stage Gloria is minus the affectations she is sometimes taxed with before the camera. Indeed, her simplicity and graciousness were so oddly at variance with my preconceived notion of what she would be, that it is difficult to reconcile both extremes now. Even granting the stellar best behavior to visitors, I think it fair to give Miss Swanson the *cachet* of having a heart.

Yet tales of temperamental tantrums—of qualities no hint of which could ever reach the most astute interviewer—leak out, as they do about all celebrities. I have no doubt that she might seek to gain a point by any means she thought effective. She is wise in the ways of the studios, for she has spent years in them, and any star will tell you there are a hundred ways you must cope with the exactions of the natural enemy, meaning, of course, one's employer.

But in the ordinary surroundings of the studio she remained a hostess, as considerate as a Main Street matron—more so, perhaps, than some. She knew how to put a stranger at his ease, to sustain conversation, to inform. Not for a moment was she formal; never was she the personage on whom one might gaze and be inspired thereby, but a clever, resourceful woman, part of whose job it was to offer something of interest aside from her actual work. And this, as I said before, in a state of weariness.

It is not a martyr's crown I would hand Miss Swanson because, though tired, she was polite. But our ladies of the lens are interesting because a gulf lies between them and the laity—and they're on the far side of it. They are different. And you never are sure how different they're going to be, even when you know them well enough to be ready for anything. . . . I repeat Miss Swanson's graciousness made a hit with me. She became not at all different from the best of us.

What I have written has bearing on Gloria Swanson, the actress; her personality as it is projected on the silversheet, her singular career, and her unique appeal.

For she is unlike any one else. She has achieved a peculiarity of technique. Furthermore, she maintains her luster while other stars dwindle and dim, and studios close upon them. There is a reason for this, the most direct that a producer ever knows: Gloria's pictures sell.

The discussion she creates, the hotly partisan letters the fans write are faint echoes of her effect upon the vital figures of profit and loss.

The personality we have come to call by her name has had more, of course, to do with her success than her acting or the stories in which she has appeared. But do not forget that she was a delectable figure in those early days when, as she says, she played in "light" Sennetts—as contrasted with those featuring heavy pastry—with Bobby Vernon.

And when at last she got her chance in serious work at the time Triangle was entering upon its drear last days, this magazine's critic predicted that one day she would be a star because she had individuality and could act.

That individuality was later stamped upon her, enhanced, gilded, and polished by Cecil De Mille, his costumers, his hairdressers, his scenarist in "Don't Change Your Husband." Gloria Swanson emerged as something we had never known before—on or off the screen. It was the turning point. She is grateful for it, she tells me, because she realizes that another circumstance might have cast her into a less fortunate orbit.

Instead, she brought down upon herself ridicule for her artificiality from the exacting, and at the same time set into motion clubs of Gloria Swanson admirers all over the country. All has increased with time. Those who couldn't abide the lady in her first De Mille are equally set against her meritorious work as *Zaza*, while those who discovered how wonderful she was years ago are even more enthusiastic to-day.

It is loyalty to her allure, I think, her fascination. Investigation of the state of mind which actuates a screen crush indicates that the peculiar form of enthusiasm does not enter into the fans' regard for Gloria Swanson.

Sentimentality plays a big part in what they say and write and feel about other stars, but it is not so with their Gloria. They love the way she dresses and the surprises she achieves with her hair, all of which enters into their estimate of her as an actress. And in expressing themselves about her they mention these merits, but never go to the saccharine limit of endearments such as are lavished on others. In short, she usually is termed "wonderful," but rarely "sweet."

She is gorgeous, glittering, remote.

To them she incarnates the rococo ideal of the great actress whose life is all curtain calls and red roses. With allowances made for the fact that there are no curtain calls in the routine of studio work.

She has taken the place of all the stock company favorites who were idolized before the coming of pictures, and whose adorers crowded the stage entrance to get a glimpse of their idol in the hope that she wasn't really a human being after all.

If Miss Swanson had been presented as a star some ten years ago when the only heroines to be seen were inhuman, doll-like adolescents smothered in curls, it is incredible to think she would have been accepted at all.

But she is distinctly an embodiment of the popular modern feminine mind (she is largely a favorite with women and girls) because she represents sophistication combined with freedom and extravagance and success with men.

And because her career has been one of steady effort, of striving to keep the place she won so suddenly, she further typifies the girl of to-day, communicating to her followers that she is a good business woman, quite capable of looking out for herself.

To arrive at anything like a critical estimate of her as an actress it seems to me that her determination to be one is a large factor, and should go to her credit.

For, in my opinion, Miss Swanson has never burned, and is not now burning, with any inner ember of histrionism that must leap into flame to keep her alive. She is possessed

Continued on page 110



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Among Those Present

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that would answer to a name like that's got no respect for a person's time at all. Had to, or else they'd shoot me clean out of focus.

"An' to-morrow I'm goin' to play polo with Jack Holt. The missus says I gotta wear them white pajama pants. An' one day a grand op'ry star come out to see me, but I heard about it first an'—an' had to work awful hard that day. Dunno whether she wanted to be a comedy queen or whether she planned to make me an op'ry warbler, but I wasn't takin' chances either way.

"One thing I don't have to go to though—the banquet Pola Negri is givin' for the Polish Army—by the way, who is he? Only actors are invited, an' prob'ly the mayor. Our mayor's a mighty fine news-reel actor, a nice feller too, an' has a busy life, what with dispatchin' an' welcomin' home movie stars. Wonder what the mayors of Boston and St. Louis do to kill time durin' their hours of office?

"Times come when I'm glad I'm not an actor," Rogers rambled on, surveying the delicacies laid out for consideration in the Roach cafeteria. "Feedin' time's one. Actors, now, have to diet. Say, the waitress that thinks up these signs in here oughta be a subtitle writer. Lookit that, 'Vegetables changed daily.' Guess the meat wears better, but gosh it's nice to know they use new green stuff every day.

"Say somethin' you can use in an interview? Gosh, I knew there was a catch to this. Who's my favorite star? Well now, that's easy. Farina there, the little pickaninny, has got Valentino skinned forty ways, rolls those 'witchin' eyes, says 'Hot dog!' an' gets anything on the lot. I'm aimin' to get Farina to teach me how to be an actor."

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 47

Pauline has an army of suitors. And speaking of marriages, of course you have heard that Alma Rubens and Daniel Carson Goodman were married last August. They were married up in Greenwich by a justice of the peace, the same one that married Dorothy Gish and James Rennie, I think. And Hope Hampton married Jules Brulatour last summer! I guess that surprised you. Mr. Brulatour is said to have simply oceans of money—six million, or maybe it is sixty. He always thought Hope's pictures were interesting even when hardly any one else did. He formed the company that made them.

"They hadn't intended to announce their marriage and they didn't expect it to be found out because they were married down in Baltimore and she gave the name of Mary Hampton. But the clerk who issued the license to them saw 'The Gold Diggers' and recognized her."

"Well, I suppose next we will hear of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., eloping. These successful stars all do it."

"Give him a few years yet," Fanny granted idly. "Though he did get his mother to take him backstage to meet Dorothy Stone. She is only seventeen, you know, and is playing with her father, Fred Stone, in musical comedy."

"What about Rodolph Valentino? He's back, isn't he?" I prodded Fanny on determined to hear the latest news about every one.

"Yes." Fanny's tone was sepulchral. "He had to see that foolish beauty contest through that he started last year. The eighty-eight winners came from all over the country so that Rodolph could pick the winner. The beauty meet was held at Madison Square Garden where they hold the big prize fights. And you should have seen those girls! If they were the winning beauties what could the others have looked like? The board of judges eliminated down to five girls and then Rodolph was supposed to pick the winner, but tactfully he refused.

"Norma Niblock from Toronto, a fifteen-year-old girl with long, dark curls was voted the winner. Several of the others got jobs in musical shows here.

"Valentino made a little speech in which he said that that was his latest public appearance until he next appeared on the screen. I'm in favor of it. I don't fancy him in the rôle of *Paris* awarding the golden apple."

"Have you seen Tom Moore on the stage?" Of course, I was sure she had—Fanny somehow finds time to go everywhere and see everything.

"Not the first night," Fanny admitted sorrowfully. "That was the night Alma's picture opened so of course I went there. But I saw the play a week or so later, just before it died. Tom Moore is simply great on the stage but the play wasn't so good. By the way, do you remember Helen Kyle? I didn't think you would. Well, she was that continuity clerk over at the Paramount studio who played *Intoxication* in 'Experience.' It seems she never was satisfied to go back to routine work after that so she is still acting in pictures. She has quite a part in 'The Warrens of Virginia,' and oh, she is pretty! Elmer Clifton has the prettiest girls in that you ever saw. Martha Mansfield, of course, and a little girl nine years old whose last name is Hill. When any one asks her who she is she draws up proudly and says, 'One of the Hills of Virginia.' He engaged another awfully pretty girl to play in it, but two months elapsed before he was ready for her and she had grown several inches taller and simply tons heavier in that time. Casting directors have a terrible time with these youngsters who shoot up so fast."

Fanny was so entranced with the sound of her own voice that she didn't even look up when Nita Naldi came in. Nita was looking very striking all in black and I couldn't help thinking of what a sensation she will cause when she goes out on her personal-appearance tour.

"Saw Lucy Fox the other day," Fanny was rambling on. "She is going West to play opposite Elliott Dexter in one picture and then she is going to be featured in some productions. And then who do you suppose is going to play opposite Elliott Dexter? Florence O'Denishawn, the dancer! He saw her in the 'Music Box Review' and was simply enchanted with her work. She is very much the same type as Julanne Johnston, Douglas Fairbanks' leading woman. And Gladys Frazin, who played in 'The Masked Woman' last year, has gone into movies. She is a stunning girl. She is playing in 'Let No Man Put Asunder.'

"And there is another newcomer who is the most interesting of all, little Flora le Breton from England. She is a big film favorite over there and she has come to America to seek her fortune. She is a little like Marguerite Clark, but her manner is so brisk and efficient that she reminds one a little of Ruth Roland. She is awfully young but she has won a dancing championship, played on the stage, made movies with Carpentier, and done all sorts of things. I hope she is successful.

"Movie magnates are so long on irony," I offered, "that it is likely that as soon as she signs with an American company they will send her to England to make the picture."

"Not that it matters who goes where," Fanny chuckled, "as long as Nita Naldi is with us. Excuse me darling, I'm going over to join her. I want to enlist her in my movement. I am offering a handsome reward to the first movie actor who doesn't vaseline his hair."



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Continued from page 93

Ralph Graves, George Nichols and a few others are plugging along, and sometimes doing a little bit better than that.

We may expect to hear of even better things from Barbara La Marr and Ramon Novarro, a romantic pair, than in the past, when they are seen together under the direction of Fred Niblo in "Thy Name Is Woman," and Antonio Moreno has shown a note of captivating humor in "The Spanish Dancer" — all *enchilada* plays and their players look rather zestful.

Nita Naldi is one of whom much statuesque sirening may yet be expected, while the day when somebody will discover the deeply concealed ability of George Walsh is, with "Ben-Hur," predicted to be at hand. Arthur Edmund Carew, who did *Svengali* in "Trilby," has another splendid chance as a sheiky Oriental in "Dust of Desire," with Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schildkraut, but then he is no Rodolph Valentino. Some newcomers like Warner Baxter, Vera Reynolds, Derelys Perdue, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Sigrid Holmquist may have something to offer, and that's not forgetting the juveniles like Master Coogan and Miss Montgomery, or the ever-youthful Creighton Hale and Jimmie Morrison. Phyllis Haver should have followed up her pathetic portrayal in "The Christian," and somebody ought to give Helen Ferguson a chance such as she had in "Hungry Hearts."

I could say a lot for the comedy stars, if I had the space, because I believe comedy is entering its heyday. Even the bathing girls are coming back. It is sufficient to mention that all the boys, like Lloyd, especially, Keaton, Ben Turpin, and maybe even Lloyd Hamilton, who took Al Jolson's place in "Mamma's Boy" and Larry Semon, are due to branch out, or have already done so. Edging into the spotlight just a little now is Lige Conley of the Hamilton-White group. And that's not overlooking delectable Mabel Normand, who is to be a merry *Cinderella* again in "Mary Anne." She is likely to fill the place that Miss Pickford is trying to relinquish as *hoi polloi* entertainer. A large question mark may be written opposite the names of others, but principally those stars like Elsie Ferguson, Alice Brady, Anita Stewart, Viola Dana, who though they have a real following, are in a ticklish stage of their careers. Priscilla Dean seems still to be a winner, and Hoot Gibson is hopping along.

Altogether it has been a tremendous screen year, and a city directory would hardly contain the names of those who have in some way to be considered. This is the turning point, though, and it will be much easier to select those with the big handicap twelve months hence. The market for new talent is very, very narrow, and the beauty-contest winners may as well stay at home this year. The conventional pretty face will not be worth the powder to whiten it for a test.

Producers in the larger studios are unanimous in asserting that this is an age of real specialization. The pictures are going to grow better rapidly—the big ones. They'll have their showings in many instances before audiences that are composed very largely of people who have not looked upon the flickering lights and shadows much in the past, and those who let the movie theaters go hang some years ago in their disgust at the cheap sort of trash that was being foisted on them.

Goldwyn studio, for one, is definitely committed to the policy of not producing anything that in their judgment has not a chance of having a big box-office appeal. "Each subject must be produced in the best possible manner in order to get the utmost entertainment value out of it," declared Abraham Lehr, vice-president. "In other words, if we were considering a subject on which we were in unanimous accord as to its entertainment value, and were convinced that to produce it adequately would involve a greater investment than we cared to make in such a subject we would drop the story rather than attempt a second-rate effort.

"Comparatively the pictures will have to be much better this year. Because the fans are getting constantly more picturewise, there must be progress. For example, the greatest success we have had in pictures, even during the last two seasons, will be considered old-fashioned according to the production standards of next season."

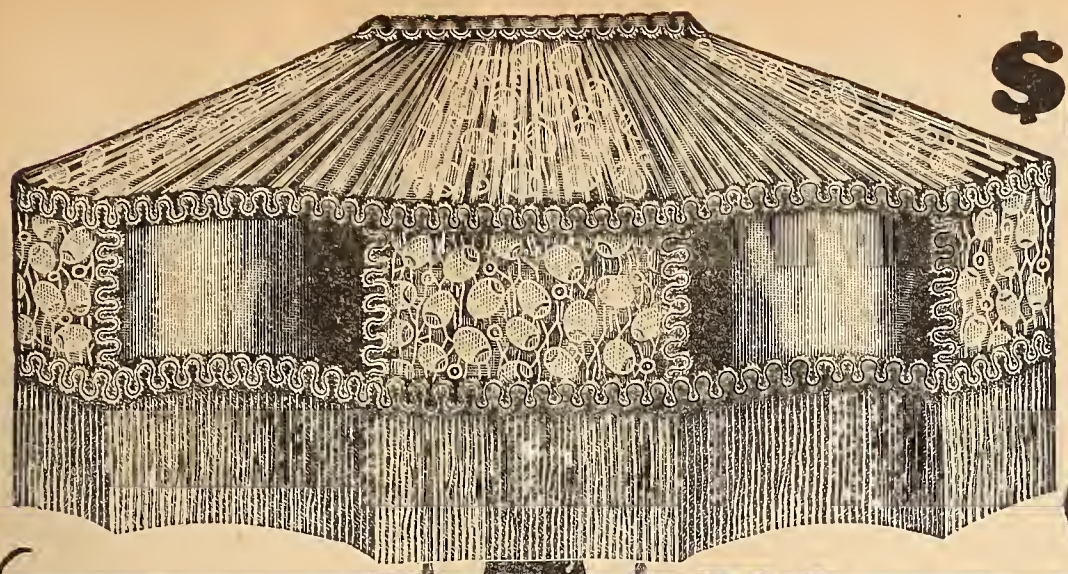
His opinion on this point was echoed in greater or less degree by Jesse L. Lasky, vice-president of Famous Players-Lasky, representatives of Universal and Warner Brothers and Metro and other leading concerns, either in official statement or in private conversation with me. Mr. Lasky felt that a particularly vital point was the tendency in admission costs, and considered that much depends on the reaction of the public to the new scaling of prices. "The industry is really going through a crisis, and we will feel the effect in a slump." This was told me shortly before Famous Players-Lasky put into effect a shutdown of activities last fall.

"Simply as a matter of variety," most producers contend there will be a smaller number of costume pictures this season than last, though they have no set policy on this or another score. The nature of the stories now set for release would, however, bear out this thought, and they show a strong leaning toward diversified offerings. Among the more important, beside those I have already mentioned, are "The Sea Hawk," by Rafael Sabatini, author of "Scaramouche," which Frank Lloyd is completing; "Torment," a Maurice Tourneur melodrama; "North of Thirty-six," a Cruze production, that is regarded as a valiant successor to "The Covered Wagon;" "Lilies of the Field," a rather sophisticated affair, to star Corinne Griffith; "The Arab," a somewhat sheikish opus, which Rex Ingram will make; "Secrets," crinoline flashes of Norma Talmadge, recalling her "Smilin' Through;" George Fitzmaurice's "Cytherea" feature; "Icebound," which William de Mille will film; "Triumph," a Cecil De Mille excursion into the live realms of the present; "The Woman on the Jury;" "Flowing Gold," written by that old reliable, Rex Beach; "The Swamp Angel," featuring Colleen Moore; a new comedy of "The Kid" genre in which Chaplin will appear; "The Lighter of Flames," William S. Hart's story of Patrick Henry; mayhap "Les Miserables;" "The Houseboat on the Styx," possibly; an ultra version of "Broadway after Dark," with Adolphe Menjou as a principal; "The Age of Innocence," by Edith Wharton; "The Mirage," "Romeo and Juliet," perhaps in two different versions starring Miss Talmadge and Miss Pickford, though the latter, I doubt; "Francesca da Rimini," and finally "Wine," "Cornered" and "Damned," which is possibly a logical sequence to close.

The tendency in settings will be toward simplicity, which many fans will no doubt relish. There has been altogether too much gingerbread on the screens this year. It is the excuse oftentimes for very callow proceedings behind the scenes.

The wiser picture fans will feel in many cases that the pictures haven't grown up at all, but that they are simply better dressed. This doesn't spell progress. It means that the mental attitude of the producers toward the public has not changed. For a majority of them their audiences are still children and yokels who are now delighted with gilt and trappings, where before they were hypnotized just by moving lights and shadows.

Continued on page 112



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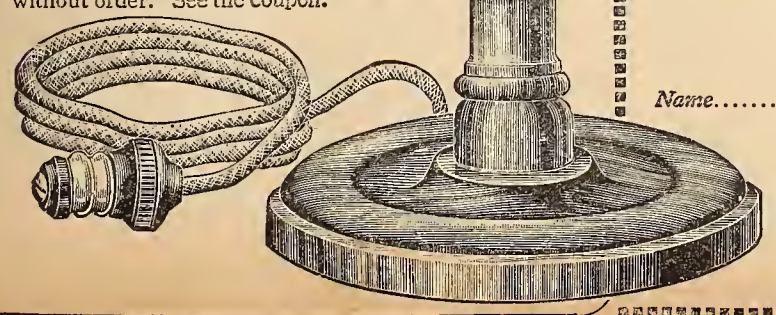
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THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

HISTORIAN.—At the time "The Birth of a Nation" was made none of the players who appeared in it could really be called famous, and for some it meant their first recognition. But every actor in that historical production later achieved fame in the movies. Elmer Clifton, Joseph Henabery, Donald Crisp, and Raoul Walsh all developed into first-rate directors. Elmer Clifton is now concentrating on Fox specials, Crisp and Henabery engineer Paramount productions, and Raoul Walsh has a fine directorial plum in the new Fairbanks film, "The Thief of Bagdad." Of the players that stuck to acting, Mary Alden and Josephine Crowell have gained honors as character women; Miss Alden now being featured in Metro pictures and Josephine Crowell having contributed as her latest characterization the small but powerful interpretation of *Catherine de Medici* in "Ashes of Vengeance." Among the heavy character actors that emerged from the Griffith masterpiece we have Spottiswoode Aitken, Ralph Lewis, Walter Long, and George Seigmann. Ralph Lewis will be noted in screen history as glorifying the mail men, the firemen, and other servants of the public, on which task he is still engaged. Walter Long is a prize villain who has developed a comedy gift. George Seigmann still attracts an extraordinary amount of hate to the rôles he plays, and seems to have reached the highest point in "Merry Go Round." Of the ingénues in "The Birth," Mae Marsh has had the most checkered career, having been starred unsatisfactorily, retired for a while, and then brought back under Griffith for "The White Rose." Now she is doing "Daddies" for Warner Brothers. Lillian Gish remained with Griffith, except for one or two pictures, until she was given her own starring unit with Inspiration. Miriam Cooper is doing featured rôles for Preferred, after starring for a time, and having her own company. And, of course, the *Little Colonel,* Henry Walthall, continues his characterizations for the screen, but recently took a turn at vaudeville. "Father and Son," a Booth Tarkington story which First National is making, will see him next. And, last, two of the most beloved personalities in the picture, Robert Harron and Wallace Reid, have died, but have left their imprint not only on the celluloid, but in the hearts of a large number of faithful fans who still cherish their memory, as I am constantly discovering from my mail.

SWIFTIE.—You *must* have felt like a twin soul to Gloria Swanson in "Prodigal Daughters." But I do hope you don't cut up, as Gloria did. Not many parents have the nerves—or the pocketbooks—to stand that kind of thing. Ethel Clayton left Famous Players-Lasky some time ago, then made a series of several pictures for F. B. O. At present, though, she doesn't seem to have any studio connection. Constance Wilson is Lois Wilson's sister. Constance started to follow in her sister's footsteps by playing a small part in "The Covered Wagon," and Walter Hiers' leading lady in one picture, but then she got married to a naval officer, and forsook the screen. Here is the cast for "The Remittance Woman:" *Marie Campbell,* Ethel Clayton; *George Holt,* Rockcliffe Fellowes; *Moses d'Acosta,* Mario Carillo; *Tsang Tse,* Frank Lanning; *Higginson,* Tom Wilson; *Lin Po-Yat,* Etta Lee; *Chuen Yu-Wen,* James B. Leong; *Anthony Campbell,* Edward Kimball.

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

JO.—You're a most efficient person, Jo. You certainly got a raft of questions into the "brief" note you allowed yourself. Well, let's see what we can do about them. Gloria Swanson is about twenty-eight. Betty Blythe weighs one hundred and forty pounds, and is five feet seven. Pauline Garon is five feet. Pauline's weight fluctuates quite a bit, as she is inclined toward embonpoint, but in her present slender state I should say that she is about a hundred and five pounds. Jacqueline Logan weighs one hundred and twenty pounds, and is five feet five. Yes, gray-blue eyes and blond hair sound very screenable, provided there's no yellow in the eyes. You know, there's a certain kind of gray or blue eye that doesn't photograph because of a tinge of yellow. However, it's impossible to tell absolutely how a person will film, as the camera does strange things sometimes, especially to eyes. So you'll never know how you'll look, Jo, until you see yourself on the screen, either more beautiful than you ever imagined yourself, or—no, I shan't say it. Better hold to the idea of beauty.

GINGER.—I simply can't resist any one who "begs me on bended knee to answer." I am too unused to such humility not to succumb to it. Marie Prevost was born in 1898, Bebe Daniels in 1901, Claire Windsor in 1897, Elinor Fair in 1903, Conrad Nagel in 1896. Since coming to this country Pola Negri has made "Bella Donna," "The Cheat," and "The Spanish Dancer," and is now engaged on "My Man." The concensus of opinion about Pola's work in America so far seems to be that she has forsaken her vivid, lifelike style of acting in order to appear more beautiful, or perhaps she's afraid of the censors.

EDITH ADELINE.—So you think I must be a "Miss" because of my sense of humor? I wonder how that strikes the masculine fans. You seem very enthused over your first glimpse of PICTURE-PLAY, and I hope you won't find reason to slump on it in the future. Sorry I can't help you out about that Dawson girl, but I have no record of such an actress. She may have changed her name or left the screen since you met her those years ago, or perhaps she is playing bits. You know, there are hundreds of players who work pretty regularly in pictures, either as extras or in tiny rôles, of whom we have no record. It is only when they begin to take parts and get mentioned in the casts that they are listed in the different directories.

HENRI.—"Robin Hood" has not been turned into a novel as yet, so far as I know, but it is not unlikely that it might be some time. A great many persons seem awfully anxious to get novelized versions of pictures as shown on the screen; even when the film has been taken from a novel or story they are not satisfied with the original because it is usually so entirely different from the screen production. Recently a publishing house, probably realizing this demand of movie fans, added a new department to their organization which will specialize in publishing original screen stories after they have been filmed. So if you keep your eye on the book market you are likely to find some of your most favorite screen plays coming out in novels that follow the action of the film as faithfully as you could wish.

Continued on page 119

Dusting Up the Superlatives

Continued from page 43

times paging Mr. Harmon, Mr. Hallstead, serene in the knowledge that even if they were not present some one worthy of continuous inspection was.

These side lights are set down in self-defense, lest you cynically suppose that my enthusiasm is purely personal and singular.

There is a tangible depth to the Windsor beauty that is extraordinary. You do not look at her only to forget her as you look at Martha Lorber that evening in "The Follies;" you carry away with you a definite sensation, not altogether dissimilar to the one experienced when the second cocktail meets the first and says, "Here comes the parade!" There is a kick in the scene that lingers.

She was in New York, she told me, to revive that ghost of the paper-covered past, "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," in company with such capable pantomimists as Raymond Griffith, Mae Busch, Lew Cody, Hobart Bosworth, and Edmund Lowe.

"Then," she continued, "after returning to Hollywood to do the interiors, I once more come to New York, to sail for Algiers. There we are to do a sheik picture with Mr. Carewe. Bert Lytell and Walter McGrail and I are engaged so far. It should be fun doing a picture in Africa, if it isn't too warm. Then perhaps I'll be shipped to Hindustan or Siberia for my *next* part. We actresses do cover so much territory. The studios could steal the Marine slogan: 'Join the Movies and See the World!'"

She glanced toward the entrance of the lobby as the revolving door ejected a tall gentleman in a gray fedora. Her eyes lighted with pleasure.

"This," she was saying a minute later," is Mr. John Steel, Mr. Oettinger."

From the tenor of the "Music Box Revue" came report of the world bounded by Forty-second Street, Seventh Avenue, Fiftieth Street and Broadway. . . . Yes, it was a big season, apparently. . . . Surprising number of importations. . . . Yes, Katharine Cornell was superb in "Casanova." . . . He was terribly sorry, but a special rehearsal had been called for that evening, making it necessary for him to call for Miss Windsor sooner than he had intended. . . . Would I excuse him for curtailing our tête-à-tête?

"Of course," I said.

But I lied.



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Your happiness, like every woman's, lies in your being attractively beautiful. You may have eyes radiant with love; cheeks reflecting the bloom of youth; lips simulating the perfection of the rose bud. And yet a single unwanted hair will be a blemish so prominent that it will mar your charm and your happiness, and be a shock to your friends.

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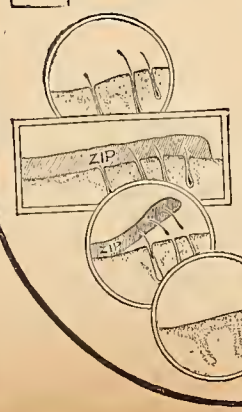
You want to be modern in beauty's requisites and you will profit therefore in learning to distinguish between ZIP and earlier methods (tweezers, shaving, electrolysis, depilatories and pumice). Your superfluous hair is too serious a matter to tamper with.

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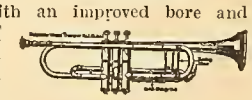
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Nellie Comes Out in the Open

Continued from page 23

the sidewalk and peered up at the ambulance. "And look at the extras we get free. You can't keep people out of this picture."

"Extras?" *Nellie's* ghost whispered to me inquiringly.

"Supers," I explained. "See how natural they will be in this picture. An ambulance drives up near where they live and they rush over to see who it is that was hurt. They don't have to be rehearsed for that."

"No; we didn't rehearse them on the stage much either. We just let a lot of college boys come over to the theater and rush on the stage once in a while as an angry mob. They always seemed to enjoy threatening to rend the villain limb from limb just after he cursed me for my fatal beauty."

Nellie's reminiscences were cut short as Mae Busch rushed over and handed me some diamond rings. "Hold these for me while I do my stuff." But as she started away a woman tugged at her sleeve. "Pardon me, miss, but I've always wanted to talk to a real movie actress. Does the make-up hurt your face?" "Oh, not at all, my dear," Mae assured her. "My face hurts the make-up."

Nellie's ghost looked a trifle bewildered. "How does she dare jest with her public?" she asked. "We always remained aloof!" And then seeing the rings in my hand she went back to familiar lines. "All that glitters is not gold. Jools cannot make up for heartache."

But a few minutes later *Nellie's* ghost was clinging to me in stark terror.

"They'll get hurt!" she cried in an agonized whisper. "Oh they don't have to do that; they'll kill themselves."

On Raymond Griffith and Mae Busch drove. Emmet Flynn and the camera man, perched on a wooden platform built out on the front of the car, obscured the driver's view and as he drove around the corner of Eighth Avenue he crashed into a truck. The men on the front escaped unhurt but Mae Busch was thrown against the front of the car, cutting an ugly gash in her head and injuring her knee.

"Have to be a retake," said the director.

Nellie's ghost grew indignant. "Is this art?" she asked. "Is this melodrama? Or is he trying to kill those poor people? We never risked our lives. It just looked that way from out front. I suppose," she ruminated, "they even use real, cold snow when the heroine goes out into the night."

"And the director even takes risks himself," I assured her. "This Emmet Flynn is a motion-picture director now but he isn't ashamed to say that he used to be a taxi driver. He is going to drive the car Edmund Lowe pursues the heroine in."

Nellie's ghost was just a limp wreck by the time she watched this, but her worst experience came when she went up to Bethune Street and the Ninth Avenue Elevated where the big scene was staged. Edmund Lowe and Lew Cody staged a terrific fight from a tenement room out onto a fire escape, while Claire Windsor was tied to the elevated tracks.

"They're really hitting each other!" *Nellie's* ghost complained. "Oh, that is not the way it is done! Our men just feigned blows. They'll hurt each other. They look like real athletes."

"They are," I assured her. "Edmund Lowe was one of the best athletes Leland Stanford ever had and Lew Cody——"

But I got no further, for a savage blow had landed on Lew Cody's nose and it was bleeding profusely. The little boys gathered on near-by roofs shrieked with glee and later as their interest in Cody's accident subsided, they picked up pebbles to see how near they could come to hitting Claire Windsor. She, poor girl, was still strapped to the railroad tracks.

It was my turn to be shocked. "I thought the public worshiped the stars," and *Nellie's* ghost seemed proud to explain: "Oh, that's just a way little boys have. They don't think. They save up their money and come wanting to see a good show and then many a time I've had them break up my big swooning scene by tossing a banana peel upon the stage. They don't think of us as people. We're just characters in a story."

And then *Nellie's* ghost was distracted by the peculiar scene before her. Claire Windsor was tied to the tracks, the train was just six inches away from her when Mr. Flynn ordered the conductor to start. The train started—but backward. *Nellie's* ghost seemed relieved, especially when I told her it would be reversed and look all right on the screen.

"Oh, *that's* how they do it!" she said. "I'm glad they're not really risking that girl's life after all. She is really quite safe, isn't she?"

And just then several people screamed. For Claire Windsor had reached up to tuck her hair into place and had barely escaped touching the deadly third rail.

"Take me back to the storehouse," *Nellie's* ghost pleaded. "This is no place for me. *It's all too real!*"

Society and the Cinema

Continued from page 26

retired from the stage, the daughter-in-law turned to the movies. But, despite tempting offers that were made to her to continue in the pictures, she never tried a second venture after being directed by D. W. Griffith in "Way Down East."

More persevering was an equally fashionable young matron, Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julian W. Robbins, and sister of Mrs. Van Rensselaer King. As Julia Hoyt she made her screen début with Norma Talmadge in "The Wonderful Thing." Deciding that the stage appealed to her more than did the studio, she then became leading lady with William Faversham in a revival of "The Squaw Man," and last season appeared with Billie Burke in "Rose Briar."

Natalie Hammond, the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond, of Washington and New York, took part in a picture production in Hollywood, despite the wealth and position of her family, and Estelle Carroll, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carroll of Brooklyn, has done "extra" work at the Famous Players studio on Long Island. I met the young lady there during her participation in one of Dorothy Dalton's pictures, but this descendant of the famous Carrolls of Carrollton, who signed the Declaration of Independence, is now engaged to John M. Boissevain, son of G. Louis Boissevain, one of the most popular men in society.

Even more surprising than the fact that socially prominent women have taken up movie acting as a profession is the fact that socially prominent men have followed suit.

One of the first of these was Robert Lee Keeling, who hailed originally from Baltimore, but has long been popular in New York society. With his sister, Mrs. Stillson Hutchins, widow of a Washington millionaire, Mr. Keeling has passed many summers at Newport, where I have encountered him through mutual friends.

Why did Glenn Hunter of Highland Falls go on the stage? The star of "Merton of the Movies" was not the offspring of a theatrical family. But the spirit moved him, and he has become immensely popular. Why did Craig Biddle, Jr., of the social register turn to the movies? Mr. and Mrs. Craig Biddle, of Philadelphia and New York, have never been affiliated with grease paint and cold cream. But again a spirit moved, and the young nephew of Mrs. Henry Clews, Jr., has been supeing in Holly-

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wood productions at seven dollars and fifty cents a day.

Romeyn Benjamin, brother of the highly connected Mrs. Enrico Caruso, has adopted the stage as a career, but his cousin, Park Benjamin second, named after a grandfather and great-grandfather greatly respected in their day, has turned to the movies, starting in as an "extra" in the recent filming of "Under the Red Robe" in a New York studio.

With Park Benjamin second in that same production was young Amos Tuck French, Jr., a son of Amos Tuck French (now married to Martha Beeckman, sister of R. Livingston Beeckman, former Governor of Rhode Island), and Mrs. Le Roy French of New York and Newport, the latest film actor being furthermore a nephew of Lady Cheylesmore of England and Mrs. Paul Fitz-Simons, formerly Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt.

Art, like the law, is no respecter of persons, and if these sons and daughters of rich and fashionable families in America have felt the call of the cinema, in England some even more highly connected personages have done likewise, the most notable instance being that of Lady Diana Manners, the beautiful daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, intimate friends of the King and Queen. After having been starred in two picture productions, directed in England by the American producer, Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, Lady Diana is now engaged by Morris Gest to come to America to appear in a stage production.

Movie scenarios have also been written by socially prominent persons, including the Baroness de Meyer of New York and Paris, whose "Devil's Pass-Key" was produced by Erich von Stroheim in Hollywood, and Mrs. Henry Wise Miller, who, as Alice Duer Miller, has written novels and plays. Mrs. Miller is descended from that noted Duer of colonial times whose daughter, Kitty, married the Earl of Sterling.

Perhaps eventually some "society man" will even become a picture director, the field being a most interesting as well as a highly remunerative one. I recall that in one of my first attempts at movie acting, the director of the "ladies and gentlemen" in a "ballroom scene" shouted through his megaphone, "Youse guys come in through the door at the right! Youse guys come in through the door at the left! And youse guys walk up and down the stairs!"

Shades of Ward McAllister! . . .

A Letter from Location

Continued from page 48

and put it out without singeing an eyelash. On that trip I learned that fire trucks have minds of their own, they are stubborn about sharp corners and hard to hold on rough roads. I can now write a thesis on fire trucks: their idiosyncracies and pet habits.

The mountain location is fifty-six miles from Sonora at an elevation of seven thousand feet. On the road up the mountains we stopped to drink iron water out of a natural spring. Mr. Melford had a gun. He is an expert shot; so we placed a block of wood three inches square on a stone thirty yards away. Of course Mr. Melford hit it. You may not believe it, but I have seen him shoot a cigar out of Noah Beery's mouth. I hit the block two out of three times, surprising every one, including myself.

It was dusk when we neared camp and our headlights surprised a faun crossing the road. The camp is situated in a little clearing at the foot of a mountain. It is comprised of about eighty tents, five cabins and a long wooden structure containing the kitchen and living rooms. The carpenters and technical men live a few miles away to be nearer their work.

One of the carpenters killed a bear one morning as he was going to breakfast. I mean as the man was going to breakfast, although the bear probably thought our carpenter would make pretty good bacon. It was lucky the man had a gun. And now every one who has a gun is carrying it and looking expectant when they see shadows or tree stumps that even suggest a bear.

I drove Molly Firetruck around to see how she acted on mountain roads. She was a bit skittish when I drove fast and swerved to avoid all the little chipmunks and squirrels that tried to commit suicide by crossing the road.

The forest fire was started among some trees we put up for that purpose. I drove Molly to it. All the trees, stones and smoke seemed to be trying to get in my way and move into the road. Mr. Cosgrove was sitting beside me to connect the vacuum in order to pump water from the river. We stopped by the bridge on the outskirts of the

fire, the flames were roaring and—oh, well, I won't spoil the picture by telling it all. I just hope you get half the thrill out of watching it that we got out of doing it. The airplane scenes are all we have to do to finish the picture.

Good-by for this time.

Best wishes from Molly F. Truck and JACQUELINE LOGAN.

Through Friendly Eyes

Continued from page 94

hundred Egyptian dancing girls for the dream episode in 'Main Street.'"

But he does lack the comedy touch. He is so powerful that he is driving through his story every minute. He loves to load himself up with plot. He is not constituted so as to be able to let down for a moment to insert comedy relief into a dramatic situation. His pictures, in titles and in action, are so gosh-darned serious that you have no relief in laughter from situations that may become tedious.

If he entertains you throughout, well and good. You like his show and say he is great.

But if his story begins to slip, if his characters become unreal, if his settings begin to pall, his whole picture blows up because there is nowhere in it that safety valve of occasional laughter to relieve the pressure of emotion. A De Mille picture is either "great" or "terrible."

There are people who know him well who say De Mille is handicapped by the theatrical life he leads. He has grown up among theatrical people and they say he has no appreciation of the emotions of the ordinary man and woman.

Probably "C. B." would insist that such a condition is an asset, rather than a liability. He might say that the successful producer shows people not as they are, but as they would like to be and that he has a pretty good slant on the ambitions of the multitude.

Words, anyway, will not settle any discussion about Cecil De Mille. Coming up is his achievement, which will settle for all time whether he has really just arrived as the greatest director of all time, or whether he is a deposed champion.

He has put everything he knows into "The Ten Commandments," and nearly two million dollars. If it isn't worth it, this article is an obituary. If "The Ten Commandments" delivers, this is merely a small contribution to the general ovation.



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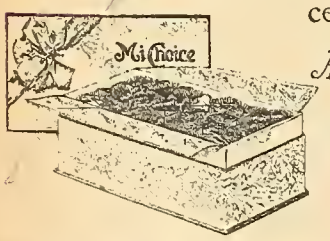
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What Will Become of Baby Peggy?

Continued from page 29

made boasts like that spoiled their children worse than any one else. But I've kept my word pretty well."

One of the most attractive things about Peggy is her serene, independent air. I remember one day in Hollywood when she went with her father to a lunch counter across from the studio for a hurried luncheon.

"I will have chicken salad, mashed potatoes and chocolate ice cream," the baby earnestly informed the waiter. He bowed respectfully and returned with a glass of milk and two slices of graham bread. Peggy accepted them gravely and never let on that her queenly orders had not been obeyed.

The only time that I have ever seen the composure of this tiny mite disturbed, was one day recently in New York when she came in from a shopping trip, resplendent in new clothes.

"That's not my Peggy all dressed up like that," her father remarked.

"Oh, yes, daddy, it's the same Peggy." Her little voice squeaked and almost broke with anguish. "Your Peggy. See it's me."

"It's I," her father corrected, thereby putting the barrier of grammar between Peggy and the rank and file of motion-picture stars.

"It's I," Peggy repeated with dismay. "See, daddy, it's your Peggy."

At that moment, proud as she was of the tiny beaver muff and collar, the dainty little camel's-hair coat and leggings, Peggy would have dropped them out of the window without a pang if her father had told her to.

Perhaps you saw Peggy in some of her last Century comedies in which she got all dressed up and acted awfully smarty. If you did, please try to forget them at the earnest request of her parents. They will never let her do it again. Under her new contract they have supervision over the choice of stories for her and they intend to have her play natural little girls.

Do you remember her in Marshall Neilan's "Penrod?" That is Baby Peggy at her best. That is what a director with imagination and a sense of humor can get out of this tiny mite.

Her father really directs her scenes. And since she has been in pictures he says that he has worked harder managing her affairs than he ever did as a forest ranger. Peggy accepts it all blandly. Her life seems normal and pleasant. It is her father who is just about all in sometimes from the strain and worry. So the future of Baby Peggy doesn't seem so much of a question to me as the future of Mr. Montgomery. He is an old-fashioned parent and Peggy is a wide-awake little individual. And I have a feeling that there will come a day when she will stop taking orders from father.

When that day comes, it will be Mr. Montgomery who will feel the blow most. For Peggy has been not only the darling of his heart—she has been his gold mine. Managing her has been his career, and in a way she has been the clay which he molded and through which he expressed himself. But, unfortunately for him, dominating parents are not being tolerated by girls over twelve or fifteen this generation.

At the Sign of the Mustache

Continued from page 25

come to see that with their success comes responsibility.

There he sits in his study, surrounded by the landmarks of the past—army regalia, photographs, press clippings—a closet filled with thirty-five suits of clothes and sixty pairs of shoes! He showed them to me, in showing how detailed were his preparations — meticulous — even as *Pierre Revel* in the film, for descending upon and conquering Hollywood.

And now this player, who makes a business of playing, alert, polished, rather under the average height, metropolitan in instinct and manner, is embarking upon that critical period immediately following a first notable success. Unlike some actors who have made a success and then started on an orgy of money making, let the checks fall from whence they may, this Menjou man declares that he will seek work only under directors who have the time and the mental agility to bring out the best that is in him.

As he talked on and on—he is a rapid-fire talker—I gathered that there is a Mrs. Menjou, that he is planning a graystone house near Wilshire Boulevard and that he is a fancier of dogs with funny names. Also, he is a peripatetic Blue Book of all Hollywood's affairs—financial and *de cœur*. His mind is quick and acquisitive. If he doesn't set the world afire at acting, I shouldn't be surprised if he starts a pretty big conflagration at directing. Take it or leave it.

With all the fulsomeness of a first press conference, he bowed me out the front door at the end of two hours, with an urgent invitation to call again. But I think that was the suave *Pierre Revel* within the real Adolphe Menjou speaking.

I don't think he cared a rap whether he ever set eyes on me again. And I don't blame him if he didn't. Why should he?

More Notes on These Actors

Continued from page 85

Continental story and attempted to localize it. That killed it, I believe. The story of the roughneck was essentially foreign. It didn't fit Coney Island, and I felt it all the while I was doing it."

In "Rupert of Hentzau" Bert admitted that he was ill at ease because he felt that the two parts he was playing should be made up differently. The director thought otherwise. So the rôles were screened in identical make-up, leaving the actor the entire task of expressing the difference sheerly through pantomime. It was a job beyond the powers of Lytell.

"Costume pictures are hard to do, anyway," said Bert. "It's difficult to feel natural in swashbuckling armor and stuff like that. On the other hand, being cast in a story that lets you wear straight clothes puts you at ease. Getting trussed up in doublet and hose and all that cramps a fellow's style. It makes it 'play-acting.'"

Straight talk, this, coming from a member of the profession. Honestly expressed opinions, frankly told. There was no talk of the art of the cinema, no phrases about the spirit of the rôle or the mental rendition of emotions. It was all simple theory, expressed in a conversational, matter-of-fact way.

"In the end you will find," said Lytell earnestly, "that an actor has himself to thank or blame for the success or failure of his interpretation. I will never excuse myself for flopping in a part. There may be extenuating circumstances, but the main fault is my own.

"And when I happen to get away with a little success, I won't exactly credit the other fellow for doing it.

"Acting is responsibility assumed by the individual. To that same individual goes the glory of achievement or the criticism of failure."

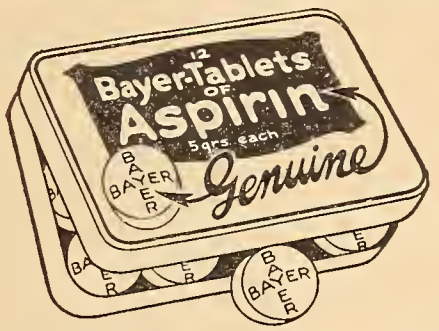
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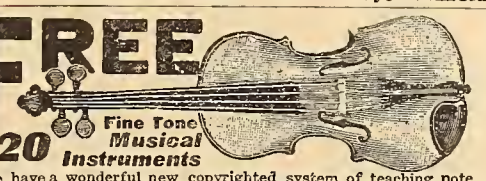
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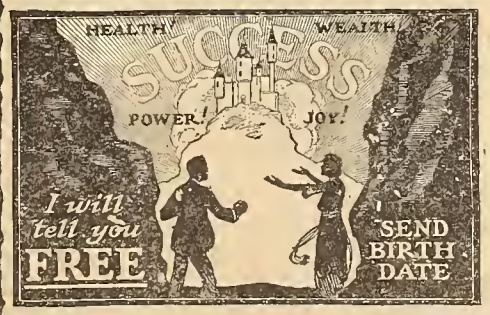
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What I Learned About Old Age



By Byram C. Kelley, A.M., L.L.D.

CERTAIN new facts about old age, recently disclosed to me, constitute the most startling information I have ever received. I am 40 years old myself. I had begun to wonder if I would soon begin to "break"—to lose my old-time pep and aggressiveness, my stamina and resistance to disease. I wondered if I would soon be subject to the class of ailments which seems so prevalent among men past 40. Then through a mutual friend, I made the acquaintance of a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, who has recently brought to light most interesting facts about the peculiar conditions common to men past middle age.

Why Many Men Are Old at 40

I had often wondered why so many men begin to lose their vigor and alertness when they are scarcely out of their 30's—yet others, at 60 and 70, seem to be in the prime of life. There must be some reason for this difference. And I found out exactly what this reason is.

65% Have Gland Trouble

I have learned that 65% of all men past a certain age have a disorder of an important little gland. This disorder is not only the direct cause of much distress often necessitating operation, but it displays itself in many parts of the body, mental as well as physical.

Common Middle Age Ailments

Here is an important cause for many ailments which heretofore have been simply taken for granted as "old age" symptoms—sciatica, aches in back, legs and feet, frequent nightly risings, nervousness and irritability and frequent dizzy spells indicating high blood pressure; and I learned how, by an astonishingly simple new method that these disorders would be eliminated in many instances in a short time, without drugs or operation—a treatment that reaches this gland directly—yet is so convenient that any one can apply it in their own home.

10,000 Men Find Relief



73 Years Young

But most surprising of all, I find that 10,000 men have already found relief. Statesmen, bankers, lawyers, doctors, in every section of the country are using and endorsing the method. I read many letters. One was from a man in Colorado. "73 years young is my age," he wrote, "yet for years I suffered with this trouble. Used medicine to no avail—had about given up hope when a doctor recommended your treatment." Just think of a man 73 years old being restored to the health and buoyancy of youth. And it is within the reach of every one. There are no drugs, no books, no electric rays.

All Explained in FREE Book

If you are troubled with any of the disorders mentioned, if you have chronic constipation or this trouble, you should send for a vitally interesting free book, written by this scientist, called "Why Many Men Are Old at 40." It describes this splendid treatment and shows how you may regain much of your youthful vigor and be free from certain disorders. No obligation. But write at once—the edition is limited. Simply mail request to **The Electro Thermal Company, 7530 Main Street, Steubenville, Ohio,** the concern that is distributing these books for the author.

What Do You Think of Gloria?

Continued from page 96

of no divine fire, no inborn gift so much a part of her that she is unknowing of its presence within herself.

Instead, we find her a grimly ambitious young woman, determined now to be a better actress just as she was determined to forsake comedies. That she was not temperamentally a comedienne had nothing to do with her distaste for the lighter mood.

Rather it was because she knew her practical ambitions would not be quenched by anything short of a place in the first rank of screen consequentials. So she resolutely primed her will to hew out a way there.

Hers is the driving force found in youths who vow to become millionaires, captains of industry and masters of men, not artists, philosophers or poets, and who do so. There are shades of difference in the quality of a big ambition.

That an individual sets out to be an actor does not mean that he has it in him to be a genius because his lot is cast among the arts.

Miss Swanson has deliberately trained herself to be an actress and has become famous as well. She has acquired poise, facility in routine, pictorial distinction, all through repetition exactly in ratio to the practice gained by a worker in any medium, calling or trade. Added to these are the natural advantages of adaptability, self-control, physical merits. And in great good measure that valuable, though indeterminate, gift of popular appeal—call it, if you will, magnetism. Mrs. Glyn in her sapience denominates the gift "It" and I believe has declared that Miss Swanson has oodles of what is summed up in the word.

Finer shades of acting Miss Swanson does not reveal to me. Thought, emotion, that glows for a moment in a face and goes almost before you have received the message of the mind within—such intangible and evanescent values I do not find in Gloria Swanson's challenge. Mood and feeling are manifest, and in *Zaza* fiery impetuosity. Her spontaneity and un-self-consciousness won quick praise and a higher place for her as an actress, yes, but there are greater lengths to go and higher places before the player achieves the bay leaves and laurels wreathed by the Greeks for true eminence in the arts.

We reach the question of what, after all, is good acting. That may be answered by what the individual demands. But acting to inspire should convey the beauty of feeling finely, but not always largely, and emotions as they wax and wane before our eyes should unveil the spirit within the man or woman in whose destiny we are asked, for the moment, to believe.

That is my conception of the "It" that matters most and which is least often discerned on the screen. It is there none the less and is seen and felt not always in stars, and one wishes that Gloria would capture it too.

I dare say no one except her intimates knows just what Gloria Swanson has been through in contending with those odds which one feels have been conquered to maintain her position. One knows that hers is not a yielding nature—that she has perhaps gone to extremes, and always will, to gain a point, to achieve an experience, to hold on to what is hers.

Enter—a New-fashioned Hero

Continued from page 51

teresting. Whether it be an accidental hit, as sometimes is the case with a new concern, and whether they can duplicate its good qualities in "Dixie," which they are now filming with practically the same cast, remains to be seen; but at any rate it is worth attention, being so illustrative of the new tendencies.

Holbrook Blinn is a "discovery" of the year, though an actor of long experience and high standing on the New York stage. The first of the season's releases in which he appears was Mary Pickford's "Rosita," and following this he appeared as *Pancho Lopez,* lovable renegade, in Edwin Carewe's production of "The Bad Man," in which Mr. Blinn starred on the stage also. He recently completed the rôle of *Louis XI.* in Marion Davies' "Mary of Burgundy."

In line with this new vogue of men who can act and who don't depend on their handsome profiles and winning smiles to win favor, several of the established heroes are getting panicky and changing their type of work. Kenneth Harlan, long known as the best-looking collar-ad gentleman on the screen, attempted to change his personality decidedly in the title rôle of "The Virginian." It

is a vigorous thing which would tax the capabilities of a skilled actor; so if he does succeed in putting himself over along these new lines his popularity will no doubt flame anew.

Ralph Lewis and Lewis Stone are enjoying greater favor this year than at any time in their varied and lengthy careers. Stone's work is definite, matured, characterful. Ralph Lewis, after years of fathering almost every heroine in filmdom, now steps out as a middle-aged hero, if you please, in his series of real-life pictures immortalizing such every-day fellows as the mail man, the railroad engineer, the fireman.

Another who is coming into belated popularity is Percy Marmont, who portrayed the rôle of *Mark Sabre* in "If Winter Comes" and who now, judging from the scenes I have watched in the filming, is doing equally splendid character work in Metro's "The Man Whom Life Passed By." Both of these rôles are distinctive characterizations, true to life. For years Marmont has suffered from miscasting, bandied about, always the correct, precise leading man whose sole duty was to act as background.

But in "If Winter Comes" he was ideally cast as *Mark Sabre,* a sensitive, most interesting type. It put Marmont over in the sort of thing for which he is ideally suited and which only to-day, with these changing conditions, has come into being.

Another distinct triumph of recent months was George Arliss' impersonation of an Indian raja in "The Green Goddess" — a performance which, if I may quote Agnes Smith, was "full of deviltry and charm, the neatest and slyest piece of character drawing of the year." It had a flavor unique and welcome indeed to those of us who have wearied of the handsome but lackluster heroes.

Still other examples of sudden achievement, rather astounding until one learns that they all have back of them years of experience in thankless rôles, stud the season's photoplays. Earle Fox, comparatively unknown, though he has played many leads and heroes, portrays the villain in Virginia Valli's "The Lady of Quality" — and walks neatly away with the masculine honors, despite the uniformly good work of Milton Sills in heroic garb. Immediately after the picture's preview, Fox was grabbed up for other productions and it looks as if the promise which for years he has probably doubted at last is going to mature for him.

So it looks as if the new character hero is going to shove the handsome leading man down from his pedestal.

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A Forecast for 1924

Continued from page 100

The art of pictures is really not dependent on such glittering externals. Contrast, for instance, the story of "Robin Hood" with "The Covered Wagon." "Robin Hood" was far and away the more artistic picture decoratively, but it was full of the old hoke. You were dazzled by the settings and the splurge, but if you penetrated these once you were doubtless aware that you were being genially tricked into accepting an infantile oration by a very clever producer.

Even the treatment in pictures is not especially original, unless one man succeeds in dominating, as did Chaplin in "A Woman of Paris." D. W. Griffith has individuality. So has Fairbanks. So too, have Cecil De Mille and Rex Ingram, who really makes pictures for adults. De Mille's stuff is occasionally terrible, but it is never sappy. Brother William is too refined to say anything emphatic, but his psychology is always neat. Cruze—who is really crudely a tremendous figure—Seastrom, Ingram, Lubitsch, Von Stroheim, and a few others, including possibly Henry King, Fred Niblo, John S. Robertson and George Fitzmaurice, who may live up to expectations with "The Eternal City," are the big hope for really great pictures, and I certainly won't exclude Chaplin either. But films like "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" are too much of a hodge-podge in their artistry ever to be seriously considered. Better a man like Sidney Olcott who offers well-flavored amusement like "The Green Goddess" and "Little Old New York."

Somebody is always cluttering up the deal, especially in the great mass of productions. If it isn't the director, it's the scenario writer, if it isn't the scenario writer, it's the cutter, and if it isn't the cutter, or the title writer, or the stage carpenter, or the man who fixes the lights, why it's the producer or the star. I have no doubt that "Rosita" was a much finer picture according to the original Lubitsch design than in its completed version. Something was undoubtedly done before he finished making it or afterward to make it fit more to the traditional Mary Pickford pattern.

If the chefs fail in a crucial moment like this, what is to be said of the others who are following in their wake? Aren't they even more likely to be influenced by the opinions and judgments of others? Too many concessions to this and to that and the other thing are what really constitute the undermining influence.

The real artist has to boss his own job, and he has to be strong enough to survive the buffets of public opinion, censors and the criticism of his friends, and make the result savory and welcome despite all these things. Sometimes, as in the case of "Foolish Wives," or mayhap "A Woman of Paris," he fails to cook up a perfect banquet, with every course in its proper place. But if he does happen to succeed in providing even a tasteful *déjeuner* you may be sure that he will win the respect not only of the hungry for real entertainment, but of the more fastidious as well.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 57

another William S. Hart picture. Now, because Hart has been absent from the screen for some time, it is something like the return of Duse or a reappearance of Calve. It's great, is this business of being a successful revivalist.

"Wild Bill Hickok" strings along with the rest of the Hart films; no better, no worse, in fact, no different. Again the story is a strong-man melodrama about the days when Dodge City, Kansas, was the capital of the West. Some of the old-timers are introduced as characters in the picture, notably the late "Bat" Masterson, whose adventures in the West inspired so many of Hart's stories.

Hart's most spectacular feat is shooting down about fifty men, holding a revolver in each hand. Whatever make the revolver was, it had a lot on even the machine gun for speed and efficiency. But to give Hart his due, his pictures are usually authentic in spirit to the pioneer days and it is only fair that the actor who has done so much for the great, open space should be welcomed back to the screen with suitable rejoicing.

With the final advice to see a Fox comedy called "The Unreal News Reel" if you like good nonsense, I will now brace myself for the coming onslaught of "The Ten Commandments," which comes along just in time to be Cecil De Mille's Christmas present to a naughty world.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 14

Fans Think," and should have been, but the injustice of recent "knocks" has aroused me from my lethargy.

Second: You could hardly expect those of your more unfortunate sisters, whose hair is stringy, whose noses have strange curvillinear tendencies toward one point or other on the compass, whose lips or cheeks have lost the bloom of youth, whose eyes have exchanged the joyous sparkle of adolescence for the cynical gleam of premature age, to say anything complimentary about "America's Sweetheart," could you? So much for that.

Now as to the title of "Our Mary" being absurd—why, could there be a more appropriate one for the star who has held her place securely in the hearts of millions and for over ten years? I have been in hundreds of theaters from coast to coast. I have seen all ages, from six to sixty, witnessing one of your performances—and your emotional scenes have swayed entire audiences. I have seen old couples with snowy-white hair, shyly holding hands, a wistful expression on their faces; their kind, old eyes filled with tears. Then there are your delicious comedy scenes. Even in some of them you tug at our heart strings. No—perhaps "Our Mary" isn't as pretentious a title as "Magnificent Molly," "Temperamental Jessie," "Voluptuous Velma," and other lurid monikers, reminiscent of such noted fictional heroines as "Chicago Nell," "Frisco Kate," or Harte's "Sal of Roaring Camp," *but* "Our Mary" is the title *we* want you to have.

Who am I? Well, merely—to borrow a famous trade slogan—one of the "99 97-100-per-cent Pure" American Show-going Public. (And let me state, we are *not* such "an unthinking mass" as critics would have you believe. We go to the theater to enjoy—not to criticize—but we can't all be fooled all the time.)

The other 3-100 of one per cent I divide among the following: (1) Hard-boiled, hopeless critics; (2) Young ladies of the most flippant, incorrigible, sophomore and junior high-school age, who are soundly convinced their store of wisdom is sufficient to match every one in their family for at least six generations back, with a surplus generous enough to supply a second Steinmetz, Newton, Einstein, and Edison! (3) Women of more mature age, aptly termed by Kipling "the more deadly of the species." (4) All those chronic cranks who are suffering with dyspepsia of the intellect, upon whom Time has not only lain a hand physically, but upon their very souls until they cannot even see the beauty of nature, nor of nature's God.

Male screen kings have come—and gone—but it is a significant fact to us, the old guard, that there has been but one queen! All countries seem to have their "Mary Pickfords," and there are not a few of our own comely favorites who secretly covet her throne! "A rose under any other name would smell as sweet," so—no matter what name a few dissenters may conjure up—you'll always be "Our Mary" and—"America's Sweetheart."

JAMES S. HART.
Box 503, Joplin, Missouri.

I'll never, never forgive N. M. C. Sewickley, of Pennsylvania, for what she said about Mary Pickford. I do hope Mary is poor in "Rosita," though, so she will just have to keep on with her adorable little kid parts. I think lots and lots of others are with me on that point, too. Not that I wish to be rude or want "Rosita" to be a failure, but I *did* love "Pollyanna," "The Poor Little Rich Girl," and "Little Lord Fauntleroy." All this bunk about people not wanting Pollyanna is tommyrot. Why is Mary Pickford on that high pedestal if that's the case? Answer me that, and don't say it's because of looks or brains. It's because Mary is the real Pollyanna of the world and not only the player.

HELEN GILLETTE.
986 East Fifty-second Place, Los Angeles, California.

It seems to me that many of the criticisms of Mary Pickford that have appeared in this department lately have been ill-advised. They criticize "Our Mary" for not accomplishing things which it is quite obvious she never set out to do. And that is quite as unreasonable as expecting Lon Chaney to be like Norman Kerry, Mary Philbin to be like Norma Talmadge, or Ben Turpin to be like Valentino.

When any one criticizes Mary for the type of picture she plays, they should be informed that Mary is, above all else, a good business woman. Of necessity, artistry is a minor consideration. Being a good business woman, she has to make the type of pictures that she thinks will make the most money.

Now that sounds pretty bad. It immediately conjures up a vision of the grand and glorious Mary who would *not* make business the first consideration. But where would Mary be without her business instinct? Back on the Lasky lot, I have no doubt, making pictures much more vapid than the ones she makes now.

Agnes Smith's headline over her review of "Rosita" showed unusual perception. She said "All is not Spanish that dances." Quite so. And Mary, in remaining herself and featuring the old reliable pout and curls, but slightly disguised in Spanish garb, was but following a natural law. If people really loved great character acting they would long ago have made stars of such people as Raymond Hatton, Adolphe Menjou, and Mary Alden. But it isn't acting they like, it is *personality*.

Mary is, I sometimes suspect, potentially a great actress. But she sees where great acting gets people, and chooses instead to feature her own lovable personality.

The art of Mary Pickford, as we see it, is as restricted as the art of Anna Pavlowa or any other toe dancer. She is a master of a certain kind of technique which offers only limited possibilities. In the dancing of Pavlowa we have exquisite effects, and perfect interpretation of certain kinds of music. But when she strays outside her own field into nationalistic dances they are merely the same old stuff with a few new trimmings. Whether she is doing a Silesian peasant dance, the mechanistic jerks of a doll or an abandoned gypsy-folk dance, Pavlowa's steps are pretty much the same. They are the ballet exercises she learned at the old dancing-school bar. Mary Pickford's digressions from her stock characterization are similar. She puts a comb in her hair and a shawl on her shoulders just as Pavlowa changes the fleshings of the Italian ballet for gypsy red. But the pirouettes and the battements in the one case, and the pout and the smile in the other, remain the same.

Mary earned the title of "Our Mary" because she did perfectly the type of

things which appeal to a sentimental and childish-minded public. What she might do—oh, that is another question.

MARTHA OWEN MCGRATH.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

I often wonder if persons who send in letters to this department read them over before they mail them? And this query rose in my mind with unusual force when I read the recent letter by Madge Baum, in which she voices a dislike for Mary Pickford—for things which are not Mary's fault at all.

She said: "My dislike for Mary grew out of the too-sentimental rôles she played and it was helped along by the endless publicity she received and that terrible title, 'Our Mary.'" All right! That is just what we want to get down to. Don't blame Mary Pickford for the "Our Mary," "America's Sweetheart" stuff. Blame the companies who were exploiting her at the time that these titles were spread broadcast by shrewd publicity methods. Mary probably hates those titles herself.

One's looks are often a handicap. Miss Pickford has a lovely, sweet face, and therefore is better in parts calling for rôles of that type. If she had Gloria Swanson's or Nita Naldi's Oriental orbs, she would probably be the best vamp on the screen. But could you see the delicious corn-fed Nita Naldi portraying the part of a young girl of twelve? *No,* you could *not!*

Another reason why so many like Mary Pickford: One can tell by looking at her face that she leads a clean life and doesn't drink and dissipate.

Mary Pickford looks to be of the "four-hundred" set. She has a little aristocratic way about her that makes people like her when she is seen in public. And yet she does so much good in the world, too—even though she is immensely wealthy.

I read an amusing interview with one of our exotic leading women. It said: "So-and-so" revels in luxury. It suits her She may be a bit aloof, but her love of luxury has given one that opinion of her." Oh! to laugh. Why, when this star was beginning she was a long, long way from living in luxury.

Mary Pickford has earned every cent she has acquired, but does she squander it on booze parties, gold limousines, and many useless trinkets? No! She has her gorgeous home, and cars—but her money is safely invested, she gives much to charity, and *this* shows brains with beauty.

I do think that Pola Negri, Sarah Bernhardt when alive, and Maude Adams are greater and better actresses than Mary Pickford, but Mary has been a star longer than any of those that are shining today, and that's a pretty good sign.

But no star should be blamed for poor plays and publicity. Blame the companies, or the directors. They are the ones who make or break stars. ELVA CAREY.

909 University Avenue, Palo Alto, California.

Let's have more of Mary Philbin.

The other day I heard some one compare her with Mary Pickford, and I want to say that, in my opinion, there is no comparison between the two. Compare the work of Mary Philbin, as the little Austrian nobody, with that of Mary Pickford, in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," or any of her childish rôles. Settle it in your own mind who is the better actress of the two. In my opinion none of Mary Pickford's works can come anywhere near measuring up to the work of the other Mary in "Merry Go Round."

LOUISE DIXON.

Tampa, Florida.



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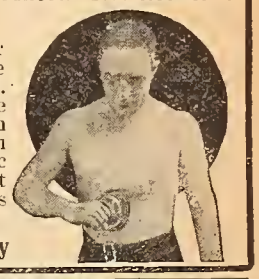
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The fans are extended a courtesy in the "What the Fans Think" department, and it is my opinion that too many are taking advantage of this simply to write in about their pet grudges.

That is especially true in the case of Mary Pickford, against whom some letters of late have been directed. My! how foolish she would be to allow such letters to cause her any worry or loss of sleep. Those who love her are by far in the majority.

Letters of this kind are inspired simply by a bad attack of "sour grapes," and their only evident intent is to hurt, and for that reason are not worth the amount of ink that it takes to write them.

Personally, such letters produce just one effect on me—they make me love her more.

A. F. M.

The Girls Don't Like "Hollywood!"

I disagreed with all the critics about "Hollywood."

Of all the silly hodge-podge that picture was the worst! It was all hokum, and Hope Drown was too namby-pamby for words. I saw it with a bunch of girls, and only *one* of them liked the whole picture. Of course we all liked the glimpses of so many stars, but we'd prefer them in the "screen magazine." I really don't believe any girl could be as dumb as *Angela* was in the picture.

JANICE I. DAVIS.

2205 Washington, Charleston, West Virginia.

Hurrah for D. W. Griffith.

In my humble opinion, D. W. Griffith is the "wonder man of the motion-picture industry." Mr. Griffith must be a cultured gentleman and a deep student of humanity. His pictures are always so cleverly directed; exquisitely correct in even the slightest detail. And there is a whimsy about them that no other director achieves. His actors always "fit in," as it were, to the characters they are to portray. One never finds a namby-pamby mediocrity as the star of a Griffith production. Some of his "finds," too, are the rarest jewels in all moviedom's glittering diadem. There is Lillian Gish, unbelievably demure, delicate, quaint. Have we another personality like hers on the silver sheet to-day? And Dorothy, whimsical, delightful little Dorothy Gish, with a natural-born genius for comedy. Mae Marsh's piquant tip-tilted charm fairly radiated from the screen. Among the men folks, we have Richard Barthelmess and Henry Walthall. And going back to the ladies again, there is—"Our Mary." She was one of Griffith's first stars, I believe. There is not a sweeter personality in the whole shadow world than Mary Pickford. I love all of her pictures. They are as clean and sweet as my fairy tales were.

MAY G. NELSON.

129 South Dupre Street, New Orleans, Louisiana.

Is D. W. Overrated?

I have just seen "The White Rose," and it has prompted me to ask why D. W. Griffith is still considered the greatest motion-picture director. Had this same picture been produced by any other director it would have been branded as cheap melodrama, but because it happens to be D. W.'s latest it is hailed as "marvelous," et cetera. Outside of "The Birth of a Nation" and "Orphans of the Storm," Griffith I think has contributed nothing worth while to the screen. He has really just been riding along on the reputation he made with the former picture. "Way Down East" proved popular and was entertaining, but that also was little more

than pure melodrama. Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess saved it from being thoroughly cheap.

The comedy vein Griffith persists in injecting into his pictures is really too forced to be enjoyable. I sometimes think he caters to the unintelligent and illiterate because he seldom gives the audience credit for any intelligence—every detail being explained minutely in his productions. And after reading the lengthy prologue which accompanies his pictures, it is hardly necessary to stay to view the picture.

Rex Ingram, in his short career, has overwhelmed Griffith, I think. Cecil De Mille is a back number—any one who saw "Adam's Rib" will agree with me, I am sure. His brother William is by far the better director. He does not have to depend on luxurious sets, exotic stars, and magnificent scenery to put his stories over.

Speaking of "exotic stars," Gloria Swanson, who was formerly in this class, has at last proven that she is a real actress, and does not have to depend on her clothes to put her across. I am referring to her work in "Zaza," which I considered great. She was positively ugly and wore outlandish, unbecoming costumes throughout the picture, except in the final scenes, but I haven't seen a finer piece of acting in a long time than she did in "Zaza." Gloria is about the most interesting personality now on the screen. I do not see how she can be considered beautiful, but regardless of this she can hold my interest in any picture in which she appears.

Many of us were under the impression that Pola Negri would outshine Gloria and our other American stars, when she came over to appear in American productions, but so far Pola has overshadowed neither Norma, Gloria, nor Leatrice Joy—three sincere American actresses. I do consider Pola about the most beautiful person on the screen, and, after seeing "The Cheat," I can think of no American actress who can wear clothes as becomingly as she does, but we have come to expect *acting* of Pola, and in her first two American pictures her acting has not surpassed that of our best stars.

How I would like to shake hands with Agnes Smith for her review of "Rosita." She is about the first person who has not said that Mary Pickford was perfect. Mary is not a great actress—she is a great personality. The same can be said of Douglas Fairbanks. There has been too much "Our Mary" propaganda, and also too much lionizing of Fairbanks and D. W. Griffith.

Mary Philbin, Lewis Stone, and Rex Ingram could hold their own with Pickford, Fairbanks, and Griffith, but just because they happen to be newer it's hard for them to gain the foothold they deserve.

GRACE O'DONNELL.
2242 West Ninety-eighth Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

"The Perfect Lover."

I came thirty-eight miles just to see Richard Barthelmess in "The Fighting Blade."

You see, my city is only a small city, and Richard is a great drawing card here for the old as well as the young.

In some letters I have seen it stated that Richard is only the flappers' screen hero in the cities, but the audience when I attended his last film contained more older folks than young ones. A lady with white silvery hair sitting back of me was praising Eugene O'Brien to her friend, and called him "the perfect lover," but before the show was over I heard her say: "'Tis Richard they should call 'the perfect lover,'"

It is true, our Richard's love scenes are wonderful, so why not call Richard "the perfect lover.'"

CHARLES MANK, JR.
220 East Main Street, Staunton, Illinois.

A Plea for the True-to-life Pictures.

Is it really true that the movies are all right, as a fan stated in a letter last month? If so, why do hundreds of fans protest when certain pictures are made? The answer is—some are right and some are not.

A few pictures that head the list in the former class are: "The Covered Wagon," "Only 38," "The Girl I Loved," and, going back a period, "Way Down East," "Smilin' Through," "Tol'able David," and "The Old Swimmin' Hole."

A few pictures in the latter class are: "Children of Jazz," "Male and Female," and "Mad Love." A short time ago pictures of the latter class were preferred by the theatergoers, and these were the pictures that usually portrayed the half-mad, jazz-struck pace of life. We were in our glory when pictures dealing with sheiks, divorce, cabarets, et cetera, came to our theaters. But, as we sometimes say, "them days are gone forever." No more do we care to see a jumble of such pictures. To-day we want more "Covered Wagons," pictures that give us a bit of history of our own country, and that give us Richard Dixes and Lois Wilsons. We are utterly tired and weary of seeing sleek, polished sheiks and chorus girls, but we long to see more of Richard Dix and Lois Wilson, who are real stars, human beings who can characterize the people of the rugged West so wonderfully. We will give you the secret of the return of Charles Ray—just this—we want more true-to-life pictures, and boyish, winning heroes like him. We have discovered that men like Mr. Ray are the ones who will give us the ideal American youths—clean, boyish, manly, and winning. We predict that Charles Ray, Glenn Hunter, Johnnie Walker, Cullen Landis, and last, but certainly not least, that wonderful Dick Barthelmess, will soon be in far greater demand than ever, since we are just realizing what they are worth. We want more heroines like Miss Wilson, Lillian Gish, ZaSu Pitts, Marion Davies, and Leatrice Joy—less like the Miss Mae Murray and the vampire type. We bemoan the fact that our "Rudy" is absent, but seem to forget our Harrison Ford. Now *he's* one man that is as popular in my town as "Rudy" is to flapperdom. We want to see more of him. We also forget our Lon Chaney, Monte Blue, Lloyd Hughes and Tom Meighan.

Oh, well—such is life! We fans are like other people—we "never miss the water till the well runs dry." I mean, we don't miss our real stars until they are gone, but I believe we will soon change that habit, and it won't be very far ahead in the future, either.

FAULTFINDER.

Why Change the Titles?

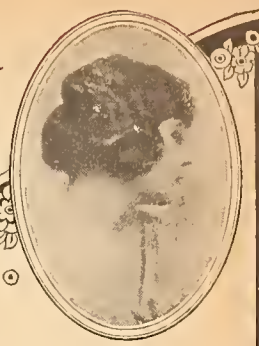
I should like to put in a plea for pictures that are adapted from novels to bear the name of the novel.

"West of the Water Tower" means much more to the intelligent fans than "His Love and Hers," and if they had released "If Winter Comes" as "How He Suffered" I would have passed by the theater playing it.

Whoever started the foolish habit of changing the titles?

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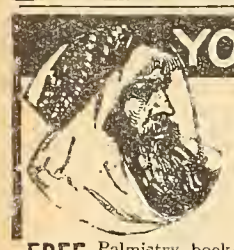
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Amusement Comes First.

I rather think that the majority of moviegoers will agree with me when I say that I would much rather be amused than "uplifted" at the movies. The sort of movies that correspond to Eugene O'Neill's plays do not, as a rule, interest me in the least. I want to forget that poverty and sorrow exist. One sees enough of that at every turn in one's daily life.

Of course, there are exceptions. If a play dealt with grim sordidness, and yet was so excellently played and mounted that it made the plot subordinate to the "trimmings," I should probably enjoy it.

"If Winter Comes" is a good example of this. Percy Marmont and Gladys Leslie played so perfectly that the girl in me gave way to the actress, and I thoroughly enjoyed every bit of it.

Amusement, to me, is the prime requisite in the theater, but that amusement must be intelligently handled to be worth while. That is why Mae Busch appeals so much more to me than Mae Murray, though both stand for essentially the same things—luxury, frivolity, grandeur, and amusement.

Leatrice Joy is another actress who juggles clothes and acting to the *n*th degree.

I enjoyed "Merry Go Round" immensely because it dealt, in a colorful way, with people who were "different," and therefore interesting. Mary Philbin was so simple and exquisitely pretty that one could forgive her for letting down once in a while and, of course, Dale Fuller was in the cast. Her personality always draws me to any theater, anywhere, at any time.

I do not usually care for Griffith's pictures, because they lack variety. He has but one style, and any actor or actress will tell you that versatility is one of the most important phases of acting and directing.

In spite of all the hokum used to get over an impossible idea, I liked Elinor Glyn's "Six Days" because I like Corinne Griffith. She is so pretty and useless.

ELIZABETH CARMICHAEL.
368 Marlborough Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

How to Lick the Censors.

Some one is always asking, "What is the matter with the movies?" I'm almost certain that "Rotten plays," is the answer.

In my opinion, Charles Ray is the best movie star on the screen, and the best-looking one, too. His plays are one-hundred-per-cent perfect, and when shown in our town mean a full house, and the kids are crazy over him. Is that not saying something? If the screen had more Charles Rays, the censors would be out of a job forever. I saw him in "The Girl I Loved" here this week, and will never forget that play as long as I live. We do not attend the movies very much any more, but never miss one of Charles Ray's plays. I sure am for him, and my husband and little boy are, too.

MRS. PAUL G. RETTIG.
1114 West Victoria Street, Harlan, Iowa.

From a Small-town Fan.

PICTURE-PLAY has indeed helped me to realize that there are others who would like to see the best pictures, but who, like myself, are victims of circumstance, living in a small town. In the December issue a fan from New Zealand told of his efforts to bring about better pictures in his home town. Possibly my letter may be a consolation to him, knowing that others as well as he are starving for that which a small town cannot afford. While I was away in college I was very fortunate in seeing many of the best productions. After such an experience I am finding it difficult to go back once more to the old sort of pictures. One of my best friends is the manager of a theater here and he cannot see his way to show the splendid new productions of the best quality. We are fortunate in having two movie theaters in our town, but neither lives up to a high standard of screen entertainment. I have exerted every means possible to induce them to show the better pictures, but one manager told me that the people did not appreciate the better class of pictures. I can only live in hopes that some day there will be a demand everywhere for such shows as the superior producers can give.

BARBEE SIMPSON.
623 Main Street, Sturgis, Kentucky.

An Impression of Lois Wilson.

In spite of the fact that I have written to you recently I've simply *got* to write again or I shall burst with ecstasy!

Why?

Because—now hold your breath—*I've met Lois Wilson!*

Oh, I'm just so full up with the wonderfulness of it that I can hardly write. It "was the thrill that comes once in a lifetime."

She spoke at Chelsea Church, way up on One Hundred and Seventy-eight Street, in New York City. I thought I'd never get there in time. She arrived during the service, and my patience was nearly at the breaking point when finally the pastor introduced her. And then she spoke, and what a lovely voice she has! It's surprisingly low and full and sweet. She told us that when she was a little girl she used to sit in church and admire the clergyman's robes and wished that she could have put them on; so that that might have been the beginning of her desire for a theatrical career. Then, the pastor having asked her, she told what her religion had done for her.

After the service she stood on the platform and shook hands with nearly everybody "until she was tired," as the pastor said.

She was dressed very simply in a dark dress and a gray caracul jacket. She wore a little close black hat trimmed with black lace that hung down over her right shoulder. She also wore a string of pearls.

And when my turn came I was so excited I couldn't think. I wanted to tell her how I loved her in "The Covered Wagon" and all of her other pictures, but instead of that, before I hardly knew it, I'd said: "It's just like dreams come true to meet you, Miss Wilson," and then I got so choked up I couldn't say another thing! I knew it was foolish, but I couldn't help it. But, oh, she is so lovely, a thousand times prettier in real life, if that's possible! Her complexion is just like a pink-and-white rose leaf, and the sweetest mouth, and dimples! And when I looked right up at her her eyes were so lovely that my heart just jumped! She kept her hat on so that I couldn't see her hair. She is quite small and dainty in stature. But what's the use—I've used every adjective I could think of to tell you about her and I can't. I suppose it would be best to put it all together, and say that I love her with all my heart.

LOUISE W. LOUGHRON.
901 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, New York.

Concerning Artists.

Having silently suffered for many months, I now burst forth into righteous indignation. Sounds dramatic, doesn't it? It is! You may title this "An Artist's Lament," for I am one of that much-maligned profession that, according to the movies, disports and does little or no work.

I wish the average director could see the average studio. With the accumulation of papers, magazines, swipes, paints, et cetera, there is little room for Oriental rugs and costly bric-a-brac. It's Mess, with a capital M.

The straw that broke the camel's back was "The Common Law," which shows artists and models as they *ain't*.

Will some one tell me how in Heaven's name an artist's model earning presumably from fifty cents to a dollar an hour —that is what they are paid—can burst forth in Parisian gowns, and still be what is known as a good girl? It insults our intelligence. The audience fairly lapped up the scene where the silently suffering *Corinne* had to disrobe. To my mind, it was exceptionally bad taste to prolong the situation as was done.

Artists think no more of painting from the nude than the public thinks of reading the evening paper. It is an entirely impersonal matter. Mind you, I'm not saying that all artists are like that, but it's about time somebody said something on the subject. CHARLOTTE B.

New York City.

From a Friend of Animals.

This month when I bought PICTURE-PLAY I found under "The Observer" something that will make me a regular reader hereafter—your backing of the American Animal Defense League. There is something so unsportsmanlike in dragging animals before the camera and there goading or frightening them into antics supposed to be either terrifying or amusing, that one wonders what the producer's idea of the audience is. We aren't such cads as some of them seem to think us. After seeing one disgustingly cruel Mermaid comedy, I never go to a theater where one is being shown, and a friend who used to be an admirer of Richard Dix says she will never go to see him again because he played in "To the Last Man," where horses were used with unnecessary cruelty. Here's hoping that the Animal Defense League will wake the producers up to facts not all of them seem to realize. C. K. BERKEFELD.

Berkeley, California.

The Greatest Screen Actor.

I wish to state that I think Percy Marmont the greatest male actor on the screen. His work in "If Winter Comes" was wonderful. He was just as I had imagined *Mark Sabre* to be. I have only seen him in that, but am anxiously waiting to see "The Light That Failed," in which he portrays a blind artist. The photographs in your December magazine look as if it will be another good piece of work on his part, and having Jacqueline Logan as the red-haired girl will also help to make the picture a success. I do not know where Mr. Marmont came from, but he certainly has the rest of them knocked for a row of trees. GLADYS MOIR.

35 Llydican Avenue, Chatham, Ontario.

The Picture Oracle

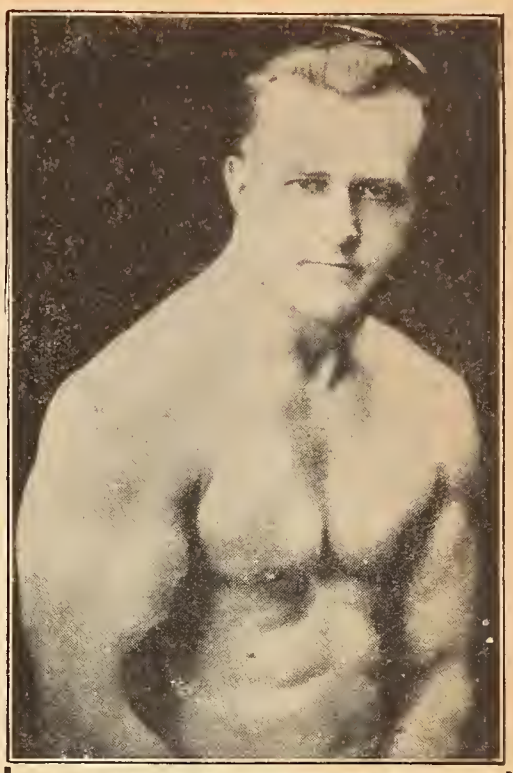
Continued from page 102

DORIS.—You're awfully hard on your own English films, Doris, and I agree with you that English fans probably would be "devastated" if they couldn't see any American pictures. But it isn't all the fault of the British producers, as you seem to think. It's an economic problem. You know eighty-five per cent of the films shown in the three thousand or so British theaters are American, produced with the best available casts, settings, lighting, et cetera, at a cost running anywhere from fifty thousand to over a million dollars a piece. Americans can afford to sink those huge sums into pictures because, in their domestic market alone, they have over fifteen thousand theaters, more than all the rest of the world put together. Add to that their tremendous foreign markets, the largest of which is your own Great Britain, followed by Australia, Scandinavia, South America, France, and so on, and you see why American producers can be so lavish with production costs and yet make huge profits. On the other hand, your modest English producer, with a domestic market only one-fifth as large as the United States, and with American films all but monopolizing that, simply cannot afford to put much money into his productions. Thirty thousand dollars is a large sum for the average English film maker to invest in one picture. So, naturally, with such limited production funds, the results, except in rare cases where the picture achieves greatness in spite of that handicap, not only are of poor quality as compared with American films shown in British territory, but cannot compete very favorably with foreign films on their own grounds. So that is the why and the wherefore of the situation that has puzzled you, and perhaps it will show the light to a lot of other English fans who have grown impatient with their home product.

W. E. K.—Pearl White is still turning her back on America, and seems entirely won over to Paris. But, not to make us feel too bad, she is going to make several pictures over there which will be duly shown in America, to keep the home fans burning—with admiration—as it were. Her address is printed in this issue, in case you have any particular message you want to send Pearl personally.

F. M.—The romances of Thomas Meighan, Wallace Reid, and Conrad Nagel were all published in PICTURE-PLAY, but I'm sorry to tell you that it won't be possible for you to get the copies in which they appeared. You probably will get a chance to see "The Birth of a Nation" some time, as it already has been revived several times and will go on being revived for years to come, I guess.

POLLY C.—If you write to the service department of *Motion Picture News*, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City, which is an exhibitors' organ, they will be able to advise you about the sort of pictures your Girl Scouts would like to show in your town, and how to go about renting them; or why don't you ask your local exhibitor to tell you? Richard Dix is not married, but there are rumors of an engagement to Lois Wilson. Thomas Meighan's birthday is April ninth, Agnes Ayres' is April fourth, and Dorothy Dalton was born September twenty-second.



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
as he is to-day

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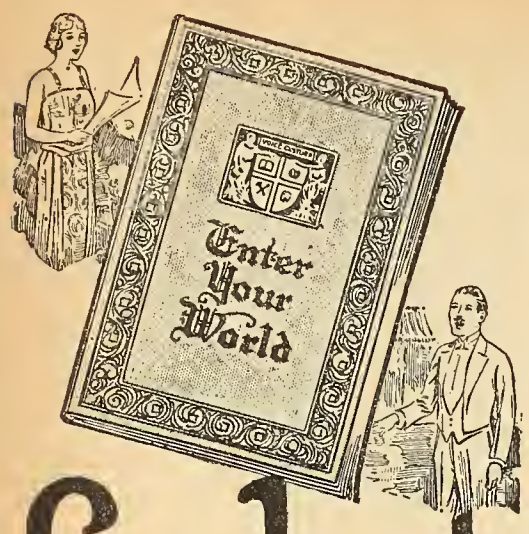
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W. D.—Allan Forrest is Mary Pickford's leading man in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Allan, you know, is Lottie Pickford's sister. "Dorothy Vernon" will be a regular family affair, as Lottie will have her first screen part in ages in her sister's newest production. I'm mailing that cast you wanted, and am sorry for the long delay, but my mail has got rather out of hand the last few months because of my vacation and an operation that had to be attended to, but I'm all right now, thanks, and will get out the personal answers to you impatient fans as quickly as I can manage it.

DAVE O.—So you didn't know what "kippers" meant, either? I know a fan whose whole enjoyment of "If Winter Comes" was clouded because he couldn't stop wondering what they were. Some persons are like that. Well, kippers is English for kippered herring. Broiled, they are a very popular breakfast dish with all classes in England, and are usually served at high tea, or what Americans call supper—in the homes of the middle classes. They are so favored by Englishman, in fact, that they have 'em every morning for breakfast in the British navy.

BEATRICE.—Don't be so qualmy about asking questions. It's funny, but the fans who ask the least always make the most profuse apologies. It's the ones who string 'em out by the dozen, with commands rather than requests, that sometimes make me forget that I am supposed to be always courteous and unruffled. And now that that is over, Beatrice, we shall proceed to Jean Paige. Jean, as you probably know, is married to Albert E. Smith, the president of Vitagraph. She makes a picture only once in a while, and always for her husband's company. Her address is in this issue, so you can write and tell her she ain't doing right by her fans.

NITA NALDI'S FAN.—You sound as if you were Nita's only admirer, but you will just have to realize that there are other persons who are "crazy about" her, too. That's what comes of picking a movie siren on whom to shower your devotion. Her address is in this issue, but I can't promise to tell her to answer your letter personally when it arrives. That's a little beyond my province. "The Ten Commandments" and "Holiday Love" are the latest productions in which she appears.

HELEN L.—Tom Gallery played the rôle of the slick young financier in "The Son of Wallingford," with Priscilla Bonner as the sweet young girl who made him realize he had a conscience. Jack Mower, and not Ralph Graves, played opposite Gladys Walton in "The Rowdy." Ralph is Marion Davies' hero in "Mary of Burgundy," which at first they called "Yolanda," and which is still in production at this writing, but since you won't get a chance to see that for some time you will have to console yourself with gazing at him with Mabel Normand in "The Extra Girl." I guess the main reason why you personality adorers dislike the big costume pictures is because you have to wait so long between productions. It's seeing your favorites muchly and often, regardless of the pictures, that seems to matter most to you. Which, of course, must flatter the players immensely. Pauline Garon is twenty and Helen Ferguson was born in 1901. Edith Storey has been off the screen for years, but Truman van Dyke still performs. He has a rôle in "Scaramouche."



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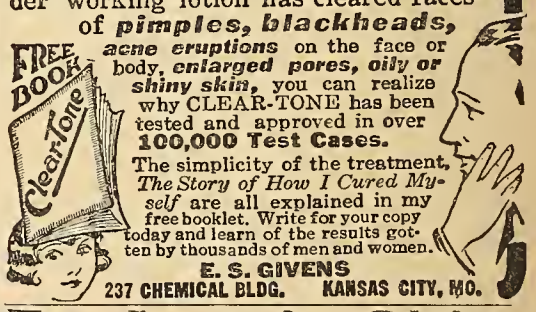
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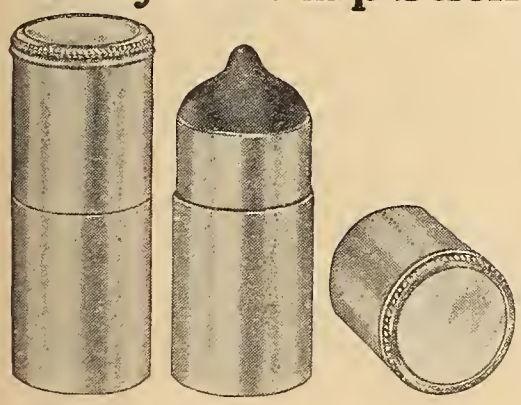
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Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month.

Norma Talmadge, Joseph Schildkraut, Corinne Griffith, Conway Tearle, Colleen Moore, Mary Carr, Betty Francisco, Milton Sills, Joseph Stryker, Constance Talmadge, Jack Mulhall, Ben Lyon, Mary Beth Milford, and June Elvidge at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Nita Naldi, Alice Brady, Gleun Hunter, and Elsie Ferguson, care of Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Pearl White at the Eclair Studios, Paris, France.

Marie Prevost, Mae Marsh, Irene Rich, Bruce Guerin, Monte Blue, Florence Vidor, Lenore Ulric, and Hope Hampton at the Warner Studios, Sunset & Bronson, Hollywood, California.

Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, May MacAvoy, Ronald Colman, and Dorothy Gish, care of Inspiration Pictures, Incorporated, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Kenneth Harlan, Gaston Glass, Ethel Shannou, Clara Bow, Norma Shearer, Huntley Gordon, Netta Westcott, care of Preferred Pictures, Mayer Studios, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Californuia.

Madge Kennedy, care of Kenma Corporation, Capitol Theater Building, 1639 Broadway, New York City.

Betty Blythe, Edmnnd Lowe, and Mahlon Hamilton, care of Goldwyn Pictnres Corporation, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Barbara La Marr, care of Sawyer-Lubin Productions, Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Mackaill, Jack Holt, Rieardo Cortez, Rod La Rocque, Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan, Agnes Ayres, Bebe Daniels, Charles de Roche, Eruest Torreuce, Jaequeline Logau, Luke Cosgrave, Charles Ogle, Theodore Roberts, Vera Reynolds, Richard Dix, Lois Wilson, Leatrice Joy, Maurice Flyun, Estelle Taylor, Mary Astor, Edward Horton, Bobby Agnew, and Alma Bennett at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, Californuia.

Marion Davies, Alma Rubens, Bert Lytell, Ralph Graves, John Charles Thomas, aud Lynu Harding, care of Cosmopolitau Productions, Second Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, New York City.

Malcolm MacGregor, Alice Terry, Enid Beunett, Ramon Novarro, Edward Connelley, Mary Alden, Viola Dana, Wallace MacDonald, Harrison Ford, Percy Marmout, Cullen Landis, and Jane aud Eva Novak at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Alfred Lunt, George Arliss, Mimi Palmeri, and Lynn Fontanne, care of Distinctive Productions, 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Claire Windsor, Mae Busch, Raymond Griffith, Conrad Nagel, Aileen Pringle, Blanche Sweet, Frauk Mayo, Eleauor Boardman, Kathleen Key, Dorothy Wallace, James Kirkwood, Helene Chadwick, Lew Cody, Erich von Stroheim, aud Blanehe Sweet at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Phyllis Haver at 6621 Emmett Terrace, Hollywood, California.

Wyndham Standing at Laurel Iun, 1455 Laurel Avenue, Los Angeles, Californuia.

Bryant Washbnrn, Marjorie Bonner, Elliott Dexter, and Mabel Forrest, care of Grand-Asher Productions, Hollywood, California.

Harold Lloyd, Jobyna Ralston, Marie Mosquini, Little Farina, Mickey Daniels, and Snub Pollard at the Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

Douglas Fairbanks, Julanue Johnston, Anna May Wong, Lottie Pickford, Allan Forrest, Mary Pickford, and Jack Pickford at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, California.

Eugene O'Brien at the Players Club, Gramerey Park, New York City.

John and Lionel Barrymore and Walter McGrail at the Lambs Club, 130 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

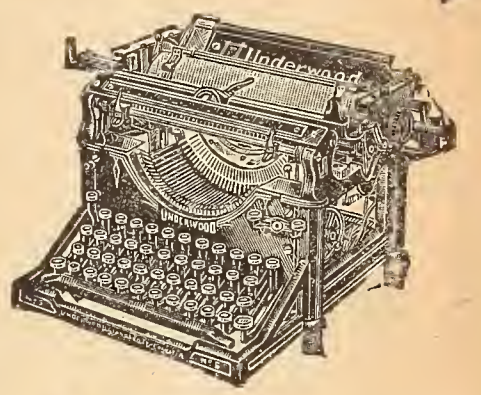
Reginald Denny, Laura la Plante, Virginia Valli, George Hackathorne, Gladys Walton, Herbert Rawliuson, Art Acord, Eileen Sedgwick, Fred Thomson, Lon Chaney, Norman Kerry, and Baby Peggy at Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

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Four CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL Rugs Less than Price of One

The Gold Seal that comes pasted on each and every rug is the guarantee of the Congoleum Company of complete satisfaction or money back. The Gold Seal guarantee is unconditional and positive assurance of absolute satisfaction in the use and service of these Congoleum rugs. That's what the Gold Seal on a Congoleum rug stands for. Behind the Gold Seal guarantee of the manufacturer is our own Double Guarantee Bond.

Choice of Two Famous Patterns

3 Rugs FREE—Year to Pay

We show two of the most popular Congoleum patterns that have ever been produced. One dollar pinned to the coupon below brings you either pattern on approval. One 9 foot by 12 foot rug and three small rugs to to match, each small rug 18 x 36 inches.

Oriental Pattern No. 534

This is the beautiful Gold Seal Congoleum Art Rug as shown at the top of this page. On the floor, it looks unbelievably like an expensive woven rug. The richest blue color dominates the ground work. Mellow ecru, old ivories, and light tans, set off the blue field. Mingled with these lovely tints are peacock blue, robin's egg blue and darker tones. Old rose, tiny specks of lighter pink and dark mulberry are artistically placed. Darker browns and blacks lend dignity and richness.

The border background contrasts with the blue all over center by reversing the color scheme. Ecru and tan shades form the border background.

An ideal all purpose rug, beautiful in any room. Perfect for living room or parlor. Lovely in bedroom or dining room. Charming in the kitchen. A real boon to the women folks on the farms. Saves endless drudgery.

Only $1.00 with Coupon — $1.50 Monthly

No. F4C534 9 x 12 ft. Congoleum Gold Seal Rug with 3 small rugs to match, each 18x36 in.—all four only **$17.95**

Tile Pattern No. 408

Probably no floor covering of any quality or price ever piled up the popularity of this wonderful design. It is a superb tile pattern that looks like mosaic. Lovely robin's egg blue, with shadings of Dutch blue, and a background of soft stone gray, give a matchless effect. This design is particularly suited for the kitchen or dining room. Don't fear muddy boots and shoes. A damp mop whisks it clean in a jiffy.

Only $1.00 with Coupon — $1.50 Monthly

No. F4C408 9 x 12 ft. Congoleum Gold Seal Rug with 3 small rugs to match, each 18x36 in.—all four only **$17.95**

Very Important

We do not offer our bargains or send our free catalog into bigger cities. If you live in a city of 100,000 population or over, we cannot fill your order for this Congoleum Rug offer or send our free catalog. To everyone else we bring all the advantages of our house freely.

10000 Other Furniture Bargains

Spiegel, May, Stern Co.

Ask for Free Catalog

1097 West 35th Street, Chicago, Ill.

$1.00

Brings All Four Rugs on a Month's FREE TRIAL!

Ours is the only house in America that can make you such an offer. No one else can bring you a genuine guaranteed Gold Seal Congoleum Rug, in the full 9 x 12 ft. size, with three small rugs extra, and all for **less** than the **regular price** of the big rug **alone. And on a year credit.**

Clip the coupon below. Write your name and address plainly. Say which pattern you want. Pin a dollar bill to it—mail at once. We will ship immediately—on a month's trial—**all 4 Congoleum Rugs** — in one complete neat package. No muss, no bother, no trouble to lay.

If satisfactory, take a year to pay.

The Greatest of Bargains Pay Almost as You Please

Almost everybody knows the price of the famous Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rugs. They are advertised and sold at the same standard price everywhere. Look everywhere else first if you wish — stores, catalogs, magazines and newspapers. You'll find no offer like ours—lower price, 3 rugs free, 30 days trial, year to pay.

If you return the rugs, your dollar will be refunded and also all freight costs.

Three Rugs FREE For heavy wear spots in front of range, sink, kitchen. At thresholds, in hall, in front of dresser or bed. While this offer lasts, we give three of these small rugs free with each large rug; **all four for less than the regular price of one.**

The Rug of Guaranteed Wear Ideal on the Farm

Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rugs are the most popular floor covering known. They are rapidly becoming the national floor covering — highly prized in good homes for any and all rooms the real rug in farm homes.

Waterproof. No burlap for water to rot. Surface is hard, smooth and wear-resisting. Does not stain. Not marred or hurt by spilling of hot liquids.

They lie flat from the first moment without fastening. They never curl up or kick up at edges or corners. No need to tack or fasten them down. Dirt cannot accumulate underneath.

Less work. Rid yourself of back-breaking drudgery. Dirt, ashes, grit, dust or mud cannot "grind into" Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rugs. A damp rag or mop keeps it clean and colorings bright.

No laborious beating, no sending to cleaners. Absolutely sanitary. All this guaranteed by the famous **Gold Seal** that means complete satisfaction **or your money back.**

On the Farm saves endless toil. The trail of muddy boots and "tracked in" dirt disappears under a damp mop.

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It shows 10,000 other bargains—it brings credit without asking. Everything from cellar to garret. *Beds—Bedding — Carpets — Rugs — Dishes — Cooking Utensils — Curtains — Furniture—Silverware—Lamps. Also diamonds, watches, jewelry. Your request on a postal is enough.*

Pin a Dollar to Coupon Below

Spiegel, May, Stern Co., 1097 W. 35th St., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose **$1** for the **4 Gold Seal Congoleum Art Rugs**—exactly as described—in the pattern selected below, on 30 days free trial. If I return them, you are to refund my $1, also all transportation costs. Otherwise I will pay **$1.50** monthly, until special bargain price of **$17.95**, is paid.

I want Pattern Number ----------

Be sure to write in space above the **Number** of the pattern you select. If you wish both patterns, put down **both** numbers send **$2** with order and **$3** monthly **and get all 8 rugs.**

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